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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1847.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1847.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXI.

JULY, 1847.

Vol. LXII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET;
AND 37, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH

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JULY, 1847.

VOL. LXII.

PRESCOTT'S PERU.

THE world's history contains no chapter more striking and attractive than that comprising the narrative of Spanish conquest in the Americas. Teeming with interest to the historian and philosopher, to the lover of daring enterprise and marvellous adventure it is full of fascination. On the vast importance of the discovery of a western hemisphere, vying in size, as it one day, perhaps, may compete in civilisation and power, with its eastern rival, it were idle to expatiate. But the manner of its conquest commands unceasing admiration. It needs the concurring testimony of a host of chroniclers and eye-witnesses to convince succeeding generations that the hardships endured, the perils surmounted, the victories obtained, by the old Conquistadores of Mexico and Peru, were as real as their record is astounding. The subjugation of vast and populous empires by petty detachments of adventurers, often scantily provided and ignorantly led—the extraordinary daring with which they risked themselves, a few score strong, into the heart of unknown countries, and in the midst of hostile millions, require strong confirmation to obtain credence. Exploits so romantic go near to realise the feats of those fabulous paladins who, cased in impervious steel and wielding enchanted lance, overthrew armies as easily as a Quixote scattered merinos. Hardly, when the tale is put before us in the quaint and garrulous chronicle of an Oviedo or a Zarate, can we bring ourselves

to accept it as history, not as the wild invention of imaginative monks, beguiling conventual leisure by the composition of fantastical romance. And the man who undertakes, at the present day, to narrate in all their details the exploits and triumphs of a Cortés or a Pizarro, allots himself no slight task. A clear head and a sound judgment, great industry and a skilful pen, are needed to do justice to the subject; to extract and combine the scraps of truth buried under mountains of fiction and misrepresentation, to sift facts from the partial accounts of Spanish jurists and officials, and to correct the boastful misrepresentations of insolent conquerors. The necessary qualities have been found united in the person of an accomplished American author. Already favourably known by his histories of the eventful and chivalrous reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the exploits of the Great Marquis and his iron followers, Mr Prescott has added to his well-merited reputation by his narrative of the Conquest of Peru. In its compilation he has spared no pains. Private collections and public libraries, the archives of Madrid and the manuscripts of the Escorial, he has ransacked and collated. And he has been so scrupulously conscientious as to send to Lima for a copy of the portrait whose engraving faces his title-page. But although his materials had to be procured from many and distant countries, their collection appears to have occasioned him less trouble than

History of the Conquest of Peru; with a Preliminary View of the Civilisation of the Incas. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. London: 1847.

VOL. LXII.—NO. CCCLXXXI,

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their abundance. The comrades and contemporaries of Pizarro were afflicted with a scribbling mania. They have left masses of correspondence, of memoranda and personal diaries, contradictory of each other, often absurd in their exaggerations and childish in their triviality. From this farrago has Mr Prescott had to cull,—a labour of no trifling magnitude, whose result is most creditable to him. And to our admiration of his talents are added feelings of strong sympathy, when we read his manly and affecting account of the painful circumstances under which the work was done. Deprived by an accident of the sight of one eye, the other has for years been so weak as at times to be useless to him for all purposes of reading and writing. At intervals he was able to read print several hours a-day, but manuscript was far more trying to his impaired vision, and writing was only possible through those aids by which even the stone-blind may accomplish it. But when he could read, although only by daylight, he felt, he says, satisfied with being raised so nearly to a level with the rest of his species. Unfortunately the evil increases. "The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, whilst the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased, that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it, on an average, for more than an hour a-day." Sustained by love of letters, and assisted by readers and amanuenses, the student and scholar has triumphed over these cruel disadvantages, surmounted all obstacles, and produced three long and important historical works, conspicuous by their impartiality, research, and elegance; entitling him to an exceedingly honourable position amongst writers in the English tongue, and to one of the very loftiest places in the as yet scantily filled gallery of American men of letters. The last of these works, of which Pizarro is the hero and Peru the scene, yields nothing in merit or interest to its predecessors.

The discovery of America infected Europe with a fever of exploration. Scarce a country was there, possessing a sea-frontier, whence expeditions did not proceed with a view to appropriate

a share of the spoils and territory of the new-found *El-Dorado*. In these ventures Spain, fresh from her long and bloody struggle with the Moor, and abounding in fierce unsettled spirits, eager for action and adventure, took a prominent part. The conquests of Cortes followed hard upon the discoveries of Columbus: Dutch, English, and Portuguese pushed their investigations in all directions; and, in less than thirty years from its first discovery, the whole eastern coast of both Americas was explored from north to south. The vast empire of Mexico was added to the Spanish crown, and the mother country was glutted and intoxicated by the Pactolus that flowed from this new possession. But enterprise was not yet exhausted, or thirst of gold satiated, and Balboa's discovery of the Pacific gave fresh stimulus to both. Rumour had long spoken of lands, as yet untrodden by European foot, where the precious metals were abundant and worthless as the sand upon the sea-beach. Years elapsed before any well-directed attempt was made to reach these golden shores. With a view to discovery and traffic in the Pacific, a settlement was made on the southern side of the Isthmus of Darien, and the town of Panama was built. But the armaments that were fitted out took a westerly direction, in hopes to realise a fixed idea of the Spanish government relative to an imaginary strait intersecting the Isthmus. At last an expedition sailed southwards, but soon returned, owing to the bad health of its commander. This was in 1522. The moment and the man had not yet arrived. They came, two years later; Pizarro appeared, and Peru was discovered.

But the discovery was comparatively a trifling matter. There lay the long line of coast, stretching south-eastwards from Panama; the navigator disposed to explore it, had but to spread his sails, keep the land in sight, and take the risk of the hidden shoals and reefs that might lie in his course. The seas to be crossed were often tempestuous; the country intervening between St Michael's Gulf and the southern empire, whose renowned wealth and civilisation wrought so potently upon Spanish imagination,

was peopled by fierce and warlike tribes. Shipwreck was to be dreaded, and a landing might for weeks or months be unsafe, if not impracticable. But what were such secondary dangers contrasted with the perils, doubly terrible from their unknown and mysterious nature, incurred by the sanguine Genoese and his bold companions, when they turned their brigantine's prow westward from Europe, and sailed—they knew not whither? Here the path was comparatively plain, and the goal ascertained; and although risks must be dared, reward was tolerably certain: for further tidings of the Peruvian empire had reached the ears of the Spaniards, less shadowy and incomplete than the vague hints received by Balboa from an Indian chief. Andagoya, the officer whom illness had compelled to abandon an expedition when it was scarcely commenced, had brought back intelligence far more explicit, obtained from Indian traders who had penetrated by land into the empire of the Incas, as far (so he says in his own manuscript, comprised in Navarrete's collection) as its capital city of Cuzco. They spoke of a pagan but civilised land, opulent and flourishing; they described the divisions of its provinces, the wealth of its cities, the manners and usages of its inhabitants. But had their description been far more minute and glowing, the imagination of those who received the accounts would still have outstripped reality and possibility. Those were the days of golden visions and chimerical day-dreams. In the fancy of the greedy and credulous Spaniards, each corner of the New World contained treasures, compared to which the golden trees and jewelled fruits of Aladdin's garden were paste and tinsel. The exaggerated reports of those adventurers who returned wealth-laden to Spain, were swoln by repetition to dimensions which enchantment only could have realised. No marvels were too monstrous and unwieldy for the craving gullet of popular credulity. "They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to revive the classic legends of antiquity, to stories of Patagonian giants, to flaming pictures of an *El-Dorado*, where

the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers." And expeditions were actually undertaken in search of a magical Fountain of Health, of golden sepulchres and temples. The Amazons and the water of life are still to be discovered; but as to golden temples and jewelled sands, their equivalents, at least, were forthcoming,—not for the many, but for a chosen and lucky few. Of the fortunes of these the record is preserved; of the misfortunes of those comparatively little is told us. We hear of the thousands of golden *castellanos* that fell to the lot of men, who a moment previously, were without a maravedi in their tattered pouches; we find no catalogue of the fever-stricken victims who left their bones in the noxious districts of Panama and Castillo de Oro. And those who achieved riches, earned them hardly by peril and privation, although, in the magnificence of the plunder, past sufferings were quickly forgotten. Thrice did Pizarro and his daring companions sail southward; countless were their hardships, bitter their disappointments, before the sunshine of success rewarded their toils, revealing to them treasures that must in some degree have appeased even *their* appetite for lucre. They came suddenly upon a town whose inhabitants, taken by surprise, fled in consternation, abandoning their property to the invaders. It was the emerald region, and great store of the gems fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Pizarro had one as large as a pigeon's egg. A quantity of crowns and other ornaments, clumsily fashioned, but of pure gold and silver, were more to the taste of the ignorant conquerors, who were sceptical as to the value of the jewels. "Many of them," says Pedro Pizarro, whose rough, straightforward account of the discovery and conquest of Peru is frequently quoted by Mr Prescott, "had emeralds of great value; some tried them upon anvils, striking them with hammers, saying that if they were genuine, they would not break; others despised them, and affirmed that they were glass." A cunning monk, one of the missionaries whom Pizarro had been ordered by the

Spanish government to take out in his ships, encouraged this opinion, in order to buy up the emeralds as their market value declined. The specie, however, was of immense amount, if the authority just quoted may be depended upon. He talks of two hundred thousand *castellanos*, the commercial value of which was equivalent to more than half a million sterling. This from one village, of no great size or importance. It was a handsome earnest of future spoils, and of the mountain of gold which, as an Inca's ransom, awaited the Spaniards at Cuzco.

In these days, when the rumoured existence of a land previously unknown provokes expeditions authorised and fitted out by half the maritime powers of Europe, and when great nations risk the peace of the world for the possession of a paltry Pacific islet, the small degree of vigour shown by the Spanish crown in pushing its American discoveries fills us with surprise. Take Peru as an instance. The isthmus of Darien was colonised by Spaniards; Mexico was theirs, and the armaments sent by Pedrarias from Panama to explore in a north-westerly direction, had met at Honduras the conquerors of the Aztecs, the brave and fortunate companions of Hernan Cortés. One empire had received the Spanish yoke; at Panama the foot of the European was on the threshold of another; but there it paused, desirous, yet fearing, to proceed. No aid or encouragement to enterprise was afforded from Spain; it was left to private capital and individual daring further to extend colonies already so vast. A priest found the money; two veteran soldiers, of low extraction, desperate fortunes, and brave spirit, undertook the risk. The most remarkable of the three men who thus formed a partnership for the conquest of kingdoms, could neither read nor write, was illegitimate, and a foundling. "He was born in Truxillo," says Gomara, in his *Historia de las Indias*; "was left at the door of a church, and for a certain number of days he sucked a sow, none being willing to give him milk." Young Pizarro subsequently requited this porcine nourishment by taking care of his foster-

mother's relatives. The chief occupation of his youth was that of a swineherd. Gomara's account of his birth, however, is only one of many, various and contradictory in their details. The fact is that very little is known of the early years of Francisco Pizarro. His valour and soldierly qualities he doubtless inherited from his father, a Spanish colonel of infantry, who served with distinction in Italy and Navarre. Neither from him nor from his mother, a person of low condition, did he receive much parental attention. Even the date of his birth is a matter of doubt, and has been differently stated by different chroniclers. He cannot, however, have been far from fifty when he started on his Peruvian expedition. During the fourteen previous years he had followed the fortunes of Ojeda, Balboa, and other Spanish-American adventurers, until at last the opportunity offered for himself to assume a command to which he proved in every way competent. His rank was that of captain, and the number of men under his orders made but a slender company, when, in the month of November 1524, he left the port of Panama, on board a small vessel, indifferently provided, and of no great seaworthiness. About a hundred adventurers, (some accounts say eighty, others a hundred and twenty,) stalwart, stout-hearted fellows, for the most part of no very reputable description, composed the powerful army destined to invade a populous empire. They started under many disadvantages. Almagro, Pizarro's partner in the undertaking, who was to follow in another ship, as soon as it could be got ready, had had the victualling of that on which his colleague embarked, and he had performed the duty in a slovenly manner, reckoning that, upon a coasting voyage, supplies might be obtained from shore. Landing for this purpose, a few leagues south of the river Biru, Pizarro could procure nothing besides wood and water. A tremendous storm came on; for ten days the ship was in imminent danger, tossed by the furious waves; rations ran short, and two ears of Indian corn were each man's daily allowance. Thus poorly nourished, and in a crazy

ship, they struggled with desperate energy against the fury of the tropical tempest. Only a miracle, as it seemed, could save them, and yet they escaped. The vessel bore Pizarro and his fortunes.

This first expedition, however, resulted in nothing, except much suffering and discontent. On landing, after the storm, the voyagers found themselves in a desolate and unproductive country, covered with tangled forests, untenanted even by beasts or birds. No living creatures were visible, except noxious insects—no food was obtainable, save herbs and berries, unpalatable, and often poisonous. The men desponded, and would fain have returned to Panama; but Pizarro, with much difficulty, appeased their murmurs, and sending back the ship to the Isle of Pearls for provisions, attempted to explore the country. On all sides stretched a gloomy forest, matted with creepers, and penetrable only with axe in hand; habitations there were none; the bitter buds of the palm, and an occasional stranded shell-fish, were the best entertainment offered by that inhospitable region to the weary and disheartened wanderers, some of whom actually perished by famine. At last, after many weeks' misery, an Indian village was discovered. The Spaniards rushed upon it like starving wolves upon a sheep-fold, and got a small supply of food, chiefly maize and cocoa-nuts. Here, also, they received further tidings of the golden southern realm that had lured them on this luckless voyage. "Ten days' journey across the mountains," the Indians told Pizarro, "there dwelt a mighty monarch, whose dominions had been invaded by one still more powerful—the Child of the Sun." They referred to the kingdom of Quito, which the warlike Inca, Huayna Capac, had added, some thirty years previously, to the empire of Peru.

Six long weeks of hunger and misery had elapsed, when the ship returned with good store of provisions. Revived by the seasonable supply, the adventurers were now as eager to prosecute their voyage as they shortly before had been to abandon it; and leaving Famine Port, the name given by Pizarro to the scene of their sufferings, they again sailed southwards. When

next they landed, it was to plunder an Indian village of its provisions and gold. Here they found traces of cannibalism. "In the pots for the dinner, which stood upon the fire," says Herrera, in his *Historia General de las Indias*, "amongst the flesh which they took out, were feet and hands of men, whence they knew that those Indians were Caribs,"—the Caribs being the only cannibals as yet known in that part of the New World. This discovery drove the horrified Spaniards to their ships, from which they again landed at Punto Quemado, the limit of this first expedition. The sturdy resistance they there met from some warlike savages, in a skirmish with whom they had two men killed and many wounded, (Pizarro himself receiving seven wounds,) made them reflect on the temerity of proceeding further with such a scanty force. Their ship, too, was in a crippled state, and in a council of war it was decided to return to Panama, and seek the countenance and assistance of the governor for the further prosecution of the enterprise.

Without attempting to follow Mr. Prescott through his detailed and interesting account of Pizarro's difficulties, struggles, and adventures, during the six years that intervened between his first departure from Panama, and his commencement of the conquest of Peru, we will glance at the character and deeds of a few of his comrades. The principal of these was Diego de Almagro, a brave and honourable soldier, who placed a confidence in his leader which the sequel shows was scarcely merited. A foundling like Pizarro, like him he was uneducated, and unable to sign his name to the singular covenant by which the two, in concert with Father Luque, (the Spanish ecclesiastic, who found the funds for the expedition,) agreed, upon oath, and in the name of God and the Holy Evangelists, to divide amongst them in equal shares, all the lands, treasures, gold, silver, precious stones, and other property, that might accrue as the result of their enterprise. For in such terms "three obscure individuals coolly carved out, and partitioned amongst themselves, an empire of whose extent, power, and resources, of whose situation, of whose existence even,

they had no sure and precise knowledge." Contented at first with the post of second in command, it does not appear whether it was on his own solicitation that Almagro was named by the governor of Panama Pizarro's equal in the second expedition. This domination greatly mortified Pizarro, who suspected Almagro of having sought it, and did not neglect, when the opportunity offered, on his visit to the court of Charles the Fifth, to repay him in kind. As far as can be gathered from the mass of conflicting evidence, Almagro was frank in disposition and straightforward in his dealings, but hasty in temper, and of ungovernable passions. When he had despatched Pizarro on the first voyage, he lost the least possible time in following him, tracing his progress by the concerted signal of notches on the trees. In this manner he descended the coast to Punto Quemado, and in his turn had a fight with the natives, whose village he burned, and drove them into the woods. In this affair he lost an eye by a javelin wound. Passing Pizarro's vessel without observing it, he pushed on to the mouth of the river San Juan, whence he returned to Panama, having gone farther, suffered less, and collected more gold than his friend. At this time, however, great amity and mutual reliance existed between them; although not long afterwards we find them quarrelling fiercely, and only prevented by the interposition of their subordinates from settling their differences *sabre* in hand.

Bartholomew Ruiz, an Andalusian pilot, a native of that village of Moguer which supplied Columbus with many seamen for his first voyages; also played an important part in the earlier researches of the discoverers of Peru. Upon the second voyage, when the two ships had reached the river of San Juan, he was detached in one of them to explore the coast, and soon made the little island of Gallo, in two degrees of north latitude. The hostile demonstrations of the natives prevented his landing, and he continued his course southwards, along a coast crowded with spectators. "They stood gazing on the vessel of the white man, as it glided smoothly into the crystal waters of the bay, fancying it, says an old writer, some

mysterious being descended from the skies." The account of Ruiz's voyage, although it occupied but a few weeks, and was comparatively devoid of adventure, has a romantic and peculiar charm. The first European who, sailing in that direction on the Pacific, crossed the equinoctial line, he was also the first who obtained ocular proof of Peruvian civilisation. He fell in with a *balsa* or native raft, consisting of beams lashed together, floored with reeds, guided by a rude rudder and rigged with a cotton square-sail. On board this primitive craft—still in use on the rivers and coasts of South America—were several Indians, whose dresses and ornaments, showing great ingenuity and progress in manufacturing art, excited his surprise and admiration. "Mirrors mounted in silver," says a Spanish narrator of Ruiz's cruise, "and cups, and other drinking vessels, blankets of cotton and wool, and shirts, and vests, and many other garments, embroidered for the most part with very rich embroideries of scarlet, and crimson, and blue, and yellow, and all other colours, in various designs and figures of birds and animals, and fishes and trees; and they had small scales, in the fashion of a steelyard, for weighing gold; and many other things." Right musical to the ears of the Spaniards were the tales these Indians told of the abundance of the precious metals in the palaces of their king. Wood, according to their report, was scarcely more plentiful than silver and gold. And they enlarged upon the subject, until their auditors hardly dared credit the flattering accounts which, as they were soon to find, little exceeded the truth. Detaining a few of the Indians, that they might repeat their tale to Pizarro, and serve as interpreters after they should have acquired the Spanish tongue, Ruiz prosecuted his voyage to about half a degree south of the line, and then returned to the place where his commander and comrades anxiously awaited him.

As pilot and navigator, old Ruiz rendered eminent services, and his courage and fidelity were equal to his nautical skill. In the former qualities another of Pizarro's little band, Pedro de Candia, a Greek cavalier, was no way his inferior, although his talents

were rather of a military than a maritime cast. Soon after the return of Ruiz to the river San Juan, Almagro, who had been to Panama for a reinforcement, made his appearance with recruits and stores. The pilot's report inspired all with enthusiasm, and "Southward, ho!" was again the cry. They reached the shores of Quito, and anchored off the port of Tacamez. Before them lay a large and rich town, whose population glittered with gold and jewels. Instead of the dark swamps and impervious forests where they had left the bones of so many of their companions, the adventurers beheld groves of sandal and ebony extending to the very margin of the ocean; maize and potato fields, and cocoa plantations, gave promise of plenty; the streams washed down gold-dust, and on the banks of one were quarries of emeralds. This charming scene brought water into the mouths of the Spaniards; but their wishes were not yet to be fulfilled; with the cup at their lips, they were forbidden to taste. A numerous array of armed and resolute natives set them at defiance. And that they did so, speaks highly for their courage, when we consider the notion they entertained of the party of horsemen who, with Pizarro at their head, effected a landing. Like the Mexicans and other races to whom the horse was unknown until introduced from Europe, they imagined man and beast to form one strange and unaccountable monster, and had, therefore, the same excuse for a panic that a European army would have if suddenly assailed by a regiment of flying dragons. Nevertheless they boldly charged the intruders. These, feeling their own inability to cope with the army of warriors that lined the shore, and which numbered, according to some accounts, fully ten thousand men, had landed with the sole purpose of seeking an amicable conference. Instead of a peaceful parley, they found themselves forced into a very unequal fight. "It might have gone hard with the Spaniards, hotly pressed by their resolute enemy, but for a ludicrous incident reported by the historians as happening to one of the cavaliers. This was a fall from his horse, which

so astonished the barbarians, who were not prepared for the division of what seemed one and the same being into two, that, filled with consternation, they fell back, and left a way open for the Christians to regain their vessels."

Doubting not that the account they could now give of the riches of Peru, would bring crowds of volunteers to their standard, Almagro and some of his companions again sailed for Panama, to seek the succours so greatly needed; Pizarro consenting, after some angry discussion, to await their return upon the island of Gallo. The men who were to remain with him were highly discontented at their commander's decision, and one of them secreted a letter in a ball of cotton, sent, as a sample of Peruvian produce, to the wife of the governor of Panama. In this letter were complaints of privations and misery, and bitter attacks upon Pizarro and Almagro, whom the disaffected soldiers represented as sacrificing their comrades' lives to their own ambition. The paper reached its destination; the governor was indignant and sent ships to fetch away the whole party. But Pizarro, encouraged by letters from his two partners, who promised him the means of continuing his voyage, steadily refused to budge. With his sword he drew a line upon the sand from east to west, exposed, with a soldier's frugality of words, the glory and prosperity that awaited them in Peru, and the disgrace of abandoning the enterprise, and then, stepping across the line, bade brave men stay by him and recreants retreat. Thirteen were staunch to their courageous leader. The first to range himself by his side was the pilot Ruiz; the second was Pedro de Candia. The names of the eleven others have also been preserved by the chroniclers.

"A handful of men, without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessels to transport them, were here left upon a lonely rock in the ocean, with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it? This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. . .

. . . Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion now so temptingly presented for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers."

Courage and constancy had their reward. True to their word, Luque and Almagro sent a small vessel to take off Pizarro and his little band. They embarked, set sail, and after twenty days were in the gulf of Guayaquil, abreast of Chimborazo, and in full view of the fertile vale of Tumbez. There an Inca noble came on board, and was received by Pizarro with all honour and distinction. In reply to his inquiries concerning the whence and wherefore of the white men's coming, the Spanish leader replied, "that he was the vassal of a great prince, the greatest and most powerful in the world, and that he had come to this country to assert his master's *lawful supremacy over it*." He further announced his intention of rescuing them from the darkness of unbelief, and converting them to Christianity. In reply to these communications the Inca chief said nothing—all, perhaps, that he understood. He was much more favourably impressed by a good dinner, Spanish wine, and the present of an iron hatchet. The next day one of Pizarro's followers, Alonzo de Molina by name, was sent on shore with a propitiatory offering of pigs and poultry for the *curaca* or governor of the district. He brought back such marvellous accounts that he was set down as a liar; and Pedro de Candia was selected to bring a true report of things on shore, whither he was sent, "dressed in complete mail as became a good knight, with his sword by his side, and his arquebuse on his shoulder." His brilliant equipment greatly dazzled the Indians, and at the report of his arquebuse they fell to the ground in dismay. A wondrous story is gravely told by several chroniclers, how the Indians, taking him for a supernatural being, and desirous to ascertain the fact beyond a doubt, loose a tiger upon him. Candia

took a cross from his neck and laid it upon the back of the animal, which instantly fawned upon and gambolled round him. On returning to his ship the report of the Greek cavalier confirmed that of Molina. Both, as it subsequently appeared, were guilty of some exaggeration. But their flaming accounts of temples tapestried with plates of gold, and of convent gardens where fruits and vegetables were all in pure gold and silver, gave heart to the adventurers, and sent them on their way rejoicing. To the port of Santa, nine degrees farther south than any previous expedition had reached, they continued their voyage; and then, having fully convinced themselves of the richness of the country, and the importance of their discoveries, but being too few and feeble to profit by them, they retraced their course to Panama, and arrived there, after an absence of eighteen months, early in the year 1528.

It was now that Pizarro, finding the governor of Panama unwilling to assist him either with men or money, set out for Europe, to lay the report of his discoveries before the Emperor, and implore his support and patronage. He had little taste for the mission. The unlettered soldier, the war-worn and weather-beaten adventurer, was at home on the deck of a tempest-tost caravel, or in the depths of a howling wilderness, where courage, coolness, and fortitude were the qualities needed; and there he would rather risk himself than in the perfumed atmosphere of a court. His associates, however, urged him to depart. Father Luque's clerical duties prevented him from undertaking the journey; neither by manners nor appearance was Almagro eligible as an envoy; Pizarro, although wholly uneducated, was of commanding presence, and ready, even eloquent, in speech. With honourable frankness and confidence in his friend's integrity, Almagro urged him to set out. It was agreed that Pizarro should solicit for himself the offices of governor and captain-general of the newly discovered country, for Almagro that of *adelantado*; that the pilot Ruiz should be Alguacil Mayor, and Father Luque Bishop of Tumbez. Promising to act in conformity with this

agreement, and in all respects to consult his friends' interests equally with his own, Pizarro, accompanied by Pedro de Candia, and taking with him some Peruvians and llamas, specimens of cloth and ornaments of gold and silver, traversed the Isthmus, and embarked for Spain.

The discoverer and future conqueror of Peru had scarcely set foot upon his native soil, when he was thrown into prison for a debt of twenty years' standing, incurred by him as one of the early colonists of Darien. Released from durance, so soon as intelligence of his detention reached the court, he hurried to Toledo, where Charles the Fifth then was. The records of courts afford no scene more pregnant with interest than the arrival of Pizarro in the presence of his sovereign. It is the very romance of history,—a noble subject for either poet or painter. The great monarch was then in the zenith of his glory and full flush of his fame. Pavia had been won; the chivalrous king of France made prisoner. Charles, the hero of his day, was about to enter Italy and receive an imperial crown from a pontiff's hand. Engrossed by his own triumphs and by the spread of his European power and dominions, the fortunate monarch had scarcely given a thought to the rich conquests made in his name by obscure adventurers in the golden regions of the West. The arrival of Hernan Cortés, come to lay an empire at his feet, had scarcely roused him from his indifference, when, in that brilliant and martial court, crowded with nobles and grandees, there appeared an unknown soldier, penniless, almost friendless, the child of shame, but whose daring deeds and great achievements were soon to give his name a lustre far above any that gentle birth and lengthy pedigree can bestow. Wholly unknown, however, Pizarro was not. The tale of researches, prosecuted, during a period of four years and in the teeth of innumerable difficulties and dangers, with a perseverance which rumour said had been rewarded by great discoveries, had reached the ears of Charles. Pizarro met a gracious reception and patient hearing. Unabashed before royalty, he spoke with the gravity of a Cas-

tilian, and the dignity of a man conscious of his own worth. And he spoke well—"so well," says Montesinos in his annals, "that he secured attention and applause at Toledo, where the Emperor was, who gave him audience with much pleasure, treated him lovingly, and heard him tenderly, especially when he related his constancy and that of his thirteen companions upon the island, in the midst of so many troubles and hardships." It is said that Charles shed tears at the recital of such great sufferings so nobly supported. Compelled to leave Spain, he recommended Pizarro to the Council of the Indies; and after some delay, the famous *Capitulacion* or agreement was drawn up and signed by the queen. By this document Pizarro received right of conquest and discovery in Peru as far as two hundred leagues south of Santiago, was made governor, captain-general, Adelantado and Alguacil Mayor for life, with a salary of seven hundred and twenty-five thousand maravedis, and various immunities and privileges. Almagro was appointed commander of the fortress of Tumbez; Father Luque got his bishopric; Ruiz was named grand pilot of the Southern Ocean; Candia received command of the artillery; and on the eleven others who had remained on the island with Pizarro, the rank of hidalgo was bestowed, besides the promise of municipal dignities in Peru, when it should be under the Spanish rule. From this statement, it is apparent that Pizarro either did not attempt, or failed in his endeavours, to procure for Almagro and Ruiz the offices he had promised to solicit for them, and which, on the contrary, were all heaped upon himself. This treachery, or want of success, was the cause of bad blood between him and Almagro. Pizarro's conduct in the affair has been variously represented by different writers. His kinsman, Pedro Pizarro, vindicates him from the charge of unfair dealing. "And Don Francisco Pizarro petitioned in accordance with what had been agreed with his companions; and in the council he was answered that the government could not possibly be divided between two persons, for that had been done in Santa Marta, and one of the two had

killed the other." And Pedro, who is a bit of partisan, and has a natural leaning to his cousin and commander, further states, that Pizarro, in honourable fulfilment of his promise, pleaded urgently for Almagro, 'till he received a rebuff, and was told, that if he did not ask the *adelantamiento* for himself, it should be given to a stranger. Whereupon he applied for it, and it was granted him in addition to his other dignities. He was also made a knight of St Jago; and in the armorial bearings which he inherited by the father's side, were introduced the black eagle and the two pillars emblazoned on the royal arms. A ship, a llama, and an Indian city were further added; "while the legend announced that under the auspices of Charles, and by the industry, the genius, and the resources of Pizarro, Peru had been discovered and reduced to tranquillity." A premature announcement, which many subsequent scenes of bloodshed and violence sadly belied. As regards the good faith kept by Pizarro with Almagro and his other companions, and the degree of sincerity and perseverance with which he pressed their claims at the court of Spain, Mr Prescott is justly sceptical; and much of the conqueror's after-conduct compels us to believe that in such solicitations it was one word for his friend and two for himself. It is less interesting, however, to trace his dissimulation and double-dealing, and the dissensions resulting from them, than to accompany him upon his final expedition to the empire of the Incas.

Although, by the articles of the *capitulacion*, Pizarro was bound to raise, within six months of its date, a well-equipped force of two hundred and fifty men, it was with less than three-fourths of that number that he sailed from Panama in January 1531. Careful to secure an ample share of the profits of the enterprise, the Spanish government did nothing to assist it, beyond providing some artillery and a few military stores. Pizarro must find the funds and the men, and this was no easy matter. To obtain the latter, he repaired to his native town of Truxillo in Estremadura, where he recruited a few followers. Amongst them were four

of his brothers—three illegitimate like himself, and one legitimate, Hernando Pizarro, a man of talent and energy, but of turbulent and overbearing disposition, who cut an important figure in the Peruvian campaigns. "They were all poor, and proud as they were poor," says Oviedo, who had seen them, "and their eagerness for gain was in proportion to their poverty." Consequently the New World was the very place for them. Many, however, who listened eagerly to Pizarro's account of the wealth to be obtained there, hesitated to seek it through the avenue of perils by which it was to be reached. As to money, those who had it were loath to invest on such frail security as Peruvian mines; thus proving themselves wiser in their generation than many in more recent times. Cortés, it is said, assisted Pizarro to the necessary funds, which he would hardly have raised without the aid of the Mexican conqueror; and the stipulated six months having expired, the newly-made governor of Peru cut his cables, and in all haste left the shores of Spain, fearing that if the incompleteness of his preparations got wind, the Spanish crown might recede from its share of the contract. At Panama, recruits were as reluctant and scarce as in Spain; and at last, impatient of delay, he started on his expedition with only one hundred and eighty men and twenty-seven horses. Their equipment, however, was good; they were well supplied with arms and ammunition, and, above all, sanguine of success. Before their departure, their banners and the royal standard were blessed by a Dominican monk, and the soldiers took the sacrament.

Anchoring after thirteen days' sail in the Bay of St Matthew, Pizarro landed his men and marched along the coast. He at first intended not to disembark till he reached Tumbez, of whose riches and fertility he entertained a pleasant recollection; but, baffled by winds, he altered his determination. He had, perhaps, better have adhered to it. True, that the emeralds and gold found at Coaque encouraged his followers, and enabled the politic adventurer to make a large remittance to Panama, to dazzle the colonists and induce

volunteers. But the sufferings of the Spaniards on their march through those sultry and unhealthy regions, were very great. Encumbered with heavy armour and thick cotton doublets, they toiled wearily along beneath a burning sun and over sands scarce less scorching. Fortunately, they were unmolested by the natives, who fled on their approach. They had enough to do to combat disease and the climate. "A strange epidemic broke out in the little army; it took the form of ulcers, or rather of hideous warts of great size, which covered the body, and when lanced, as was the case with some, discharged such a quantity of blood as proved fatal to the sufferer." Mr Prescott recognises in this horrible malady—which he says made its appearance during the invasion, and did not long survive it—"one of those plagues from the vial of wrath, which the destroying angel who follows in the path of the conqueror pours out on the devoted nations." Conquerors and conquered, however, suffered from it alike; and as to its having speedily become extinct, we suspect that it is still well known in Peru. The *verrugas*, described by Dr Tschudi in his valuable and delightful narrative of Peruvian travel, and which the natives attribute to the noxious qualities of certain streams, is coincident in its symptoms with the disease that afflicted Pizarro's followers, diminishing their numbers and impeding their progress. The arrival of one or two small reinforcements filled up the vacancies thus made in their ranks, and the march was continued until the adventurers found themselves opposite the island of Puná, upon which Pizarro resolved to pitch his camp, and there plan his attack upon the neighbouring city of Tumbez. Between the Tumbese and the men of Puná there was a long-standing feud, and the former lost no opportunity of exciting Pizarro's suspicions of the islanders. Having been informed that ten or twelve chiefs were plotting against him, he seized and delivered them to their rivals, who forthwith cut off their heads. A battle was the immediate consequence; and the handful of Spaniards defeated several thousand Puná warriors, mowing them down with musketry and sabre.

As was by no means unusual in those days, the Christians received encouragement from Heaven. "In the battle," says Montesinos with laudable gravity, "many, both of our people and of the Indians, saw that in the air there were two other camps—one led on by the archangel St Michael with sword and buckler, the other by Lucifer and his myrmidons; but no sooner did the Castilians cry victory, than the demons fled, and from out of a mighty whirlwind terrible voices were heard to exclaim—'Thou hast conquered! Michael, thou hast conquered!' Hence Don Francisco Pizarro was inspired with so great a devotion to the holy archangel that he vowed to call by his name the first city he should found, fulfilling the same, as we shall presently see." These angelic interventions were common enough both in the Moorish and American wars of Spain, and have been commemorated by many artists, whose paintings, for the most part more curious in design than skilful in execution, are still to be occasionally met with in the Peninsula. Pizarro was twice favoured with such celestial succours; the second time at the fight, or rather massacre, of Caxamalca, when certainly he required little aid against the panic-stricken hordes, who fell, like grass before the mower's scythe, under the fierce sabrecuts of the martial Spaniards. Nevertheless, "a terrible apparition appeared in the air during the onslaught. It consisted of a woman and a child, and at their side a horseman, all clothed in white, on a milk-white charger,—doubtless the valiant St James,—who, with his sword glancing lightning, smote down the infidel host, and rendered them incapable of resistance." Thus gravely and reverently deposes the worthy Fray Naharro, who had his information from three monks of his order present in the fight.

The arrival of Pizarro and his band upon the coast of Peru, occurred at a moment most favourable to their projects of appropriation. The country had just emerged from a sanguinary civil war, in which many of its best warriors had perished; the throne of the Incas was occupied by a usurper,

who, to cement his power, had shed the blood of hundreds of the royal family, his own brethren and relatives. These events had been thus brought about:—The warlike Inca and conqueror of Quito, Huayna Capac, forgot, on his death-bed, the sagacity that had marked his reign; and, in direct contravention of the fundamental laws of the empire, divided his dominions between Huascar, his legitimate heir, and Atahualpa, a pet son whom he had had by one of his numerous concubines. The old Inca died, and, for five years, his two successors reigned, without quarrel, over their respective territories. Then dissensions arose between them; war broke out; and in two great fights, one at the foot of Chimborazo, the other on the plains of Cuzco, Atahualpa's troops, veterans grown gray under his father's banner, were completely victorious. Huascar was taken prisoner and shut up in the fortress of Xauxa; his rival assumed the *borla* or scarlet diadem of the Incas, and, using his victory with little moderation, if Garcilasso de la Vega and subsequent Spanish writers are to be believed, butchered, with circumstances of great cruelty, all of the Inca blood upon whom he could lay hands. Mr Prescott, however, doubts the veracity of Garcilasso, the son of a niece of Huayna Capac and of a Spanish cavalier, who arrived in Peru, soon after its conquest, in the suite of Pedro de Alvarado. His origin, and familiarity with the Peruvian tongue, should ensure the correctness of his statements; whilst his relationship, by the father's side, with a family illustrious in letters as in arms, seems to guarantee his literary capacity. But Garcilasso was sadly given to romancing; and his pages exhibit, amidst much that is really valuable, great exaggeration and credulity. If we could implicitly credit his statements of Atahualpa's atrocities, our sympathy with the Inca, betrayed, dethroned, and finally murdered, by the Spaniards, would be materially lessened. The triumph of the usurper occurred only a few months previous to the invasion of Peru by Pizarro, in the spring of 1532.

After the battle of Puná the Spaniards were greatly annoyed by the enemy, who kept up a desultory and

harassing warfare, and they welcomed with joy the arrival of a strong reinforcement under Hernando de Soto, the future discoverer of the Mississippi. With a hundred fresh men and a supply of horses for the cavalry, Pizarro did not hesitate to cross to the mainland. The inhabitants, although previously on the most friendly terms with the Spaniards, opposed their landing, but with no great energy; and a charge of horse drove them to the woods. At Tumbez, however, a grievous disappointment awaited the invaders. With the exception of half-a-dozen of the principal buildings, the city was razed to the ground; and of the rich spoils the Spaniards had reckoned upon, not a trace was left. The adventurers were greatly discouraged by this discovery. "The gold of Peru seemed only like a deceitful phantom, which, after beckoning them on through toil and danger, vanished the moment they attempted to grasp it." They lost heart in this search after an intangible treasure; and Pizarro, fearing disaffection as a consequence of inaction, hurried them into the interior of the country. At thirty leagues from Tumbez, he founded, in conformity with his vow, the city of San Miguel; and, after waiting several weeks for further reinforcements and receiving none, he left fifty men for the protection of the new settlement, and marched with the remainder in search of the Inca, proclaiming every where, as he proceeded, the religion of Christ, the supremacy of the Pope, and the sovereignty of Charles the Fifth.

And here, as much, perhaps, as at any period of his career, we are struck by the genius and activity of Pizarro, and by his wonderful ascendancy over a band of restless desperadoes. Within five months after landing at Tumbez, he had made an extensive tour of observation, established a friendly understanding with the Indians, parcelled out lands, cut timber, and quarried stone; founded a city, and organised a municipal government. A church and a fortress—always the two first edifices in a Spanish-American town,—a storehouse and a court of justice, strongly, if not elegantly built, had already arisen. Strict discipline was maintained amongst the

Spaniards, who were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to molest or ill-treat the natives; and, most astonishing of all, Pizarro succeeded in persuading his rapacious followers to relinquish their shares in the gold and silver already collected, which was sent, after a fifth had been deducted for the crown, to pay off the ship-owners and those who had supplied stores for the expedition. After the settlement of these preliminaries, he struck boldly into the heart of the land. His army (the name is a mockery, applied to such a force) consisted of sixty-seven cavalry and one hundred and ten infantry, amongst whom were only three arquebusiers and twenty crossbowmen. With this paltry troop he dared to advance against the powerful army which he had ascertained was encamped under command of Atahualpa, within twelve days' journey of San Miguel. We read of subsequent events and scarcely wonder at a mob of timid Peruvians being dispersed by a handful of resolute men, mail-clad, well disciplined, and inured to war, but in numbers as one to a hundred of those opposed to them. Pizarro, however, had no assurance of the slight resistance he should meet; he could know but imperfectly the resources of the Inca; he was wholly ignorant of the natural obstacles the country might oppose to his progress, and of the ambuscades that might beset his path. His dauntless spirit paused not for such considerations. And, scanty as his numbers were, he did not fear to risk their diminution, by a proposal resembling that of Harry the Fifth to his troops. Those who had no heart for the expedition, he announced to his little band, on the fifth day after their departure from San Miguel, were at full liberty to return to the city. The garrison was weak, he would gladly see it reinforced, and any who chose to rejoin it should have allotted to them the same share of land and number of Indian vassals as those Spaniards who had remained in the settlement.

— "He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart: his passport shall be made,
And crowns, for convoy, put into his purse."

Precisely similar to the proclamation of the hero of Agincourt was that

of the conqueror of Peru. He preferred weakening his force, already far too feeble, to retaining the discontented and pusillanimous. The contagion of bad example had more terrors for him than the hosts of Atahualpa. And he "would not die in that man's company who feared his fellowship to die with him." Only nine of his one hundred and seventy-seven followers availed themselves of the permission, thus boldly accorded them, to retrace their steps. With the residue Pizarro resumed his march.

As the Spaniards advanced, their difficulties and uncertainties increased. Rivers impeded their progress, and they had to construct bridges and rafts. They passed through well-built towns, where they saw large magazines of military stores and rations, and along handsome paved roads, shaded by avenues of trees, and watered by artificial streamlets. The farther they penetrated into the country, the more convinced they were of its resources and civilisation, far beyond any thing they had anticipated, and the more sensible they became of the great temerity of their enterprise. When they strove to learn the Inca's intentions and whereabouts, the contradictory information they obtained added to their perplexity. The Inca, it was said, was at the head of fifty thousand men, tranquilly awaiting the appearance of the eight-score intruders who thus madly ran into the lion's jaws. This was discouraging enough. And when the Spaniards reached the foot of the stupendous Andes, which intervened between them and Caxamalca, and were to be crossed by means of paths and passes of the most dangerous description, easily defensible by tens against thousands, their hearts failed them, and many were of opinion to abandon the original plan and take the road to Cuzco, which wound along the foot of the mountains, broad, shady, and pleasant. Pizarro was deaf to this proposal. His eloquence and firmness prevailed, and the Andes were crossed, with much toil, but without molestation from the Peruvians.

It is difficult to understand the Inca's motives in thus neglecting the many opportunities afforded him of annihilating the Spaniards. His whole

conduct at this time is mysterious and unaccountable, greatly at variance with the energy and sagacity of which he had given proof in his administration of the empire, and wars against Huascar. Nothing was easier than to crush the encroaching foreigners in the defiles of the Cordilleras, instead of allowing them to descend safely into the plain, where their cavalry and discipline gave them great advantages. Perhaps it never occurred to Atahualpa that so trifling a force could contend under any circumstances, with a chance of success, against his numerous army. In their intestine wars, the Peruvians fought with much resolution. In the battle of Quipayan, which placed the crown of Peru on Atahualpa's head, the fight raged from dawn till sunset, and the slaughter was prodigious, both parties exhibiting great courage and obstinacy. And subsequently, in engagements with the Spaniards, proofs of Peruvian valour were not wanting. After the death of Atahualpa, on the march to Cuzco, more than one fierce fight occurred between Spanish cavalry and Peruvian warriors, in which the former had not always the advantage. When Cuzco was burned, and siege laid to its fortresses, one of these was valiantly defended by an Inca noble, whose single arm struck the assailants from the ramparts as fast as they attained their summit. And when, several ladders having been planted at once, the Spaniards swarmed up on all points, and overpowered the last of his followers, the heroic savage still would not yield. "Finding further resistance ineffectual, he sprang to the edge of the battlements, and, casting away his war-club, wrapped his mantle around him and threw himself headlong from the summit." Relying on the bravery of his troops, and considering that the Spaniards, although compact in array, and formidable by their horses and weapons, were in numbers most insignificant, it is probable the Inca felt sure of catching and caging them whenever he chose, and was therefore in no hurry to do it, but, like a cat with a mouse, chose to play with before devouring them. This agrees, too, with the account given in an imperfect manuscript, the work of one of the old conquerors, quoted

by Mr Prescott. "Holding us for very little, and not reckoning that a hundred and ninety men could offend him, he allowed us to pass through that defile, and through many others equally bad, because really, as we afterwards knew and ascertained, his intention was to see us, and question us as to whence we came, and who had sent us, and what we wanted and afterwards to take our horses and the things that most pleased him, and to sacrifice the remainder." These calculations were more than neutralised by the decision and craft of the white man. Established in Caxamalca, whose ten thousand inhabitants had deserted the town on his approach, Pizarro beheld before him "a white cloud of pavilions, covering the ground as thick as snow-flakes, for the space apparently of several miles." In front of the tents were fixed the warriors' lances; and at night innumerable watch-fires, making the mountain-slope resemble, says an eyewitness, "a very starry heaven," struck doubt and dismay into the hearts of that little Christian band. "All," says one of the Conquistadores, "remaining with much fear, because we were so few, and had entered so far into the land, where we could not receive succours." All, save one, the presiding genius of the venture, who showed himself equal to the emergency, and nobly justified his followers' confidence. Pizarro saw that retreat was impossible, inaction ruinous, and he resolved to set all upon a cast by executing a project of unparalleled boldness. The Inca, who very soon assumed a dictatorial tone, had ordered the Spaniards to occupy the buildings on the chief square at Caxamalca, and no others, and had also signified his intention of visiting the strangers so soon as a fast he was keeping should be at an end. The square, or rather triangle, was of great extent, and consisted of a stone fortress, and of large, low, wide-doored halls, that seemed intended for barracks. Upon this square Pizarro prepared to receive his royal visitor.

On the appointed day, Atahualpa made his appearance, at the head of his numerous army, variously estimated by Pizarro's secretary and others there present, at from thirty to

fifty thousand men. These halted at a short distance from the town; the Inca began to pitch his tents, and sent word to Pizarro that he had postponed his visit to the following morning. The Spanish leader deprecated this change of plan, and said that he fully expected Atahualpa to sup with him; whereupon the Inca, either from good nature, or lured by the prospect of a feast, entered the town with a comparatively small retinue. "He brought with him," says Hernando Pizarro, in a manuscript letter, "five or six thousand Indians, unarmed, save with small clubs, and slings, and bags of stones." In fact, it appears from all accounts that very few of them had any arms at all. Upon a throne of gold, borne on an open litter, by Peruvian nobles in a rich azure livery, the Inca came, and paused in the square. Not a Spaniard was to be seen, save Fray Vicente de Valverde, Pizarro's chaplain, who, by means of an interpreter, addressed the royal visitor in a homily which, to judge from the multiplicity of subjects it embraced, can have been of no trifling length. Beginning with the creation of the world, he expounded the doctrines of Christianity, talked of St Peter and the Pope, and finally, with singular coolness, requested his astonished hearer to change his religion, and become a tributary of the Emperor. Naturally offended at such presumptuous propositions, Atahualpa answered with some heat, and threw down a Bible or breviary which he had taken from the friar's hand. The friar hurried to Pizarro. "Do you not see," he said, "that whilst we waste our breath talking to this dog, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you." Slay! Slay! mass or massacre. The old cry of the Romish priest, covetous of converts. The sword in one hand, the crucifix in the other; abjuration of heresy, or the blood of heretics. In Smithfield and the Cevennes, on the dread eve of St Bartholomew, and amidst the gentle sun-worshippers of Peru,—such has ever been the maxim of the ministers of a religion of mercy. In this instance the appeal to violence was not unheard. Pizarro waved a scarf, a signal gun was fired

from the fort, the barrack doors flew open, and, armed to the teeth, the Spaniards sprang into the plaza, shouting the fierce slogan before which, in Granada's sunny *vega*, the Moslem had so often quailed. "*Santiago y á ellos!*" St James and at them! was the cry, as the steel-clad cavalry spurred into the crowd, carving, with trenchant blade, paths through the confused and terrified Indians; whilst musketry flashed, and two falconets, placed in the fort, vomited death upon the mob. The exit from the plaza was soon choked with corpses, and the living, debarred escape by the bodies of the dead, could but stand and be slaughtered. The square was soon converted into a shambles.

"Even as they fell, in files they lay," slain in cold blood, and innocent of offence. At last "such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza!" And the country was covered with fugitives, flying before the terrible sweep of the Spanish sabre.

"The Marquis," says Pedro Pizarro, "called out, saying, 'Let none wound the Inca, under pain of his life!'" Atahualpa was to be made prisoner, not killed. Around him a faithful few, his nobles and court, fought desperately to protect their sovereign. Unarmed, they grappled with the Spaniards, clung to their horses, and tried to drag them from their saddles. The struggle was of some duration, and night approached when, several of the palanquin-bearers having been slain, the litter was overturned, and the Inca fell into the arms of Pizarro and his comrades. He was carefully secured in an adjacent building, the news of his capture quickly spread, and the whole Indian army disbanded and fled, panic-struck at the loss of their sovereign. The number that fell that day is very variously stated. "They killed them all," says one authority, a nephew of Atahualpa, on whose testimony Mr Prescott inclines to place reliance, "with horses, with swords, with arquebuses, as though they were sheep. None made resistance, and out of ten thousand

not two hundred escaped." This is probably an exaggeration. Other accounts state the number of dead as far smaller, but there appears ground to believe that four or five thousand fell. The example was terrible, and well suited to strike the Peruvians with terror. But the extermination of the whole Indian army would have been of less importance than the single captive Pizarro had made, and whom, agreeably to his promise, he had to sup with him when the fight was done. Deprived of their sovereign, and viewing with a superstitious awe the audacious stranger who had dared to lay hands upon his sacred person, the Indians lost heart, and were no longer to be feared.

The capture of the Inca, although so important and beneficial in its results, occasioned Pizarro some embarrassment. He was anxious to march upon the capital, but feared to risk himself on the roads and mountains with the Inca in his keeping; and as he could not spare a sufficient guard to leave behind with him, he was compelled to wait patiently for reinforcements. Atahualpa, who did not want for penetration, but in the words of an old manuscript, "was very wise and discreet, a friend of knowledge, and subtle of understanding," soon found out that the Spaniards were at least as eager to accumulate gold as to disseminate their religion. He offered to buy his liberty, and a room full of gold was the prodigious ransom he proposed. The length of the apartment he engaged to fill is variously stated. The most moderate account makes it twenty-two feet. Hernando Pizarro says it was thirty-five. The width was seventeen feet, and the gold was to be piled up as high as the Inca could reach, which was about nine feet from the ground. A smaller room was to be filled twice with silver. Pizarro having accepted, or allowed his prisoner to infer that he accepted, this very handsome price for his liberty, the captive sovereign took measures to collect the stipulated treasure. Palaces and temples were stripped of their ornaments, and from distant parts of Peru gold was sent to complete the Inca's ransom. The agreement was that it should not be

in whatever form it arrived, which gave Atahualpa some advantage. Goblets, salvers, vases, and curious imitations of plants and animals, were amongst the heterogeneous contributions that soon began to rise high upon the floor of the Inca's prison. "Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tassel of threads of the same precious metal. A fountain was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same metal played in the waters at the base." But the greedy conquerors grew impatient, and thought the gold came too slowly, although on some days a value of fifty or sixty thousand *castellanos* was added to the store. Rumours of a rising of the Peruvians were spread abroad, and Atahualpa was accused of conspiring against the Spaniards. These, and especially a strong reinforcement that had arrived under Almagro's orders, became clamorous for the Inca's death. They had already divided all that had arrived of his ransom, equivalent to the enormous sum of three millions and a half sterling, besides fifty thousand marks of silver. At last the Inca was brought to trial on the most absurd charges, "having reference to national usages, or to his personal relations, over which the Spanish conquerors had no jurisdiction." Thus, he was accused of idolatry and adultery, and of *squandering the public revenues, since the conquest of the country by the Spaniards!* His death, in short, was decreed, and his butchers were not very nice about the pretext. It was found expedient to get rid of him; and under such circumstances a reason to condemn is as easily found as a rope to hang. Some few honest and humane men there were in the court, who rejected the false evidence brought before them, and denied the authority of the tribunal. But their objections were overruled, and they had to content themselves with entering a protest against proceedings which they justly held to be arbitrary and illegal. Father Valverde was not one of those who leaned to mercy's side. A copy of the sentence, condemning Atahualpa to be burned alive,

was submitted to him for his signature, which he gave with alacrity, convinced, he said, that the Inca deserved death. Why, it is hard to say, at least at the hands of the Spaniards. But the whole of the circumstances connected with his mock trial and subsequent execution are a disgrace to the conquerors of Peru, an eternal blot upon the memory of Francisco Pizarro. To avoid the flames, Atahualpa embraced Christianity, and was executed by strangulation, after being duly baptised and shriven by the clerical scoundrel Valverde. Previously he had begged hard for his life, offering twice the ransom he had already paid, and guarantees for the safety of the Spaniards. "What have I done, or my children," said the unfortunate monarch, "that I should meet such a fate? And from your hands, too," added he to Pizarro—"you, who have met friendship and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits from my hands." Adding hypocrisy to cruelty, Pizarro affected emotion. In its sincerity we cannot believe, or that he could not, had he chosen, have saved Atahualpa. "I myself," says Pedro Pizarro, ever his cousin's eulogist and advocate, "saw the Marquis weep." We believe Pedro lies, or was mistaken, or that the tears were of the sort called crocodile's. We have no faith in the tenderness of the stern and iron-hearted conqueror of Peru.

Although the Inca's ransom had not been made up to the full amount promised, Pizarro had acquitted his prisoner, some time previously to his death, of any further obligation on that score. With respect to this ransom, Dr Tschudi gives some interesting particulars, doubtless true in the main, although exaggerated in the details. "The gold which the Inca got together in Caxamarca and the neighbourhood, was hardly sufficient to fill half the room. He therefore sent messengers to Cuzco, to complete the amount out of the royal treasury; and it is said that eleven thousand llamas, each bearing a hundredweight of gold, really started thence for Caxamarca. But before they arrived, Atahualpa was hung. The terrible news ran like a lighted

train through the whole country, and reached the Indians who were driving the heavily laden llamas over the uplands of Central Peru. Panic-stricken, they buried their treasures upon the very spot where the mournful message was delivered to them, and dispersed in all directions." Eleven thousand hundredweight of gold! If this were true, the cruelty of the Spaniards to their prisoner brought its own punishment. The buried treasure, whatever its amount, has never been recovered, although numerous researches have been made. Either the secret has perished with its possessors, or those Peruvians to whom it has been handed down, persist, with the sullen and impenetrable reserve that forms a distinguishing trait in their character, in preventing their white oppressors from reaping the benefit of it.

With the death of Atahualpa, the principal danger incurred by the Spaniards in Peru—that, namely, of a combined and simultaneous uprising of the nation—may be said to have terminated. Subsequently, it is true, under the Inca Manco, a terrible insurrection occurred: an Indian army, the boldest, best equipped, and in all respects the most formidable that the Spaniards had seen, boldly assailed them, burned Cuzco, and beleaguered them in the citadel. At one time Pizarro felt the greatest uneasiness as to the possible result of this last effort for Peruvian independence. Seven hundred Christians fell in the course of the struggle. But there were still sufficient left to reduce the insurgents, and inflict a terrible chastisement. Lima had been built, and fortified posts established. And serious as this uprising was, there hardly seems to have been a probability of the extermination of the Spaniards in Peru, or of their expulsion from the country, at any period subsequent to Atahualpa's execution. The throne vacant, the rights of succession uncertain, the ancient institutions of the country fell to pieces, and anarchy ensued. Peruvian generals gathered their armies around them, seized upon provinces, declared themselves independent, and were beaten in detail. Difficulties and hardships were still in store for the conquerors; privations, and painful marches, and sharp encounters;

but they were strengthened by reinforcements, cheered by success, and urged on by their thirst of gold, which was irritated rather than assuaged by the rich booty they had made. After crowning with his own hands a brother of Atahualpa, selected in preference to Manco, the legitimate heir to the throne, as more likely to be a docile instrument in his hands, Pizarro marched upon Cuzco, the much-talked-of metropolis of Peru, with a force that now amounted to nearly five hundred men, one-third of them cavalry. After a sharp skirmish or two, in which the Peruvians displayed much spirit and bravery, the conquerors entered the capital. They were disappointed in the amount of booty found there. Their expectations must have been outrageous, for the spoil was very large. The great temple was studded with gold plates; its gardens glittered with ornaments of the same precious metal. In a cavern near the city they found a number of pure gold vases, and ten or twelve statues of women, as large as life, some of gold, others of silver. The stores of food, and of manufactures for clothing and ornament, were very numerous and considerable. And there were women's dresses composed entirely of gold beads; and "in one place they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick." But the rapacious Europeans were not content, and some of the inhabitants were barbarously tortured to compel them to reveal their hidden stores of wealth. Gold lost its value, and the commonest necessities of life rose to exorbitant prices. A quire of paper was worth ten golden dollars, a bottle of wine fetched sixty. And the inherent Spanish vice of gambling was carried to a prodigious extent. Many of the conquerors thus lost the whole of their booty. One man had received in his share of spoil a golden image of the sun. "This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, 'Play away the sun before sunrise.'"

With the capture of Cuzco, or very soon afterwards, the unity of Spanish

conquest in Peru may be said to have ceased. Previously to that event, all were subordinate to Pizarro; none claimed independence of him; he kept his men together, and with his whole force—excepting the small garrison at St Miguel—pushed forward into the heart of the land. It was by far the most romantic and adventurous period of Spanish operations in the empire of the Incas. But now other cavaliers of fortune, good soldiers, and men of experience in American warfare, turned their attention to Peru, eager to share its treasures and territory. Amongst these, the governor of Guatemala, Pedro de Alvarado, one of Cortés' officers, was conspicuous. Early in 1534, he landed in the Bay of Caraquez, at the head of five hundred men, "the best equipped and most formidable array that had yet appeared in the southern seas." They marched towards the rich province of Quito, which they believed to be still unexplored; but suffered frightfully on the road; and on emerging, with greatly diminished numbers, from the Puertos Nevados, a terrible mountain passage where many of the troopers were frozen in their saddles, they had the mortification to discover the hoof prints of Spanish chargers, proving that they had been forestalled. Benalcazar, governor of San Miguel, had entered the province with one hundred and forty men and some native auxiliaries. He had been met by the Indian general Ruminavi; but the son of the Moor was more than a match for the Peruvian, and after some well-contested fights, the standard of Castile waved over Quito's capital. Almagro, who had heard of Alvarado's landing, soon joined Benalcazar, and together they marched to oppose their intruding countrymen. At one time a battle seemed imminent, but matters were finally compromised, Alvarado receiving one hundred thousand *pesos de oro*, and re-embarking his men.

Amongst the conquerors themselves, dissensions soon broke out. Charles the Fifth, to whom Hernando Pizarro had been sent to give an account of events in Peru, and to submit specimens of its riches and manufactures, had received the envoy most favourably. He con-

firmed his previous grants of land to Francisco Pizarro, extending them seventy leagues further south, and empowered Almagro to discover and occupy the country for two hundred leagues south of that. Disputes about boundaries, imbibited by the rankling recollection of former feuds, soon occurred between Pizarro and Almagro; and though a temporary reconciliation was effected, a civil war at last broke out, where both parties fought nominally for the honour and profit of the Spanish king, and in reality for their own peculiar behoof and ambition. "*El Rey y Almagro!*" "*El Rey y Pizarro!*" were the battle-cries on the bloody field of Las Salinas, in the neighbourhood of Cuzco, where, on the 26th April 1538, Almagro fell into the hands of Hernando Pizarro, who, from their very first meeting, had bitterly disliked him. "Before the battle of Salinas, it had been told to Hernando Pizarro that Almagro was like to die. 'Heaven forbid,' he exclaimed, 'that this should come to pass before he falls into my hands!'" After such a speech, Almagro's fate scarce admitted of a doubt. He was brought to trial, on charges that covered two thousand folio pages. Found guilty, he was condemned to death, and perished by the *garrote*. He was to have been executed on the public square of Cuzco; but public sympathy was so strongly enlisted on his side, that it was thought more prudent to make an end of him in his dungeon. The chief apparent movers of his death, Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro, were amongst the principal mourners at his funeral—thus aping the hypocrisy of their brother Francisco, who had paid similar honours to his victim Atahualpa. The Marquis himself was on his way to Cuzco during Almagro's trial, of which he was cognizant. He lingered on the road, and upon reaching the river Abancay he learned his rival's death. The old farce was played over again. He shed tears, for whose sincerity none gave him credit. Speedily forgetting this mockery of woe, he entered Cuzco in triumph, richly dressed, and with clang of martial music. There can be little doubt of his having secretly instigated and entirely approved the execution of Almagro.

The testimony of all the impartial historians of the time concurs in fixing its odium upon him.

But the crimes of this great conqueror and bad man were destined to meet punishment. By the sword he had risen—by the sword he was to perish; not on some well-fought battle field, with shouts of victory ringing in his ear, but in his palace hall, by the assassin's blade. In his own fair capital of Lima, the City of the Kings, the gem of the Pacific, which had sprung up under his auspices with incredible rapidity—for Pizarro seemed to impart his vast energy to all about him—a score of conspirators, assembled at the house of Almagro's son, plotted his death. It was on a Sunday in June 1541, at the hour of dinner, that they burst into his apartments, with cries of "Death to the tyrant!" A number of visitors were with him, but they were imperfectly armed, and deserted him, escaping by the windows. His half-brother, Martinez de Alcantara, two pages and as many cavaliers, were all who stood forward in defence of their chief. They soon fell, overpowered by numbers, and covered with wounds. But Pizarro was not the man meekly to meet his death. Alone, without armour, his cloak around one arm, his good sword in his right hand, the old hero kept his cowardly assailants at bay, with a vigour and intrepidity surprising at his advanced age. "What ho!" he cried, "traitors! have you come to kill me in my own house?" And as he spoke, two of his enemies fell beneath his blows. "Rada, (the chief of the conspirators) impatient of the delay, called out 'Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!' and taking one of his companions, Narvaez, in his arms, he thrust him against the Marquis. Pizarro, instantly grappling with his opponent, ran him through with his sword. But at that moment he received a wound in the throat, and reeling, he sank on the floor, while the swords of Rada and several of the conspirators were plunged into his body. 'Jesu!' exclaimed the dying man; and, tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a

stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence."

Great indeed have been the changes wrought by three centuries in the world beyond the Atlantic. The difference in the manner of foundation of the English and Spanish empires in America is not more striking than the contrast offered by their progress and present condition. The English, Dutch, and other northern nations, were content to obtain a footing in the new-found lands, without attempting their conquest. Settled upon the coast, defending themselves, often with extreme difficulty, against the assaults of warlike and crafty tribes, they aimed not at the subjugation of empires, or, if visions of future dominion occasionally crossed the imagination of the more far-sighted, the means proposed were not those of armed aggression and sanguinary spoliation, but the comparatively slow and bloodless victories of civilisation. Far otherwise was it with the warlike and ambitious Spaniard of the sixteenth century, when, with a mixture of crusading zeal and freebooting greed, he shaped his caravel's course for distant *El-Dorado*. Not with a log-house in the wilderness was he content; it suited not his lofty and chivalrous notions to clear land and plough it, and water the stubborn furrow with his forehead's sweat.

For him the bright cuirass, the charging steed, the wild encounter with tawny hosts, reminding him of the day when, after eight hundred years' struggle, he chased the last Saracen from Iberia's shores. For him the glittering gold mine, the rich plantation, the cringing throng of Indian serfs. One day a cavalier of fortune, with horse and arms for sole possessions, the next he sat upon the throne whence he had hurled some far-descended prince, some Inca demigod, or feather-crowned cacique. And at the period that a few scanty bands of expatriated malefactors, and of refugees for opinion's sake, flying from persecution to the wilderness, toiled out a scanty and laborious existence in the forests and prairies of North America, and alone represented the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World, Spain was in secure and undisturbed enjoyment of two vast and productive empires. To-day, how great the contrast! The unwieldy Spanish colonies have crumbled and fallen to pieces, the petty English settlements have grown into a flourishing and powerful nation. And we behold the descendants of the handful of exiles who first colonised "the wild New England shore," penetrating, almost unopposed, to the heart of the country that Montezuma ruled, and Cortés was the first to conquer.

CROSSING THE DESERT.

SEVERAL years ago, just before the Palmerstonian policy had involved all Asia, from Scinde to Syria, in war and anarchy, a young Englishman of family and fortune, named Sidney, remained at Cairo in spring after all his countrymen had departed for Alexandria in order to avoid the Khamseen winds. The month of April was well advanced in all its heat; and it disputes with May the opprobrium of being the most detestable month of the year from Rosetta to Dongola. The society of Misr the Kaherah (victorious) offered no resources beyond the shabby coffee-houses and the apparitions of Indian travellers. But at that time only a few Griffins and Nabobs were occasionally seen. There was nothing to resemble the hordes which now pass through Cairo in their bi-monthly emigrations, like flights of locusts devouring every thing that comes in their way, from the bread on the *table-d'hôte* at the *Hotel d'Orient* to the oranges and melons piled up like ammunition at the sides of the streets. Now, indeed, it may truly be said of these locusts, as it was of the plague of old. "Very grievous are they. Before them there were no such locusts as they; neither after them shall be such."

Mr Sidney, in order to escape from the habitual desolation of the Esbekieh, and avoid witnessing the fearful voracity of his countrymen, passed a good deal of his time in a coffee-house in the Mouski. His apology to himself for this idle and unprofitable life was his wish to improve his knowledge of colloquial Arabic. His studies in Arabic literature had been pursued with some industry and profit during the winter, under the guidance of Sheikh Ismael el Feel or the Elephant, so called from his rotundity of carcass and protuberance of proboscis. The love of French brandy displayed by this learned Theban had induced the European consuls to regard him as an oracle of Mohammedan law, and a striking proof of the progress of civilisation in the East. The Elephant repaid their esteem by unbounded

affection for their purses and an immeasurable contempt for their persons. Sidney, however, had lost the friendship of the literary Elephant; for the learned Sheik, supposing that he was about to quit Cairo with the rest of his countrymen, had thought fit to absent himself, taking away as a keepsake a splendid new oriental dress just sent home from the tailor.

One day as Sidney was musing on the feasibility of crossing the desert at this unfavourable season, in order to spend his Easter at Jerusalem, two strangers entered the coffee-house in which he was seated. As no Indian mail was expected, he could not help examining them with some attention. One was a little man, not of a very prepossessing appearance, with a pale face and a squeaking voice; the other was a stout Scotsman, at least six feet two inches in height of body, and who, before he had swallowed a cup of coffee and smoked a single sheeshah, indicated that he was of a corresponding height of mind, by reminding his companion that he was a literary man. The strangers, after throwing a scrutinising glance at the inmates of the room, continued their conversation in English. The pale-faced man spoke as a foreigner, though almost as correctly as a native, and with a fluency perfectly marvellous. The tall Scotsman seemed not quite satisfied with the degree of familiarity he assumed even in a Caireen coffee-house.

"Well, Mr Lascelles Hamilton, it is very true I am going to Jerusalem, and so is Mr Ringlady; but I thought you said you intended to go to Mecca, when you joined us at Alexandria in hiring a boat to Cairo."

"My dear Campbell," (here Mr Campbell gave a wince, which showed that he was very ungrateful for the endearment,) "I can't go to Mecca for three months yet; my Arabic won't have the pure accent of the Hedjas in a shorter space of time. I mean, therefore, to go round by Jerusalem, join the tribes beyond the Dead Sea, and work my way by land."

This was enough for Sidney. He determined to join the party; and was moving out of the coffee-house to take his measures for that purpose, when Aali Bey—a young Osmanlee dandy, who had passed a few months at Leghorn to study European diplomacy—made him a sign that he wished to speak in private. Aali's story had so long a preface, and was so crammed with flattery and oriental compliments, that Sidney became soon satisfied it would terminate in an attempt to borrow money, if not in robbery and murder. He was nevertheless mistaken; for Aali, after many vain endeavours to shorten his preface, at last stated his real business. It proved deserving of a long-winded introduction, and amounted to a proposition to Sidney to assist in affording Aali an opportunity of carrying off his bride, the daughter of the celebrated Sheikh Salem Abou Rasheed, from Cairo to Syria.. Sheikh Salem was a man of great influence at Nablous; and he had been detained by Mohammed Ali as a kind of hostage with all his family, as he was returning from the pilgrimage to Mecca by the easy route of Cosseir and the Nile.

The affair seemed too serious even for the thoughtless Sidney to engage in without some consideration; and he attempted to persuade Aali that his escape was impossible, and that he had better live contentedly with his bride at Cairo, more particularly as it was a very bad season for a lady to think of crossing the desert. Aali, however, informed him, that he was not married, nor indeed likely to be, unless the marriage took place at Gaza; for Sheikh Salem had offered him his daughter Fatmeh, on the condition of escorting her and her mother to Gaza, where the marriage would take place in presence of the Sheikh of Hebron, and other relations of the family. Aali conjured Sidney by every saint, Mussulman and Christian, to aid him in his enterprise, which would raise him to the rank of a chief in Syria. As it appeared that Sheikh Salem had really put some supply of cash at the disposal of the young spendthrift, and Sidney knew well with what difficulty an Oriental parts with the smallest

conceivable fraction of coin even to men more prudent than Aali, he now deemed it necessary to let the young Osmanlee know what he had just heard concerning the movements of an English party. It was arranged that Sidney should learn all he could about the new travellers, and inform Aali in an evening walk in the Esbekieh.

Sidney, on finding the travellers resided at the *Hotel d'Orient*, joined the *table-d'hôte* that day. The party consisted of four persons: Sidney; the pale-faced, squeaking-voiced Mr Lascelles Hamilton; the tall Caledonian, Mr Campbell; and a gentleman with a mellifluous voice, and an air which said, Look at me and listen. This gentleman was Mr Ringlady—the celebrated Mr Ringlady, a middle-aged lawyer, innocent of briefs, who had written some works on jurisprudence.

For a short time the Britons of the party looked at Sidney's Egyptian dress with the supercilious disdain which enables Americans to recognise the inhabitants of the old country, while they are engaged in advertising their own nationality in earnest endeavours to keep their bodies in equilibrium on a single leg of their chairs. The voluble Mr Lascelles Hamilton, however, soon placed every body on a familiar footing. He lost no time in ascertaining Sidney's name and country from the waiter, and then launched forth.

"I hear, Mr Sidney, you have been five months at Cairo; I am sure you have found it a delightful place. For my part, I have not been five hours; but I could stay five years, for I have seen five wonders."

"As I have not been so fortunate in my five months' residence," said Sidney, "you must tell me the wonders you have seen, before I give you my opinion of its delights."

"First, then, the donkey on which I made my entry into the city of Saladin, ran away with me. No horse could ever do that, so think I entered Cairo riding on Old Nick! Second, I did knock down two ladies, each one as large as three donkeys and myself, and they did not scream. Third, my donkey did pitch me into the middle of the street, and nobody did laugh. Fourth, I did see Ibrahim Pasha pay his whole household in

loaves of sugar—a year's wages, all in loaves of sugar. And fifth, I do see four Englishmen sit down to a good dinner in Cairo in the month of April, without one of them being on his way to India."

Mr Ringlady, who had been watching impatiently during this long speech for an opportunity of displaying the mellifluous voice of which he was so proud, in contrast to the harsh squeak and discordant accent of Mr Lascelles Hamilton, now gave a specimen of his professional turn of mind by remarking in his silvery tone, that he believed the fifth wonder was not quite a perfect miracle, for one of the party was a native of Scotland; and then added, glancing his eye obliquely from Mr Lascelles Hamilton to Sidney, "and perhaps all of us may not have been born in Great Britain."

The little man saw the innuendo was directed against him and his accent; so, with the ease of a man of the world, he turned the tables on his assailant by replying in a very innocent tone—

"Yes, indeed, I did suppose you were an American. But it is no matter: we all count as Englishmen at Cairo. I was myself born in India, at Lahore, where my father was a general of cavalry."

The lawyer had also hurt the feelings of the literary Scotsman, who fancied his accent was a pure stream of English undefiled. So that he had a wish for revenge, which Mr Ringlady afforded him an opportunity of gratifying by saying with great dignity,—

"My name is Ringlady; it is an old English name well known in our country. Mr Campbell, who is so profoundly acquainted with the history of Britain during the Norman period, must be well acquainted with it."

To this appeal Campbell replied very drily: "I assure you I never heard it before I had the honour of meeting you on board the Oriental." Thus dispersing the county reputation in Norman times and the fame of the works on jurisprudence at one blow.

It was evident that it would be a rich treat to cross the desert with this party; so Sidney led the conversation to that subject. In a short time it

was arranged that they should come to a final decision on their plans next morning at breakfast.

Sidney communicated this resolution to Aali in their evening walk, and ventured to predict that the decision would be for immediate departure.

At breakfast next morning, it was accordingly determined to quit Cairo in three days. The literary man considered that it was his duty to employ that time in writing a description of Cairo and the Pyramids on the spot. The party, however, did not succeed in completing their arrangements in less than a week. Mr Ringlady procured the most celebrated Dragoman remaining at Cairo, by paying him enormous wages, and giving him full power to lay in what provisions and take what measures he considered necessary for crossing the desert with comfort. The Dragoman hired was named Mohammed; and he commenced by purchasing double the quantity of stores required and sending half to his own house, as he said his new master looked like a man who would change his mind, and it would be satisfactory, should he return suddenly to Cairo, to find every thing ready for proceeding up the Nile. Mr Campbell and Mr Lascelles Hamilton arranged to hire a servant together, as far as Jerusalem. Sidney was attended by an Arab from Guzerat, who had been with him for some time, and who, from being a subject of the East India Company, or an Englishman, was in less danger of suffering any inconvenience than a native from the part he was going to take in Aali's enterprise. He was as black as a coal, but he spoke of Abyssinians, Nubians, and others, a shade lighter than himself, as "them d—— black fellows."

It was necessary to make a written contract with the skeikh of the camels for a journey from Cairo to Gaza, and this document required to be prepared at the English consulate. The scene at signing the document was a singular one. After much wrangling, during which the officials of the consulate stoutly defended the cause of the camel-drivers, who brought forward, one after another, nearly a dozen new pretensions, as pretexts for additional extortion, though the terms

had been already arranged, the patience of Sidney and the exertions of Achmet el Khindee brought the negotiation to an end, and the treaty was signed. Then the chancellor of the English consulate stepped forward, and, rubbing his hands with great glee, exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, you have concluded your bargain; let us hear what backshish you are going to give the sheikh?" As this question appeared to imply too close a sympathy between the feelings of the chancellor and the amount of the backshish, Mr Sidney quietly observed, that as he supposed the amount did not require to be registered in the archives of the British consulate, it could be settled at Gaza. Scenes of this kind are constantly repeated at all the trading consulates of the Levant; yet it is prudent for travellers not to enter into the desert, nor even to ascend the Nile, without a written contract at the consular office. Even should they pay something more than they might otherwise do, the surplus serves as an insurance against native fraud and open robbery, as the people recommended by the consulate are at least well known and of Arab respectability.

At the latter end of April, long before daybreak, the party quitted the *Hotel d'Orient*, mounted on donkeys, to join the camels at El Khanka. At the hour of departure, Mr Lascelles Hamilton was no where to be found; but a waiter, roused from sleep, at last informed the travellers that he had left word that he would join them on the road. This event rather discomposed Sidney, who feared that the son of the Indian general of cavalry, in spite of his agreeable manners, universal knowledge, and incessant volubility, might have opened communications with Mohammed Ali to cut off the retreat of Aali. It was certain that all Mr Lascelles Hamilton said could not be received according to the letter, or it would be difficult to understand why he was not governor-general of India, or at least ambassador at St Petersburg.

The camels were found at El Khanka, kneeling on the verge of the desert, near the mosque, at the entrance of the place. The donkeys and the donkey-boys were here dis-

missed, and the party soon moved onward with the slow monotonous and silent motion of a fleet of desert ships. The baggage, the dragomans, and the singular Mr Lascelles Hamilton, had proceeded to Belbeis to prepare the tents and refreshments; but Aali was found at Khanka, waiting to join Sidney, as the report had been left at Cairo that he was going to Jerusalem as his travelling companion.

The difficulties and dangers of the flight of the fair Fatmeh were now to commence, and Sidney felt that he might be embarked in a perilous enterprise. The plan concerted with Aali was this. Sheikh Salem had sent forward his wife and daughter in a *takterwan*, or camel-sedan, to Belbeis. Fresh dromedaries were to be found there for the whole party, with which it was proposed to reach Saba Biar in a single day, where horses were to be in waiting. In the mean time it had been announced at Cairo that the whole party was to take the route by Salahieh, and the camels had been hired for that road.

The shades of evening were falling over the renowned city of Belbeis as our travellers approached. High mounds, crowned by dusky walls, set in a frame of waving palm-trees, gave the landscape a splendid colouring; but even the obscurity could not veil the fact that the once renowned city had shrunk into a collection of filthy huts, huddled together on mountains of rubbish.

The tents were found pitched to the north-east of the city, and the camp presented a most orderly appearance. The three tents of the travellers were ranged in a line—the magnificent tent of Mr Ringley in the centre; behind, stood the cooking tents; and in a semicircle in the rear, the kneeling camels were disposed in groups, side by side. The whole arrangement testified the spirit of order Achmet had imbibed with his Indian education at Bombay. At a short distance to the north, the *takterwan* of the ladies was seen with a large caravan of dromedaries.

"Weel, Mr Laascelles Haamilton," exclaimed Campbell, on scrambling off the back of his kneeling conveyance—the fatigue of a ten hours' ride,

in a dreadfully hot sun, having brought all the beauties of his accent to the tip of his tongue—"Weel, Mr Laascelles Haamilton, I say, ye have played us a pretty trick, mon."

"My dear friend, I forgot to tell you yesterday, that I was forced to ride round by Tel el Yahoudi, the last great city of the Jews—a race I honour for their obstinacy and their wealth. They are destined to return to Palestine, when it shall be their lot to recover it, from this place. I promised my friend Benjamin the Banker to bring him a relic from the place, and report if it be a suitable purchase to prepare for the conquest of Syria. I have bought him a bronze goose and a serpent of clay, undoubted antiques; and I shall send him an original report."

There was not much society among the travellers that evening. Mr Ringlady had his dinner served in his magnificent tent in solitary dignity. Lascelles Hamilton and Campbell were soon heard snoring from fatigue. Sidney and Aali, however, were too anxious about the success of their project to think of sleep until they had held a long consultation with Sheikh Hassan, the Kehaya of Sheikh Salem Abou Rasheed, and the guide of the takterwan and its escort. Poor Aali had absolutely so little control over the movements of his bride that he hardly dared to turn his eyes in the direction of the cumbrous sedan, which concealed the sacred treasures of the harem.

Sidney, Aali, and Hassan walked to a solitary palm-tree of unusual bulk, standing far from the grove which now marks the utmost limit of cultivation: a proof, among many others around Belbeis, that in the days of its renown, the waters of the Nile were conducted far into the desert, and fertilised whole districts now baked into solid clay. When they were seated under the tree, safe from intruders, who could not approach unseen, Aali commenced the conversation.

"Hassan, we are now safe out of Misr, with one day's start of any pursuers, for your departure cannot be known. Are you sure all is right at Saba Biar, and that we can reach it to-morrow? The takterwan

is not fatigued?" This seemed to be the nearest approach Aali could make, according to Moslem etiquette, to an inquiry after his bride's health; so Sidney listened to the answer of Hassan with considerable curiosity. But, alas! for romance even in the deserts of Arabia. Hassan replied in the most matter-of-fact tone:—

"We have fresh dromedaries here, and they are excellent. We shall proceed like Beddanwee to-morrow. But can the Ferenks keep up with us?"

"Never mind the Ferenks," said Sidney: "persuade the Tergiman Mohammed to get the dromedaries along, and their masters must follow."

"Is the Ferenk who came on before, thy friend?" said Hassan to Sidney. "He is a wondrous man, and doubtless a learned."

"He is a wise man," quoth Sidney, "though he seemeth somewhat mad; but he will not be the first to lag behind."

"But," interrupted Aali, "how have you arranged, Hassan, with the camel-drivers to change their loads and let us proceed with the dromedaries without exciting suspicion?"

"It was hard work," said Hassan, "and it has occupied all day. I began by increasing their loads with the assistance of the Tergiman Mohammed, who stands our friend in this business. I had bundles of straw and sand ready, which I pretend are smuggled goods."

"Thou art very prudent, O Hassan!" exclaimed Aali.

"We had a long dispute," continued Hassan, lighting a fresh pipe. The sheikh of my dromedaries made a private offer to take the baggage of the Ferenks for half the price they pay to Abdallah, and to share in an adventure of beans—and then the matter only required time."

"Thou art very active," again exclaimed Aali.

"I should have found that no prudence and no activity could have brought matters to a conclusion this evening," said the straightforward Hassan, "had the Ferenk Sheitan, with a voice like a Kisslar Agassi, and a tongue like a wind-mill, not helped me through. He quarrelled first with one sheikh then with

another; drew a pocket-pistol with seven barrels, and killed seven crows, swore he would go back to Alexandria and bring El Kebir* himself to hang the sheikhs and ride with him to El Arish; and in short, frightened them into an agreement;—for Mohammed Tergiman says he is a Ferenk Elchi in disguise, and as we all know that Ferenk Elchees are always mad, I believe he is right."

This last axiom of the prudent Hassan, concerning the unequivocal symptoms of madness displayed by all Ministers Plenipotentiary and Ambassadors Extraordinary, rather astonished Sidney, who was aware that Hassan could not have read the printed certificates of the fact presented to the Houses of Parliament from time to time in the form of blue books. It was announced as a fact generally known in Africa and Asia, from the sands of Sahara to the deserts of Kobi. As there was no time for investigating the organs of public opinion by which European statesmanship had been so unhappily condemned, Sidney deferred the inquiry until he should reach Gaza, where he proposed, if not forestalled by his literary companion, to extract from Hassan valuable materials for a work on public opinion in the deserts of Arabia, with a view of its influence on the ultimate settlement of the Eastern question. He only asked Hassan, for the present, if the Ferenk Kisslar Agassi, as he called him, spoke Arabic. Hassan replied without hesitation—

"Better than I do; he speaks like a learned Moolah."

This statement shook Sidney's faith both in the judgment and the veracity of Hassan. At the same time it decided him on keeping a closer watch over the proceedings of Mr Lascelles Hamilton. He had seen enough of diplomatic society to know that he might have been, or be, a minister plenipotentiary; but still he could hardly give him credit for speaking Arabic as well as Hassan, having heard him pronounce a few common words. Whether he was

the son of the general of cavalry of the king of Lahore, as he himself asserted, or a German Jew, as Mr Campbell declared with equal confidence, Sidney pretended not to decide.

The party at the palm-tree at length retired to rest. Sidney, wearing the Egyptian dress, had adopted the native habits in travelling, and attempted to sleep on a single carpet spread on the sand. The attempt was vain. The excitement caused equally by fatigue of body and mind, and the unusual restraint of his clothes, drove sleep from his eyelids; while one train of thought followed another with all the vividness and incoherence of a morning dream. He fancied he saw Mr Lascelles Hamilton rush into the tent of Mr Ringlady and cut off his head, and then, suddenly transformed into a minister of the Prince of Darkness, in full uniform, with a proboscis like an elephant, and a green tail like a boa-constrictor, deliver up the whole party, Fatmeh included, to Mohammed Ali in person.

Jumping up in alarm at this strange vision, he saw to his amazement his companion, Aali, sitting very composedly; while Achmet was engaged in staining his face of a bronze colour, so dark as almost to emulate the ebony hue of El Khindi's own skin.

"What the d——I are you about, Achmet?" shouted Sidney in emphatic phrase. "Why are you going to make Aali's face as black as your own?"

Achmet grinned and replied,—
"Very good against the sun, Mr Sidney; we make Aali look a true Beddauwee,—neither white like a boiled golgas, (he meant a yellow turnip) nor sooty like them d——n black fellow. You like, me paint you too." Sidney, who was quite content to look in the desert like a boiled turnip, turned his back on the painter; and the incident having dispersed his dreams, he fell into a profound sleep.

Long before daylight, the whole party was roused by the indefatigable Hassan. After the usual squabbling, yelling, singing, and bellowing of camels, the caravan was put in motion.

* El Kebir, or the Great, is a term by which Mohammed Ali is usually designated among the fellahs of Egypt, to distinguish him from the mob of Pashas and the crowds of Mohammed Alis. Napoleon was called also El Kebir, as the greatest among the Ferenk dogs of the West.

They left Belbeis without the literary Mr Campbell putting his foot within the circuit of the renowned city. Daylight found the party moving forward at what is a very rapid rate of travelling in the desert, whenever half-a-dozen dromedaries are together. They were actually proceeding at the rate of four miles an hour; now the average log of a fleet of camels rarely exceeds two and a half under the most favourable circumstances.

The ground over which they advanced was a flat surface of hard clay, covered with round rough brown pebbles, apparently polished by torrents, and flattened into the soil by some superhuman roller. Far to the right, a range of mountains bounded the horizon; in front, the view was terminated by a gradual elevation of the plain marked by drifts of sand; while some miles to the left, the green valley of the Nile, far as the eye could reach, was skirted by a forest of palm-trees, whose feathered leaves were waving in the breeze. The scene offered no great variety, but it was singularly impressive. Few persons find that the deserts, even of Arabia Deserta, are precisely what they figure to be the quintessence of desert scenery. Where there is sand, a few scraggy shrubs are very often to be found; or else a constant succession of high mounds or hills, disposed in various directions and forms, take away from the monotony of the view. Where the plain is flat and extensive, it is generally covered with strange and beautiful pebbles; and when it rises into mountains, they are grand and rugged in form, and coloured with tints which render the memory of Mount Albano, and of Hymettus, like the timid painting of a northern artist, trembling at the critics, who have rarely seen a sunbeam.

The caravan proceeded for a long time in silence. Now and then a camel-driver essayed to commence one of the interminable Arab songs; but after some flourishes of "Ya Beddouwee! Ya Beddouwee!" which seemed to indicate the fear of some passing elfish spirit, they all abandoned the vain attempt.

Mr Lascelles Hamilton at last took the field, shouting in a voice that brought an expression of comic amaze

into the features of the attending camel-drivers.

"Campbell! what do you say? You saw old father Nile was a humbug as we were coming up to Cairo. You must now acknowledge that the desert is a humbug as we are going down to Syria. Multiply some acres of gravel walk by two hundred yards of sea beach in Argyleshire, and you have one half of Arabia Deserta; take a rabbit warren and you have the rest. And as to the Nile, it is only the Thames lengthened and the ships extracted."

Campbell was too much distressed by the motion of his dromedary, the form of his saddle, and the difficulty of keeping his position, to feel inclined to contest any opinion maintained by his voluble companion. So he contented himself with growling to Sidney, who was nearest him—

"That fellow is only a speaking machine; he can't think."

Mr Ringlady, however, could not let such opinions pass without notice; so he opened his reply—

"I am not prepared, Mr Lascelles Hamilton, to admit either of your propositions without restrictions."

"I knew you would be forced to admit them generally, you are so candid," was the rejoinder of the voluble gentleman; "you can make as many restrictions as you like at leisure—it will be both amusing and instructive."

"But, sir," interrupted the lawyer—for Mr Lascelles Hamilton having commenced, might have spoken for half an hour without a pause—"you are aware the Arabs call the Nile El Bahr, or the sea."

"Perfectly aware of the fact—though they don't pronounce the word exactly as you do," exclaimed the speaking machine, "and consider it another proof what a humbug that said Nile is. Why, you may see him at the Vatican with thirty children about him; while after all he has only seven here in Egypt, where you can count their mouths as they kiss the sea."

"But, sir, you must take into consideration the fertilising effects of the waters of the river, which made Homer say that they descended from heaven."

"Why, so they do: old Homer laid

aside his humbug for once; he knew the effects of a monsoon, and meant to say heavy rain makes rivers swell—so the Nile's a river and nothing like the sea. Let me ask you now, Mr Ringlady—can you tell me why the Arabs call the Nile the sea, before we proceed?"

The learned Mr Ringlady was not quite prepared to answer this sudden query; so he replied at random—

"The Arabs think it looks like the sea."

"Not a bit of it. They call it the sea because it is not the least like the sea. Just as you call Britain Great because it is not enormously big, and France *la belle*, because it's ugly *par excellence*."

The travellers at last reached the valley called the Wadi Tomlat, which is an oasis running into the desert to the eastward at right angles to the course of the Nile. In ancient times, the waters of the river, overflowing into this valley, and filtering through the sand into the low lands which extend over a considerable part of the Isthmus of Suez, formed the rich pastures called in Scripture the land of Goshen. In this district, the Jewish people multiplied from a family to a nation. Our travellers skirted this singular valley on its southern side, in order to avoid passing through the town in its centre, called Tel el Wadi. And after leaving behind them the utmost boundary of the cultivated fields, they crossed a stream of fresh water even at that season of the year, which, however, soon disappears in a small stagnant lake.

Here the travellers rested to breakfast. But after a short halt, they pursued their way until they reached the ruins of an ancient city. The spot was called Abon Kesheed: here the intolerable heat compelled them again to stop for a couple of hours. Sidney and Campbell, sheltered from the sun by an old carpet hung on three lances, reclined beside an immense block of granite, which had been transported from its native quarry at Syene, a distance of five hundred miles, to be sculptured into three strange figures, and covered with signs and symbols of strange import. Sidney, who had paid some attention to the researches of Champollion and Sir Gardner Wilkin-

son, considered their authority decisive that the figures were those of Rameses the Great, the Sesostris of the Greeks, placed between the two deities Re and Atmoo. He pointed out the hieroglyphic signet of the mighty monarch, and maintained that the ruins around were the relics of one of the treasure cities, built by Pharaoh to secure the tribute paid by the children of Israel when they dwelt in the land of Goshen.

The banks of the great canal which once joined the Nile and the Red Sea, were visible near the ruins in two long ranges of sandy mounds. This mighty work was said by the Greeks to have been constructed by Sesostris, or Rameses—the very monarch who now sat before them turned into granite with his immortal name wrought into an enigma beside him. Sidney argued that this spot was the Raameses of Exodus; and Campbell declared that as it was only two days' march from Suez, it was a military point which he thought himself bound to occupy, in a dissertation on the invasion of Egypt by an Indian army from the Red Sea. Mr Lascelles Hamilton, who was very impatient during these discussions, could not lay claim to the poetic lines that may now be seen issuing from the mouth of a magnificent ram-headed god, in Belzoni's tomb at Thebes—for neither the lines, nor the guide-book which suggested them, were then in existence—

"I am, and always have been, Ammon,
In spite of all Sir Gardner's gammon;"

but the speaking machine expressed a similar sentiment a dozen times, clothed in language partaking less of what he himself called humbug.

All these learned cogitations were interrupted by Aali, who came to inform them that Hassan had found that the horses were waiting for them at a neighbouring well. This well, though said to be in the neighbourhood, it took them more than two long hours to reach. The party grew excessively impatient. Mr Ringlady entered into a violent altercation with his accomplished dragoman Mohammed, accusing him of ignorance of the route, and of deception concerning the distance. Campbell declared he could go no farther, saying, "that he did not see

why they should mak a tile o' a pleasure." His pronunciation certified his fatigue; nature got the better of art at this crisis, as happened with Dante's cat, which, though taught to sit on the table with a candle in its paw, dropped the light on Dante's fingers when it saw a mouse. The loquacious Mr Lascelles Hamilton was silent, and apparently asleep. Sidney endeavoured to keep up the courage of Campbell, and keep down the wrath of Ringlady, by complaining of his own sufferings.

The well of Saba Biar was not reached until it was dark. Indeed Sidney had all along suspected that Hassan would not approach it by daylight, in order to conceal their movements as much as possible. He had kept the party for two long hours moving in the hollow of the ancient canal, without a breath of air, and suffering the intolerable heat of a bright sun reflected from two parallel lines of sand-hills.

At Saba Biar, it became necessary to hold a council of war; in order to admit all the party into the secret of the flight of Aali and his bride, and propose that they should join in taking horses, and flying all together into Syria. It was therefore announced to Mr Ringlady, that his advice was required concerning the movements of the caravan next day. Pleased with the deference thus shown to his mellifluous voice and large tent, he invited the whole party to discuss the matter over tchibooks and Mocha. The party assembled. Ringlady, Campbell, and Lascelles Hamilton seated on stools, Sidney, Aali, and Hassan squatting on the ground, formed a circle.

Hassan began by a very long speech, which it was needless for Sidney to translate, as it gave them no idea of what he intended to communicate. Aali followed in one quite as long, in what appeared, from the words of which it was composed, to be Italian; but the interminable length of the sentences, and the flowery nature of the diction, rendered it as unintelligible to every one present, as if it had really been in the *Farsee* of the Ottoman chancery, of which it was a copy. Sidney then stated shortly in English, that the consent of the travellers was

wanted to aid in the escape of Aali and his bride from the power of Mohammed Ali, and that it was proposed that they should have horses ready waiting for them and ride all together to Gaza. He treated it as the simplest thing in the world, just as if their pursuit, capture, and murder, in the midst of the desert, by some party of wild Bedoweens despatched from Cairo was not an event to excite a moment's hesitation.

Mr Ringlady began now to perceive that he was not on the route he had bargained to take, and of which he had, with the assistance of his faithful dragoman Mohammed, compiled a very minute itinerary and description before leaving Cairo. Instead of being at El Gran, he was in the centre of the Isthmus of Suez. He called the faithful Mohammed into the tent, and inquired with desperate calmness the name of the place where they were.

Mohammed replied with the same calm—"El Gran."

"Is it El Gran?" repeated Mr Ringlady.

Aali, who thought the inquiry was dictated by the eagerness Mr Ringlady usually displayed in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, innocently said the place was called Saba Biar.

Ringlady sprang from his chair in a paroxysm of rage, and shouted to Mohammed—"How dare you tell a lie, sir? How dare you tell a lie, sir? to me who can dismiss you without a certificate. You have been in my service, sir, and without my certificate no Englishman of rank or fortune would ever employ you." To all this, the faithful Mohammed listened with perfect nonchalance: his expression seemed to say—My dear sir, when a demand for certificates manifests itself, there are numerous manufactories from which I can obtain an ample supply of the quality required. Mr Ringlady's rage was very much augmented by the seeming indifference of his dragoman, who evidently considered a master only as a convenience for filling the pockets of his servant.

Mr Campbell, however, gave the discussion another turn, by informing them that he was too much fatigued

to attempt mounting on horseback. Besides, he had an invincible aversion to that mode of conveyance, not being more expert at it than King Louis of Bavaria. The fact of Campbell's incapacity to keep his saddle having been established, and Mr Ringlady's rage having been mitigated, it was determined that Hassan, Aali, Sidney, and Lascelles Hamilton, should ride forward and escort the harem; while Ringlady and Campbell proceeded with the empty takterwan and the baggage on dromedaries to Gaza, where Sidney and Lascelles Hamilton were to wait for them.

Before daybreak the horsemen were in motion. As it grew light, three figures in the group excited the attention of Sidney. Two of these figures were composed, to all appearance, of huge bundles of clothing without any definite form. One of the bundles was of prodigious breadth, and was mounted on a beautiful and powerful bay horse. The third figure was close to Sidney's elbow, clad in a black burnoose, with a head enveloped in an enormous yellow silk shawl. As the figure looked like any thing rather than an Arab of the desert, Sidney recognised his companion. It was evident that the other two bundles concealed the bride of Aali and her mother; and Sidney fancied that Aali was conjecturing in fear and trembling which was the bride and which the mother. If the enormous breadth of cloth on the bay horse concealed the bride, there could be no doubt she was a young lady of great and powerful charms.

Mr Lascelles Hamilton soon addressed Sidney. "You took me for an Arab, I see; this is the way we move in Moultan."

"I thought it was some Indian fashion—for it is neither the Arab of the Desert, nor of Algiers, nor of Paris," replied Sidney. "The turban came from Khan Khaleel of Misr, but the burnoose is from the Boulevard des Italiens. However, it may be a good enough disguise for some Europeans."

For once the voluble Mr Lascelles Hamilton became dumb; and Sidney wondered what charm there could have been in his criticism to arrest the movements of a speaking machine.

The rate at which the travellers

moved was rapid, generally consisting of a quick amble. A short halt was called at the well of Aboulroukh; and another at a second well, under a mountain of sand, at Haras. Here, as the well had been freshly cleared out, the water, though brackish, was potable. After a halt of a few hours, during the heat of the day, the party again mounted, and some hours after dark reached the palm grove at Ghatieh. The distance they had accomplished was not fifty miles.

Next day they proceeded at the same rate, leaving Bir el Abt and Djanadoul to the left: they watered their horses at a miserable well, and stopped for the night considerably to the south-east of El Massar. Here it was necessary to refresh the horses in order to be prepared for pursuit from El Arish, where Mohammed Ali had a body of Bedoween cavalry.

The journey was resumed two hours after midnight, and El Arish was left behind before the morning dawned. In the forenoon a Khamseen wind set in with a degree of fury that rendered it impossible for the horses to proceed. After repeated attempts to renew the march, both men and horses at last gave it up in despair, and sought shelter from the clouds of dust and parching heat under a low ridge of sand-hills. The hope of the fugitives was, that no pursuers could brave the hurricane they were unable to face. Still there was no saying what a Bedoween, mounted on a dromedary, could accomplish under the excitement of the promise of a large bakshish from Mohammed Ali. Aali was evidently alarmed, Hassan showed symptoms of anxiety, and even the two bundles appeared to be restless. The larger one took great interest in the feelings of the powerful bay horse, which remained close beside its mistress, and gave the lady evident signs of recognition and of gratitude for her attention. The mouths of the horses were washed with vinegar and water, and they then champed a few shrubs growing in the sand, which, though in appearance very like dry sticks, afforded a considerable supply of moisture.

In this painful position the party remained all day; and it was not till sunset that a lull in the storm

enabled them to proceed to the well at Sheikh Zuaideh to water their horses. Here they did not venture to sleep, and at dawn next morning the Khamseen again blew with redoubled violence. The horses staggered along; and the ladies diminished the mass of the envelopes about their bodies to augment the volume about their heads. It was fortunate the whole party was well mounted; for had any one been compelled to lag behind he might have perished in the desert, for it is impossible to see one hundred yards in advance: the sand pervaded the air with the orange-coloured mist of a London fog in an illumination.

With the greatest exertions they reached Hannunis; but before they could seek shelter in the village, both Sidney and Aali fell from their horses utterly exhausted. Next day, however, the violence of the Khamseen rendering it utterly impossible to proceed, Sidney and Aali had time to recruit their strength.

On the sixth day after quitting Saba Biar, not long after midnight, the fugitives rode out of Hannunis towards Gaza. The air was still like a furnace, but it was gradually cooling; and as the dawn approached it became delightfully refreshing. A light breath of air from the north-west brought with it the freshness of a sea-breeze. When the sun arose, every one was in high spirits. Hassan displayed his activity by getting constantly at some distance before the party as if in search of the road. Aali, expecting soon to be welcomed by the relations of his bride as a hero, began to exhibit his skill in horsemanship, in order to attract the admiration of the bundles of cotton cloth. His horsemanship was not of a quality to make the display a very choice exhibition in the desert, and both he and his horse were hardly recovered from the exhaustion of the Khamseen.

Either for the purpose of rebuking the vanity of Aali, or for that of indulging his own, Sidney commenced a game of djereed with the Osmanlee dandy. It was rather an awkward exhibition. While it was proceeding with very little effect, the larger bundle of raiment, rendered nervous by the djereeds flying about in its neighbour-

hood, had allowed the bay horse to approach the tumult. Sidney and Aali had just launched their weapons, and were turning their horses to escape the blows mutually aimed, when the bay horse, making a sudden bound between the rival cavaliers, the lady caught the two djereeds, one in each hand, and rode quietly back to her female companion. Hassan and the attendants set up a most unbecoming laugh, and the smaller bundle joined in a suppressed but very unfeminine giggle. Lascelles Hamilton, to escape the powerful bay horse, had ran up against Aali, and increased his misfortune by laming his steed.

Poor Aali was utterly confounded; Sidney looked mortally foolish; and Lascelles Hamilton muttered apologies for his awkwardness and random, reflections on the lady's movements, in a half audible tone. This embarrassment of the party was suddenly relieved by the appearance of a considerable body of Arabs of the desert at some distance to the right. If they had any hostile intent, their position enabled them to bar the road to Gaza. There seemed to be some prospect of a fight.

Hassan drew the party together, and recommended them to look to their arms. Aali, forgetting his lame horse, whispered to Sidney that he would let the harem see the difference between an old woman and an Osmanlee in a real fight; for in this irreverent strain did he now begin to speak of his future mamma.

After some cautious manœuvring on both sides, each party contrived to occupy the crest of an eminence with a hollow before it; and from these positions they sent forward single horsemen to reconnoitre the adverse bands. After a considerable interval, a shout was heard from the horsemen in advance, and immediately both parties rushed forward to meet at full gallop. Aali, Sidney, Lascelles Hamilton, and Achmet were soon left far behind, both by the suddenness of the start, and the inferiority of their steeds. The two bundles of raiment were seen in advance, followed pretty closely by Hassan, and at some distance by the attendants.

Aali's horse soon stumbled from lameness, and Achmet, who placed

very little trust in the Arabs of the desert, seeing they had given their friends the worst horses, called out to Sidney and Lascelles Hamilton to stay by Aali and keep their horses as fresh as possible. They pulled up accordingly, at a spot from which they could see the meeting of their companions with the Arabs. The larger bundle arrived first, and jumping from the powerful bay horse with the greatest agility, commenced a kissing scene with the principal figure of the new group: this operation was repeated with every one present. The lesser bundle, on arriving, went through the same formality. Sidney and Achmet turned their eyes on Aali, who raised his up to heaven and exclaimed with great agitation, "Mashallah! Mashallah!"

After Hassan had gone through the kissing operation, a short confabulation was held by a few of the principal figures, who smoked a pipe with the ladies, seated on the ground. The whole party then mounted, and came forward to join Aali and his friends. As they approached, it became evident that the two bundles had undergone a marvellous transformation. They were now converted into two Syrian Sheikhs. The larger made a gallant appearance on his bay horse, and the smaller bundle was now a young man bearing still a certain degree of resemblance to the other. A sigh proceeded from the bottom of Aali's heart, and his exclamation revealed the whole mystery. "Mashallah! it is Sheikh Salem himself. By the head of the Prophet! and his son Sheikh Abdallah."

The affair was very simple. Coming events in the East were beginning to cast their shadows before, and Sheikh Salem, anxious to escape into Syria with his son, in order to be in the midst of his tribe at the crisis, had thrown out the bait of the marriage to the vanity of Aali; and thus, with his assistance, and that of his friend Hassan,

had contrived to deceive all the spies placed to watch his movements at Cairo, and now found himself safe with his ally, the Sheikh of Hebron. His harem he left under the protection of the old Pasha; for he knew Mohammed Ali was a generous enemy.

The meeting of Salem and Aali was extremely amusing; but Aali was soon consoled for the loss of his bride, by the thanks and promises of both father and son, and the praises of the Sheikh of Hebron. Sidney was pressed to accompany the party immediately to Hebron, for it was not deemed prudent for Salem to trust himself in the power of the Osmanlee governor of Gaza. This invitation he declined, as his own arrangements, and his promise to meet Ringley and Campbell, compelled him to remain at Gaza. Besides, he could not help recollecting, that in spite of all these warm professions of friendship now uttered by Salem, he had been mounted at Saba Biar in a manner that proved the intention of the Arabs to take care of themselves by abandoning their companions in case of pursuit.

It was arranged, before separating, that the party should ride to a grove of olive-trees, at no great distance from Gaza, where roast lambs stuffed with rice, raisins, and pistachio nuts, large bowls of leban and thin cakes of bread, were prepared for their refreshment. Salem and Sidney had some interesting conversation concerning the state of Syria, and the position of Mohammed Ali; and they parted with mutual expressions of esteem—Salem warning Sidney rather mysteriously against making any stay at Gaza. After Oriental greetings, and long salutations, Salem, Aali, Abdallah, Hassan and the Sheikh of Hebron rode off with their train of followers to the east; while Sidney, Lascelles Hamilton, and Achmet slowly proceeded towards Gaza, to repose after their fatigues in crossing the desert.

LIFE OF JEAN PAUL FREDERICK RICHTER.*

If there be a regular German of the Germans beyond the Rhine and beneath the Alps, whom, notwithstanding (perhaps partly by reason of) his faults and eccentricities, we love, and honour, and reverence, and clasp to our true British breast with a genuine feeling of brotherhood,—this man is Jean Paul Frederick Richter. True, his name to the uninitiated is a sort of offence, and a stumbling-block, almost as much as if you were to introduce the gray, leafless image of transcendental logic in the shape of philosopher Hegel, or the super-potentiated energy of transcendental volition in the shape of philosopher Fichte;—but, my dear friends and readers, consider this only,—what thing pre-eminently great and good is there in the world that has not been in its day an offence and a stumbling-block to the uninitiated? “Wo unto you, when all men speak well of you:” this is a text no less applicable to literature than to religion; and howsoever a certain school of critics—unfortunately not yet altogether extinct—may turn up their snub noses, and apply with orthodox deliberation their cool thermometer which never boils, there are occasions when this text may be quoted most appropriately against them. Even Goethe, “many-sided” Goethe, is not free from blame here—he never understood Richter; he judged according to the appearance—not a righteous judgment; his thermometer was too cold. But the great Olympian of Weimar, when with his dark brows he nodded, and from his immortal head the ambrosian locks rolled down in anger against the uprising muse of Frederick Richter, failed of his Homeric parallel in one point—“μεγαν δ' ἔλελεξεν Ὀλυμπον”—he did not shake Olympus. He did not cause the eccentric comet-genius of Richter to tame the brilliant lashings of its world-wandering tail—he did not cause Germany, he cannot cause Europe to cease admiring these brilliant coruscations, and that pure

lambent play of heaven-licking light. To institute a comparison between Richter and Goethe were merely to repeat again for the millionth time that old folly of critics, by which they will allow nothing to be understood according to its own nature, but must always drag it into a forced and unnatural contrast with things most unlike itself; were merely to reverse the poles of injustice, and apply to Goethe as unequal a measure as he and men of his compact and complete external neatness, apply to Richter. We make no foolish and unprofitable comparisons; a wild wood is a wild wood, and a flower-bed is a flower-bed; which of them is best we know not, but we know that they are both good. We know that Goethe is great, and that Richter is great; which of them is the greater some god, as the Greeks said, may know; but for us mortals it is sufficient to endeavour to sympathise perfectly with the peculiar greatness of each, and appropriate what part of it we may.

We should wish to make this a very long article, and to run a little wild, like Richter himself, if the inspiration would only sustain us; but it may not be. Biographies, even the best, of literary men possess a complete and satisfactory interest only to those who are acquainted in some degree with the works of the author; and Madame de Staël has told us with an authoritative voice that, however great the powers of Richter were, “nothing that he has published can ever extend beyond the limits of Germany.”† Now, though this has more the air of a narrow last-century judgment than one of the present day, and is, perhaps, more French than English; yet the fact is, that Richter has not hitherto extended his literary influence, except in the case of a few stray individuals, beyond his native country; and his biography can, of course, not expect to meet with the same extensive welcome from a British public that was given to that of

* *The Life of Jean Paul Frederick Richter.* London: Chapman, 1845.

† *Allemagne.* English translation. London: 1813. Vol. ii. p. 339.

Schiller, and Mrs Austin's Characteristics of Goethe. Nevertheless, the work from which we shall presently make a few extracts is a most valuable addition to those links that are daily uniting us with more endearing bonds to the Saxon brotherhood beyond the Rhine; it is a step, and a bold one, in advance. We have now almost to satiety made a survey of the neat classical Weimar, and we are plunging at once, with bold fearless swoop, into the very centre of the Fatherland, into the midst of the untrodden fir forests of the *Fichtelgebirge*, where many great hearts billow out sublime thoughts—hearts that never saw that which is most kindred to them in nature—the sea. So it was with Richter literally. Born at the little mountain town of Wunsiedel, between Bayreuth and Bohemia, and shifting about with a migratory elasticity from Bayreuth to Berlin, from Berlin to Coburg, from Coburg to Heideberg, he died without having ever feasted his eyes (what a feast to a man like him!) on the glowing blue of the Mediterranean, or drunk in with his ears the “*αηριθυμον γελασμα*” the multitudinous laughter of the Baltic wave. A genuine German!—in this respect certainly, and in how many others! A German in imagination—Oh, Heaven! he literally strikes you blind with skyrockets and sunbeams (almost as madly at times as our own Shelley), and circumnavigates your brain with a dance of nebulous Brocken phantoms, till you seriously doubt whether you are not a phantom yourself: a German for kindness and simplicity and true-heartedness—a man having his heart always in his hand, and his arms ready to be thrown round every body's neck; greeting every man with a blessing, and cursing only the devil, and—like Robert Burns—scarcely him heartily: a German for devoutness of heart, and purity of unadulterated evangelic feeling, without the least notion, at the same time, of what in Scotland we call orthodoxy, much less of what in England they call church; a rare Christian; a man whom you cannot read and relish thoroughly unless you are a Christian yourself, any more than you can the gospel of John. For Richter also is a preacher in his own

way—a smiling, sporting, nay a jesting preacher at times, but with a deep background of earnestness: his jests being the jests not of rude men, but of innocent children; his earnestness the earnestness not of a sour presbyterian theologian, but of a strong-sighted seraph that looks the sun in the face, and becomes intensely bright. A German further is Richter, and better than a German, in the profoundness of his philosophy and the subtlety of his speculation: a speculation profound, but not dark; a subtlety nice without being finical, and delicate without being meagre. A German further, and specially, is this man, in his vast and various erudition, and in that quality without which learning was never achieved, hard laboriousness and indefatigable perseverance. It is incredible what books he read: not merely literary books, but also and principally scientific books; natural history especially in all its branches from the star to the star-fish; quarto upon quarto of piously gathered extracts were the well-quarried materials, out of which his most light and fantastic, as well as his most solid and architectural fabrics were raised: a merit of the highest order in our estimation; an offence and a scandal to many; for nothing offends conceited and shallow readers so much as to find in an imaginative work allusions to grave scientific facts, of which their butterfly-spirits are incapable. Then, over and above all this, Richter possesses a virtue which only a few Germans possess: he is a man of infinite humour; humour, too, of the best kind; sportive, sunny, and genial, rather than cutting and sarcastic; broad without being gross, refined without being affected. Then his faults, also—and their name is legion—how German are they! His want of taste, his mingled homeliness and sublimity, his unpruned luxuriance, his sentimental wantonness! But let these pass; he who notices them seriously is not fit to read Richter. It requires a certain delicate tact of finger to pluck the rose on this rich bush without being pricked by the thorn; John Bull especially, with his stone and lime church, his statutable religion, and his direct railroad understanding, is very apt to be exasperated by the capricious jerking

electric points of such a genuine German genius as Richter. On the pediment of this strange temple we would place in large letters the cry of the Cumæan Sibyl in Virgil—

"Procul, O procul este, profani!"

Let no mere mathematician, no mere Benthamite, no mere mechanist, no mere "botanist," no mere man of taste, and trim man of measured syllables, enter here. *Procul, O procul este, profani!* It is enchanted ground. We have no quarrel with you; we quarrel with nobody: only keep your own ground, in God's name, and don't quarrel with us and our German friend Paul.

Richter was born, as we have mentioned, in the little county town of Wunsiedel, in Franconia, and that in the year 1763—about the same time, to use his own words, as the peace of Hubertsburg, which put an end to the famous Seven Years' War. He was thus four years the junior of Schiller, (born 1759,) and fourteen of Goëthe, (born 1749.) He was, like many other famous literary characters, the son of a clergyman, and blesses God frequently both for this, and that he was not born a cockney, (in Berlin or Vienna,) or in a coach-box, like the children of aristocratic parents, driven about over Europe in their early years, and never knowing the pleasure of having a home. A country vicarage amid mountains, forests, village schools and brawling brooks, gave to Richter's infancy, and through that to his genius, a calm and peaceful background, over which a multiplicity of whimsical figures might, without painful dissipation, be made to play. In early youth the future prose-poet (for he never wrote a line of *metre*) displayed great eagerness to learn, and great aptitude for speculation; he was accordingly, by the fond ambition of a pious mother, dedicated, like so many a bookish youth, to the church. But theology, with its prickly fence of stiff dogmas, had no charms for a youth of his extreme sensibility, mercurial versatility, and sparkling freakishness; besides, speculation and questioning were already abroad in the German church, and amid the loud voices of contending doctors, it was a difficult thing for an active

and honest thinker to cut the matter short by help of the devil's recipe in Faust;

"If you will have a certain clue
To thread the theologic maze,

Hear only one, and swear to every word he says."

Richter, therefore, finding himself without rudder or compass on the wide sea of German theology, much to the grief of his honest mother, was obliged to forswear theology and become author, his genius being stimulated quite as much by poverty as by Apollo, like old Horace.

"Philippi then dismiss'd me with my wings
Sorrowly clipt, without or house or home;
And Need, that ventures all, forced me to try
The pen, and become poet."

The Philippi which dismissed Richter was the University of Leipsic. He came back to Hof penniless, but not hopeless, to his good mother,—striving with a mind in some respects as narrow as her fortune; and here he studied, and brooded, and dreamed, and began to shoot strange coruscations: let us see how:—

"The darkest period of our hero's life was when he fled from Leipsic and went down in disguise to Hof. The lawsuit had stripped his mother of the little property she inherited from the cloth-weaver, [her father,] and she had been obliged to part with the respectable homestead where the honest man had carried on his labours. She was now living with one or more of Paul's brothers, in a small tenement, containing but one apartment, where cooking, washing, cleaning, spinning, and all the bee-hive labours of domestic life must go on together.

"To this small and over-crowded apartment, which henceforth must be Paul's only study, he brought his twelve volumes of extracts, a head that in itself contained a library, a tender and sympathising heart—a true, high-minded, self-sustaining spirit. His exact situation was this: The success of the first and second volumes of his 'Greenland Lawuits' had encouraged him to write a third—a volume of satires, under the singular name of 'Selections from the Papers of the Devil;' but for this we have seen he had strained every nerve in vain to find a publisher. This manuscript, therefore, formed part of the little luggage which his friend Oerthel had smuggled out of Leipsic. It was winter, and from his window he looked out upon the cold, empty, frozen street of the little city of

Hof, or he was obliged to be a prisoner, without, as he says, 'the prisoner's fare of bread and water, for he had only the latter; and if a gulden found its way into the house, the jubilee was such, that the windows were nearly broken with joy.' At the same time he was under the ban of his costume martyrdom: this he could have laughed at and reformed; but hunger and thirst were actual evils, and when of prisoner's food he had only the thinner part, he could well exclaim, as Carlyle has said—

'Night it must be e'er Friedland's star will beam.'

"Without was no help, no counsel, but there lay a giant force within; and so, from the depths of that sorrow and abasement, his better soul rose purified and invincible, like Hercules from his long labours.

"What is poverty,' he said, at this time, 'that a man should whine under it! It is but like the pain of piercing the ears of a maiden, and you hang precious jewels in the wound.'

The "costume martyrdom" here mentioned, is a most characteristic affair; and as a great man's character is often revealed most strikingly in small matters, we shall give it at length.

Partly from fancy, partly from necessity, Paul had adopted a peculiar style of dress, entirely at variance with the fashion of the day. He writes to his mother:—

"As I can make my vests (from extreme poverty) last no longer, I have determined to do without them; and if you send me some over-shirts, I can dispense with these vests. They must be made with open collars *à la Hamlet*; but this nobody will understand; in short, the breast must be open, so that the bare throat may be seen. My hair, also, I have had cut. [It was the day of queues and powder.] It is pronounced by my friends more becoming, and it spares one the expense of the hair-dresser. I have still some locks a little curled."

The young poet was right in suspecting that "nobody would understand" the right of private judgment in important matters of this kind; but he did not at that time understand himself the extent of torture and martyrdom to which this Hamlet garb was to expose him. Among the good Bürgers in Hof the scandal of an unpowdered pate and a bare throat was intolerable; the young author's

firmest friends remonstrated with him most earnestly and seriously on the subject; but to no purpose: Paul was determined to vindicate his poetical liberty in this matter; however small in itself, there was a principle involved in it of the utmost consequence in social life. See how philosophically the parties argue the point. Pastor Vogel, the earliest prophet of Richter's future fame, wrote and reasoned as follows:—

"You value only the inward, not the outward—the kernel, not the husk. But, with your permission, is not the whole composed of the *form* and the *matter*? Is one disfigured? so is the other. You condemn probably the philosophy of Diogenes, that separated its hero so much from other men, that it placed him in a tub. How can you justify yourself, if your philosophy serves you in the same way? No, my friend, you must open your eyes and see that you are not the only son of earth, but, like the ants in their ant-hills, you live in the tumult of life.

"Would you not hold that painter unwise, who should offend in costume—paint his Romans in sleeves and curled hair; the person of a man with petticoat and open bosom? Oh! that is not to be endured! Yet, a couple of proverbs—'Swim not against the tide.' 'Among wolves, learn to howl.' 'Vulgar proverbs!' you will say. Yes, but elevated wisdom. The true philosophy is, not for others to adapt themselves to us, but for us to adapt ourselves to others. Whoever forgets this great axiom, advances few steps without stumbling. But what do you seek? In the midst of Germany to become a Briton? Do you not in this way say, 'Put on your spectacles, ye little people, and behold! see that you cannot be what I am.' Ah, to speak thus, your modesty forbids! Avoid every thing that in the smallest degree lessens your value among your contemporaries."

"To this gentle remonstrance, Paul replied:—'I answer your letter willingly, for the sake of its argument, which your good heart rather than your good head has dictated. Your proverbs are not reasons, or if they are, they prove too much: for if I would swim with the stream, this stream would often make shipwreck of my virtue—the kingdom of vice is as great and extensive as the kingdom of fashion; and if I must howl with the wolves, why should I not rob with them? 'If the shell is injured the kernel suffers also,' you say. But wherefore? Let us decide what does injure the shell. You consider that an evil to Diogenes

which others hold an advantage. Did the so-called injury rob this great man of his philosophy, his good heart, his wit, his virtue? It robbed him not—but it gave him peace, independence of outward judgments, freedom from tormenting wants, and the incapacity of being wounded; and with this consciousness he could venture upon the punishment of every vice. Great man! Thank God that thou wert born in a country where they wondered at thy wisdom, instead of, as at present, punishing it. Fools would commit the only wise man to a madhouse; but, like Socrates, he would ennoble his prison.

“The painter would be ridiculous in offending against costume.” This is true, but more witty than applicable to me. I need only say, that the painter of costume is not the greatest in his art; he is great whose pencil creates, not after the tailor, but after God; paints bodies, not dresses. The painter’s creations can only please through form, which is the shell; and am I designed for that! Is it my destination, with my organised ugliness, to please! Scarcely—if I would.

“But enough. I hold the constant regard that we pay in all our actions to the judgments of others as the poison of our peace, our reason, and our virtue. Upon this slave’s chain have I long filed, but I scarcely hope ever to break it.”

“This humorous controversy was kept up for some months on paper, as games of chess are played in Holland, without either party saying check to the king. At last Paul consented, as he called it, to *insult* his person, and put an end to this tragicomical affair, by the following circular addressed to his friends:—

‘ADVERTISEMENT.

“The undersigned begs to give notice, that whereas cropped hair has as many enemies as red hair, and said enemies of the hair are likewise enemies of the person it grows upon; whereas, further, such a fashion is in no respect Christian, since, otherwise, Christian persons would adopt it; and whereas especially, the undersigned has suffered no less from his hair than Absalom did from his, though on contrary grounds; and whereas it has been notified to him, that the public proposed to send him into his grave, since the hair grows there without scissors: he hereby gives notice, that he will not willingly consent to such extremities. He would, therefore, inform the noble, learned, and discerning public in general, that the undersigned proposes on Sunday next to appear in the various important streets of Hof, with a false, short queue; and with this queue, as with a magnet,

and cord of love, and magic rod, to possess himself forcibly of the affection of all and sundry, be they who they may.

“J. P. F. R.”

Points of this kind have been often argued seriously enough between loving aunts solicitous of propriety, and brisk nephews solicitous of independence, perhaps also affecting singularity; but let it stand here discussed more profoundly and systematically by a sensible German pastor and a profound German poet-philosopher, in *perpetuum rei memoriam*. Right or wrong, nothing could mark the man more decidedly; always independent and original in his principles of action, and ever willing to yield to innocent prejudice when he had once openly vindicated his principle.

To pass from trifles to the serious business of authorship, the following extract is most instructive and full of character:—

“As these years, spent with his mother in Hof, were the most uninterruptedly studious of Richter’s life, it seems the place to give some account of the manner in which he pursued his studies. That plan must be a good one, and of use to others, of which he could say, ‘Of one thing I am certain; I have made as much out of myself, as could be made of the *stuff*, and no man should require more.’

“First in importance, he aimed, in the rules he formed for himself, at a just division of time and power, and he never permitted himself, from the first, to spend his strength upon any thing useless. He so managed his capital, that the future should pay him an ever-increasing interest on the present. The nourishment of his mind was drawn from three great sources—living Nature, in connexion with human life; the world of books, and the inner world of thought; these he considered the raw material given him to work up.

“We have already mentioned his manuscript library. In his fifteenth year, before he entered the Hof gymnasium, he had made many quarto volumes, containing hundreds of pages of closely-written extracts from all the celebrated works he could borrow, and from the periodicals of the day. In this way he had formed a repertory of all the sciences. For if, in the beginning, when he thought himself destined to the study of theology, his extracts were from philosophical theology, the second volume contained natural history, poetry, and, in succession, medicine, jurisprudence, and universal science.

He had also anticipated one of the results of modern book-making. He wrote a collection of what are now called *hand-books*, of geography, natural history, follies, good and bad names, interesting facts, comical occurrences, touching incidents, &c.

"He observed Nature as a great book, from which he was to make extracts, and carefully collected all the facts that bore the stamp of a contriving mind, whose adaptation he could see, or only anticipate, and formed a book which bore the simple title '*Nature*.'

"When he meditated a new work, the first thing was to stitch together a blank book, in which he sketched the outlines of his characters, the principal scenes, thoughts to be worked in, &c., and called it '*Quarry for Hesperus*,' '*Quarry for Titan*,' &c. One of his biographers has given us such a book, containing his studies for Titan, which occupies seventy closely-printed duodecimo pages.

"Richter began also in his earliest youth to form a dictionary, and continued it through the whole of his literary life. In this he wrote down synonymes, and all the shades of meaning of which a word was susceptible. For one word he had found more than two hundred. Add to this mass of writing, that he copied all his letters, and it is surprising how any time remained. He made it a rule to give but one half of the day to writing, the other remained for the invention of his various works, which he accomplished while walking in the open air.

"These long walks, through valley and over mountain, steeled his body to bear all vicissitudes of weather, and added to his science in atmospheric changes, so that he was called by his townsmen the *weather prophet*. He is described by one who met him on the hills, with open breast and flying hair, singing as he went, while he held a book in his hand. Richter at this time was slender, with a thin pale face, a high nobly-formed brow, around which curled fine blonde hair. His eyes were a clear soft blue, but capable of an intense fire, like sudden lightning. He had a well-formed nose, and, as his biographer expresses it, 'a lovely lip-kissing mouth.' He wore a loose green coat and straw hat, and was always accompanied by his dog.

"As Richter from every walk returned to the little household apartment where his mother carried on her never-ceasing female labours, where half of every day he sat at his desk, he became acquainted with all the thoughts, all the conversation, the whole circle of the relations of the humble society in Hof. He saw the

value and significance of the smallest things. The joys, the sorrows, the loves and aversions, the whole of life, in this Teniers' picture passed before him. He himself was a principal figure in this limited circle. He sat with Plato in his hand, while his mother scattered fresh sand on the floor for Sunday, or added some small luxury to the table on days of festival. His hardly-earned groschen went to purchase the goose for Martimmas, while he dreamed of his future glory among distinguished men. Long years he was one of this humble society. He did not approach it as other poets have done, from time to time, to study for purposes of art the humbler classes; he felt himself one of them, and in this school he learned that sympathy with humanity which has made him emphatically in Germany the 'poet of the poor.'"

One of the most instructive traits of Richter's character is, his great attention to personal purity of heart and self-control. It was a main point with him, as with Quintilian, the sound old rhetorician, that to write or speak well, one must first of all be a good man. In imitation of many excellent and pious persons, Paul kept a diary of the sins that most easily beset him, and a register of moral victories by God's grace to be won. From this "*Andachts buchlein*," or "little book of devotion," the following admirable extracts are given:—

"OF PAIN.

"Every evil is an occasion and a teacher of resolution. Every disagreeable emotion is a proof that I have been faithless to my resolutions.

"An evil vanishes, if I do not ask after it. Think of a worse situation than that in which thou art.

"Not to the evil, but to myself, do I owe my pain. Epictetus was not unhappy!

"Vanity, insensibility, and custom, make one steadfast. Wherefore not virtue still more?

"Never say, if you had not *these* sorrows, that you would bear others better.

"What is sixty years' pain to eternity?

"Necessity, if it cannot be altered, becomes resignation.

"OF GLORY.

"Most men judge so miserably; why would you be praised by a child?

"No one would praise you in a beggar's frock; be not proud of the esteem that is given to your coat.

"Do not expect more esteem from others because you deserve more, but reflect

that they will expect still more merit in yourself.

"Do not seek to justify all thy actions. Value nothing merely because it is thy own, and look not always upon thyself.

"Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long continued walk is better than a short flight.

"Never act in the heat of emotion: let reason answer first.

"Look upon every day as the whole of life, not merely as a section; and enjoy the present without wishing to spring on to another section that lies before thee.

"Seek to acquire that virtue in a month, to which thou feelest the least inclined.

"It betrays a greater soul to answer a satire with patience, than with wit.

"If thou wouldst be free, joyful, and calm, take the only means that cannot be affected by accident—virtue."

A man who could act on these principles was morally a great man, and worthy of admiration even without genius. To know and feel habitually, as Richter seems to have done, that "evil is like the nightmare; the instant you bestir yourself it has already ended," is to be a moral hero, and a triumphant Christian. See how every thing turns into gold at the touch of such a man!—the way of pedagogy (for he practised the "dominie" too for four years to eke out his scanty earnings,) to him is spread not with thorns, but with violets and primroses. The following account of his pedagogic practice cannot fail to interest many:—

"The deep and marked peculiarities of a poetic nature were never brought into fuller exercise than by Richter, in the formation and government of his little school. That which is usually to men of rich endowments a vexing and wearisome employment, the daily routine of instruction for little children in the elements of knowledge, became to him a source of elevated and ennobling thought. His mode of instruction was the opposite of that from which he thought he had himself suffered. In this little school there was no learning by heart, no committing to memory the thoughts of others, but every child was expected to use its own powers. His exertions seemed mainly directed to awaken in the children a reproducing and self-creating power; all knowledge was therefore the material, out of which they were to form new com-

binations. In a word, the whole of his instruction was directed to create a desire for self-study, and thus lead his pupils to *self-knowledge*. He aimed to bring out, as much as possible, the talents that God had given his pupils; and, after exciting a love of knowledge, he left them to a free choice as to what they would study; but their zeal and emulation were kept alive by a (so-called) '*red book*,' in which an exact account of the work of each individual was recorded; this was shown to parents and friends at the end of the quarter, and so great was their zeal, that they needed a rein rather than a spur. While he accustomed the children to the spontaneous activity of all their faculties, he gave them five hours a day of direct instruction, in which he led them through the various departments of human knowledge, and taught them to connect ideas and facts by comparison and association. From the kingdom of plants and animals he ascended to the starry firmament, made them acquainted with the course of the planets, and led their imaginations to these worlds and their inhabitants. Then he conducted them through the picture-gallery of the past history of nations, and placed the heroes, and saints, and martyrs of antiquity before them, or he turned their attention to the mystery of their own souls and the destiny of man. Above all, and with all, he directed their tender, childish hearts, to a *Father in heaven*. He said, 'There can be no such companion to the heart of children, for the whole life, as the ever-present thought of God and immortality.'

But these humble avocations were soon to cease. Richter was destined to emerge from the obscurity of a village schoolmaster, and appear on the public stage of Germany as the compeer of Herder and Schiller, of Wieland and Goethe—second to none of these now European names in originality, brilliancy, and vigour of literary talent; superior to all of them in the purity and intensity with which there glowed in him many of those highest moral qualities which distinguish the man and the Christian. The following extract, relating to the publication of his first very successful work, and the commencement of his German celebrity, in the year 1790, is steeped in the purest essence of poetry, and most characteristic of that flow of pure, cheerful, and exalted emotion which freshens one's moral

nature like milk and honey, in all the mature writings of this extraordinary man.

"The weeks that followed the successful reception of the *Invisible Lodge* were the 'Sabbath weeks' of Paul's life. He had had the courage to speak out in the fulness of his nature, and had found a response in many hearts. In the paradise that opened before him, he determined to give full course to the flood of his genius; but he well knew, that the richest fulness of poetic thought could only exist in connexion with peace of soul, cheerfulness of disposition, and firmness of purpose, and that the truth of his representations must arise from corresponding inward truth and integrity; in short, if he would be a poet in his works, he must be a poet in his life.

"He carefully continued his book of devotion, his rules and purposes of life. He never awoke without reviewing the past day; and where he had been assaulted by the force of any passion, *there* he placed a double bulwark, and with quiet satisfaction celebrated the victory gained. His quick and warm fancy led him often to outbreking anger, and his ready wit to satire that was sometimes wounding, especially when his good-nature was misused; but the gentlest call led him back to tenderness—the accidental sight of a boy's face with tears in his eyes was sufficient to disarm him; he thought of his future life, of the sorrows that would draw from him still bitterer tears, and he said, 'I will not pour into the cup of humanity a single drop of gall'; and he kept his word. Where he was obliged to assert his rights, he did it so calmly and gently, that the holy treasures of his life—love and truth—remained for ever undisturbed.

"Every thing living touched his heart—from the humblest flower that opened its leaves in the grass, up to the shining worlds on high; children and old men, the beggar and the rich, he would have embraced them all in the sacred glow of his emotions, or given all he possessed to make them happy. No one went from him unconsolated; and when he could give nothing but good counsel, he gave that. Were it only a poor mountaineer or a travelling apprentice to whom he could impart the smallest present, he would dwell the whole day with delight on the circumstance. Often he would say to himself, 'Now he will draw the dollar from his pocket, and reckon which of his long-cherished wishes he can first satisfy. How often will he think of this day, and of the unexpected gift, and

perhaps *once* more than usual upon the Giver of *all* good.' Love was the ever-living principle of his character and of his writings, and before the thought of the Infinite, all differences in rank vanished away; all were equally great, or equally little.

"He gained nourishment for this principle from every circumstance in life. Where others would have been untouched and cold, there he heard whispered to his spirit the voice of humanity. Let him speak for himself. He says in his journal:—

"I picked up in the choir a faded rose-leaf, that lay under the feet of the boys. Great God! what had I in my hand but a small leaf, with a little dust upon it; and upon this small fugitive thing my fancy built a whole paradise of joy—a whole summer dwelt upon this leaf. I thought of the beautiful day when the boy held this flower in his hand, and when through the church window he saw the blue heaven and the clouds wandering over it; when every place in the cool vault was full of sunlight, and reminded him of the shadows on the grass from the over-flying clouds. Good God! thou scatterest satisfaction every where, and givest to every one joys to impart again. Not merely dost thou invite us to great and exciting pleasures, but thou givest to the smallest a lingering perfume.'

"Above all things, his eye hung upon Nature. He lived and wrote whole days in the open air, on the mountain, or in the woods; and in the midst of winter he sought from the window the evening rose-colour, his beloved stars, and that magic enchanter, the moon. Every walk in the open air was to him the entrance into a church. He said in his journal—'Dost thou enter pure into this vast, guiltless temple! Dost thou bring no poisonous passion into this place, where flowers bloom and birds sing! Dost thou bear no hatred where Nature loves! Art thou calm as the stream where Nature reflects herself as in a mirror! Ah, would that my heart were as true and as unruffled as Nature when she came from the hands of her great Creator!' Every new excursion in this great temple gave him new strength, and he returned laden with spiritual treasures. He loved to make short journeys on foot; where the motion of the body kept the mind in a state of activity, and the insignificant gained value by its unexpectedness. A sunny day made him happy, and the perfumes of a spring morning, or dewy evening, seemed almost to intoxicate him with their incense; but the hours of

night were those of his highest elevation, when he would lie long hours on the dewy grass, looking into the opening clouds. He says in his journal—"I take my ink-flask in the morning, and write as I walk in the fragrant air. Then comes my joy, that I have conquered two of my faults—my disposition to be angry in conversation, and to lose my cheerfulness through a long day of dust and musquitoes. Nothing makes one so indifferent to the pin and musquito thrusts of life, as the consciousness of growing better."

Richter belonged now to Germany, and should have been transferred immediately, you will think, like Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and the other *Dii majorum gentium*, to WEIMAR, the one literary capital of Deutschland; for *political* capital it neither had then nor has now, nor in the common course of things, notwithstanding the songs of 1813 and the *Zoll-Verein*, is ever like to have. And in Weimar, no doubt, there were some men who looked upon the apparition of the Richter comet with a more favourable eye than senatorian Goethe. Old Father Wieland, in particular, "who had read Tristram Shandy eighty times over," called him "our Yorick, our Rabelais, the purest spirit!"—and the earnest Herder, with his capacious sympathy, was able to appreciate the religious and Christian element in Paul's character, which naturally was a mystery to the author of *Agathon*. Taken as a whole, however, Weimar, with Goethe as its real king and god, was by no means the proper element for Richter. There was too much mere literature in it for one with whom goodness was the one thing needful, and greatness only an accident, agreeable or disagreeable, as the case might be. There was too much head in Weimar, and too little heart. Freedom, indeed, there was, in a grand style, from all those civic formalities, and minute observation of small points, which had vexed him so much in Hof. But what one might complain of there, to use his own words, was "PAINTED EGOTISM AND UNPAINTED SCEPTICISM;"—the French Voltaire in a German Avatar! For the true Teut, Richter, that would never do. We are not, therefore, to be surprised if the visit which Paul made to Weimar in 1796, though full of joy and exhilaration, was not followed up by any permanent change

in his quiet and retired mode of life. His native secluded region of the Fichtelgebirge was still to be his home. Hof and Bayreuth, in the centre of central Germany, and therefore out of every body's way, were to boast the possession of this the most German of great German men. How little attraction there was between the calm, cold, artistical contemplativeness of Goethe, and the bickering sportiveness of sunny joy in the essentially moral nature of Richter, the following extract will declare:—

"On the second day I threw away my foolish prejudices in favour of great authors. They are like other people. Here, every one knows that they are like the earth, that looks from a distance, from heaven, like a shining moon, but when the foot is upon it, it is found to be made of *boue de Paris* (Paris mud.) An opinion concerning Herder, Wieland, or Goethe, is as much contested as any other. Who would believe that the three watch-towers of our literature avoid and dislike each other! I will never again bend myself anxiously before any *great* man, only before the *virtuous*. Under this impression, I went timidly to meet Goethe. Every one had described him as cold to every thing upon the earth. Madam von Kalb said, he no longer admires any thing, not even himself. Every word is ice! Curiosities, merely, warm the fibres of his heart. Therefore I asked Knebel to petrify or incrust me by some mineral spring, that I might present myself to him like a statue or a fossil. Madam von Kalb advised me, above all things, to be cold and self-possessed, and I went without warmth, merely from curiosity. His house, palace rather, pleased me; it is the only one in Weimar in the Italian style—with such steps! A Pantheon full of pictures and statues. Fresh anxiety oppressed my breast! At last the god entered, cold, one-syllabled, without accent. 'The French are drawing towards Paris,' said Knebel. 'Hm!' said the god. His face is massive and animated, his eye a ball of light. But at last, the conversation led from the campaign to art, publications, &c., and Goethe was himself. His conversation is not so rich and flowing as Herder's, but sharp-toned, penetrating, and calm. At last, he read, that is, he played for us, an unpublished poem, in which his heart impelled the flame through the outer crust of ice, so that he pressed the hand of the enthusiastic Jean Paul. (It was my face, not my voice, for I said not a word.) He did

it again when we took leave, and pressed me to call again. By Heaven! we will love each other! He considers his poetic course as closed. His reading is like deep-toned thunder, blended with soft whispering rain-drops. There is nothing like it."

To which add the following passage, where we are sorry to find rather an unfavourable mention of our great favourite Schiller. Authors, however, especially poets, are a strange race: he who expects to find them always like their books, knows little. How unlike is Vesuvius, being calm and mantled with green grass, to the same Vesuvius when it spouts molten rock and spits lightning!

"I went yesterday to see the stony Schiller, from whom, as from a precipice, all strangers spring back. His form is worn, severely powerful, but angular. He is full of sharp-cutting power, but without love. His conversation is nearly as excellent as his writings. As I brought a letter from Goethe, he was unusually pleasant; he would make me a fellow-contributor to the *Horen* (a periodical,) and would give me a naturalization act in Jena."

"Notwithstanding this courtesy, Richter did not repeat his visit to Schiller, and his intimate union with Herder excluded all hope of his being drawn to the party of Goethe. The latter wrote to Schiller, 'I am glad you have seen Richter. His love of truth and his wish for self-improvement have prepossessed me in his favour; but the social man is a sort of theoretical man, and I doubt if Richter will ever approach us in a practical way, although in theory he seems to have some pretensions to belong to us.' They were never friends. Richter could not conceal his disappointment at the character of Goethe's latter poetical works; and soon after his return to Hof he wrote to Knebel in relation to one of them, 'that in such stormy times we needed a Tyrtæus rather than a Propertius.' The remark reached Goethe's ears; and Goethe, usually so indifferent to censure or criticism, showed himself deeply susceptible and offended at this so-called 'manifestation of arrogance in Herr Richter.'"

But if the "many-sided Goethe"—wanting, as he certainly did, one important side of humanity, namely, the moral side—could not appreciate the genius of Richter fully, there was one who did—that, as we have already intimated, was Herder. This great man, as his intelligent wife has left on re-

cord, "valued Richter's genius—his rich, overflowing, poetic spirit—far above the soulless productions of the times, that contended for the poetic form only. He named them brooks without water; and often said that Richter stood, as opposed to them, on a high elevation; and that he would exchange all artistical forms for his living virtue, his feeling heart, his perennial creative genius. He brings new fresh life, truth, virtue, reality, into the declining and misunderstood vocation of the poet." Such was Herder's estimate of Paul; and herein precisely lies his true grandeur. A perfect Titan as an author, in the common relations of social and domestic life he is a god. Aiming at the highest things, he lives happy among the smallest. Soaring habitually among the loftiest ideas, he is "sympathising and attentive to the smallest little things, and to all the *actual* of life." This is the testimony of his wife—not every wife of a literary man, great or small, in these times, can give such a testimony. It has been a fashion with men of a certain fashion of genius to fall in love furiously, and to be ecstatically moved in the licentious roving of the eyes; but to shrink from the joining of hands, to hate marriage, and to damn the fireside. But Richter was of a different—of a more healthy, and a more happy humour. Did St Paul ever bear a nobler testimony to the "honourable" condition of marriage than the following?—

"That the brightest and purest fountain of love to mankind takes nothing from love to the individual, I learn from my Caroline. Every day it becomes more expansive. Rare as beautiful is her adoration of the spiritual of poetry and nature; wonderful her disinterestedness and complete abnegation of self. There is nothing that she would not do for me, or others. World-long cares are to her nothing, as her industry and love of duty are infinite. As she loves me, she loves all my clothes, and would make them all herself."

"As yet we have had nothing, or only very little, to irritate. I cannot say that I am satisfied, but I am certainly *blest*. Ah, see her! What are words! Marriage has made me love her more romantically, deeper, *infinitely* more than before!"

Richter, therefore, was a domestic man in the highest sense of the word. Would you know what domestic happiness means? Take the following—'tis from a daughter :—

"I love to represent the dear friendly man, with brown study-coat and socks hanging down, as he entered our mother's chamber the first thing in the morning to greet her. The hound springs on before him, and the children hang about him, and seek, when he leaves the room, to thrust their little feet into the slippers behind, when he raises his feet a little, so as to hang on him more securely. One springs before, (at that time my blessed brother lived,) the other two hang on his coat-skirts until he reaches his own chamber-door; where all leave him, for only the dog must enter there.

"When we were very small, we lived in a two-story house; my father worked above, in the attic. We crept on our hands and feet over the stairs, and hammered on the door till the father himself arose and opened it, and after our noisy ingress, closed it again—then he took from an old chest a trumpet and a fife, with which we made noisy music while he continued writing. We ventured in again many times in the day to play with a squirrel that he had at that time, and that in the evening he took out with him in his pocket, and always made one of the family circle.

"He had, usually, animals that he tamed, about him. Sometimes a mouse; then a great, white, cross spider, that he kept in a paper box, with a glass top. There was a little door beneath, by which he could feed his prisoner with dead flies. In the autumn he collected the winter food for his little tree frog and his tame spider.

"The father was good to every thing: he could not bear to witness the least pain, not even in the lowest animals. Thus, he never went out without opening the cage of his canary birds, to indemnify the poor animals, who would be melancholy in his absence. He took at one time the most sedulous care of a dog, who came in one evening after the loss of the poor dead *Alert*, as he knew in the morning he should exchange him for another, and he would have no opportunity to feed him again. You will smile at the connexion, but he did the same for a departing servant maid: providing every thing for her convenience the day before, and delighting the poor girl in the most unusual degree.

"The children were permitted all sorts of practical jokes towards him. 'Father, dance once;' then he would make some

leaps; or he must speak French, in which he placed wonderful value on the nasal sound, which no one made as well as he. It sounded, indeed, curiously and made my mother laugh.

"In the twilight he told us stories; or spake of God and other worlds; or he would tell us of our grandfather, and other splendid things. We ran to gain the wager, which of us should get nearest to him on the sofa. The old money-box, hooped with iron, with a hole in the cover, that two mice might conveniently pass through, was the stepping-stone by which we jumped over the back of the sofa, for in front it was difficult to press between the table and the repertory for papers. We all three crowded between the back of the sofa and the father's outstretched legs; above, at his head, lay the sleeping dog. At last, when we had pressed our limbs into the most inconvenient postures, the story began.

"The father knew how to create for himself many little pleasures. Thus, he made all the boxes for his tame animals, after his half-hour's nap in the afternoon. It was a special satisfaction to him to prepare ink, which he did much oftener than was necessary, for Otto wrote long years after with the rejected part. He could never wait to perfect it, but tried it an hour after it was made. If it was already black, he would come joyfully to us, and say,—'Now, if it be black already, what will it be to-morrow, or after fourteen days!'

"The mere thought of destruction was painful to him, especially the loss of the work of man's mind. He never burned a letter; yes, he treasured even the most insignificant. 'All loss of life,' he said, 'may be restored again, but the creations of these heads, these hearts, never! The name should be erased, but the soul that speaks its most intimate sentiments in letters, should live.' He had also thick books written full of the remarks and the habits and peculiarities of his children.

"At meals he was very cheerful, and listened to every thing we told him with the greatest sympathy, and always made something out of the smallest relation; so that the narrator was always wiser for what he had said.

"In eating and drinking he was extremely moderate. He never gave us direct instruction, and yet he taught us always. Our evening table he called a French *table-d'hôte*, that he furnished with twelve dishes taken from the arts and sciences. We tasted of all without being satiated with any, and we all ventured to utter any joke to the father about himself or his entertainment.

"His punishments for us girls were

rather passive than active; they consisted in refusing some request, or in a severe word; but my brother sometimes received corporal punishment. My father would say—'Max, this afternoon, at three o'clock, come to me to receive your whipping.' He went punctually, and suffered it without a sound."

But we become diffuse. There are many scenes in the quiet life of Richter, that, like the above, are perfect domestic idyls—but we must hasten to the last; 'tis like those which preceded it, surpassing lovely. Never have we encountered, in the wide world of biographic books, a death-bed scene, so full of love, and joy, and peace, as the death-bed of Jean Paul Frederick Richter. Nothing more, however, than one might have expected; for men generally—so experienced clergymen observe—die as they live. One thing only we must remark, before giving our last extracts; towards the close of his career, the bright, sun-gazing genius of Richter was struck, like Milton's, not with celestial, but with terrestrial blindness. For some space before he died, his favourite world of flowers and green fields was already a blank to him. In the month of October 1823, his nephew, Otto Spazier, to whom we are indebted for the principal part of these biographical details, shortly before his death, being called to visit the blind old poet, writes as follows:—

"Such a call from the immortal old man, as it entered my solitary apartment," says his nephew, "filled me with delight. The reverend image of his beautiful old age, a just reward for a holy life, rose before me, and with joyful haste I travelled through the wet days of October, and entered his study on the evening of the twenty-fourth of that month. The same joyful tremor affected me as formerly, when, at the twilight hour, I had listened here with his family to the voice of wisdom. The windows of his room looked towards the rising sun, and far over the garden and over scattered trees and houses, towards the Fichtelgebirge, that bounded the horizon. A mingled perfume of flowers and grapes led the fancy to southern climes, to beautiful blue June days, or to the vintage on the Rhine. His sofa, where he usually read in a reclining posture, was opposite this window, and before it his writing table, upon which appeared a regular

confusion of pens, paper of all colours, glasses, flowers, books, among which last were the small English editions of Swift and Sterne. At the other window stood a small piano, and near this a smaller table. Depending from the cage of his birds was a little ladder, that led to his own work-table, where the birds were permitted to roam among the confusion, sprinkling with water from the flower glass the sheet upon which the poet was writing. Often was Paul seen to stop in his most excited passages, to let his little canary, with her young, travel, undisturbed, over the page, where the water she scattered from her feathers mingled with the ink from his pen. In the corner of the room was a door by which, unobserved, Richter could descend the steps into the garden, and on a cushion near it rested his white, silky-haired poodle. A hunting pocket and rosewood staff hung near. All three had often been the companions of his wandering, when, on beautiful days, he went through the chestnut avenue to the little Rolwenzell cottage.

"All in the room retained its usual position, but the ruling hand appeared to have been absent. The light was shaded, and the windows hung with green curtains; the robust form that in former years, even before the snowdrop had loosened the icy crust of winter, had worked long hours with uncovered breast in the open air, lay supported with cushions, and shrouded in furs upon the sofa; his body drawn together, and eyes for ever closed. 'Heaven,' said he, 'chastens me with a double rod, and one is a heavy cudgel! (meaning his blindness); but I shall be well again now. Ah! we have so much to say and to do. But we shall have a thousand hours—at least, minutes.' His voice was weaker, his words slower, and it cut me to the heart to hear him speak of himself. It was late—and soon his wife, ever watchful, called me away, to return to him again in the morning."

"Early next morning he began a complete revision of his works. The nephew read aloud, and Paul inserted his alterations. When Spazier thought one necessary, he indicated it by pausing, to draw his attention. With great mildness and patience Paul listened to every objection; and himself related, explained, praised, and blamed. He reconsidered and overlived thus his whole spiritual life in his works. In the comparisons scattered through his sixty-four volumes, of which indeed every page is filled, he found only two or three were repeated."

On the 14th November of the same year the curtain was drawn.

How calmly—how beautifully!—
Read:—

"Noon had by this time arrived. Richter, thinking it was night, said—'It was time to go to rest!' and wished to retire. He was wheeled into his sleeping apartment, and all was arranged as if for repose; a small table near his bed, with a glass of water, and his two watches; a common one and a repeater. His wife now brought him a wreath of flowers that a lady had sent him, for every one wished to add some charm to his last days. As he touched them carefully, for he could neither see nor smell them, he seemed to rejoice in the images of the flowers in his mind, for he said repeatedly to Caroline—'My beautiful flowers, my lovely flowers!'

"Although his friends sat around the bed, as he imagined it was night, they conversed no longer; he arranged his arms as if preparing for repose, which was to be to him the repose of death, and soon sank into a tranquil sleep.

"Deep silence pervaded the apartment. Caroline sat at the head of the bed, with her eyes immovably fixed on the face of her beloved husband. Otto had retired, and the nephew sat with Plato's *Phædon* in his hand, open at the death of Socrates. At that moment a tall and beautiful form entered the chamber; and, at the foot of the bed, with his hands raised to heaven, and deeply moved, he repeated aloud the prayer of his Mosaic faith. It was Emanuel, and next to Otto, the most beloved of Richter's friends.

"About six o'clock the physician entered. Richter yet appeared to sleep; his features became every moment holier, his brow more heavenly, but it was cold as marble to the touch; and as the tears of his wife fell upon it, he remained immovable. At length his respiration became less regular, but his features always calmer, more heavenly. A slight convulsion passed over the face; the physician cried out—'That is death!' and all was quiet. The spirit had departed!

"All sank, praying, upon their knees. This moment, that raised them above the earth with the departing spirit, admitted of no tears!

"Thus Richter went from earth, great and holy as a poet, greater and holier as a man!

"Involuntarily we recall the deathbed of another great poet, on that delicious summer's day when the windows were all open, and the only sound the ripple of the Tweed upon its stony bed. *Here*, in the midst of winter, a deeper repose

must have consecrated the deathbed of Richter, as if Nature herself stood reverently still, when her worshipper and interpreter laid down the garment in which he had ministered in her temple.

"Richter was buried by torch light: the unfinished manuscript of *Selima** borne upon his coffin, and the noble ode of Klopstock—

"Thou shalt arise, my soul!"
was sung by the students of the Gymnasium at the burial vault."

Thus have we, by favour of your attention, kind reader, endeavoured to open up to the British eye, a few sunny glimpses of one of the choicest spirits whom "the Fatherland" delighteth to honour. JEAN PAUL, *der einzige*—the *unique*, is the received designation of Richter in Germany; a title in his case as deservedly earned by literary labour, as military and political services have earned it likewise, in his proper sphere, for the great Frederick. Pity only that it is by no means such an easy matter to render the works of the author's genius as appreciable to general admiration, as the actions of the soldier and the policy of the king. Guns and trumpets make a noise over the wide world, from the Arctic circle to the Antarctic, pretty much the same; and, provided the stages of their explosion be large and open enough, the actors will not fail to be noted of all men, and admired. But the voices of wise and good men in books, are of a more curious and delicate melody; and sometimes even the rarest of them cannot be made to vibrate in their full harmonious chords, otherwise than to the nicely-fitted structure of the national ear. This is the case with the French Beranger, and in an eminent degree with our own Burns. The translators, we know, have tried their hands with these men—as what will they not try?—but let them carve and polish as they will, the Frenchman will still limp awkwardly in his Wellington boots, and the Scotsman, though he may retain his warmth, will lose the finest tints of his colour in Deutschland. So even more strikingly is the stamp of indelible nationality imprinted on all the writings of Jean Paul; and it will require peculiarly skilful handling

* A work on the Immortality of the Soul—a favourite theme with Richter.

indeed, to take away the point from the French lady's criticism above quoted, and make all or any one of Richter's works, like Schiller's "Wallenstein," or Goëthe's "Faust," a familiar occupant of a cultivated Englishman's shelves. These works consist almost exclusively of novels or fictitious tales, and these of two kinds: the philosophical or ideal novel—for which, even in its most perfect character, John Bull has no peculiar faculty; and the novel of common life, in which department the same most unphilosophical Bull has attained such an admirable mastership, that to his practical eye the most manful feats of a purely German genius like Richter, are apt to appear puerile and even apish. Nevertheless, we do by no means despair of a selection being made from this great man's works, such as will not, indeed, popularise him on British ground—for popular in the widest sense he is not even in Germany—but such as may command the ear of all educated men for whom the higher departments of imaginative literature have a charm. Such a collection to our knowledge has not yet been made in this country. When it shall be made, *every thing depends on the workman*. Richter

cannot be translated at random: nor can he be simply transposed, as many a decent sentence-monger may, line after line, and paragraph after paragraph; he is freakish, and will confound a methodical wit lamentably. One decided advantage, however, by way of an introduction to the English Richter, has been gained by the appearance of the present biography. We have learnt to know the man; and the man in this case is as good, perhaps better, than his works. No well-conditioned person, we are convinced, will lay down the biography of Richter without an earnest desire to know something more of such a man. He will be convinced also that the novels of such a writer will not be made up of mere playful arabesques to amuse, of mere pepper and spices to stimulate; he will have felt the breath of a moral regeneration in these pages, and that a novel of Jean Paul is in fact a sermon; an evangelic address, where the gospel is preached, as wit is vented in the old drama, oftentimes by a clown. Next to a mind of extensive culture, and a heart of wide sympathies, a moral preparation of this kind is the grand key to the writings of FREDERICK RICHTER.

A TALE OF THE MASORCHA CLUB.

AT BUENOS AYRES.

CHAPTER I.

TOM THORNE was a bachelor, who lived in one of the best houses, had the best horses, and gave the best dinners and suppers, of any merchant in Buenos Ayres. The head of the "house," or firm, he was his own master; and this privilege he used to the utmost. Wherever a ball was to be held in that dancing city, there be sure you find Tom; and few dinner parties, pic-nics, or country excursions, were complete without him. Little mattered it to him, whether he were invited or not—he knew every body, and every body knew him; and his jovial good humour, his hearty laugh and frank address, won him the good graces of any party upon which the whim of the moment induced him to intrude. Tom was a restless, rattling blade, and delighted in excitement of every kind. He could no more have sat still on a chair for half an hour than he could have passed over an entire day without drinking champagne, where it was to be had, or brandy and water where it was not.

Courteous and gallant to the ladies, he was noisy and jovial with the men; and although he was well known to boast of his liberty as a bachelor, yet this probably only made him more of a favourite with the fair. There could be no harm in flirting and coquetting with one who openly defied their attractions. The shy and timid could be pert and playful with Tom Thorne the bachelor, without any feelings of indelicacy; while those who were less reserved, considered it fair play to entangle him in the nets of their railery—probably not without a distant hope that the gay flutterer might yet singe his wings in making his circuit round the flame of their attractions.

It will be thought surprising how our hero, with such roving and unsteady habits, could transact business as the head of a mercantile house. But in South America, business is not conducted in the same systematic way that it is in London or

Liverpool; and probably more hides or bullocks, gin or gingham, are bought and sold at the dinner or billiard table than at the desk or exchange.

For such irregular kind of trade, Tom was peculiarly adapted. His was not the character to plod at a desk over intricate speculations, nor was it necessary in a trade confined within narrow compass and certain seasons. Trade would sometimes be brisk, vessels would require to be loaded and discharged; then Tom would write night and day, with desperate energy, and then, as if he had earned a holiday, he would idle away for weeks. What was the use of clerks if not to write? or, according to an old proverb, what is the use of keeping a dog, and barking yourself?

Tom Thorne, when sent out to South America, in the first instance, came under great advantages. He was the son of the head of one of the richest firms in Europe, and with an ill-judged liberality was allowed lots of pocket-money; and more consideration was paid to him than to other clerks by the managers of the house in Buenos Ayres. Thus he had both more time and money to spend than other "young men" with more limited prospects. Tom was not one to throw away these advantages; and so his horse was the swiftest, his coat the tippiest, his cigar the longest, his gloves were ever the whitest, and his bouquet the richest of all the riding, smoking, flower-giving youths of Buenos Ayres; and it may be conceived, that with all "these appliances, and means to boot," he was more an adept in the ways of gallantry than scrivener. In the course of time Mr Thorne, in spite of all his failings, arrived at the dignity of representative in Buenos Ayres of the rich firm of Thorne, Flower, & Co.

Once established as his own master, Tom's natural levity of character was not long of displaying itself; pleasure was his business, and business his pastime. The lute or the piano (he

was a splendid musician) occupied him more than the pen; he was more in the camp or in the streets, than in his house—and more in other people's houses than his own. And yet with all this, his business went on most swimmingly—he was an indulgent master, paid his clerks well, and fed them like princes: this they requited by paying more attention to his business than he did himself; and thus Tom, almost in spite of himself, was, as we have formerly said, one of the richest merchants in the city.

Some of our fair readers may say—This is all very well, but why does he not marry? and then he might rest happy at home, instead of being so dependent on others for enjoyment. But it was this very dependence on others for excitement and the means of enjoyment, that made Tom shirk marriage. It would have been a

thralldom to him. Was it, could it be possible for him to stop all night at home, reading a book, and looking at his wife? Oh no! Could you drink brandy and water, and smoke cigars in a parlour? Oh no! Tea and toast at seven, was tame work in comparison with toddy and devilled kidneys at eleven. It was very agreeable, certainly, to see ladies dressed out in smiles and silks; but he had heard or read that husbands might sometimes see them in sulks and slippers. It was more pleasant for Tom to be knight-errant to the fair in general. There could be little romance about a husband, little poetry about a wife, and very little jollity about a nursery. So thought Tom; but as we shall see,

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.

CHAPTER II.

In Buenos Ayres, though a town of fully sixty thousand inhabitants, nearly every body of any pretensions knows every other body, either by sight, by report, or nodding acquaintanceship. Society may be divided into English, French, and native, or Spanish. Among the English we comprise the British, Americans, Germans, Danes, and Swedes—in fact, all the Anglo-Saxon family, (without excluding therefrom the Irish,) as they can all speak English, and are somewhat allied in character, pursuits, and political relationship. The French and Italians, again, resemble each other more than they do the above.

The visiting and visitable part of the native community, form a most interesting and agreeable feature in Buenos-Ayresan society. Thanks to civil wars, and to Rosas, the females vastly preponderate in numbers over the males. You may visit five or six families, and meet five or six ladies in each, and not a single gentleman; partly from the reasons we have given above, and partly because to ladies appear exclusively to be allotted the duties of ceremonial reception—husbands and brothers, if there be any, remaining in their studies, or back rooms, even when the sala, or reception room, is crowded with visitors or

a small evening party. Oh, how pleasant and agreeable are these Senoras, and Senoritas! how sweetly they help you out with a sentence when you are at a loss! how freely they suggest subjects of conversation! how good-humouredly they smile at your awkward mistakes, and make you fancy that you will soon be a perfect proficient in Spanish—as indeed you soon would be under their tuition; how soon you forget that you have never seen them before! how soon you learn to suck *matte*, and to pay compliments! and when you are about to leave, and a flower is agreeably presented to you by a smiling Senorita, with an assurance that the house and every thing in it is entirely at your disposal, you bow your way out with a profusion of promises to return, with a rose at your button-hole, a smile on the face, and an elasticity of step that will last half the day. Oh, Tom Thorne! Tom Thorne! how could you resist so many dimpling smiles and sweet compliments? How could you flirt away the forenoons in the circles of beauty, look the language, breathe the gay atmosphere, reflect the glad glances, enjoy the warm enlivening glow of youthful feelings, bask in the sunshine of favour streaming upon you from the

eyes of youth, innocence, and beauty, and then cool down your feelings with cigars and brandy?

But we are forgetting our subject. Among each of the great national families we have classed together, there were particular sets and circles, out of which many would seldom or never move, while some would be nearly equally familiar with all: and this mixture of different nations, tinged with a dash of republicanism, gives a tone of metropolitan urbanity and courtesy to Buenos-Ayrean society, which is very agreeable. All being dependent on their own exertions, there can be little affectation of superiority; and all being occupied through the day, they are the more inclined to relax into the agreeable in the evening: and perhaps there are few places under the sun where there are more or merrier evening reunions than there were in the city of Buenos Ayres before the blasting tyranny of Rosas decimated the natives, made fathers suspicious of sons, brothers spies upon brothers, Frenchmen arm themselves for mutual protection, Englishmen almost afraid of the name, and banished wealth and security from the province.

The sala of Senora Tertulia was brilliantly lighted up and brilliantly filled with youth and beauty; the atmosphere was loaded with rich perfumes from the gay and gaudy festoons that adorned the massy chandeliers, and from the sweet little bouquets that heaved on the bosoms of the fair dancers. Knights of every order of chivalry were strutting through the room. Priests were listening to innocent confessions. Don Juans were whispering sweet compliments into willing ears. Dominoes were playing at cards with Italian Counts. Turks were drinking the firewaters of the Franks at side-tables. Gauchos were there rigged out in all the finery of the Pampas; and every masquerade-shop in the town had been ransacked by those whose wit could not supply, or whose means could not afford new or appropriate costumes. And so there was a fair proportion of clowns, harlequins, starved apothecaries, and Highlanders with cotton drawers. Many old gentlemen with the long ruffles, the

broad skirts, powdered wigs, and jockey looking waistcoats of the sixteenth century, were seen bowing, scraping, and taking snuff: in fine, every one either was or ought to have been enjoying himself. The music struck up, and off they went.

A quadrille had just finished. Lords were handing dames and ladies fair to their seats, which the polite old gentlemen of the sixteenth century vacated for them; that short interregnum was commencing in which young ladies study attitudes and young gentlemen compliments, when a scream of surprise and a loud roar of laughter at one of the doors of entrance attracted the attention of all. There appeared to be a struggle for admission on one part and a dubious attempt at exclusion on the other. The lady of the house hurried to the spot; a card was secretly shown to her; and the cloud of doubt that hung over her brow at the first sight of the strange spectacle before her was exchanged in a moment for the warm sunshine of a kindly welcome. "Walk in, pray—walk in, Mr Bruin," and a tall slim figure in a strange dress, the front of which was buttoned behind, with a mask on the back of his head, and long hair streaming all over his face so as completely to conceal his features, led into the room a great white bear. The conductor carried a huge high baton, surmounted by a garland of flowers; and the neck of Bruin was attached to the baton by a chain of the same materials. The Bear and his conductor soon became the centre of attraction.

"Now, Mr Bruin, show the ladies how you can dance, sir;" and the shaggy hero stumped on his huge hind paws, shook his head and his tail, and dangled his fore flippers, to the admiration of all.

"Now for a waltz, Mr Bruin."

"Bur wur hough," growled the bear in guttural accents, very like German.

"Mr Bruin says he must have a partner," drawled the conductor from the back of his head; and Bruin, clutching the garland of flowers from the top of the pole, stumped round the circle of fair by-standers, with the view apparently of suiting his fancy.

"I presume, Mr Bruin, you are dazzled with such a galaxy of bright star-like eyes," said a wag.

"Burwurhurough," growled Bruin.

"They remind him of the Aurora Borealis, in the North Seas," was the interpretation given out from the back of the head.

"I suppose you are a great traveller, Bruin," demanded another querist.

"Wur bur ough hur."

"He accompanied Sir John Ross in his polar expeditions," was the response.

By this time every one enjoyed the humour of the conceit; and when Bruin placed the garland of flowers on the brow of Anita Mendoza, the belle of the ball-room, it was not ungraciously received by the blushing beauty, and raptures of applause approved the selection.

"You show a very fair taste, Mr Bruin," said the smiling landlady.

"We represent Beauty and the Beast of the nursery tale," was the meaning of the bur wur of the response.

"Can I offer you any thing to eat or drink?" demanded the landlady.

"Mr Bruin will trouble you for an ice and a young sea unicorn," replied the transposed conductor.

"I hope you won't eat any of us, Mr Bruin," said one of the ring.

"He would rather hug his partner than worry puppies," was the ready rejoinder.

"When did you meet your great father-in-law, Dr Johnson, *ursa major*?" asked a would-be wit.

"Mr Bruin desires me to give you a pot of his grease to make your whiskers grow," said the conductor, handing an elegant little bear's grease pot out of the pouch that hung by Bruin's side.

"Give me one! give me one!" shouted a number of ladies at the same time.

"For a hug a-piece," shouted the bear *in propria persona*, forgetting his disguise.

"It is Tom Thorne! 'tis Mr Thorne!" shouted out a number of voices; and the bear was soon patted, caressed, and rifled of all the contents of his pouch by the fair triflers, no longer afraid of a hug from a bear like Tom Thorne. Amid the fun and merriment created by this incident, a smart explosion was heard, followed by wreaths of aromatic smoke from pastiles ignited by the explosion caused by opening the elegant little grease pot given to the beardless youth. The proprietress of every one of Bruin's little presents now became a heroine.

Great was the curiosity displayed to know the contents, and great was the glee and satisfaction as curious little devices or bonbons, wrapped up in love-verses, were extracted from the elegant little receptacles; and not till the music struck up, and Bruin led Anita Mendoza as his partner to the head of the country-dance, was the usual routine of the ball-room resumed. All pretensions to etiquette had vanished; and good-humour, mirth, and jollity reigned triumphant throughout the evening. Many thought Bruin's lot not only bearable but even enviable, judging from the easy and smiling reception with which his attentions were welcomed by courtly lady and stately dame. The supper that followed was as merry as the dance; and our hero, divesting himself of his bearish accoutrements, was as much the source of amusement in the supper-room by his jokes as in the ball-room by his tricks. Refreshing himself with copious draughts of champagne, he appeared to find no difficulty whatever in allaying hunger in the absence of young unicorns.

But the merriest night must have a close, and the clearest head will get dizzy under the influence of champagne; and Tom, finding himself unusually excited, and unwilling to detract from the éclat of his previous debout, slid unperceived out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

About the time our story commences, 1841, Rosas was beginning that system of terrorism, espionage,

confiscation, and secret assassination, which has since made his government so notorious abroad and so dreaded

at home. The Monte Videans were in his province of Santa Fé, in the north; and his political opponents, the Unitarians,* were supposed to be plotting in the capital: but Rosas was not a man to stick to the common modes of war. If he could not inspire confidence among friends, he could at least inspire terror among his foes. A club, calling themselves the friends of public security, the sons of liberty, or some such name, but called by others "Masorcheros," was established, and many enrolled themselves in this murderous body to save themselves. Rosas betook himself to the encampment he called the "sacros lugares," holy places; and thence issued secret orders to his myrmidons, to whose fury the town was completely abandoned.

There are few darker pages in the modern annals of South America than the record of the months of October 1841, and April 1842, in the devoted town of Buenos Ayres. Rosas, himself secure amid his savage soldiery, issued his secret death-roll. The chiefs of the Masorcheros, anxious to secure their own safety, rivalled each other in their zeal to capture; and the work of death itself was intrusted to hands whose trade was blood. Without trial† for offences, without warrants for apprehension, without even a knowledge of danger, houses were openly entered, men massacred, women flogged, and property destroyed; victims were decoyed out, by friends, from theatres and ball-rooms; men were followed in the streets, and stabbed at their own doors; and concerted signals were arranged to tell the police carts, that wandered about the streets at night, where to find out the victims. We shall not give any more harassing details here. There is no doubt that there were more massacres committed

than ever were ordered by authority: the machinery of murder, once set agoing, revolved of itself, and knives were sometimes made to settle old quarrels and long accounts; Rosas, when he found things going on too far, easily put a stop to them by disposing of some of the Masorcheros themselves, among others, the chief, who was thus for ever prevented from telling any tales against his master.

Such unheard-of and unexpected scenes suddenly occurring in the midst of a happy, prosperous, and orderly city, were accompanied by strange anomalies. Foreigners could scarcely conceive the existence of a regular organised body of assassins. Natives, not yet schooled into distrust of their best friends, and perhaps not even conscious of guilt, could not, all at once, throw aside their habits of social conviviality. The churches were open for their usual services, the markets still crowded; there was no rioting in the streets, which the police paraded as usual. Ministers and consuls still displayed their flags, and balls and dinners were as numerous as ever; and those who had not seen or suffered were unwilling to believe the horrid reports that circulated in secret whispers; and many who knew, or had seen some of the fearful goings-on around them, probably deemed an affectation of ignorance or indifference their best policy. Such was the state of the city until the frequency of outrages forced the natives to keep their houses, take refuge under the roofs of foreigners, smuggle themselves on board merchant vessels or men-of-war, or sneak through the deserted streets like doomed men, shunning the contact of their fellows as if it had been a city of the plague.

It was at the beginning of this reign

* "Unitarian," in the Political Dictionary of South America, is opposed to "Federal." Rosas pretends to govern on "Federal" principles—that is, the separate legislative independence of each province of the "Confederation;" but, in fact, he has made himself a Unitarian, since he *unites* in himself (by "extraordinary powers," given to him only for a season, but retained ever since) a supremacy over the other provinces, and over the law and constitution.

† *Massa*, the president of the Sala of Representatives, and a high officer in one of the courts of justice, was murdered in (or close to) the senate house; his son was murdered the same evening; and no judicial inquiries ever took place in consequence. Why?—Because, of course, it was done by authority.

of terrorism, and the morning after the ball at Señora Tertulia's, that our friend Tom Thorne awoke in a room by no means so snug, airy, or odorous as his own well-appointed bed-chamber in the Calle Derecho. Close beside him, busily engaged in brushing his clothes with his hands, and alternately muttering maledictions against sanguinary Spaniards, and mumbling over odds and ends of old songs, was a strong-built ruddy-looking gentleman of about twenty-eight or thirty.

"Holla, Griffin!" cried Tom, "where the deuce is this, and how came you here?"

"Faith, Mr Thorne, I came here for much the same reason as you did; and, though not in a very creditable place, I can thank my stars I'm in good company any how."

"But how came we here, Griffin?"

"Faith, Thorne, except your nerves are very steady—and in virtue of Señora Tertulia's champagne, mine are not—I think it might be as well to defer that same story until you have shaved, or you may run the risk of having some of the cuts in your face which were intended for your throat last night. You see, sir, I left La Señora's about the same time you did. They say the cool air is refreshing, but I never found it so after drinking champagne. Well, as I was stumbling along, I fell over a body, stretched across the pavement. 'You have taken mighty convenient quarters for a cold night,' thought I, 'bad luck to you;' and, intending to do him a good turn, as I might require it myself soon, I was trying to raise him up, when two men, who were standing in the shadow of a door-way, within a few feet of me, cried, 'Hist, hist, passa adelante, amigo.' 'Come and help me with this poor devil here,' said I. 'Pass a-head, friend, if you do not wish the same accommoda-

tion,' said they, throwing the light of a dark lantern suddenly, and only for a moment, on the object of my attention. I required no second bidding, Thorne. The pavement was soft and warm enough for a corpse! My first thought was for a pistol or a stick, but I had neither. I looked at the men,—there they stood as cool and careless as the door-posts, and me fixed and staring at them as if they had been Gog and Magog. 'Passa adelante,' growled out one of them, drawing a knife at the same time. This brought me to my senses, and I passed on—and, mark me, Thorne, as sober as a judge.

"Well, sir, off I started, leaving Gog and Magog to keep their watch at the door-post, when who should I overtake but yourself, walking as proud as a prince and as bold as a lion. We did not walk far, till three men met us, one of whom threw the light of his dark-lantern full into your face, scanning it for a few seconds with more freedom than manners. Although dazzled and stupified by the light, I saw you grasping your stick, and beginning to break out, when I interposed. 'Gentlemen,' said I, in my best Spanish—for it's always best to be civil—'Gentlemen,' said I, 'we are English gentlemen who have lost our way. I'll give you fifty dollars,* and thanks to boot, if you please to take us to the police office.' You appeared inclined to show fight at the mention of the police office, but I passed it off as if you had more money than sense, and promised them fifty from you too; so after a slight struggle we secured you, and here we are, without any solutions of continuity, as surgeons say, except in our raiment."

"But why did you not tell them to take us to my house?" said Thorne.

"Why, in the first place," said Griffin, "I have not the honour of knowing where you live; and, by

* Dollars in Buenos Ayres mean small notes manufactured in London!! they used to be made payable at a national bank, in metallic dollars, and then they represented a silver dollar. This bank has been abolished, thanks to the "Great Restorer of Laws," and these paper dollars now vary from 1½d. to 4d. The arrival or departure of a vessel of war, with important despatches, will, in one day, cause a doubloon (about £3, 8s.) to be worth, say three hundred dollars, and next day worth four
 1 d, much to the embarrassment of trade—metallic dollars not being current

Castor and Pollux ! I would not have left you with these ruffians for a world of coppers."

"But then the disgrace of being lodged in the prison all night !"

"As for that," said the imperturbable Griffin, "in my opinion the prisons will soon be fuller than the hotels in this city; and wherever you and I condescend to take up our quarters becomes *de ipso facto* respectable."

"Well, well, Griffin, it's no use telling you to keep it quiet, but don't tell the ladies of it at any rate."

"Don't trouble yourself, Thorne,—I won't be such a bear as that. But by the way, Gog and Magog, as I'm a sinner, were standing either at or close by Mendoza's door: they could not be watching for any of them, could they?"

"Never fear," said Thorne; "Mendoza is very thick with the Government; at all events he was not at the party, and the ladies are sure to be well convoyed."

Just as they were talking, a messenger came from the Commissary of Police, to summon them to the presence of the Functionary, into whose dread presence they were immediately ushered.

The Commissary—a stout, healthy-looking man about middle age—sat smoking a cigarito, dressed in a red waistcoat, a braided jacket, and a slouching cap with a broad gilt band; from the button-hole of his jacket was the usual red ribbon with the head of Rosas upon it, and the favourite motto which he has caused to be inscribed on the national colours, and over every proclamation, "*Vivan los Federales—mueran los salvajes imundos ascherosas Unitarios.*"* He was listening attentively to the information given by a very precise, trim, well-dressed looking youth, if we might call him so, for his dress betokened youth more than his face, which at that moment appeared particularly pale. The conversation, whatever was its nature, appeared to be taken notes of by a clerk, who was sitting near them, and it dropped the

moment they entered; whether it was that Thorne, who was the first to enter, had still the sound of Mendoza buzzing in his ears, or that, in the excited state of his nervous system, he was thinking of the frightful scene committed at his doors, certain it is, that on his appearance, Don Felipe Le Brun started and appeared agitated for a moment, and our friend thought he heard the name of Mendoza.

"Sorry to meet you here," exclaimed Don Felipe, suddenly recovering from his start. "Can I be of any service, sir? If so, command me."

"I am sorry to meet you here, sir," said Thorne in German, so as not to be understood by the Commissary, and viewing Le Brun with a keen and inquisitive look—"I am sorry to find that you have such private business in these quarters. Pray, señor, he continued to the magistrate, who appeared on the point of interrupting him, "do not allow me or my friend to disturb your correspondence with Don Felipe Le Brun."

"My business with you, Señor Thorne," said the magistrate, "is confined to giving you the advice, which you may find of use, to keep more orderly hours, and thus you will save the police the trouble of providing you with night-quarters. I have no complaint against you—you may go."

Most men living in a community where a magistrate is not only the instrument but the interpreter of the law, and where there is no free press or public opinion to expose the injustice or temper the insolence of power, would have gladly and immediately availed themselves of the magisterial permission to withdraw, with thanks for the leniency extended to them. But Mr Thorne was neither a selfish man nor a timid; and his was not the disposition humbly to accept that as a favour which he did not conceive could be withheld from him as a right. He knew that the most arrogant and imperative of the natives were only so to those who cringed to them as they themselves cringed to their superiors.

* "Let the Federals live,—let the savage, dirty, ruthless Unitarians die !"—or, Up with the Federals—down with the — Unitarians !

As a proud and independent man, and a good citizen, he resolved to let the proud official know of the scene witnessed by his friend the preceding night; and he had hopes, by so doing, either to confirm or allay his suspicions of the nature of Brun's communication with the *Juez de Paz*. He therefore answered with a bold front—

"I thank the *Senor Juez de Paz* for his counsel, and I beg to inform him, that the officers of the police could scarcely be better, and have been much worse employed than in affording protection to those who demanded it on a night like the last."

The official started up—his eye sparkling, his face suffused with passion. Before he could speak, Mr Thorne pursued—

"Sir, as a respectable citizen of this city, as an accredited consular agent to this government, I think it my duty to report to you, as one of its chief magistrates, that last night a man was found murdered on the pavement in front of Luis Mendoza's house, and two men standing close beside him; and these men, *Signor Juez de Paz*, were dressed the same as those who brought us here last night. Probably, *Signor Le Brun*, this may be the same information you were conveying to his honour."

Signor Le Brun with great energy protested that it was the first he had heard of the affair.

By this time the *juez de paz* had recovered his command of temper. He was, in fact, somewhat cowed by the bold and manly bearing of Thorne, who, as an Englishman, and in a kind of official capacity, was, in some respects, beyond his jurisdiction. Moreover, he was aware that Thorne had, in one instance, for some petty grievance, demanded and obtained redress from the "Illustrious Restorer of Laws" in person; and thus, though he felt indignant at being bearded in his own hall—I had almost said *hell*; he rather considered Thorne as a person whose officious information was to be got rid of than as a culprit to be bullied. He therefore contented himself by saying, "Don Thomas, this is not an affair that comes under my cognisance, or yours; and let me assure you, the less you trouble yourself with the affairs of others the better."

"But, sir, with respect to the man on the pavement," commenced Griffin.

"Officers, take the fool away!" roared the magistrate, with his hand on the bell.

But the worthy Radamanthus and his myrmidons were saved the trouble; for Tom Thorne, with a bow to the exasperated official, and a kind of dubious glance at *Le Brun*, hurried Griffin out of the Sala of Justice without any extraneous assistance.

"By the powers of Moll Kelly and the bean-stalk of Jack the Giant-Killer!" said Griffin, when once they were out of sight and hearing, "but that justice cares no more about the finding of dead men in the street than I would care when I am hungry for a chop from the Brother of the Sun and Moon interdicting pork."

"Why, of course, he knew all about it before," said Thorne.

"Then, I should think, you might as well have kept the information to yourself."

"No," said Tom; "I thought there could be no harm in letting them see that there might be some suspicions of who did it, if any thing out of the way did happen to old Mendoza."

"If you have a twinkling of suspicion that that square-shaved stunner in the corner is in your way at all, I'll let day-light shine through him in the presence of his friends before you can say hair-trigger."

"Griffin, dine with me to-day, will you, and we will have a scamper into the Camp after."

"I shall be delighted," said Griffin.

"*Hasta luego*, then—at three precisely," and each took a different route.

"He is a jolly, frank fellow that," said Thorne to himself. "I wonder what he is!"

"That's the very man I wanted," said Griffin. "Faith, I may know every body I care about now, and dine every day of the week for nothing."

Griffin was one of those genteel adventurers that you find in every large community hanging on to the outskirts of society, who come from nobody knows where, and live nobody knows how; who have no profession except that of an idler, and no occupation except paying off their

debts with promises; they never lose a bet; they often, very often, lose one game of billiards or *ecarte*, but never a rub; they never can remember to carry small change in their pockets; and they never *do* forget an invitation to dinner. They probably answer some good purpose in society—perhaps, that of teaching flats the

sweet lessons of experience, and preparing them for the wiles and stratagems of the world: be this as it may, they fulfil, at least, one maxim of the word of Wisdom, for they neither toil nor spin; and they steadfastly practise the principle, that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

CHAPTER IV.

A scamper into the Camp of Buenos Ayres is one of the greatest treats that the citizens of that town can enjoy. True, there is nothing to interest you in the scenery, nothing to admire in the goodness of the roads, and nothing to guide you in your journey but trees; still there is an indefinable charm in galloping with a good horse and a lively companion over the boundless green plain. With "the blue above" and "the green below" you rove free and unconfined—the fresh balmy air revivifying the blood which the rapid "and easy motion sends thrilling through the whole frame. You feel etherialized. Without bounds to your progress or your prospects, away you go. No trace of art here to mar the simplicity of nature. The Arabs never were and never will be slaves, and now you are the Arabs of the plains—hurrah! hurrah!

Tom Thorne and Richard Griffin appeared to consider themselves as Arabs of the plain, calculating from the rapidity with which they were scampering over the ground, clearing their way through herds of oxen, sheep, and horses, with long whips and loud huzzas.

"Where, in the name of Nimrod, are we tearing to, Thorne?" said Griffin after a pause. "Sure we are outstripping the wind; for a moment ago it was in our face, and now it is on our back."

"We are going to Mendoza's country-house," said Thorne, "to have some bantering with the ladies after our canter, and to let that awkward scrape of last night blow over, and be laughed at before I go back.—You have never been in the Camp before?" inquired Thorne.

"Never."

"Then you have a great pleasure

before you. A few days in the Camp refreshes one like a month's sea-bathing. The air is so fresh, and every thing wears such a simple holiday aspect that it almost makes you forget that you are a sinner, and throw off bad habits, rise with the lark, drink milk, marry a wife, and become a patriarch."

"Well done, Thorne! and so it may yet."

"Then, you can ride and dance without getting weary, drink without getting seedy, and eat innumerable beef-steaks for breakfast without mustard; nay, you can even relish water without brandy, and sleep without cigars."

"Love and beef, Thorne, *versus* cigars and brandy. You alternate between town and country till you resemble a rich rowley-powley pudding, solids and sweets, revolving round and round each other, making a most delicious *tout-en-semble*."

While our friends thus talk and canter to the place of their destination, let us take the liberty of introducing ourselves.

The house of Louis Mendoza was situated on a rising ground on the banks of the "River," of which it commanded a beautiful prospect. There was a large garden attached to it, adorned with all the flowers which the country produced, most of them at that season in the full bloom and vigour of spring. Fruit-trees, both of the northern and southern hemisphere, from the tropic and temperate zones, diffused sweet perfumes from their blossoms; and vines, peaches, and orange trees were already decked with the budding promises of a rich harvest. Summer-houses were there, woven into shape with creepers and ever-greens. Birds of the tropics, in large aviary

nearly invisible from being formed of green-painted wire, lent the splendour of their plumage to enrich a scene which the songsters of the air delighted to enliven with their music.

Beware of that garden, Tom Thorne, in the evenings when your heart is soft. Ride not with the ladies over that velvet lawn when the flush of the morning's sun is reflected from their lovely faces, Tom Thorne. You are lost to the bachelor world for ever, Tom, if you be seduced to wander through these lovely woods with the ringlets of Anita Mendoza playing round your manly shoulder; and as for the summer-houses, if ever you enter them let it be with a book or a cigar only; mind that, Tom, mind that. Anita Mendoza might be sixteen or seventeen, Mariquita eighteen or nineteen; both were beautiful, and possessed of all the graces and accomplishments of the country. The contour of the features of Mariquita might be more regularly beautiful than that of Anita. She was more of a *blonde*, too; her eye was beautiful and bright, her figure graceful and elegant, but still it would strike you that you had seen others as fair and graceful. She was a beauty; of that there was no doubt, but a beauty too much resembling the style of her sister, to bear a favourable contrast with her, and yet not sufficiently distinct to establish a separate and independent claim. But how shall we describe Anita Mendoza? She was the mistress of grace and elegance, for they followed her every step and attended her every movement; you were a slave at her mercy the moment you saw that dark black liquid eye, whether it beamed in kindness, flashed in raillery, melted in sympathy, or sparkled with delight from under its long dark dangerous eyelashes. To be in the presence of Anita Mendoza was to be in an enchanted circle. When that eye was upon you, your own identity was lost; your soul was lit up by the beams that flashed from that magic eye, and rays of love or envy, mirth or folly, were reflected back to the source from which they sprang. Let none despise the theory of animal magnetism; beside Anita Mendoza, your heart throbbed, your pulse played, and your soul thought in

unison with hers. Such were your feelings when under the influence of the syren, but only then; for well you knew that that eye flashed or melted, and that smile played and that lip pouted, as brightly and pertly, for others, one and all, as for your own dear envious self. Beside her, she was your queen and empress; away, she was a little minx, a sweet little flirt. To sum up, in dancing she was a fairy, in singing a cherub, and far or near an enchanting, bewitching creature.

Luis Mendoza, the father of these ladies, was a rare old Spaniard. He had travelled a good deal in Europe, especially in England, where he had acquired not only some knowledge of the language, but also a predilection for its convivial habits; and brandy and water had more charms for him in a cool evening, than *matte* or *eau sucrée*. He had early lost his helpmate, and, freed from this check on his convivial habits, it required little encouragement on his part to keep his house constantly full of *bon vivants* to assist him at the duties of the table, and gallants to amuse his daughters in the sala; and more of his gallants and *bon vivants* were to be found among the Anglo-Saxons than among the natives. Thus were Mariquita and Anita Mendoza accustomed from their earliest years to the language of adulation; and from having the duties of a household thus early thrust upon each, there was less of maidenly reserve, a little more of maidenly coquetry, with a dash more of masculine character, than in other circumstances would have been becoming at such tender years.

These ladies were seated alone in an elegantly fitted up sala, the elder busy with her needle at some fancy work, and the other idly and listlessly hurrying her soft white little dimpled fingers over the keys of a rich-toned piano—to a well-known air in South America, the words of which imply that the singer never, never, never will get married—

“No no no no quiero,
No quiero casarme
Es mejor, es mejor,
Ser soltera
Siempre pascandera
Del mundo
Del mundo gozar.

Amantes amantes
 Constantes se enciencan
 Muy pocos al día
 Con cara tan fresca
 Como una violeta
 Y con ojos tan
 Brillantes a mi gusto.

"Well, Mariquita," said the young lady, throwing aside the music, "I admire the patience you can bestow upon that endless sampler, when you must feel as tired and exhausted as I am."

"Of course, Anita, after that ball, sampler-work is rather tame and tedious; but what shall we do?"

"I am afraid we shall have nobody out here to-day," said Anita, with a kind of suppressed yawn.

"I see how it is, Anita; you are wearying already for even a languid compliment to those flashing eyes of yours."

"Depend upon it, Mariquita, that my eyes could stand no comparison to your lips with any man of taste."

"How did you relish Bruin's hugs last night?" retorted the elder.

"Oh, the dear Bruin! I could not forbear hugging him now in return, were he here to enliven us. And *gracias a Dios*, here he is!"

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the portly person and beaming face of Tom Thorne stood before them.

"Welcome, welcome! Mr Thorne," said Mariquita. "Anita has just been stating that Mr Bruin's attentions last night were so very pressing that she considers herself indebted to him a hug in return."

"Miss Anita shall find Mr Bruin a very pressing creditor for the liquidation of that debt," said our hero, advancing towards her; and in the full playfulness of their character, both girls seized the gratified bachelor by the hands as if he had been an overgrown playmate. At this moment Mr Griffin presented himself, and the ladies hastily, but without agitation, assumed the attitude of polite and attentive hostesses.

"Permit me, ladies," said Thorne, "to introduce my friend Mr Griffin, who I have no doubt regrets not being yet entitled to the warm and frank reception extended to old friends in the *Camp* of Buenos Ayres."

"We are happy to see you in the *Camp*, Mr Griffin," replied the elder sister with great courtesy. "We have been longing for some company all day, and consider ourselves very fortunate in being favoured with a visit from Mr Thorne, and any friend of his."

"I consider myself fortunate in being introduced to you by Mr Thorne at a time when our company promises to be agreeable to you."

"I hope you are accustomed to our long, and rather fatiguing rides in the *Camp*."

"I assure you, I am amply repaid already, miss, for the fatigue we have undergone, by the beauty and richness of every thing I see near and around me," said Griffin giving a kind of circuitous bow.

"As you are accustomed to the beauty and freshness of the scenery," said Mariquita with an arch smile, "may I offer you a glass of your favourite champagne, Mr Thorne?"

"You are very kind, Sefiorita, to be so attentive to my favourite tastes. A glass of champagne will be very refreshing after the ride."

"Or shall it be your favourite brandy and water?" edged in the little wicked Anita, with a twinkle in the eye which took away every vestige of satire that the question might otherwise have implied when addressed to our hero.

"The brandy and water will be fully as good," Miss Anita, replied Tom, "if you would brisk it up with a few sparkles from these eyes of yours."

"A truce to such bubbles of fancy," said Mariquita. "Which shall it be, gentlemen?"

"Mr Thorne or I could be happy with either," said Griffin; "but pray let it be champagne, and then we may hope that you will partake."

"Bravo, bravo, Griffin! champagne be it."

"Pray, ladies, is not the 'Patron' here?"

"Oh yes!" replied Anita, "but he is not likely to be back till late; he is taking a ride over the chacra with Sefior Le Brun."

An involuntary start escaped Thorne at the mention of that name.

"What ails you, Mr Thorne?" cried Anita.

"Nothing, Anita—nothing. Why, I

have had the pleasure of meeting him this morning already. But I see we have interrupted your amusements at the piano, which I trust will be renewed after our refreshment."

That start was not lost upon Anita, though she affected not to notice it.

Refreshments, music, and gay conversation passed off the time most pleasantly, until the arrival of Luis Mendoza and his companion.

And now let us leave the merry party to enjoy themselves, and sally out to introduce ourselves to the old gentleman and his companion.

Felipe Le Brun was a Creole, of about six or eight-and-twenty: his father a Jerseyman, his mother a native of Buenos Ayres. He was what may be called a respectable merchant broker, who bought and sold for others as well as for himself. His knowledge of most European languages, his activity, intelligence, and business habits were great advantages to him as a broker, and as such he was extensively employed. Luis Mendoza was in every respect a different character from Le Brun: the one social to a fault, the other temperate to a degree. Frankness, honesty, stout good-heartedness, and aversion to business, were the characteristics of Mendoza. Le Brun was one of the new-school men of business—sharp, acute, and active. Mendoza was an extensive landed proprietor, and Le Brun was the agent through whom all his sales of produce were effected. It was under Le Brun's guidance that Mendoza entered into those investments in which he delighted to believe that he was growing rich; and so he was, too, as long as Le Brun's speculations were successful also. A more acute and careful man of business might perhaps have had some doubts as to whether or not Le Brun was not trading on Mendoza's capital. This, however, was enough to satisfy the old gentleman, that, whenever his accounts were presented to him, they were always very flattering, especially in the perspective, and that when he wanted money, he could have it to any amount from Le Brun, who was thus in a manner both his agent

and his banker: and why should he not be? since it was all but arranged that he should be his son-in-law. Le Brun had long paid court to Anita Mendoza; and a more accomplished suitor there was not to be found within the range of the city. Polite, attentive, and gallant—scrupulously neat in attire—a perfect master of all the *petits soins* of the drawing-room—and expert in all elegant triflings permissible in the *laissez aller* of the *sala*, Don Felipe Le Brun would have been a formidable rival against any worshipper of *kid* or *eau de Cologne*, that ever smirked and simpered over a Brussels carpet, and whose accomplishments were confined to carving a merry-thought, sighing on a flute, or tenderly composing a sonnet to the shadow or the shoe-tie of his lady-love. Add to all these accomplishments the recommendation of a father,* and none need be surprised that he was a favoured suitor of Anita Mendoza.

Such was Don Felipe Le Brun. We have given every characteristic except that of honesty of principle; and yet there could not have been more upright, honourable principles than those with which Le Brun first commenced and flourished in business. He had every requisite, and all the knowledge necessary for business on the largest and most extensive scale, and every accomplishment that could adorn the active, and solace the retired life of a gentleman. And in such uprightness of conduct Le Brun might, and most probably would, have continued under any ordinary circumstances. But, alas! his very accomplishments proved his ruin. He lived under one of the most suspicious, inquisitive, corrupt, and tyrannical governments that ever existed. The suspicious tyranny of Buenos Ayres extended even into the private and domestic relationship of life; and to effect this, spies of every grade and quality were employed. Now Le Brun, being of foreign extraction, and yet a native born and bred, moving in good society, being a respectable merchant, and in a line of business that

* Ladies in South America are more passive to parental authority, than in England, in respect to the momentous question of selecting a husband.

brought him in daily contact with every moneyed man in the city, and even made him more or less acquainted with their means, resources, and transactions, was in every way suited to be an admirable agent of Rosas; and it was determined that he should be so, cost what it might in time, money, and political influence. And well the secret agents of Rosas knew how to lure the ambitious, tempt the effeminate, force the timid, bribe the sordid, and flatter the vain.

Slow and insidious were the approaches made to undermine the honour of Le Brun. No difficulty was ever experienced by him in shipping gold or silver without permits. A passport for a friend in trouble was always at his command; his goods were the first to pass through the custom-house, and the first intelligence that could affect paper currency and exchange was always communicated to Le Brun. Such were some of the substantial proofs of favour, and still more numerous were the polite attentions showered on the intended agent of tyranny.

Now, when an individual finds himself thus highly favoured, without any exertion used, or any return required on his part, he becomes naturally disinclined to believe any reports to the prejudice of those who treat him so well; and disposed to attribute the blame more to the complainant than the party complained of; or, wrapping himself up in his own selfishness and self-security, to go upon the maxim of "praising the ford as he finds it." So it was with Le Brun: from being a passive supporter of Rosas, he was led on to be his justifier. He had so often been indebted to the good services of government officials, that he considered himself indebted to them *personally*, and then politically—and then—*facilis descensus*—poor Le Brun!

Luis Mendoza had long been an object of avaricious suspicion to the government. He was rich, fond of foreigners—intelligent. All these were crimes; and it was known that he held correspondence with the friends of the enemy, if not with Rivera himself. Be this as it may, he was no partisan of the government; and the maxim of Rosas is, "those that are not for me

are against me." Mendoza was a marked man, and Le Brun was set to mark him; and, observe this, others marked Le Brun. Oh, how he now loathed his position! the suitor of his intended victim's daughter—the friend, the private friend, of the very man whose every motion he was to watch and *report*—to betray the friend who reposed in him implicit trust. Can the ingenuity of tyranny go further than this? Le Brun knew well that Mendoza had held correspondence with the Unitarian party, who were opposed to Rosas, but this he never reported. He knew well that Mendoza hated the tyranny and policy of the Federals, and that the Unitarians expected to find in him a rich and influential supporter, if ever their party predominated; and this he did report, because he knew full well the government were aware of it. Thus did Le Brun seek a middle course, until he almost began to fancy that he was suspected himself; and thus, thoroughly disgusted with his position, he determined at last to free himself from his ignominious espionage, give Mendoza warning of his perilous situation, and, when every thing was arranged for his escape from the country, he would then take the credit for giving information, when it would be too late. Thus he would gain time to arrange his own complicated affairs, seek out Mendoza in his exile, and fulfil his dearest hopes by marrying Anita Mendoza.

Such was the scheme which Le Brun had formed to extricate himself from the troubled waters in which he perceived himself beginning to founder; and in this scheme he would no doubt have succeeded, had not the accidental incarceration of our honest friend Tom Thorne, and the bold freedom of his speech before the magistrate, forced him to commence his scheme at once and prematurely, if he wished to avoid the suspicion of friends whom he wished to save, or employers whom he wished to deceive. And with this view, the moment he was free from the presence of the *juaz de paz*, he flew to the *chacra* of Mendoza.

"And how came you to know of the body that was found opposite my door?" said Mendoza to Le Brun, as they were riding together.

"Why, sir, Mr Thorne with a friend encountered it on coming from a party in the evening. They encountered some of—the '*Masorcheros*,'" said Le Brun, (looking all round him, and whispering the phrase;) "and taking fright, I suppose, they requested to be taken to the police office for security; and before the magistrate he told what he had seen."

"And how happened you to be there?" urged Mendoza.

"Sir," replied the other, mingling truth and falsehood with great tact, "I had heard, nay knew, that the government were suspicious of you; the number of massacres the preceding night alarmed me for your safety. Making an excuse of a criminal complaint against a servant, I repaired to the *juez de paz*, to find out, if possible, upon what grounds their suspicions were founded. Thus we were engaged when Thorne entered. Whether he heard your name mentioned I know not, but Mr Thorne, sir, is suspicious of me. Yes, sir, I verily believe that Mr Thorne, in his jealousy—yes, it must be jealousy of my favour in the eyes of your daughter, that makes Thorne suspect me. Good God! Mendoza, to what have I fallen when I should be suspected by an idle, champagne-swilling babbler, of betraying the man to whom I am so much indebted, who, I may say, has made me what I am, and who has it in his power to make me happy or miserable for life. Oh, sir, sir! what a wretched country this is, when one learns to distrust even their best friends."

"Come, come, Le Brun, not so bad as that yet. But, Don Felipe, have I not often told you that you were in too high favour with these hypocritical cut-throat miscreants in office?"

"And if I have found favour, which I never sought for, have not you reaped the benefit more than me? What have I to fear from them? I, who am supposed to be of their party, rat them! Should *your* skins have passed the custom-house? Could Mendoza's gold in Mendoza's name have been shipped to invest abroad? Could Mendoza, the Unitarian, have procured passports for the Unitarian brothers or *compadres*? And now, sir, at this very moment I am

seeking to do for you what you have often asked me to do for others. That remark of yours, Mendoza, has nearly driven me distracted."

"Don Felipe, forgive me! we are too much bound up together for me to suspect you now. Have you not the promise of my daughter's hand? have you not the command of all my means? I believe, I know that I am an object of suspicion. I know that, at the present time, the miscreants stand at no obstacles; that my money would be instruments to strengthen their hands. I know you have saved my friends, and I believe you are anxious to save me. Forgive me for expressing my sentiments of horror against those who render it necessary that honest men and quiet citizens should seek means of security at the hands of others."

"Ay, sir, and these others not only thereby risk their own safety, but may be branded as traitors for so doing."

"So, Don Felipe, you think that body on my pavement was a warning for me?"

"No, Don Luis, it was not intended as a warning for you, but you are intended for the same fate."

"You can have no proof of that, Don Felipe."

"No, Don Luis, I have no *proof* of that; but those who ordered such deeds only to inspire terror, will not scruple at higher victims for greater advantages. Thorne's bold accusation, I may call it of indifference or neglect on the part of the magistrate, and the way your name was alluded to, will protect you from open attack. The prison will be your first doom—I shudder to think of what may follow. Thorne is a brave fellow, but he was mad to brave them as he did. There is not a *Masorchero* in the city who does not thirst for his blood. Thorne knows this and defies them. I hate him for his suspicions, but yet, Mendoza, I admire him—with a hundred men like him, this city would not now be a nest of cut-throats. Yes," continued Le Brun, who felt puntingly the whole truth of what he said, "their spies would be ashamed to show their degraded heads, *Masorcheros* afraid, ay, afraid to execute the hated commis-

sions intrusted to them, and an end put to the whole brutal cowardly system, which none can more detest and deplore than I do. But to business. To-morrow morning you must come to town; to avoid suspicion, let there be a small party at the house in the evening. I return to town to-night. I shall busy myself to-night and to-morrow in having every penny of your capital and debts secured, transferred, or in some way rendered intangible to your persecutors, and recoverable in better times to yourself. Stop, stop—don't interrupt me. As soon as possible I will arrange my own affairs, and then, my dear sir, I shall bid adieu to this city, which is now doomed, and join you in your exile, there to claim the reward of all my exertions in the hand of Anita. Shall it not be so?—yes or no!—time is precious, time flies?"

"It shall, Le Brun—my hand upon it. Arrange my affairs as best you may, I rely upon you for every thing."

"Now, then, let us proceed to the house, and talk slowly over the details."

The gay inmates of the house were disturbed in the midst of their mirth and music by the entrance of a servant, announcing that her father desired to speak to *Señorita Anita*.

"Daughter," said *Luis Mendoza*, as she entered his presence with a smiling face, and a courteous bow to *Le Brun*; "my dearest daughter, I am sorry to be the bearer of intelligence which will throw a shade of gloom over your happy face. Are you prepared to hear of sad truths and dismal forebodings?"

"Yes, dearest father, I am prepared. We are now surrounded by our best friends, keep me no longer in dark suspense—I am prepared to hear every misfortune which I may share with you."

"The cloud of misfortune," interrupted *Le Brun*, "now hovering over our heads, Anita, will, I predict, only prove a summer thunder-storm, which may sweep every thing exposed and unprotected before it, during its first burst, but pass harmless by those who have watched its coming and prepared for its approach."

"Daughter—I have long been suspected by the government of disaffec-

tion to their cause; they are now hard pressed, and no means which terror, tyranny, avarice, or suspicion can suggest, are left untried to support their falling cause, and crush that of their rivals; and now they seek my life and fortune."

"Merciful heaven! And what harm have you done the government, that they should single you out for a victim?"

"The question," said *Le Brun*, "is not what harm your father has done; he is guiltless of any active opposition to the government, but much may be effected for their cause by confiscation of his property, much terror may be struck into dubious adherents by—by disposing of his person. Dearest Anita, I do not wish to terrify you unnecessarily. Pray lean on your father's arm, love; you look pale and exhausted."

"Alas! alas! this old arm, Anita, will soon be no longer able to shelter and support the dear girls who now cling to it for protection. Midnight assassins prowl round the city for victims. Emboldened by impunity, higher prey will be fixed upon, and then—"

"No, no, father, you shall never suffer. I will seek the tyrant's den myself, throw myself on my knees before him, and implore him by his hopes of salvation, by the memory of the departed wife of his bosom. I will take his own daughter with me, to join our united prayers for mercy on the innocent head of a gray-haired father. We will give him your money, father, let him have your lands, and houses; we have many friends in other parts, we will rid him of our presence; *Mariquita*, you, and I, father, will seek some other country, and save him from the crime of dishonouring gray hairs. No, father, he shall not, dare not touch you."

"My noble girl," said *Le Brun*, with a feeling of self-reproach at an instance of energy and decision so superior to his own, "I admire your heroic resolution; I pay honour to the purity and elevation of your sentiment; but let me, who unfortunately know too much of their villany, assure you that the tears and prayers of youth, innocence, and beauty, would draw down the scoffs of a brutal soldiery,

and would have no other effect on their master than to set his quick wits at work how to deceive you, and hold you forth as a bait, yes, as a bribe to reward the treachery of a foe, or retain the services of an ally."

"Alas! that is too true, my dearest child—let me perish sooner than risk the honour of my children. Felipe Le Brun, Anita, is I believe the only man who can save us. He has influence with the government, all my floating capital is in his hands: I have long known, and placed confidence in him: it is he who has informed us of our present danger, and is prepared to assist us out of it. He has long loved you, Anita, and I believe he is not indifferent to you. I have this day promised him your hand in marriage, and given him the right as my intended son-in-law, and the heir of half my fortune, to secure what of my property he can on such short notice. Have I not done right, my love?"

"Stop, father! stop!" cried Annita, labouring under the utmost agitation, "we have other friends as well as Señor Le Brun, and God knows we will need them all. What if the man who disregards the petitions of innocence for mercy, and despises the rights of property and laws of justice, with respect to the old and harmless, should as suddenly turn round on the young and active, should he become afraid of its power, or jealous of its exercise? Mr Thorne, who is bold, generous, and a foreigner, is here in the next room, let us ask his advice and assistance. What say you, Señor Le Brun?"

"Certainly, let Mr Thorne be called in for advice, if Señor Mendoza has no objections."

"I do object, my dear child. Mr Thorne has been the cause—unwittingly, I allow, but still he has been the cause—of hurrying on our fate. He has

already," said the old man, echoing the sentiments of Le Brun, "rendered himself obnoxious to the whole body of Masorcheros. None, my dear child, can save our property if it be not Le Brun: if the government be resolved to push things to extremities, Le Brun is the man whom I would trust."

"Anita," said Le Brun, earnestly laying her hand in his, "cheer up, my brave girl—better days await us all yet. I flatter myself that I have influence with the government—how acquired it boots not now to state: that influence shall be exerted to the utmost to secure you father's interests and safety. This is a strange time, Anita, to talk of love; often—often have I longed for a more favourable opportunity. I seek not to urge my suit by my power to save your father's life—I protest against thus bargaining for your priceless affections. I am struggling to merit your love, not to buy it. When your father's life and property are secured, I shall be in misery till I join you in your exile, and lay my fate and fortune at your feet. Say, dearest, shall we then forget all our past misfortunes, and seek for future happiness in the society of each other?"

"Say yes, my child—give him your promise."

"When my father's life is saved by you, I will," and she sunk exhausted in her father's arms.

"Adieu, then, dearest. Adieu, Mendoza, for the present—*hasta manana*. I now hurry to town to arrange your affairs as I best may." And Don Felipe Le Brun withdrew, a happier man than he had long been, ay and a better.

It may well be conceived that the evening, which on this occasion might have passed off in a lively manner, was dull in the extreme. Every one felt embarrassed: they soon retired, and next morning they all found their way back to the city.

CHAPTER V.

On the evening succeeding to the day at the *charca*, a small evening party—or tertulia, as it is called—was held at the town residence of Luis Mendoza. Our friends Thorne and Griffin were there, two midshipmen belonging to an English man-of-

war lying in the roads, with such a sprinkling of young ladies and gentlemen as could be called on such a short notice. Mendoza and Le Brun were closeted hard at work by themselves in an adjoining room. The daughters of the former strove to keep up an

appearance of gaiety which they could not feel; even Thorne himself was more silent than was his wont, and it seemed as if the gloomy prospect of the times had its effect in diffusing a shade of sadness over the countenances of those who had met to be gay.

The midshipmen were the only parties who appeared really to enjoy themselves. They feared their first-lieutenant more than Rosas, and him they had left on board: they had come on shore in quest of amusement, and like birds free from the cage, they fluttered about in the full hey-day of enjoyment. Happy themselves, they conceived all around them to be the same, and at last diffused a little of their light-heartedness to others.

"Come, Mr Thorne, we have had plenty of singing and music," said Anita Mendoza, forcing herself to exertion: "I make you the 'bastonero.' What say you to dancing now?"

"A fair challenge! Gentlemen, choose your partners for a quadrille. Miss Anita, will you favour me with your hand. Gentlemen, please hand round refreshments to the ladies to give them a little life before we begin. Griffin, the pleasure of a glass of champagne with you. Here, my young captains, you come and wet your mustaches. *Vive la bagatelle*. Now, then, gentlemen." Thus rattled on Tom Thorne, seeking to rouse up the flagging spirits of the company; but he himself had seldom been in worse spirits—he scarce knew how.

"I have strange forebodings this night," said Mr Thorne to Anita Mendoza, as he stood beside her during an interval in the dance. "I see both you and your sisters are dull, too; your father and Le Brun are as busy as if this were to be the last night of their existence. Anita, I suspect that man—I wish to God your father would trust some foreigner—one native is not better than another, that is, not more secure."

"*Por dios*, tell me, Mr Thorne, what do you suspect in Mr Le Brun? Tell me at once; tell me without reserve—it may not be too late yet?"

"I suspect him of being more intimate with the authorities than an honest man can be."

"He allows he has influence with

them, Mr Thorne; my father has the utmost confidence in him—their interests are bound up together; may he not honestly exert what influence he has for my father's safety?"

"How can he have influence with them except he lends himself to their schemes and plots? Even were he honest in his intentions to secure Mendoza's interests—and God forbid that he be not!—who can say that his influence will outweigh the value of Mendoza's doubloons and lands?"

"Mr Thorne," said Anita, during another interval in the dance, "I know that Señor Le Brun will now use every effort in his power to secure my father and his interests. Have you—I beg you—I beg you most earnestly to answer me distinctly and at once, for we have not one moment to spare—have you any *positive* knowledge of Le Brun's acting a dishonourable part, of his being a spy in fact?"

"I have not."

"Is he suspected of being so in the town?"

"As far as I know, he is not."

"What are your reasons for suspecting him in respect to my father?"

"I met him in close and secret communication with the notorious —."

"My dear Mr Thorne, excuse me, I have heard all that explained by my father. His confidence must go further with me than the suspicion of another, even if that other be—Oh, Mr Thorne, you can scarcely fancy how much I am relieved, how much I am indebted to you for your frankness; but I *must* trust Le Brun. And now, as the dance is finished—which, by the way," said she with a smile, "you appear to have forgotten—I shall feel obliged to you for a glass of wine, for indeed I feel very faint."

In spite of every exertion of our hero, the small party went off very stiffly, and at an early hour the whole company had disappeared except the two midshipmen, Thorne, and Griffin; when Mendoza and Le Brun entered the *sala* with the air of men who had just escaped from a long, troublesome, and anxious job, and who rub their hands with delight at having finished it.

"Come, Le Brun," said Mendoza, "after our long *sederunt*, let us have a glass of the best the girls can give us. Ha! Thorne, how are you? wherever you are there is sure to be champagne—so champagne be it." But Le Brun declined, and bidding an affectionate adieu to the ladies, and making a formal bow to Thorne, he withdrew.

"Hang me if I like that man!" said Thorne.

"I never knew a man who flinched from his liquor stand by his friend; and I shall make a point of telling him so," said Griffin, following up Thomas's resentment.

"That may be the case in Ireland, friend, but cannot apply here," said Mendoza. "But come, we can finish a bottle of champagne without any assistance. I leave you to-morrow, Thorne," he said in a whisper: "the blood-hounds are on the *qui vive*, but you will see me double them."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a rap was heard at the door. A servant entered pale and trembling, to inform his master that two of the "friends of liberty" were at the door, and wished to speak to the Patron.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet, the whole party could not have stood more aghast. Of the object of their visit at twelve o'clock at night, there could be no mistake. The ladies threw themselves upon their father and wept aloud; protesting with tears and sobs that they should never tear him from them. "Thorne, Griffin, young gentlemen, you will defend my father, will you not? They shall tear us in pieces before they separate us," sobbed Anita, frantically. The midshipmen, in their enthusiasm, drew their swords. Thorne produced two small pistols from a great-coat pocket; but Griffin,—he was the most collected of the whole.

"Be cool, ladies; I will save your father. Thorne, give me your pistols. Servant, go to the door—say Mr Mendoza will be there in a moment—say he is putting on his cloak. Now, Mendoza, be a man—no time for acting the father or crying now. Ladies, one of you get me your father's cloak and hat. Now, Mendoza, are you listening to me?"

"I am."

"Well, then, come to the door with me—ask the gentlemen very politely what they want; of course they will invite you to accompany them to prison or somewhere or other—answer without hesitation: you will be with them in one moment. This you will do with your cloak and hat on: give me then your cloak and hat—bid them advance;—I follow, with your cloak and hat on, as Don Luis Mendoza, and damn all consequences—pistols *versus* knives,—hurrah!"

"But, sir," commenced Mendoza.

"Not a word, sir, I have no family, and I would die to serve an honest man or bonny lassie: and, Thorne, you look after the ladies—never mind me, I have two pistols for their two knives."

The thing was arranged as quickly as this has been told. And away went Griffin followed by the "friends of liberty."

"Now, Mendoza, you must out at once,—it's all Le Brun's doings,—cut for your life,—cut," said Thorne, "and run for my house. Ladies, this is no safe place for you—excuse me, will you honour my house. There is no time for ceremony, rather on with your cloaks. Young gentlemen, you're escort—servant, your master's pistols—Now then, ladies, are you ready?—Anita, my arm—friend, give Mariquita yours—you for the look-out, now heave a-head." "Patricio," cried Anita, "secure my father's papers, and then look out for yourselves." And the whole house was clear in less than ten minutes from the first rap at the door.

Mr Thorne and his interesting convoy arrived safe at the Calle Derecho without any interruption; but great was their dismay as time passed on and no Mendoza made his appearance. Early next morning Thorne was on foot to make his inquiries, but not a word could he hear of his whereabouts. The only consolation he could hold out to his fair and trembling guests was the probability that he might be concealed in some friend's house, or might find his way on board of some vessel. "But cheer up, ladies, you at least are safe, both from Rosas and Le Brun; and what a comfort that would be to your old father if he knew it! Ladies, you are the mistresses of

the house. I must send for a female servant to attend you, and you may send for some lady friend to keep you in countenance, if you can find one, or think it proper.—You will see the propriety of not moving out of doors for a few days. The only restriction I impose upon both of you is, that you never drive me away from your presence by even whispering a word about thanks. And now, ladies, excuse me—I am going to sally out on another voyage of inquiry," and, before a word could be said in reply, he hurried from the room.

After running about till he was almost exhausted, Thorne repaired to the Sala de los Estrangeros residentes, or club-room of resident foreigners, for a little refreshment; and scarcely had he entered when Le Brun stood before him, pale, breathless, and wo-begone.

"Le Brun," cried Thorne, "you are a spy, a traitor;—you are worse than I even conceived you to be. Leave me—fly this moment, or you meet your deserts from my hands and in this very place."

"Thorne," cried Le Brun with the most abject air, "I am the most miserable man in existence. I swear to you, by every thing that binds man to man, I was not the cause of Mendoza's capture last night;—my life, sir, is in more peril than his. At this moment the emissaries of the police are at my heels, and ere sunset, I shall be in prison,—ere sunrise probably a corpse;—where is Mendoza?"

"He is not in prison?" demanded Thorne.

"No, no—he is not."

"Then thank God he is in safer hands than yours or *your* friends,—he is safe. Confess, Le Brun, that you seek him to save yourself?"

"He is safe, you say;—did you say he was safe?"

"I did," said Thorne, who had no idea of Mendoza running any risk, except that of his falling into the hands of Rosas. "But begone, sir. I see your object;—you would now sell his life to save your own little miserable existence."

"Mr Thorne," said Le Brun, "I am too abject now to resent insults or injuries. Thanks be to Heaven!

Mendoza is now safe;—my course is now clear. I can prove to you now that, however base you may think me, I have his interest at heart."

"Yes, after your own weak truckling schemes have failed. Go on, sir."

"Thorne, my steps were tracked out to Mendoza's *chacra*; my steps were watched to Mendoza's house last night; he was seized, but, Thorne, not by my information—no, thank God! not by mine. After this confession, I ask you if I am not more to be pitied than despised. I may be upbraided as a spy and traitor, but I have always struggled to befriend Mendoza."

"And why, Le Brun, are you so anxious to know of Mendoza?"

"If I find him not by sunset, I myself suffer the punishment intended for him."

"I foresaw that, wretch."

"Press me not too hard, Thorne; I thank Heaven that I alone shall be the victim; and yet, how I shudder at the thought, with all my sins upon me—no, I cannot bear to dream of it. Save me, Thorne!—save me! save me! I throw myself on my knees before you. I never wronged you—I have admired your firmness when I have cursed my own weakness. Save me! save me!"

"Confess, then, did you not mean to sell Mendoza to save yourself?"

"I know not my own motives, Thorne. I am entirely unmanned—ask me not to what lengths despair might have driven a guilty man. Believe me, I laboured anxiously and keenly for his safety to the neglect and danger of my own; for then my thoughts were ennobled by my aspirations for his daughter. I am too mean and degraded now to dream of matching myself with such purity; and I have sunk into mean grovelling selfishness. Thank God! he has escaped. I would not—no, it is impossible I could have betrayed Mendoza, the father of Anita, to have saved my own worthless self. The first sight of that old man's honest self must have driven such demon thoughts from my mind. I sought Mendoza, Thorne, to give him these papers. Nay, do not frown so upon me: they are papers signed by himself last night disposing of the half of his property to me in

the anticipation of my being his son-in-law; if he escapes his property may be disembargoed—mine never can be. Some papers of my own are there too; some of these claims of mine, Thorne, will be recoverable. I have not a relative in the world; pray give them when—oh, I shudder to think of it—give them to the family of Mendoza, give them to Anita.”

“Silence, wretched pottifogger! think not that Anita Mendoza can ever stoop to accept the wages of treachery. I may, I will try to save your own mean life. Sit down there, take advantage of the short time yet spared you to arrange your affairs. I am off to see what may be done to save you from Rosas, whom I despise more than I pity you!” and he rushed out of the room before the trembling Le Brun could thank him for his offered assistance.

Thorne was the creature of impulse. Possessed of a generous heart and warm temperament, he often conferred favours at the same time that he showered reproaches. He had known Le Brun as a respected and honoured member of society: he had never liked him—he was too prim, sober, and methodical, for his errant and jovial disposition. Le Brun’s steady, plodding business habits Tom Thorne had sometimes considered a kind of reproach to his own careless, hap-hazard way of conducting his affairs; and though he had never made regular approaches to gain the favour of Anita Mendoza, his vanity was offended to see the advances that the quiet, easy, insinuating address of Le Brun made, in gaining the affections of the only woman who ever interested him. For all these reasons he had ever disliked Le Brun, and now he despised him: but still, however dangerous it might be, he resolved, if possible, to save him; and while in this state of mind he fell in with the captain of an English man-of-war. It was usual for the English and French vessels-of-war in those dismal times to receive all fugitives who claimed their protection; and the Frenchmen even went so far as to walk through the streets in armed bodies, and receive among their number those whom persecution induced to claim their assistance. Thorne

had little difficulty in persuading the captain to lend his assistance in carrying off an intended victim. His vessel was to sail that evening; many of his boats were on shore; and it was arranged that at four o’clock, when they were ready to start, a number of the seamen should find their way to the Sala by different routes; and as the Sala was not far from the beach, they anticipated no difficulty in carrying off Le Brun.

This being arranged, Thorne hurried to inform and prepare the fugitive. Le Brun was still there, and another was there also, heaping every term of opprobrium that could be fancied on that hapless and miserable individual.

“You scum of the sea, you! Will nothing I can say to you persuade you to be a gentleman? By the powers of Moll Kelly! I’ll bring in the marker to dust your hair with chalk powder—the only powder you know any thing about, you black-faced sheep! Faith! a sheep is innocent, and a ram will stand to its own defence: so the only resemblance you have to a sheep is the chance you have of —”

“Hallo there, Griffin!” cried Thorne, “don’t abuse Le Brun now: our friends with the lanterns are after him, and here we come to the rescue. Le Brun, there is not one moment to spare. English seamen are now at the door—they will take you safe to their ship in spite of the friends who are dodging you outside—and so good-bye. God forgive you!”

“Oh, Thorne, how can I?”

“Come, come, no blarney!” cried Griffin interrupting Le Brun. “By St Patrick, if he go, I go too—this place has become too hot for me—Thorne, I did not know the poor devil was in such trouble. There is my address, Thorne, please forward my luggage. Let us have a bottle of champagne before we start. I will recommend Le Brun to a warm half-deck passage to the captain; and when we land, wherever it may be, if he do not give me satisfaction, by the powers! I’ll take it. What say you, Thorne?”

“Now, Le Brun, all ready?” demanded Thorne.

“All ready, sir.”

“Here’s to you then, Griffin,” as Le Brun crept cautiously out of the

room. "Spare his life, Griffin—he is not worth the risk of your exposing yourself for him: spare his life for the sake of the black-eyed girl; but don't forget that he spoiled a merry evening for us out at the *chacra*. By the way, your hurried departure must be rather inconvenient to you; please take this, (offering him some money) — nay, friend, take it; your intended caning match may cost you as much for damages. Now hurry off, for I must not appear in this affair." And so Le Brun the spy was hurried down to the beach amid a party of English seamen, to the great disappointment of two gentlemen with long cloaks, who were waiting to attend upon him until sunset, and who followed them still, with the view, probably of seeing him safely embarked, in spite of repeated adieus bowed to them by our friend Griffin, who begged of them not to trouble themselves any further.

All hands arrived safely on board; but whether Griffin had to refund any of Tom Thorne's money for damages, or whether he pinked his friend, or was pinked himself, we have never heard.

Return we to Tom Thorne and his fair guests. Their rage at Le Brun's treachery was modified by the news that their father had escaped—for that he was not in prison was an escape; and to all parties it appeared best, that they should wait in their present quarters until they should hear from him.

In the mean time, Tom Thorne's position was a most singular one. A bachelor, we may say, by profession, he was harbouring two lovely girls—one of whom had often roused feelings in his breast that he could not easily account for: he was, moreover, their protector, he had been partly the cause of their misfortunes; they were, it might be said, fatherless and portionless; they interested every best feeling of his heart. Need we work out the progress of results? Tom found more attractions in their mild, subdued, but

lively conversation than in the loud rollicsome sports in which he had hitherto been a leader; smiles banished or supplanted cigars, and the sparkle of fair eyes were more often in Tom's thoughts than the sparkles of champagne. During this state of transmutation, Tom received a message that a friend wished to see him: the messenger was none to be relied on, but he brought a password—*ipso facto*. Tom went, and it was Mendoza he found. The old man had concealed himself in the house of a friend, until he thought all danger past. With prudent care he had concealed his retreat, even from his best friends; and well it was he had done so, for Thorne's house was watched for several days.

"I have heard," said the old man, "the care you have taken of my daughters: God reward you for it, I never can."

"Excuse me, sir, you may," said Thorne. "Give me the hand of Anita, and I shall be more than repaid. We will smuggle you off to Rio, or Monte Video; this storm will blow over—your political back-holdings will soon be forgotten in the greater criminality of others: your estates will yet be restored to you; and if they be not, I have sufficient to maintain you and your family, without even missing the resources of the *chocra* or mourning over the ruined speculations of Don Felipe Le Brun."

"Thorne, you are a man after my own heart. I have ever given you credit for stainless honesty of purpose: if my daughter accepts of you as her protector you shall have my blessing."

Mendoza, with his daughters, sought temporary exile, the embargo was soon taken off their property, and Tom Thorne afterwards sought, in the sweet smiles and flashing eye of Anita Mendoza, an exchange for the idle luxuries of cigars and champagne. Let us hope that he found them.

A. M.

LETTER FROM A RAILWAY WITNESS IN LONDON.

MY DEAR BOGLE,—In the words of the venerable Joe Grimaldi,—“Here I am again!” swearing away before the committees at no allowance. The trade is not quite so good a one as it was two years ago, when any intelligent and thorough-going calculator of traffic commanded his own price, and therefore invariably stood at an exorbitant premium. Still it would be very wrong in me to grumble. Though there is a woful defalcation of new lines, there is still a good deal to be done in the way of Extensions and Amalgamations; and I am happy to tell you that I am presently in the pay of no less than three companies, who are driving branch lines through the pleasure-grounds of different proprietors. I recollect the day when, in the exuberance of my greenness, I used to feel a sort of idiotical compassion for the situation of the men of land. I used to picture to myself the hardship of having your nice green policy cut into shreds by the forks of some confounded Junction — of seeing your ancestral trees go down like ninepins, before the axe of a callous engineer — of having sleep banished from your eyes by the roar of the engine, which sweeps past night and day, with disgusting punctuality, within fifty paces of your threshold—and of beholding some fine forenoon your first-born son conveyed a mangled corpse from the rail, because the company, out of sheer parsimony, have neglected to fence in their line, which goes slick through the centre of your garden; and the poor little innocent, in the absence of Girzy, then flirting among the gooseberries with the gardener, has been tempted to stray upon the irons in pursuit of an occasional butterfly! But I am thankful to say that I have now got rid of all such visionary scruples. Thanks to Sir Robert Peel, I have learned a new lesson in political economy. I have become a convert to the doctrine, that land is nothing else than manufactures; and I

snap my fingers in derision at protection in all its shapes. Would you believe it, Bogle? I was giving evidence yesterday on behalf of the Clachandean railway — part of which, I am sorry to observe, has sunk into the centre of a bog — against a thick-headed proprietor, who has absolutely been insane enough to oppose, for three successive sessions, a branch line, which is to run through his estate for the purpose of communicating with some bathing-machines. The property has been in his family for some four or five hundred years. The mansion-house is an ordinary kind of tumble-down old affair, with turrets like pepper-boxes on the corners, and the fragment of an abbey behind it. There is no timber worth speaking of in the policy, except half-a-dozen great useless yew-trees, beneath which they show you a carved stone, that covers the dust of stout old Lord Alexander, whose body was brought home from the bloody field of Flodden; —and yet this absurd agriculturist has the coolness to propose to the company that they shall make a deviation of nearly half-a-mile, for the sake of avoiding this remnant of the darker ages! Three times, Bogle, has that man come up to London, at a most enormous expense, for the purpose of defending his property. The first time he was successful in his opposition before the committee of the House of Commons, because the chairman happened to be a person imbued with the same ridiculous prejudices as the proprietor, and was what these foolish Protectionists call a man of birth and connexion. He had on his own grounds a mausoleum with some rubbishy remains of his ancestors, who had been out with Harry Hotspur; and the moment he heard of the old tomb-stone and the yew-trees, he began to rave about desecration, and made such a row that the projectors were fain to give it up. That job cost the Protectionist proprietor at least a cool thousand; however, he was

pleased to say, that he did not mind the expense, since he had succeeded in saving the mansion of his fathers. But we did not by any means intend to let him off so easily. My friend Switches, the engineer, laid out two new branches—if possible more annoying than the first, for they were to intersect one another at the yew-trees. We tipped the parliamentary notices; and, though the venerable Cincinnatus came with tears in his eyes to our directors, and offered them the land for nothing if they would only consent to a very slight and practicable deviation, we determined to make him pay for his whistle. Accordingly, next year we had him up again, all right and tight, before a fresh committee. Lord! what fun it was to hear him cross-examined by Sergeant Squashers! That's the counsel for my money!—no feeling, or delicacy, or nonsense of that kind about him. I wish you had seen the rage of the proprietor when he was asked about his buried ancestor; whether his name was Sawney, or Sandy — and whether he was embalmed with sulphur! We all roared with laughter. "Don't attempt to bully me, sir!" said the Sergeant,—for the red spot began to glow upon the old man's cheek, and I believe that at that moment, if he had a weapon, he could have driven it hilt-deep into the body of the facetious barrister. "Don't attempt to bully me, sir! thank Heaven, we are in a civilised country, where people wear breeches, and live under the protection of the law. Answer me, sir—and try to do it in something like intelligible English — was that fellow, Lord Saunders or Sawney, or whatever you call him, pickled up in brimstone or in pitch?" Squaretoes could not stand this; so he gathered himself up, I must say rather grandly—muttered something about scorn, and Squashers being a disgrace to the gown he wore, and marched out of the committee room amidst the guffaws of a group of us who were brought up to testify that the house was falling to pieces, and that no Christian, of ordinary intellect, would trust his carcass beneath its roof.

That time we had a capital chair-man — a regular man of calico, who

never professed to have a grandfather, hated the agriculturists like the pestilence, and had made a large fortune by the railways. He was perfectly delighted at the way in which our friend the Sergeant had put down Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant — a nickname suggested by our solicitor, and employed in the learned counsel's reply with very considerable effect; and as there were two other members of the League on the committee, we had it all our own way. The preamble was declared to be proven, and no clauses of compensation were allowed. But, if we were obstinate in our purpose, so was Pertinax. He fought us in the House of Lords, and there, to be sure, he got what he termed justice—that is, our bill was thrown out, and some rather harsh expressions used with respect to the company's behaviour. We were ten days before each committee — for Squashers is rather fond of spinning out a case, and none of us who are paid for attendance by the day, are in the habit of objecting to the same — so that Pertinax must have been out of pocket at least two thousand pounds by this second silly opposition. And considering that the fortunes of the family are not so flourishing as they once were, and that the old fellow can barely afford to give his son a university education, you will admit that this must have been a tolerable pull at his purse-strings. However we were determined to keep it up. The wisdom of the legislature in refusing, under any circumstances whatever, to give costs against the railways, has put it in the power of a company to drive any individual, by unremitting perseverance, to the wall. We set Switches to work again, and this time we propose to metamorphose the mansion into a station-house. I don't know how the thing will go. Old Pertinax is fighting like a Trojan; and I rather fear that he made a little impression on the committee yesterday, by telling them that he has been obliged to borrow money upon his estate at a ruinous rate of interest, and to endanger the portions of his three pretty and motherless daughters solely to defend his patrimony from the wanton aggressions of the company. But — as Sergeant Squashers

well observed, when he saw a tear stealing down the furrowed cheek of the Protectionist—this is not the age nor the place for such imbecile snivelling. We have been taught a new lesson with regard to the sacredness of rights and of property; and the sooner those antiquated hereditary notions are kicked out of the minds of the landowners, the better.

When I said, in the commencement of this letter, that I was swearing before the committees, I made use of a wrong term. We are not sworn—not even examined on soul, or on conscience, or on honour; and I must say that the recollection of that circumstance is sometimes a great comfort when I lie in bed awake of nights. What is technically termed at Westminster, engineering evidence, would, I am afraid, were an oath to be interposed, become very like the thing called perjury; which, not to mention its effects on a future state of existence, is popularly supposed in Scotland to bring one under the unpleasant but especial attention of the High Court of Justiciary. The beauty of the present system is, that it gives ample scope and rein to the imagination without imposing any restrictive fetters upon the conscience. It allows a fair latitude for that difference of opinion which always must prevail amongst professional gentlemen, and relieves them from whatever qualms they might otherwise have felt in replying without any hesitation—the leading quality of a witness—to questions upon subjects of which they are utterly and entirely ignorant. I have found this advantage in my own case. I am positive that I could not, had I been on oath, have given any satisfactory evidence as to the amount of the bathing traffic on the line; though I certainly admit that I have sometimes of a Saturday afternoon sauntered along the shore with a cigar, to enjoy the *posés plastiques* of our northern aquatic Nereids. But as all such formality was dispensed with, I had no hesitation in stating the numbers of the amphibious animals, male and female, at eight hundred per hour during seven months of the year; which, on an average of nine hours a day, and at the rate of sixpence a

head, would increase the income of the company by about £37,800 per annum. Such was one item of my evidence yesterday, for the clearness and accuracy of which I was politely complimented by the chairman. I must say, however, that I think Switches went rather too far when he valued poor Pertinax's garden land at less than half-a-crown per acre. I can make every allowance for enthusiasm; but surely, surely this was pushing the principle a little to the extreme. One ought always to preserve, even for the sake of our employers and paymasters, some little semblance of probability. I do not object to an engineer stating in evidence that he is ready to tunnel Ben Nevis, throw a suspension bridge over the Queensferry, or convert Lochlomond into a green and fertile meadow. All these—as Switches once observed with consummate coolness when badgered about the draining of a quicksand—are mere matters of estimate; but I like facts when we can have them; and had I been questioned on the subject, I think I should have been inclined to have allowed an additional shilling for the land.

Between ourselves, Bogle, I begin to suspect that this kind of work is not altogether conducive to the growth of a healthy state of morality amongst us. I would not say it in the hearing of our chairman; but I really do suspect that we have stretched a point or two exorbitantly far in our attempts to bolster up the bill. I know a lad who was brought up here, two years ago, to speak to the amount of minerals in a district which at present shall be nameless. He was then a good green creature, fresh from the superintendence of his mother, who—poor old body—had done her best to train him up in the ways of truth, and to instil into his mind a sound moral and religious principle. And she had so far succeeded. I do not believe that, at that time, he would have told a lie or injured a human being for the world; but evil was the day on which he was brought up to London in order to testify before a committee. He was delivered into the hands of a big-boned Aberdonian engineer, notorious for his pawkiness and the

adroit manner in which he always contrived to evade a direct answer to any hostile question whatever. The training proceeded, and in less than a month the youth was pronounced to be tolerably perfect in his paces. But he broke down upon cross-examination. He could not point out upon the map the locality of certain coal-fields which he had averred to be in existence; and a rigid heckling elicited the fact that a seam of black-band, valued at some annual thousands, was neither more nor less than a dyke of ordinary whinstone. It was clear that Jock was not yet entirely qualified for his vocation. He stammered too much—got red in the face when closely pressed, and was apt to potter with the compasses, instead of boldly measuring out his quota of imaginary furlongs. So he was remitted to his studies, and underwent another fortnight's purification at the Coalhole and the Cyder cellars. A natural propensity for drink which lurked in his constitution, was carefully fostered, until his thirst became absolutely unappeasable. He was drunk from morning to night, or more strictly speaking, from night till morning. His face broke out in blotches; a dark rim gathered beneath his eyes; his nose gave token of the coming pimple, and his lips were baked and bulging. A more disgusting object you never saw; and I only hope that when he was sent down after the session to Scotland, he had the common humanity not to visit the mother that bore him, for the spectacle would have broken her heart. Jock, however, had now risen in value, for he was ready to testify to any thing. To swear that black is white was nothing: he had no hesitation to depone in favour of the whole colours of the rainbow. When questioned for his employers, he was as acute and active as an eel; when under cross, he took refuge either in a stolid dulness of apprehension, which was extremely aggravating to his inquisitor, or had recourse to the safe and convenient operation of the *non mi ricordo* system. In short, he was voted the prince of surveyor's assistants, and his services were eagerly sought before every species of committee. Roads, canals, harbours, waterworks,

or railways—nothing came amiss to Jock. Through habit he had become a quick study, and could satisfactorily master the details of the most intricate case in the course of a single evening, provided he was liberally, but not too exorbitantly, supplied with liquor. He is now a blackguard of the first water. I firmly believe that he has not spoken one word of truth for the last eighteen months, nor could he do so by any possibility even were you to pay him for it.

Such is the career of a true child of the railway committee system; nor can it well be otherwise, so long as witnesses are allowed to depone without reference to oath, and without the pains of perjury before their eyes. Don't think me, my dear Bogle, unnecessarily strict in my censures. I make no pretence of having a conscience much less elastic than those of my fellow mortals; but I have a kind of indistinct feeling that it would be better for all of us if, somehow or another, we could be brought to speak the truth, or at least to make some sort of approximation towards it. The very first question which used to be asked of a witness in a court of law, was the remarkably suggestive one,—“Has any body paid you any thing, or promised you any thing, for giving your testimony?” And even yet, when a bribe can be established, it is held to disqualify, or at least to cast discredit upon a witness. Now, although I do not like to confess that we are bribed in the strictest acceptation of the term, we have, all of us, more or less interest in the success of the companies who are judicious enough to secure our services. The leading engineer has the prospect of a large and profitable job. The contractor expects a slice; the surveyor constant employment; and the capability-man and the calculator of traffic know very well that a break-down in evidence will effectually debar them from a future visit to London on the occasion of the next extension, which exclusion is equivalent to a loss of five guineas a-day with all expenses paid. So that, on the whole, I think it is abundantly clear, that we are not altogether patriots of the highest and most exalted breed. Why, then, should we

be exempted from that species of purification to which even the peerage of the realm are subjected in a court of law? Of this I am certain, that larger interests are arbitrarily disposed of every session by committees of the House of Commons, than are painfully and laboriously adjudicated on, with all the formalities of law, by the judges of the Court of Session. And if the safeguard of an oath is deemed indispensable in the one case, I cannot for the life of mo understand on what principle it should entirely be omitted in the other.

But perhaps you think that a good deal may safely be left to the discretion, discrimination, and prudence of those honourable members who are virtually the judges between the merits of the invading company and the rights of the invaded proprietor. You think that exaggerated or perverted testimony would be of no avail before a tribunal of such exalted intelligence; and that it would be as impossible to get up a fictitious case of traffic, as it would be to persuade a Birmingham trader that a metallic basis to the currency is the foundation of our national prosperity. Bless you, my dear friend! you know nothing at all about the matter. You have not the smallest idea of the extent of swallow of the Sassenach. In nine cases out of ten, they are as ignorant of the points at issue, as that unclean Whig Mr Gisborne is of the nation which he had the impudent audacity to revile. I shall put the case to you in a clear and intelligible point of view. Suppose that a company were proposing to run a line from Rutherglen across the Clyde, the Green of Glasgow, and, through the very heart of the city to the terminus near George Square. You will not deny that there are tolerably weighty interests involved in such a project as that, and I presume you would like to have the whole matter thoroughly expounded, before a locomotive train was permitted to shoot over a skew-bridge in the middle of the Trongate. Now, apart from evidence, who do you think would be the best judges of the expediency of such a measure? Are you not of opinion that the interests of Glasgow would be safer in the hands of the members for the West of

Scotland, who have all some local knowledge of the place, than if intrusted to the tender mercies of five gentlemen, not one of whom has ever crossed the Border, and who, during the whole period of their sitting, are impressed with a strong idea that Rutherglen is the same place as Rugby? Would you consider yourself, and our mutual friends Walter Sheddton, Steenie Provan, Tammy Gilkison, and Ephraim Canah, a proper or a competent committee to try the merits of a line which was to intersect the heart of Bristol? Not one of you ever set foot in that respectable metropolis of spar; and it baffles my imagination to conceive how your aggregate wisdom could manage to detect and discriminate the truth amidst the conflicting evidence of a cloud of witnesses. Is it not a mere matter of toss-up, whether your decision would be right or wrong? Would you not be apt to abide by the testimony of the most plausible and practised witness, simply because you have no means of testing the accuracy of his deposition? But if the Rutherglen Junction were referred to the decision of you five, I warrant me we should have the business conducted in a very different kind of manner. I think I see Gilkison's expression of face, at hearing a herring-curer brought up to speak to the value of the salmon fisheries at the Green; or the mute ire of Canah at being told that the Trongate is a mere lane, and the buildings of no earthly value! I think I hear the obstreperous roar of Provan, consequent on the testimony of an intoxicated brass-founder, that the substratum of the Green is black band! Would not the oleaginous cheeks of Sheddton glisten with indignant dew, if he heard the Clyde described as a positive nuisance to the community?—and would not you, O Bogle, annihilate with a terrific frown, the ruffian who should aver that the finest square in Glasgow is evidently intended by nature for the purposes of a railway station? My life upon it, that you five would soon bring the witnesses to their senses. But, as the business is conducted at present, neither the judges—that is, the members of the committee—nor the counsel who are examining, know any thing

at all about the localities. There is a complete monopoly in the business. Members of the English bar, who are necessarily strangers to the site of the proposed operations, are invariably employed by the solicitors in preference to our own advocates who were born and bred upon the spot. Friend Squashers, for example, was never in his life twenty miles north of the Old Bailey, and yet he is considered the fittest person to expatiate to the committee on the advantages of a Highland line. And I will say this for him, that he makes his mountains remarkably like Shooter's Hill; and in point of bullying a witness, and insulting a landed proprietor, none of our native lads are fit to hold the candle to him.

The question, therefore, which I once put to you before, and which I certainly would put to that plucky little fellow Lord John Russell, if I happened to have the honour of his acquaintance, is simply this—Would it not be better that the evidence which is now taken before committees of the House of Commons on railway and other bills should be given in Scotland, Ireland, and the provinces, before a paid commission and on oath? Certain I am that the work would be far better done. Results would be more accurately brought out, the truth would be better sifted, and there would be an end to that profligate system of demoralisation which is doing no good to London, and is rapidly corrupting such of us as are necessarily drawn within its influence. Honourable members would be relieved from a harassing, tedious, and laborious duty; and their legislative functions need not be interfered with, as the printed evidence would fall to be leisurely and thoroughly sifted. At present a member of the House of Commons is far less a legislator than a mere railway machine. He has not time to study the merits of the vast public questions which ought above every thing to claim his attention; for his whole day is occupied with a dreary detail of curves, gradients, and sections; and by being compelled to do too much, he is crippled in the exercise and discharge of by far his most important functions. And further, the railway interest is already too widely spread in the House

of Commons. Almost every member has an interest, direct or indirect, in some particular line or company; and it is impossible to expect that in every case there shall not be a particular sway or bias in the minds of some of the judges. This is not right nor decent. The leading quality which is required of a judge in every department is a strict and thorough impartiality, and an absolute renunciation of every interested motive;—and no sacrifice on the part of the public can be too great to attain so desirable an end. It would be well for us if, during the last and the preceding year, country members had been more occupied with watching the attitude and the proceedings of the ministry, and less with the conflicting statements of rival companies and engineers. Had they been attending to the Currency and the Corn Laws, we ought to have escaped from a commercial crisis, in which even the railway shareholder, as I imagine, has been tolerably severely pinched.

And really, Bogle, I do not think that we are compensated in the sight of Heaven, by our five guineas a-day, for the enormous immoralities which we contract in this overgrown and seductive city. There are some thousands of us here, all living like plethoric gamecocks; and, so far as I can gather, going, in plain language, as fast as possible to the devil. I wish you saw the scramble which takes place in the lobby of the committee-rooms at twelve. A perfect torrent of engineers, surveyors, solicitors, agents, and witnesses—in the middle of which, every here and there, appears the cauliflower head of a counsel—pours up the stairs. The refreshment table below is blocked up with thirsty demons, all clamorous for soda-water, their matutinal tea having failed to quench the old hereditary drought. You wrestle your way into the committee-room, and before the members meet, you become the edified auditor of such scraps of information as the following:—

“Whaur d'ye think Jimsey and me gaed tae last nicht after ‘The Judge and Jury?’”

“I'm sure I dinna ken: some deil's buckie's errand, I'se be bound.”

“Gosh, man! we gaed tae the Puck-

adully Saloon; and Jimsey there took twa turns wi' an opera dancer at the Polka. Eh, man! she was a grand yin."

"Was ye no feared, Jimsey?"

"Me feared? Deil a bit. She telt me I was unco like Count Dorsy."

"And whaur did ye gang after?"

"I dinna mind: I was awfu' fou."

"Weel, I wasna muckle better mysel'. Me and Wattie Strowan gaed down to Greenitch, and we forgathered wi' twa Paisley lads in the steam-boat. But there's Wattie. How d'ye find yoursel' this morning, Wattie?"

"No richt ava. I woke at eleven with my boots on, and somebody has helped theirsel' to my watch."

"Man, that's fearsome."

"I dinna care nuckle about it. It was an auld pinchbeck ane o' my auntie's."

"What's become o' Geordie Mac-Auslan?"

"That's mair nor ony body kens. Geordie hasna been seen thae twa days. He's an awfu' body when he gets upon the batter. He drinks waur nor a trout."

"Hae ye been to hear Jeanie Lind yet?"

"No me. I dinna care for thae skirling foreigners, and it's ower dear."

"Ye should gang though. What's keeping the committee?"

"The chairman o't will hae been fou tae. Iech me, I've got a sair heid! Jimsey, quae down to the lobby, and we'll hae a glass of soddy, wi' a wee thing o' brandy intil it."

And so excent for a quarter of an hour my fine and faithful compatriots.

Do not think, Bogle, that I am unnecessarily severe, or that I have the slightest wish whatever to detract from the merits of my countrymen. On the contrary, I love them exceedingly; and it is only because I cannot bear to see them lowered in the eyes of the stranger, that I would have them speedily removed from the influences of such perilous temptation. Few of my young railway friends possess the continence or austere morality which were the creditable characteristics of Richie Monipplies. They have got more money than is good for them, and they are by no means particular how and where they spend it. Centralisation, which is now the favourite theory of our government,

is unquestionably productive of great and serious evils. The system of transacting the whole business of the country, in so far as public works and improvements are concerned, in London, acts as a heavy drain upon the provinces, and is, I think, in many ways detrimental to the well-being of the country. It is very easy for ministers who are constantly resident here to forget the existence of the smaller and remote capitals; and therefore it is that Edinburgh has shared so little in the bounties and benefactions which are liberally heaped upon London. If you run your eye over the public estimates, you cannot fail to be struck with the prodigious sums which are annually expended by government upon the metropolitan improvements and institutions, the liberal state-patronage which is bestowed upon the fine arts, and the grants to hospitals and museums. This is wise and proper, and I do not grudge nor complain of it. All I contend for is, that some consideration should be shown to the other leading cities of the empire. We are all taxed for London: is it not but fair and reasonable that some portion of the public money should be appropriated for the encouragement of similar objects in the north? If London is to remain as now the only favoured city, the necessary consequence must be, that it will attract towards it all the intellect and excellence, which otherwise would be scattered through the kingdoms—that the smaller capitals must decay in proportion as the large plethoric central one augments. And such, indeed, is the true state of matters at the present period. The moment that a rising artist shows himself among us, he is instantly transported to London; because it is the only field where he can meet with proper encouragement, or where his talents will be adequately rewarded. In literature it is the same thing. The position of our Universities is lowered, simply because they are starved by the government, which ought to foster and protect them. Sir Robert Peel, yielding as usual to the Irish howl, had no objections whatever to found and endow most liberally the Papist colleges. The same statesman positively declined to do any thing for

the University of Edinburgh, in which the government-salary of the best endowed professor is not equal to the emolument of a common mail-guard, or a postman! Under such circumstances the only marvel is, that men can be found to occupy the chairs. The present Premier is an alumnus of that university, and also an honorary graduate; but it is too much to hope that he will move one inch in support of his Alma Mater. It is clear that the Presbyterian has not the ghost of a chance in competition with the Papist. And although the Commissioners appointed in 1825 urgently represented to government the necessity of doing something to enable these unhappy professors to live, not one single step has been taken by the Treasury in consequence. The natural result is that the professors are being constantly drafted away to the manifest detriment of the university. Some take refuge at St Andrew's and elsewhere, where the chairs are more liberally endowed. Others, sick at heart, throw up their commissions altogether. That noble institution, the Edinburgh Infirmary, is almost bankrupt, and never has received the slightest assistance from the public purse; and yet one of the city members is in the Cabinet! I wonder that it has not occurred to the somnolent citizens of Edinburgh, that some little advantage as well as glory might be derived from such distinguished representation. Honourable members are generally rather squeezable on the eve of an election; and were I a burgess of the good town, I think I should be disposed to require some little explanation on these points, and some assurance that the candidates would advocate in future the undoubted interests and rights of the electors, before I again came forward with my vote.

Dublin, with her vice-regal court, has something like the appearance of a capital; and I sincerely trust that it may be long before any government, yielding to the clamours of the parsimonious Joseph Hume, shall attempt to rob her of that privilege. Edinburgh has not a shadow of royalty left her, save the Commissioner to the General Assembly! The dreary halls of Holyrood, I fear, will never again be rendered gay by the presence even of a delegate

of sovereignty; and were it not for the existence of the courts of law, now miserably contracted in their functions, Edinburgh would inevitably become a retrograding city. Notwithstanding the habitual jealousy with which we of the balmy west are wont to contemplate our beautiful rival, I really am, from the bottom of my soul, sincerely sorry for the capital of Scotland. Last year, after our parliamentary campaign, I treated myself to a run on the Continent, and I never was more struck in my life than with the remarkable similarity which exists between Edinburgh and Darmstadt. There are the same spacious streets, the same wide squares, the same imposing and substantial buildings; but, alas! there is also the same dearth of inhabitants, and the same remarkable absence of that traffic and bustle which is the surest index of the wealth and prosperity of a town. Huge plate-glass windows in the shops are not, I apprehend, unerring tokens of the thriving business of the tradesman; and it is quite possible that a city of palaces may be inhabited by those who rank in the monetary scale very far indeed below the point which their external appearance indicates.

Edinburgh is, in my mind, the best existing evidence of the baneful effects of centralisation. She never was, and in all probability never will become, a seat of commerce or manufacture; and perhaps it is better so, for I hardly think that her noble aspect would be beautified by the addition of some hundred chimney stacks, on the model of the St Rollox column, vomiting out long streams of smoke across the surface of the clear blue sky. She is no longer a seat of government. Even had it been intended, as some still maintain, that, after the incorporating Union, a shadow of local government should be left to Scotland, subsequent events and mighty un contemplated changes have arisen to render such a view untenable. But then, until some thirty years ago, Edinburgh had many privileges. The whole public business of the country was transacted by native functionaries residing within her walls. She had her boards of Custom and Excise. The high officers of

the law all resided there, and she still was able to maintain something of the semblance of a metropolis. But the besom of reform, nowhere else so ruthlessly and cruelly wielded, swept every cranny and corner of her clean. Under the pretext of economy, all the local boards were suppressed and transferred to London, amidst the insane joy of our primitive native reformers, who do not seem for one moment to have reflected on the fatal consequences which were sure to follow. The courts of law, and all that remained to us of the ancient Scottish constitution were next assailed. In vain did Sir Walter Scott and others, who had not bowed the knee to Baal, demonstrate the impolicy of measures which must have the effect of degrading the status of the bar by narrowing its prospects, and of impoverishing the bulk of the citizens of Edinburgh by materially diminishing the income which had hitherto been expended amongst them. Such warnings were regarded as the drivellings of a senile intellect. Year after year the work of abolition went on. Some offices were suppressed, others grievously curtailed; and in several departments, where the fees of office were retained, these were ordered to be transmitted, and are so at the present moment, to the general account of the Treasury, in which they figure under the item of Miscellaneous Revenue;—so that the public purse of Great Britain is now augmented by the balance of the fees which were originally intended for the maintenance and support of the high officers of the Scottish crown.

Now, mark the consequence of all this. The bar, as a profession, has been very materially lowered; for it is impossible to expect that the same class of men as formerly will devote themselves assiduously to the law, when it no longer holds out to their ambition the reasonable prospect of an ultimate prize. No Scottish advocate now-a-days can hope to be comfortably shelved save on the Bench, and it is a long and weary toil to attain that coveted eminence. There are hardly any middle situations left, which a man of any talent or enterprise would accept. But a lower field has been opened, and the bar is now, to the detriment of the country

practitioners, monopolising the inferior situations of sheriffs-substitute; and the holders of these places are still, notwithstanding a recent change for the better, but inadequately remunerated for the onerous duties which they perform. It is now quite notorious that the Scottish bar can hold out no inducement to young men of talent and distinguished abilities. It is therefore not surprising to find that many members of our oldest and most influential families have now qualified themselves for the English bar, which, with its colonial judgeships, commissionships, and high offices, is in all probability the first profession in the world. The English, Bogle, are too wise a people to strip themselves naked, because at certain seasons their clothing may have been inconveniently warm.

I say, therefore, that the wholesale spoliation and reduction of offices in Scotland has had, in the first instance, the effect of removing from Edinburgh many of the ablest men, at least of the rising generation. And if that should be thought a light matter, let me remark, that not only the law but the literature of the country has suffered. The time has been, and is not long gone by, when, in a single turn of the Parliament House, you might encounter in their advocates' gowns, such men as Scott, Wilson, Jeffrey, and Lockhart—it would now, I think, rather puzzle you to select from the children of the Scottish Themis, one single name equal in weight to the least of these. Edinburgh, I am afraid, has ceased to hold rank as a nursery of talent; and for that, as well as other deteriorations, she may thank the Reformers and the Whigs.

In the second place, I say that there is not a single tradesman in Edinburgh who has not suffered materially in purse on account of these insane reductions; and it would have been far better if some of them who set up for practical economists, had been minding their own balance-sheet instead of attending to the ledger of the nation. Is it not as clear as sunshine, that every penny which has been taken out of Edinburgh, has been ultimately abstracted from their pockets? Will any one of them venture to say, that trade has not de-

clined since the work of spoliation began? I am told by those who are intimately acquainted with the place, that the contraction of general society, even in the winter session, is something positively remarkable—that there is less festivity, less social intercourse, fewer equipages, and fewer entertainments now, than were common thirty years ago, when the city had attractions not only for our own but even for the English nobility. At present, as I understand, not a single Scottish peer maintains a mansion in Edinburgh, and the more influential of the gentry are gradually withdrawing from it also. It is useless to say that this is owing to the superior attractions of London. A small capital, provided it be otherwise a pleasant residence, will always attract to it persons of moderate fortune; because they are certain to obtain a much higher position in proportion to their means, than they could possibly aspire to in the more plethoric metropolis. But then the fundamental charm of such a residence consists in an agreeable society. And where, as in Edinburgh, every thing has been done to impoverish the habitual residents—where every possible inducement is held out to draw talent away from it, and where nothing is attempted to create a corresponding influx—where genius, however bright, must linger in obscurity and decay—is it, I ask, possible to expect that any such society can be found? You will find beauty there, no doubt; but, alas! that beauty can do but little for those who possess it. Go into an Edinburgh ball-room, and you will see groups of pretty young women, well educated, well principled, and with ancient blood in their veins, whose fate it is to be left withering on the stalk, because they have no portions of their own, and the men cannot afford to marry. And do you think that the poor fellows, bred up, through the mistaken pride of their parents, to a thankless and declining profession, are less legitimate objects of pity? Morning after morning, throughout the cold and dreary routine of the winter session, do they pace the barren boards of the Parliament House in a kind of dreamy languor, or laugh off with

reckless witticism the disgust which is preying on their souls. No kind agent approaches them with a fee, for there is scarcely legal business left—thanks to the new-fangled Jurisdiction Acts which throw a triple burden on the sheriffs—to keep twenty or at most thirty elderly advocates in something like tolerable employment. They are afraid to try literature, for the common prejudice is against it; and so the best and most precious years of their lives are consumed in idle listlessness, and in dull and sickening expectation. Far better had it been for them, if, like their younger and more fortunate brothers, they had been shipped off from school to India, even though they had fallen with glory on the banks of the distant Sutlej, or gone to sleep, benumbed and frozen, amidst the snows of the Kyber Pass! For then they would have left behind them a brave and an honourable name, and have escaped the weary curse of a profitless and ignoble existence. If not one other word of old Belhaven's prophecy were true, he spoke like a faithful seer, when he warned the Scottish gentry that ere long their daughters would be languishing for want of husbands, and their sons driven away to seek employment at the hand of the stranger.

All this is so perfectly conspicuous and self-apparent, that one cannot but be amazed at the apathy which has prevailed at the time when, and since, these miserable innovations were made. And I can hardly persuade myself that the citizens of Edinburgh—indeed the people of Scotland, for it is their common cause—will remain much longer quiescent, without making some effort for the restoration of their decaying capital. Let Edinburgh, in the first instance, have its due; and let the system of centralisation be so far relaxed, that the ordinary business of the nation may be conducted in its own capital. The loss to London would be nothing—the gain to Edinburgh would be immense; and I am sure no ministry whatever ought to grudge so reasonable a demand, more especially as the whole patronage would still be left in their power. As regards the legal and other official changes, I have every

reason to believe that even the Whigs are now convinced of the fatal effects of their policy ; and far be it from me in any way to impede their repentance. Indeed, neither party in the state are altogether blameless in this matter ; and I hope that as both have sinned against their country, both will join cordially in the graceful act of reparation.

Let us, moreover, have a board of commissioners, sitting at the same time with the Court of Session, before whom all evidence relating to private bills may be laid, before these are submitted to the consideration of the Imperial Parliament. I cannot figure to myself any possible objection to this scheme. It would cost the country nothing, for the whole expense of the establishment should be defrayed by the companies who are demanding constitution ; and considering the multiplicity of these projects, the quota of each would be a matter of absolute indifference. I maintain broadly, that justice will never be done, even to the companies themselves, until things are put upon such a footing. No man, or body of men, can properly perform the judicial function, unless they are directly responsible to the public. It is this principle which secures the due administration of justice, and it is universally acted upon throughout the civilised world.

In Committee practice, points are constantly occurring which involve legal questions of the subtlest and most delicate nature. Do five country squires, or five manufacturing cotton-lords, or five railway millionaires form a proper tribunal to hear or to decide upon these ? The simpler points of form and of order, and the competency or incompetency of leading a certain line of evidence, are matters which few of these gentlemen have any pretension to understand. And the consequence is, that in some cases the inquiry is protracted to a ridiculous length, by the intervention of parties who have no right whatever to be heard, and in others, a fair and legitimate opposition is ruthlessly strangled in the bud. The wisdom of collective parliament is undoubtedly great, but I deny that such wisdom is equally divided among the members. One

blockhead, through sheer obstinacy or stupidity, may throw out a bill on committee ; and surely it is rather imprudent that the risk should be unnecessarily incurred. On all these considerations, therefore, I advocate the establishment of a local board for Scotland, to relieve honourable members of the most onerous and thankless duty which they are now called upon to perform. The public would be better and more economically served ; and I need hardly point out the advantages which would accrue to Edinburgh. It is true, that under such an arrangement, my vocation and that of several thousands more would be at an end. We should no longer be brought up to London, at the cost of the unfortunate shareholders, to testify with Mandeville courage to the existence of imaginary mines, or the wealth of uncultivated districts. Our fictitious statistics would disappear beneath the operation of a sounder system than the present ; but I cannot presume to maintain that the interests of the nation would thereby be exorbitantly damaged. The establishment of such a board would cause far less expense to all parties concerned, than the course which is now pursued ; and surely it would be better if we were allowed to retain within ourselves that considerable portion of capital which is now either squandered in London, or quietly transferred to the pockets of the English lawyers. These gentlemen may well be satisfied with the product of their own country, without rapaciously absorbing the smaller item, which, if retained at home, is sufficient to resuscitate the poorer bar of Scotland.

I think it is very generally admitted, at least by the sufferers, that something should be done to counteract the baneful effects of that centralisation which has been gradually but surely on the increase. The members whom we send to parliament are infinitely too supine upon such really important points : they seem to forget altogether that they are intrusted with a national duty, and exhibit none of that watchfulness and spirit which characterise the zealous Irish. It is to be devoutly wished that some intelligent and

patriotic nobleman — some true and generous Scotsman, such as we all know the Earl of Eglinton to be — would put himself at the head of a national movement, and force these subjects upon the attention of our drowsy governments. I am certain that he would not look around him in vain for sympathy and support. The feeling that our Scottish interests have been culpably and dangerously overlooked, is now far more prevalent than ever; more especially since the detrimental effects of Peel's wanton aggression upon the Banking system of the nation have been felt by the commercial community. Every true Scotsman must feel that our present position is a degrading one; and we want but a vigorous effort to compel that justice which is our fair prerogative. But so long as our Peerage and members sit with folded hands, and allow every remnant of our native institutions to be uprooted and removed without a struggle and without remonstrance, we cannot expect any thing else than a continued drain upon our country, and a decline in the resources, the wealth, and the institutions of our capital city. Oh, for some spirit powerful enough to rouse those sluggards to their duty! Brave old Sir Walter sleeps in his honoured grave at Dryburgh, and as yet no one has arisen who is worthy to occupy his place.

But I must turn to some other theme; for I really can hardly keep myself within bounds when I reflect on this. What shall I tell you of now? — the theatres or Jenny Lind? You have no doubt heard of the great sensation which the long-deferred appearance of the Swedish warbler has excited in the metropolis, but you can scarcely form any adequate idea of its extent. The long delay which intervened between her first engagement and her actual visit, — the fuss, fighting, and controversy betwixt the two rival managers — and the reports of the unparalleled enthusiasm with which she was received at Vienna and elsewhere, all served to keep the expectation of the public screwed up to the highest pitch. And when it was at last ascertained that the actual Jenny was in London, and speedily to appear, the price of opera-

boxes and of stall-tickets rose as rapidly in the market as railway scrips in the redoubted days of staggering. Mr D'Israeli's friends, the Caucasians, were too acute to let so glorious an opportunity escape them. They bought up on speculation every vacant place, and retailed them at exorbitant profits to the eager and impatient amateurs. The expenditure of coat-tails at the pit-door for the first two or three nights was, I understand, something prodigious. Fractured ribs were as plentiful as gooseberries in their season; and the triumph of the syren was complete. She retired amidst a shower of bouquets — one of them thrown by a royal hand; and next morning the journals, forgetting politics for a time, vied with each other in ecstatic rhapsody and high-flown panegyric of the fair and gifted stranger. All this was extremely stimulating to the curiosity; and though, as you are well aware, nature has not gifted me with extreme nicety of ear, and the exorbitant rate of admission was somewhat of a stumbling-block, I resolved to throw parsimony to the winds for once, and took a box upon joint speculation with our friend Mr Archy Chaffinch.

After all, Her Majesty's Theatre upon a gala-night presents a very gorgeous spectacle, and I do not wonder that, apart from the music, it is a place of so much attraction. The mere sight of the company is enough to strike us poor provincials with astonishment — for I believe that in no other assemblage in the world will you see so much beauty, rank, and elegance congregated as here. The opera for the evening was the "*Somnambula*," and after the curtain had risen, and the preliminary scene was over, a fair, fresh, innocent-looking girl, attired in peasant costume, tripped upon the stage, and the storm of applause which literally shook the house welcomed the appearance of the celebrated Swedish singer. I do not purpose, Bogle, to go through the performance in detail — for two reasons: first, because I am not a competent critic; and secondly, because even supposing that I were qualified to write the musical article for the *Morning Post*, I am well convinced that you could not understand me. But I will tell you

generally, and in plain words, what I think of Jenny Lind. The great charm of her performances seems to be this—that she combines together in extraordinary perfection the leading qualities of the actress and the singer. Nothing could be more natural, more touching, or more beautiful than the manner in which she embodied the character of Amina, and I write this with the full memory of the exquisite Malibran before me. But Malibran, with all her grace and genius, was more artificial than Jenny Lind. She always made it visible to you that somewhat of her simplicity was assumed; and occasionally she rather imitated the archness of the grisette, than the soft, modest, and yet playful demeanour of the village maiden. Jenny, on the other hand, is faultless in the expression of her emotions. Whether she is giving way to a burst of confiding love, or chiding her betrothed for his jealousy, or repelling with vexed impatience the approaches of the libertine Count, she never for a moment is untrue to the proper nature of her character. I never saw any thing so perfect as the sleep-walking scene; Siddons could not have done it better: and if mesmerism had often such charming pupils, it would soon become a popular science. Her voice in singing is most charming, but I think it strikes one less with surprise at its compass, than with delight at the exquisite melody and birdlike clearness of its tones. Indeed, no more appropriate name could have been bestowed on her than that by which she is now familiar throughout Europe—the peerless Nightingale of Sweden.

It is to be wished, however, that the more ardent admirers of this delightful syren would preserve some little moderation in their encomium. For it is quite obvious to me that, in actual power of voice, she is exceeded by several singers at present on the London stage; and whenever much physical exertion is required, she fails to electrify the audience with such bursts of magnificent song as thrill from the throat of Grisi. Jenny Lind seems to be quite aware of her own capabilities; for she has not yet selected a vehement or stormy part, which may be said to embody the highest operatic

tragedy. And she does wisely in confining herself to her own sphere, in which she has no equal. And I do most devoutly hope that all the adulation and applause which has been showered upon her, may not turn that sweet young innocent head; that when her period of probation is over, she may return to Sweden the same gentle and unassuming creature as when she left it; and in the quiet retreats of her native Scandinavian valley, find that happiness and calm content of soul which is better than all the plaudits of a changeable and fantastic world.

To tell you the truth, Bogle, I wish all this row was over. I am sick of hot committee-rooms, of gentlemen in horse-hair wigs, and of the whole paraphernalia of railway bills; and I long either to be throwing a fly on the breezy surface of Loch Awe, or enjoying a cool bowl of punch in your company at the open window of your marine villa which looks out upon the hills of Cowall. I no longer take pleasure in white-bait and those eternal courses of eels and diminutive flounder which constitute a fish-dinner at Greenwich, or in the equally unvarying repast which awaits one at Richmond of a Sunday. I get quite unhappy as I survey those gasping goldfish parboiling in the basin at Hampton Court: now that the horse-chestnuts have faded, Bushy Park appears to me but a seedy sort of place; and I have no inclination whatever to trust myself in the ring at Ascot. I am sighing for a wimpling burn or a green brae in the north, where I can lie down upon the gowans, look up into the clear deep sky, and listen to the pleasant sounds that in summer give glory to a Scottish glen. I cannot see any charm in the dusty Park, with its long strings of coronetted carriages—more than half of which, I am afraid, are justly challengeable at *Heralds' College*—and the bold, broad, Semiramis-like beauty of the women who are reclining luxuriously within. Titmarsh is decidedly right. It is but a picture of *Vanity Fair*; and, I fear me, vanity displayed in its poorest and most contemptible form. All that rivalry of equipage—all that glitter and splendour—all that parade of lazy menials in crimson and orange

attire, fail to impress me with any thing like admiration, and certainly do not excite within me the smallest thrill of envy. It is but the race of wealth, the competition of pomp, the exhibition of pitiful rivalry which now whirls along that smoking road: each is striving to outvie the other—not in greatness, nor in goodness, nor even in substantial comfort, but simply in the gew-gaws and trappings which are produced by the common artificer. I am not a "one-ness-of-purpose" man, Bogle, nor do I set up for an "earnest spirit;" but all this sort of thing strikes me as incalculably mean and plebeian. There is, in fact, among the English people, especially the Londoners, a degree of toadyism and worship of the externals of Mammon, which would be utterly ludicrous in any other part of Europe. In some countries a man is esteemed for his personal talents and pretensions; in others, the claim of noble blood and unalloyed descent reflects a borrowed splendour and consideration upon individuals; but nowhere, except here, as far as I know, are claims to rank put forward on the foundation of a lacquered equipage, and a couple of flaunting and pimpled dependants, for whose sake one is almost tempted to believe that a portion of the human race are created without the awful and immortal attribute of a soul! Aristocracy-hunting, indeed, is a passion which is carried in London to a most incredible extent. Much as the son of the soap-boiler values himself on his wealth, he is yet a discontented person if he cannot by some means attach himself to a scion of nobility, of whose acquaintance he may boast to his less fortunate compeers. He will even go so far as to pay hard money for such an adventitious distinction; and many are the thousands which annually find their way from ignoble to titled pockets for this meanest of earthly privileges. Nay, I believe that there is no possible form of imposture which will not be assumed by some, for the sake of constituting an imaginary link between themselves and the members of the class whom they look up to with a species of adoration. I shall give you a very pregnant proof of this. A hereditary tendency to corns, and

a lingering regard for the ancient bond of alliance between Scotland and France, have caused me for many years to submit my toes to papooshes of the foreign manufacture. In former times, it is true, I might have undergone reproach as a discourager of the home market—but all such scruples have been removed by the policy of Sir Robert Peel. Accordingly I went, the other day, to a rather celebrated warehouse in Regent Street, where ready-made Parisian boots are vended; and after some trouble selected a couple of pairs, which I fondly hoped might enhance the native symmetry of my instep. When the parcel came home, I opened it, and the first pair which I extricated bore on the inside and on the sole, the name of the Hon. Augustus Bosh. I thought at first there might be some mistake, but on inspection I was convinced that they were the same boots which, that morning, I had fitted on unsullied and unmarked, and, as Bosh and I seemed to be of about the same calibre of pedestal, I felt no hesitation in perambulating London for a couple of days upon his soles. I then drew forth the other pair, which, to my great astonishment, I found were marked as the property of a certain Viscount St Vitus. Now, I had only experimented in the first instance with the right moiety of these boots, and on attempting the other, I was annoyed to find that my heel was at least twice as large as that of the noble peer. In consequence I went back to the warehouse, and this time selected a virgin pair without spot or blemish, in order that I might possess at least one unquestionable footing of my own. It would not do, Bogle. The boots were sent to me inscribed as the property of Lord Alfred Le Pitcher, and at this moment I am installed in that respectable nobleman's leather. Now, mark the consequences. If I go down to the country, I shall inevitably be taken either for the Honourable Augustus, who is notorious for his defalcations in the ring, or for Le Pitcher, who is proverbially a *roué* and a spendthrift. In the one case I run the risk of a horse-whipping, in the other I am perfectly certain to be subjected to an exorbitant bill. Or, supposing that

my personal appearance does not justify the noble imputation, am I to run the hazard of being charged as an impostor, or possibly mistaken for a thief? Heaven knows, I have no earthly desire to represent those distinguished personages. I would much prefer to walk in unchallengeable boots of my own, but I am not permitted to do so. Now I hold this Frenchman to be quite a genius in his way. He sees the leading foible of the people with whom he has to deal, and humours them to the top of their bent. Many a cadaverous Cockney has he dismissed from his apartment exulting and frolicsome in spirit, and convinced in his inmost soul that he has now some tangible connexion with the aristocracy, and may possibly be able to persuade some country chambermaid that he is the scion of a noble house.

But I really must break off now, as it is almost time to go down to the committee. The period of the Session of Parliament seems as yet quite uncertain; but you may be sure I shall

make as good use of my time as I can. Our people were thrown, the other day, into a terrible state of consternation by the rumour of a dissolution when the money market was just at its tightest; and for my own part I thought that the Whigs would be justified had they taken the easiest way of disposing of the Gordian knot. Peel's Banking Restriction Act, like the car of Juggernaut, was in full operation, crushing under its wheels the small trader and every man who required credit throughout the country; and as the ministry had not the courage or the ability to stop it, they might with considerable grace have taken up their garments and fled. However, things are now looking somewhat better; shares, though not buoyant, are on the rise, and the hearts of the proprietors are being cheered by the prospect of a coming dividend. Farewell, Bogle. Give my compliments to Cansh, and tell him that the Powhead's Junction was yesterday pitched into limbo.

SIR H. NICOLAS'S HISTORY OF THE NAVY.

"HER ancient British name, *Clasmerdin*, 'the sea-defended green spot,' indicated alike her fertility and natural protection," writes Sir Harris Nicolas, in the commencement of his *Naval History of Great Britain*. *Clasmerdin* may she still and long deserve to be called—"the sea-defended green spot!" Long may she fight her battles on the waste of waters—on the untilled and untenanted plains of the ocean! Long may she carry forth, and offer up, upon the seas, her great sacrifices to the god of war!

It has been remarked that war, though it assumes a most terrible aspect when to its own proper dangers are added all the perils of the sea, is yet carried on with more humanity, and with a more generous spirit of hostility, between ships upon the ocean than between armies upon land. "Two armies," says Mr James, in the preface to his *Naval History*, "meet and

engage: the battle ends, but the slaughter continues; the pursuing cavalry trample upon and hew to pieces the dead, the wounded, and the flying. A fort is stormed, and after a stout resistance carried: the garrison for their brave defence are put to the sword—as for their tame surrender they would have been branded (and who can say unjustly?) with cowardice. Two ships meet and engage: the instant the flag of one falls, the fire of the other ceases; and the vanquished become the guests rather than the prisoners of the victors. In another case, boarding in all its fury succeeds the cannonade: still no cutlass is raised after possession is complete. Again: a vessel, instead of flying from or quietly yielding to, boldly engages an opponent of treble her strength. Her temerity is accepted as valour; and all the mischief she may have caused—all the blood she may have spilt—far from

A History of the Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the French Revolution.
By SIR NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, G. C. M. G.

provoking the rage, does but ensure the respect of the captors. In a fourth case, a fatal broadside sinks one ship: out go the boats of the other, and the emulation then is, not who shall destroy, but who shall save the greatest number of the enemy."

Perhaps it may not be altogether fanciful to deduce that love of *fair play*, or rather of fair fighting, and that generosity to the vanquished which refuses to strike an adversary when *down*—traits which confessedly distinguish the national character of the English—to these more liberal customs which prevail in naval combat, the form in which war is so well known and honoured amongst them. Their naval victories, and the spirit in which they have been won, fill the imagination from the earliest years, and animate and regulate the combative propensities of the boy. Only strike your colours—know me for your better,—exclaims the young hero, and his adversary may quit the field uninjured—nay, shall be protected from all other assailants. Our national character, some may be disposed to suggest, has given the tone to our naval combats, and not these the temper which distinguishes our national character; seeing there is nothing peculiarly mollifying in the circumstances themselves of a sea-fight. Perhaps not; but still the customs which prevail in maritime warfare have a less capricious, and what will be thought a less noble, cause than the national character of the people who have chiefly distinguished themselves in it. We suspect they must be traced to the vulgar, but the constant motive of cupidity. In a naval combat one great object of victory is to capture the vessel itself—a prize in which all are interested. If it were not the custom to spare the vanquished crew—if, on the contrary, it were the custom to put them to death, no enemy would surrender his ship; he would rather set fire to it, or sink it, and sink with it in the waves. Were not the conquered secure of their lives on the surrender of their vessel, they would have no motive whatever for suffering it to become the rich prize of their adversary. On this account it is, and not because men are a whit more disposed to spare their enemies on sea

than on land, that by general consent the battle is supposed to be at an end the moment the flag is struck.

As to that "fourth case," in which a fatal broadside sinks one of the combatants, we have no difficulty in believing that a quick revulsion of feeling may naturally take place, and that hostility may suddenly change into compassion on beholding their drowning enemy within the clutch of their great common adversary, the sea. But even this change of feeling has been facilitated by the previous habit of regarding the combat as definitively closed when a ship has been fought as long as possible.

That it should ever have been considered a law of war that the captain or governor of a fort should be put to death by the conqueror for having attempted to hold an untenable place, is only one of those many instances where tyranny and overbearing force loves to clothe itself in the form of law or custom. The pretence of diminishing bloodshed is shallow enough. A general at the head of a great army is impatient at being detained before some insignificant town or fortress, and revenges himself by a sort of military execution on the bold man who has ventured to oppose him with so contemptible a force. Wallenstein, one of the proudest of men, and the least scrupulous of shedding blood, is said to have adopted, more systematically than any other general, this so-called law of war. If the same custom has never been introduced into naval combats, it is because there is not even the shallowest pretext on which it can be founded. A ship, however inferior in force to its adversary, if it have no chance of victory, may yet have a chance of escape. The governor of a castle—he and his castle are rooted to the earth: the sea-captain gives his walls and his artillery to the winds; he and his guns, by some skilful manœuvre, by some obstruction or crippling of his foe, may, after a brief encounter, get out of reach and out of sight. Many are the turns and tides of fortune in a naval engagement; all the accidents of navigation are added to those of war. There is no shadow of reason, therefore, for treating with peculiar severity the captain of a vessel who refuses to obey the

summons of his more powerful adversary, but resolves to take advantage of whatever chance his skill, his bravery, and the various incidents of a sea-fight may afford him.

We hold it, therefore, to be a fortunate circumstance, favourably influencing our national character, as well as preserving us from many of the calamities that attend on war, that we as a nation have been called upon chiefly to defend ourselves by means of "our wooden walls."

A more national subject, or one on which there was more evidently a vacant space for a new book, Sir Harris Nicolas could hardly have selected, than this of a history of our Navy from the earliest times down to the period when the *Naval History* of Mr James commences. Yet the expectations of a reader who sits down to the perusal of such a work should not be too highly raised. Nothing is more glorious than the naval victories which our country has achieved; but few things are more monotonous and wearisome than the description of a series of naval engagements. There is the same repeated account of masts shot away or "badly wounded," of rigging cut to pieces, sails rent and riddled, and shattered hulls; till the ships, not the men, seem the real combatants, and it appears to be a contest between oak timbers and cannon-balls, between the power of endurance in the wooden fabric and the explosive force of gunpowder. A naval battle is always split into details; if two hostile fleets encounter, no matter of what magnitude, it is still but a multitude of single combats between ship and ship. When we have gone through the incidents of one or two of these tremendous duels, it must require in the historian singular power of narration to induce us to proceed to the final destruction and capture of the rest of the fleet. If any thing could abate the enthusiasm of an Englishman in the naval heroes of his country, it would be the obligation to read a detailed account of the victories they had achieved. Very feeble is the cheer we give for Trafalgar, after reading all we can read of Mr James's account of the battle.

Not by any means that naval warfare is destitute of its stirring annals,

and of adventures which have all the colouring of romance. But the interest of the narrative does not rise with the importance and magnitude of the occasion. It is in the single combat of detached frigates—in the perils and fortunes of the light cruiser, probably some frigate's tender—that the incident which stirs the blood is most frequently encountered. A little gun-brig, the *Speedy*, mounting its fourteen four-pounders, and manned by some forty men with a few boys, is cruising in the Mediterranean, cutting up the coasting trade of the Spaniard, who thereupon despatch, from several ports, armed vessels in pursuit of her. One of these, the *Gamo*, (we are abridging one of Mr James's narratives) a thirty-two-gun zebec frigate, by means of hanging or closed ports, decoys the *Speedy* within hail, and then drawing these suddenly up, discovers her heavy battery. Against stratagem let stratagem be first tried. The English captain hoists Danish colours, and parades upon the gangway a man dressed in the costume of a Danish officer, who roars out something which with the Spaniard passes for the Danish language. The *Gamo* is, however, but half satisfied, and sends her boat with an officer to make more particular inquiries. Him they softly hail before he can well get alongside, and inform—in some other language, we presume, than their Danish—that their brig has lately quitted one of the Barbary ports; reminding him that a nearer visit will subject him and his ship to a long quarantine. This he knows well enough; so, after a few mutual salutations and wavings of the hand, the vessels part company, one glad at having escaped the plague, the other equally glad, one might suppose, at having escaped capture.

But not at all. The officers and men of the English brig had been all impatience to encounter their superior antagonist, and desired nothing better than to try their fourteen four-pounders and their forty men and some boys against the thirty-two long guns of their opponent, and their crew of some three hundred men. Lord Cochrane—for he it was who commanded the *Speedy*—on learning this disposition of his crew, promised them, if he again

fell in with the Spaniard, to give full scope to their wishes. "On the 6th of May, at daylight, the Speedy being close off Barcelona, descried a sail standing towards her. Chase was given, but owing to light winds it was nearly nine o'clock before the two vessels got within mutual gun-shot. The Speedy soon discovered that the armed zebec approaching her was her old friend the Gamo. The former, then close under the latter's lee, tacked and commenced action. After a forty-five minutes' cannonade, in which the Speedy, with all her manoeuvring, could not evade the heavy broadsides of the Gamo, and had sustained in consequence a loss of three seamen killed and five wounded, Lord Cochrane determined to board. With this intent the Speedy ran close along side the Gamo; and the crew of the British vessel, headed by their gallant commander, made a simultaneous rush from every part of her upon the deck of the Spaniard. For about ten minutes the combat was desperate, especially in the waist; but the impetuosity of the assault was irresistible; the Spanish colours were struck, and the Gamo became the prize of the Speedy!"

There is more to interest the imagination in a detail of this comparatively insignificant combat than in the manoeuvres and engagement of a whole fleet. They are the episodes in the great war that supply the naval historian with his most stirring narratives. Even the frigate's tender has a more romantic history than the frigate herself, combining in her solitary cruise all the charms of adventure with all the perils and enterprise of war. Few, we suspect, go steadily through Mr James's history of the battle of the Nile; and there are few, perhaps, who do not retrace their steps to read a second time his account, succinct and unadorned as it is, of the tender of the Abergavenny. We will indulge our own readers with a portion of it.

"Amongst the many weary hours," writes Mr James, "to which a naval life is subject, none surely can equal those passed on board a stationary flag-ship; especially in a port where there is a constant egress and regress of cruisers; some sailing forth to

seek prizes, others returning with prizes already in their possession. During the whole of 1799 and a great part of 1800 the fifty-four-gun ship Abergavenny, as she lay moored in Port Royal harbour, Jamaica, daily exposed her officers and men to these Tantalusian torments. At length it was suggested that a small tender sent off the east end of the island might acquire for the parent ship some share of the honours that were reaping around her. A thirty-eight-gun frigate's launch having been obtained, and armed with a swivel in the bow, the next difficulty was to find an officer who, to a willingness, would add the other requisites for so bold and hazardous an enterprise. It was not every man who would like to be cramped up night and day in an open boat, exposed to all kinds of weather, as well as to capture from some of the many pickaroons that infested the coast. An acting lieutenant of the Abergavenny, one on whom nature had conferred an ardent mind,—habit, an indifference about personal comfort,—and eighteen or twenty years of active service an experience in all the duties of his profession, consented to take charge of the cruiser-boat. Mr Michael Fitton soon gave proofs of his fitness for the task he had undertaken; and the crew of the Abergavenny could now and then greet a prize of their own among the many that dropped anchor near them.

"Late in December 1800, Lieutenant Fitton transferred himself and his crew to one of their prizes, a Spanish privateer, a felucca of about fifty tons, mounting one long twelve-pounder on a traversing carriage, with a screw to raise it from the hold when wanted for use. Having embarked on board of her, and stowed as well as he could his crew of forty-four men and officers, Lieutenant Fitton, early in January, sailed out to cruise on the Spanish main."

After destroying many of the small craft of the enemy which had been committing vexatious depredations on the West Indian commerce, and having suffered much himself from a succession of storms, and refitted his now crazy vessel to the best of his power, "he bore up to Carthagena, intending

to coast down the main to Portobello, in the hopes of being able to capture or cut out some vessel that might answer to carry his crew and himself to Jamaica. On the 23d of January, early in the morning, as the tender was hauling round Cape Rosario, a schooner was discovered, to which she immediately gave chase. The schooner, which was the Spanish guarda-costa Santa Maria of six (pierced for ten) long six-pounders, ten swivels, and sixty men, commanded by Don José Corei, a few hours only from Carthagena, bore down to reconnoitre the lugger. As the latter had her gun below, and as many of her men hid from view as the want of a barricade would permit, the former readily approached within gun-shot. Lieutenant Fitton could not resist the opportunity of showing how well his men could handle their twelve-pounder. It was soon raised up, and discharged repeatedly in quick succession, with evident effect.

"After about thirty minutes' firing with cannon and musketry, the Santa Maria sheered off, and directed her course for the Isle of Varus, evidently with intent to run on shore. Her persevering opponent, with his one gun, stuck close to her, plying her well with shot great and small; but the tender was unable to grapple with the schooner because the latter had the wind. At length the Santa Maria grounded, and Lieutenant Fitton, aware that if the schooner landed her men in the bushes, no attempt of his people would avail, eased off the lugger's sheets, and ran her also on shore about ten yards from the Santa Maria. The musketry of the latter, as she heeled over, greatly annoyed the tender's men, who had no barricades to shelter them; but Lieutenant Fitton leaped overboard, and *with his sword in his mouth*, followed by the greater part of his crew, *similarly armed*, swam to, boarded, and, after a stout resistance, carried the schooner.

"Four or five that were on the sick list, heedless alike of the doctor's injunctions and their own feeble state, sprang over the side with their comrades; and one or two of them nearly perished in consequence of their inability to struggle with the waves.

"The Spanish inhabitants having collected along, and opened a fire from the shore, and the prize having grounded too fast to be got off, Lieutenant Fitton took out of her what was most wanted for his own vessel, landed the prisoners (for whom, being without a 'tween-decks, he had no room) and even the dead, and then set the vessel on fire. Having effectually destroyed this Spanish guarda-costa, the Abergavenny's tender sailed back to Jamaica, and on the fourth day reached Black River with scarcely a gallon of water on board."

—(*James's Naval History*, vol. ii. p. 563.) These sea-tigers, swimming with their swords in their mouths—climbing in this fashion the steep sides of a defended vessel—assailing, taking it—then landing safely the conquered and their very dead, before they set fire to it—here is war in all its pristine ferocity, while the fight is forward, and in its most humanised and generous mood when the victory is won.

How the present writer, Sir Harris Nicolas, will acquit himself in the description of naval engagements, we can hardly judge, as the first volume only of his work is yet published, and this does not bring him into the era of broadsides, and "tremendous cannonading." This volume addresses itself rather to the naval antiquarian than to the professional seaman, or the enthusiast in naval exploits. It contains much interesting material; and it is rather our object to give some account of its contents, than to pass an elaborate criticism, which would be somewhat premature, upon a work of which we have merely the commencement before us.

In a manly, distinct, and well written preface, the author gives a statement of the sources of his details, and of the course which he has prescribed for himself in the treatment of his subject. Our old chroniclers have hitherto, it seems, been the sole source from which historians have derived their accounts of the naval transactions of the earlier reigns of the Kings of England. Sir Harris Nicolas has illustrated, corrected, and enlarged the scanty and often precarious information which these old chroniclers afford, by a variety of de-

tails extracted from the public records. These details cannot be supposed to be always of an interesting or popular character, but their utility will not be questioned, and the industry which is here displayed in collecting them will meet with its due acknowledgment and undisputed praise.

In the treatment of his subject our author has made two great divisions.

"I. The civil history—containing the formation, economy, and government of the navy.

"II. The military history.

"To the first division belong the construction, the size, rig, appearance, tonnage, armament, stores, equipment, and expense of the various classes of vessels; the manner in which ships and seamen were obtained by the crown, and the number and description of the officers and crews, their pay, provisions, prize-money, and discipline. Under this division, every thing else relating to the navy has been noticed; namely the Cinque Ports, dock-yards, lighthouses, pilotage, maritime laws, the law of wreck, taxes and other contributions for naval subsidies, the Court of Admiralty, the right of England to the sovereignty of the seas, the invention of the compass and of the modern rudder, the national flag, &c. To these statements are added biographical notices of the admirals, and other persons, who have been eminently distinguished for their talents or prowess at sea.

"The second division treats only of active naval proceedings; that is to say, the employment of ships in piratical acts, military expeditions, remarkable voyages, and, of course, all sea-fights."

Here, it will be observed, is a wide range of subjects on which information is promised, and so far as the work has advanced, the performance by no means belies the promise: on almost all these topics something is added, of more or less importance, to the stock of our knowledge. The classification, however, here adopted has this great inconvenience, it obliges the author to travel twice over the same epoch, first for his civil, and then for his military history of the navy. As the same public events are necessarily

alluded to in both departments, an air of repetition is thrown over the book, and the reader finds himself on two or three occasions brought back to the commencement of some king's reign,—an Alfred or a Richard Cœur-de-Lion,—whom he thought he had left long ago behind him. This repetition Sir Harris Nicolas is not unconscious of, but thinks it "inevitable;" we cannot help thinking that a little more pains bestowed on the arrangement of his materials might have obviated this disagreeable effect, produced by the retracing of his steps. With a little more labour of the artistic kind, with a little more attention to the subordinate toils of composition, he might, we imagine, have so kept his materials together as to have come down the stream of time in one voyage, with both civil and military equipage on board. This ascending again and descending a second time, with a cargo which to all appearance might have been stowed away on the first voyage, gives an unusual tediousness to our mode of progression. This want of a skilful arrangement, and dexterous blending of his materials, together with the dryness of some of the details—which many readers will think should have been relegated to an appendix—will operate against the popularity of the work. But a popular work it was not the ambition of Sir Harris Nicolas to produce: he has compiled one which will be highly useful to the laborious student of history. We must add, too, lest we should be creating a false impression, that the idlest of readers, allowing for a little *shipping*, may peruse it with interest. And in point of style, the work has one invariable charm: it is free from all affectation—simple, manly, straightforward—a charm which, next to that of the highest order of eloquence, is the greatest and the rarest.

Our history of the navy begins, as may be supposed, from the invasion of Cæsar, and with the scanty notices he has recorded of the maritime skill of these barbarian islanders whom he both discovered and conquered. From these notices it would appear that our British ancestors, at the time of the invasion of Cæsar, were more advanced in naval architecture than were

the Anglo-Saxons, who, at the decline of the Roman Empire, took possession of the island. But the British navy, whatever it might have been, seemed to pass away with the Roman name and the Roman protection, and our history may be said to have its true commencement with the shipping of our northern invaders and settlers. There is no line of *affiliation* between the Saxon and the British navy; it is the northmen we must regard as our direct naval ancestors. We open the work of Sir Harris at the description he gives of the Anglo-Saxon shipping.

"However much the vessels of the Anglo-Saxons may have differed from each other in length, it may be safely concluded that though described as 'ships' or 'long ships,' these vessels were, in fact, only large, deep, open, undecked boats, and that none of them exceeded fifty tons in burden. Their prows and sterns were considerably elevated; and one or both were usually ornamented with effigies of men, birds, lions, or other animals, which were sometimes gilded. To a single mast, supported by a few shrouds, or rather stays, a large square sail was suspended, which could only have been useful when going large, or before the wind; hence their main dependence in contrary winds and calms was upon their oars. The modern rudder being unknown for many centuries after this period, they were steered by paddles fixed to the quarter. While the steersman, who was also the captain or master, and perhaps, too, the pilot, held the paddle in one hand, he kept the sheet of the sail in the other, thus guiding and providing for the safety of his vessel at the same time. It is doubtful if for any purpose these vessels ever carried more than fifty or sixty men; and when not employed they were drawn up on the sea-shore. . . .

"A very interesting account is given by northern historians of the Danish fleets which so frequently harassed this country. The crews obeyed a single chief, whom they styled their 'King,' and who also commanded them on land; who was always the bravest of the brave, who never slept beneath a rafted roof, nor ever drained the bowl by a

sheltered hearth—a glowing picture of their wild and predatory habits. To these qualities a celebrated sea-chieftain, called Olaf, added extraordinary eloquence, and great personal strength and agility. He was second to none as a swimmer, could walk upon the oars of his vessel while they were in motion, could throw three darts into the air at the same time, and catch two of them alternately, and could moreover hurl a lance with each hand; but he was impetuous, cruel, and revengeful, and 'prompt to dare and do.'—(P. 9.)

To enter more minutely into the naval antiquities of this period would appear to be a hopeless enterprise. There were a class of vessels, we are told, called "*ceols*," probably longer, narrower, and of less burden than others, but which Sir Harris will not venture to describe more accurately. "In a later document," he adds, "they are classed with '*hulks*,' but there is as much uncertainty about an ancient '*hulk*,' as about an ancient '*ceol*.'"

Alfred, our first admiral, as he has been justly called, was also the best shipwright of his day; he not only led the way to naval victory, but he also built ships of an improved structure, and of a greater magnitude than had ever been seen before. "They were full-nigh twice as long as the others;" says the chronicler, "some had sixty oars, and some had more; they were both swifter and steadier, and also higher than the others. They were shapen neither like the Frisian nor the Danish; but so as it seemed to him that they would be most efficient." Evidently a man of original genius, this Alfred. Taking himself the command of his "long ships," he conquered the Danes in several battles, and in particular repelled a certain invasion of one Hasting who had made a camp at *Boulogne*! where he had collected his infantry and cavalry and a fleet of two hundred and fifty sail.

In the reign of Edgar, if our ships were still small, they were numerous enough. If we are to believe the monkish historians of this reign, his fleet consisted of three thousand six hundred sail, "all very stout ones;" some say four thousand, and others

four thousand eight hundred. But these monkish historians were not only tempted, in gratitude to their munificent patron, to extol his power to their utmost; they were probably quite ignorant of nautical affairs. They were not likely to be much better informed on the shipping of their own country than they were of the geography of the island on which they were living; and of the singular notions on this subject sometimes entertained by these recluses, we have authentic testimony. *Here* their ignorance can be convicted. Edgar's fleet, "all stout ones," as they were, have passed away, and none can tell what their number may have been; but the hills, and seas, and rivers, which they misdescribed in their maps, still remain to speak for themselves. "In some of these maps of the twelfth century," (discovered in the monasteries at the time of their suppression by Henry VIII.,) Scotland is represented as an island separated from England by an arm of the sea. Ireland is also divided in two by the river Boyne, which is represented as a canal connecting the Irish Channel with the Atlantic. The towns are drawn in them of a disproportionate size, and the *abbeys*, with the walls, gates, and belfries, occupy so great a space as to leave little room for the rivers," &c.*

If the Anglo-Saxons had been capable of manning such a fleet as is here described, they must have been sad poltroons to have succumbed as they did to the Danes under Swain and Canute—the naval heroes who next appear in review before us. This Canute, after all his victories, is remembered chiefly, and remembered by every man, woman, and child amongst us, by the singular dialogue he is said once to have held with the sea. We must quote the story again for the sake of the commentary which is here attached to it. We are glad to find, by the way, that the story has escaped—it is a very narrow escape—from the clutches of historical criticism.

"The anecdote by which the name of Canute is best known to posterity,

though unnoticed by the Saxon annalist, stands on the authority of an early historian. 'Besides many splendid warlike deeds,' says Henry of Huntingdon, who flourished about the middle of the twelfth century, 'Canute did three elegant and celebrated things, of which the following was the most memorable: Being at Southampton in all regal pomp, he placed himself on a seat on the sea-shore, and addressing the flowing tide with an air of authority, said, 'Thou, O sea! art subject to me, as is the land on which I sit; nor is there any one therein who dare resist my commands; now I enjoin thee neither to approach my land, nor presume to wet the feet or garments of thy sovereign.' But the tide rising, as usual, soon wetted his feet and legs, and the king, retreating, exclaimed,—'Let every inhabitant of the world know that the power of kings is a vain and trifling thing, nor is there any one worthy of the name of king but He at whose nod the heavens, and earth, and sea, and all that in them are, obey his eternal laws.' From this time Canute never wore the crown, but placing it upon the head of an image of the crucifixion, set a great example of humility to future kings.

"The world," adds our author, "has always seen, in this beautiful anecdote, a striking lesson to courtly sycophants; but it was reserved for two profound lawyers to discover in it an important political fact, they having gravely insisted that the king thereby most expressly asserted the sea to be a part of his dominions."—(P. 18.)

How far the two profound lawyers, in their argument for England's dominion of the seas, could strengthen their case from the title which Canute the Dane chose to bear, we stop not to inquire; but it gives its full meaning and point to the popular anecdote to understand of Canute, that he claimed a dominion over the sea as well as the land, and that his title proclaimed him to be lord of the ocean. Otherwise, his refusal to wear the crown after the contumacious

rising of the waters, and his suspending it on the holy image, would be devoid of any peculiar significance. It was as monarch of the sea that he declared himself dethroned by the rebellious waves.

However numerous the fleets which our Anglo-Saxon kings were capable of occasionally collecting—as, for instance, Edward the Confessor when threatened by an invasion from Norway—it is evident but little progress had been made towards establishing a permanent naval force. For when, William the Conqueror invaded England, although his great preparations were matter of notoriety, and he had taken no pains whatever to conceal his design, the attempt was not made to encounter him at sea; all was left to the issue of the battle upon land. And William himself had so little appreciation of any naval power attached to the possession of the island, that he burned his ships as soon as he had landed, merely to give his men an additional motive for their courage.

Sir Harris Nicolas has given us here an engraving of the vessel in which William himself set sail from Normandy—a copy from the celebrated Bayeux tapestry; and on several other occasions we are presented with etchings taken from some antique representation. These are well to have, and curious to look at; but it is very difficult to extract any information whatever from such designs, it being impossible to know what is to be attributed to the rude state of the pictorial art, and what to the rude condition of naval architecture. It would be almost as safe to take our notion of a Chinese *junk* from the ships we see sailing in the sky upon their porcelain ware, as to derive our ideas of William the Conqueror's ship from the tapestry of the Empress Matilda and her ladies. Though needle-work was in such repute and perfection, that we are told by Miss Strickland, quoting Malmesbury, how "the proficiency of the four sisters of King Athelstane in weaving and embroidery procured these royal spinsters the addresses of the greatest princes of Europe," we must still take leave to think that the fidelity of representation was often

somewhat sacrificed to the exigencies of the worsted work. In this engraving, the unhappy pilot or steersman, while he is working his paddle-rudder with one hand, holds the sail in the other, holds it bodily by the sheet in his extended hand, without the assistance of any belaying pin, or even of a rope. Are we to infer from this, that the simple expedient of turning a rope round a pin to hold the sail the firmer and the easier, with capability of slackening it at pleasure, was unknown in these times, or that the fair artist had but slender knowledge of the management of sailing craft? We are informed that the original exhibits a tri-coloured sail of three broad stripes, brown, yellow, and red: who can tell us whether these gay colours had any other origin than the taste of the needle-woman, and the claims of the worsted work? Sir Harris Nicolas has gravely observed that there are more shields hung round the outside of the vessel than there are men within it—which might have been anticipated without counting them, as it was much easier to work a round shield than even such figures as are here intended to pass for men. We must plainly be content with as many men as she of the needle can manage.

The accession of William the Conqueror, owing to the contempt which the Norman had of commerce, and the little care he took to protect or honour the merchant—(little would he have dreamed of ennobling, as did the Saxon, the man who had made three voyages!)—must have retarded the progress of England as a naval power. Land and castles, forests and hunting-fields, were all the Normans thought of. But though chivalry was no friend to commerce or to navigation, the crusading spirit which seized upon all the knights of Europe, gave fresh employment and a new impetus to our marine. It is thus that the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion came to be an important epoch in our naval history. His expedition to the Holy Land incurred the necessity of building many and large vessels; voyages were to be performed to the Mediterranean; and the British navy made its first conquest in distant seas—the isle of Cyprus.

"The English navy at this time seems to have consisted chiefly, if not entirely, of large galleys, afterwards called galliasses and galiones, small and light galleys for war, and of *busses*, which were large ships of burden, with a bluff bow and bulging sides, chiefly used for the conveyance of troops, stores, provisions, and merchandise. No drawing or description of English ships before the reign of King Edward II. justifies the idea that they had ever more than one mast; but some of the busses in the fleet which accompanied King Richard I. from Messina to Cyprus, are said to have had 'a three-fold expansion of sails'—an ambiguous expression, which may mean that they had three sails on one mast, or that the sails were affixed to two or more masts."—(P. 75.)

These small craft, so gaily decorated, sailing and rowing together in even lines, and in such close order that each ship was within hail of its neighbour, with the armour of the knights, their spears and their pennons, seen glittering within them, and their shields ranged on the outside, must have presented a very picturesque appearance, especially when spread out in the calm blue waters of the Mediterranean. "As soon as the people heard of the arrival of Richard at the port of Messina," says a contemporary writer, Vinesauf, "they rushed in crowds to the shore to behold the glorious King of England, and at a distance saw the sea covered with innumerable galleys; and the sounds of trumpets from afar, with the sharper and shriller blasts of clarions, resounded in their ears; and they beheld the galleys rowing in order nearer to the land, adorned and furnished with all manner of arms, countless pennons floating in the winds, ensigns at the ends of the lances, the beaks of the galleys distinguished by various paintings, and glittering shields suspended to the prows. The sea appeared to boil with the multitude of the rowers; the clangour of their trumpets was deafening; the greatest joy was testified at the arrival of the various multitudes: when thus our magnificent King, attended by crowds of those who navigated the galleys—as if to see what was un-

known to him, or to be beheld by those to whom he was unknown,—stood on a prow more ornamented and higher than the others; and landing, displayed himself elegantly adorned, to all who pressed to the shore to see him."

Richard was as much distinguished for bravery on sea as on land, and during his expedition to Palestine he zealously performed the duties of admiral of his fleet. He sailed in the rear—which in him must have been a remarkable self-denial—for the better protection of the convoy. During a tempest which overtook them and threatened their destruction, he remained cool and collected, encouraging all around him by his speeches and his example. And when the gale abated, the King's ship, which was indicated during the night by a light at the mast-head, brought to, that the scattered vessels might gather round her. "In truth," says Vinesauf, "the King watched and looked after his fleet as a hen doth after her chickens."

These, his "chickens," however, he was by no means disposed to spare, if any thing like battle was going forward. Sailing along the coast of Syria, an immense ship was discovered ahead. It proved a Turk. It was the largest vessel the English had ever seen, and excited great wonder and admiration. Some chroniclers call her a "dromon," others a "buss," while one of them exclaims, "A marvellous ship! a ship than which, except Noah's ship, none greater was ever read of!—the queen of ships!" It had three masts, and was reported, though it is incredible, to have had on board fifteen hundred men. It was on its way to Acre to assist in the defence of that place, and was laden with bows, arrows, and other weapons, an abundance of Greek fire in jars, and "two hundred most deadly serpents prepared for the destruction of Christians."

Lingard has, in his severe classical manner, described the contest of Richard's fleet with this gigantic Turk. But the account which our present author gives of it, being in great part immediately translated from the original of Vinesauf, is so highly graphic, and withal so cha-

racteristic of our *Cœur-de-Lion*, that we must find room for a portion of it.

"The moment the galley (which had been sent to reconnoitre the strange vessel) came alongside of the ship, the Saracens threw arrows and Greek fire into her. Richard instantly ordered the enemy to be attacked, saying, 'Follow, and take them! for if they escape ye lose my love for ever; and if ye capture them, all their goods shall be yours.' Himself foremost in the fight, and summoning his galleys to the royal vessel, he animated all around by his characteristic valour. Showers of missiles flew on both sides, and the Turkish ship slackened her way; but though the galleys rowed round and about her in all directions, her great height and the number of her crew, whose arrows fell with deadly effect from her decks, rendered it extremely difficult to board her. The English consequently became discouraged, if not dismayed; when the King cried out, 'Will ye now suffer that ship to get off untouched and uninjured? Oh, shame! after so many triumphs do ye now give way to sloth and fear? Know that if this ship escape, every one of ye shall be hung upon the cross or put to extreme torture.' The galley-men making, says the candid historian, a virtue of necessity, jumped overboard, and diving under the enemy's vessel, fastened ropes to her rudder, steering her as they pleased; and then, catching hold of ropes and climbing up her sides, they succeeded at last in boarding her. A desperate conflict ensued; the Turks were forced forward, but being joined by those from below, they rallied and drove their assailants back to their galleys. Only one resource remained, and it instantly presented itself to the King's mind. He ordered his galleys to pierce the sides of the enemy with the iron spurs affixed to their prows. These directions were executed with great skill and success. The galleys, reced-

ing a little, formed a line; and then, giving full effect to their oars, struck the Turkish ship with such violence that her sides were stove in in many places, and the sea immediately rushing in, she soon foundered."—(P. 120.)

Of the Greek fire, which is here incidentally mentioned, Sir Harris Nicolas gives us a terrible description. He thinks it an instrument of war more dreadful than gunpowder, or than any other discovery of modern chemistry. "It was propelled in a fluid state through brazen tubes from the prows of vessels and fortifications with as much precision as water is now thrown from a fire-engine. The moment it was exposed to the air it ignited, and became a continuous stream of fire, bringing with it excruciating torture and inevitable destruction. Unlike any other combustible, water increased its properties, and it could only be extinguished by vinegar, or stifled with sand;* while to its other horrors were added a thick smoke, loud noise, and disgusting stench."

A stream of fire playing upon a vessel presents a terrible enough picture to the imagination; but we doubt very much if this Greek fire would have ever been replaced by gunpowder, if there had not been very good reasons for the preference. To have your instruments of destruction under complete control is one of the first requisites of war; and it is probable that this continuous stream of fire, which might be avoided by a slight movement to the right or left, was often utterly wasted, and that its preparation and employment was almost as perilous to those who used it, as to those against whom it was directed. The sagacity of man is rarely at fault in the work of destruction, and we have perfect confidence that he would in this matter make choice of the most effective means at his disposal.

If the impression on the imagination, or the terror excited in a spec-

* If Sir H. Nicolas has no other authority for this fact of its being extinguished by vinegar than the extract which he afterwards gives from Vinesauf,—it does not stand on a very secure basis. "This fire, with a deadly stench and livid flames, consumes *flint and iron!* and unquenchable by water, can only be extinguished by *sand or vinegar.*" The story about the vinegar comes, we see, in very suspicious company.

tator, were any test of the efficacy of these terrible contrivances, many of the earliest and rudest would claim our preference. We might look with respect upon that expedient which an old traveller, Carpini, attributes to the fabulous hero and monarch, Prester John. "This Prester John (whom he places somewhere in India) caused a number of hollow copper figures to be made, resembling men, which were stuffed with combustibles and set upon horses, each having a man behind on the horse with a pair of bellows to stir up the fire. At the first onset of the battle these mounted figures were set forward to the charge; the men who rode behind them set fire to the combustibles, and then blew strongly with the bellows. Immediately the Mongul men and horses were burned with wild-fire, and the air was darkened with smoke. Then the Indians fell upon the Monguls, who were thrown into confusion by this new mode of warfare, and routed them with great slaughter."—(*Maritime and Inland Discovery*, vol. i. p. 258.)

These fiery cavaliers must have been fearful enough to look upon, darting flames from eyes and mouth like so many Apollyons; but it must also have been a fearful business to act as faithful squire to one of these combustible knights; and, after all, a single piece of artillery, one long black cylinder of iron with its sooty charge, were worth a whole regiment of them.

It is worthy of remark how few of these schemes for the wholesale destruction of an enemy, or his fleet, have ever succeeded. They have raised great expectations on one side, and great alarm on the other, but have generally ended in some very paltry result. Even in modern times, when the use of explosive materials is so much better understood, fire-ships, and the like inventions, have proved of little efficacy. The means of destruction are great, but they are not sufficiently under the control of those who would use them. In the late war, in order to destroy the flotilla at Boulogne, we despatched four fire-ships in succession—"catamarans" as they were called, horribly stuffed with gunpowder and all sorts of inflammable

matter. They exploded one after the other with a terrible noise, but effected nothing. Those who have read Cooper's History of the American Navy, will remember the disastrous issue of that "floating mine" which was to destroy the fleet and arsenal at Tripoli. This "infernal," as it was called, was filled with a hundred barrels of gunpowder, a hundred and fifty shells, a large quantity of shot, great and small, and all manner of fragments of iron. In the dead of night it was to sail unperceived into the harbour of Tripoli, and the officer and men who had the charge of it, after having lit the fuse, were to return in their boats to the frigate *Nautilus* from which they had proceeded. The men on board the frigate, watched the "Infernal" till its dim sail was lost in a pitch-dark night. Then came a fierce and sudden blaze—a torrent of fire like the great eruption of Vesuvius, and a concussion that made the vessel tremble from its keel to its topmost spar. Tenfold night succeeded—and silence; and every eye was vigilant to discover the returning boats. Some leaned over the sides of the vessel, holding lights to guide them; others placed their ears near the water, to detect the sound of their oars. They never reappeared; not a single man of them returned. By some unexplained accident, all had perished in the explosion; and the morning dawned, and the enemy was untouched and uninjured.

Amongst the many subjects which Sir Harris Nicolas has occasion to treat in the course of his naval history, none is more curious than that of the *law of wreck*. A rude and barbarous people concluded that what was thrown by the tempest on their coast was a sort of godsend, and the property of the first finder. The king, as general finder of all lost treasure, was not long before he put in his paramount claim; and the common law sanctioned it, proceeding, we are told, upon the principle, that by the loss of the ship all property had passed away from the original owner. With equal gravity it might have sanctioned any species of theft or spoliation, by promulgating the principle, that when a man can no longer keep possession of his goods, "all property has passed

away from the original owner." This was indeed "adding sorrow to sorrow, and injustice to misfortune." Henry I. has the merit of having first mitigated this cruelty of the common law. "He ordained that if any person escaped alive from the ship, it should not be considered a wreck:" on the principle, we suppose—for the law loves what it calls a principle, and if it partakes of the nature of a fiction loves it the more—that the person who escaped might be considered as an agent for the merchant or proprietor, retaining in his name a possession of the goods and the ship. But the next step in this humane course of legislation was still more singular. A statute of Edward I. enacts—"Concerning wrecks of the sea, it is agreed that when a man, a dog, or a cat, escape quick out of the ship, that neither such ship or barge, nor any thing within them, shall be adjudged wreck." Here the dog or the cat, which was so fortunate as to escape, must, in the eye of the law, we presume, have been clothed with the character of an agent, and looked upon, for the time being, as the servant of the hapless merchant. Such, we suppose, must have been the legal reasoning; but perhaps some prejudice of an ignorant people, which we cannot now follow or define, was in reality taken advantage of by the legislation of those days; and a rude selfishness, which would have been deaf to reason or humanity, was assailed by the aid of some superstition as rude as itself. However, after such a law, we hope no ship set sail without having a supply of dogs and cats on board.

The extent to which piratical habits, and indeed all manner of robbing and violence, prevailed in these early periods, is very well known; but the reader will find some curious and startling instances in the work before us. Between foreign countries there was generally a species of private war being carried on; for it was an understood custom, that when a native of one country was injured by a native of another, and could get no redress, he was justified in obtaining what

compensation or revenge he could from the fellow-countrymen of the person who had injured him. In such cases, his government granted him letters of marque—"license to mark, retain, and appropriate," the men and goods of such foreign nation. Even on land the creditor of one foreigner, who could not get paid, might attach the goods of any other foreigner—of the same nation, we presume. It had to be enacted by Statute i. West. c. 23., that "no stranger who is of this realm shall be distrained in any town or market for a debt wherein he is neither principal nor security."* Sir Harris Nicolas mentions a curious case at p. 235, which shows how rooted this idea must have been in the general mind, that the goods of all foreigners were liable for the debt of any one of them. One Richard de Canne had captured a ship in Brittany, and Helen, widow of Richard Clark, had lost a ship in Brittany; whereupon widow Helen laid claim to Richard's ship, and got possession of it. But the king reversed the sentence of the justiciary of Ireland—"forasmuch that it does not appear to us to be just that the said Richard should lose the aforesaid ship, which he acquired in a land at war with us, on account of a ship which the said Helen afterwards lost in the same hostile land."

The present volume of Sir H. Nicolas's history carries us no further than the reign of Edward II. We shall watch its future progress with interest. Hitherto we have to familiarise the imagination with ships or boats of very small dimensions, and their very limited exploits. And it is singular what an effort of the imagination it requires here to reduce sufficiently the scale of things. How complete is the contrast of that Saxon ship, with its one sail held by the hand, its few oars, its paddle at the quarter, and its sea-captain showing his dexterity in walking upon the oars while in motion, and throwing, like a conjuror, three darts in the air at once—with the stately man-of-war, and its calm and intelligent commander! Nothing can exhibit more

* Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 397.

strikingly than this contrast the gradual improvements which age after age may make and transmit. Mast has been added to mast, and sail to sail, and rope to rope; and in the hull, tier after tier of guns have been raised, till the ship has become the hugest and most complicated piece of mechanism the world has ever seen.

Who has not in his time gazed with wonder on those floating castles which the citizen of England from time to time sees hovering on his coast, the watchful and moving fortresses of his island home? You are a dweller in cities—you are lying, in some holiday and summer month, listlessly upon the beach—the great ocean is spread before you, illimitable—and it almost terrifies the imagination to think of men passing *out there*, in that wild waste of waters, given up to the two unthinking and gigantic powers of wind and wave; that have no more respect for man or his structures than if they were still in the liberty of chaos. That men *do* go forth to the uttermost ends of the world seems a thing almost fabulous—incredible. You have eaten of the lotus leaf: why *should* they go?—go from the firm and sheltering earth, to lay their lives upon the winds? But now comes in sight a sail; the extended wing floats unflinched; the tall tapering masts are visible; it moves imperturbable, like a god upon the waters. And look at that tongue of flame drawn back with a serpent's swiftness, and that wreath of whitest vapour that steals out from its side so

soft and graceful!—is that the deadly shot that levels stoutest walls, and puts to silence the bastion and the fort? So beautiful—so strong!—it walks the waves, how fearless!—and nothing on the sea can harm it, and nothing on the shore resist.

Where now are the great waters that swallowed up all enterprise, and smote the heart with despair? The sea is ours!—we live, we revel, we fight, we conquer on it.

The ship casts anchor, and you rush with many others upon the shore, and you enter a skiff, which will take you off to a nearer survey of this great visitor. You approach, and mount the sides of this floating arsenal. Is this the thing you saw moving light as a bird upon the horizon? You look down as from a house-top. That yacht which bore its pennon so gallantly in the air, and which is now moored under the stern, can just lay its fluttering flag on the solid deck you are walking. Look down—you are giddy with the height; look up—and you are again level with the waters; for there rises the enormous mast, piercing the sky, laying its steady spars against the blue ether, bearing its acre-broad canvass, that makes the vast hull with all its iron stores, bound over the surface of the wave. O *Clas merdin!*—thou “sea-defended green spot,”—such, and so great, is the sacrifice thou art called to offer up upon the deep to the god of war! May it avail to keep thy homes for ever untouched by the invader!

EVENINGS AT SEA.

It has often been a matter of surprise that we should owe so little of the contents of our treasury of literature to officers of the navy while actually employed at sea. The abundant leisure at their disposal, the endless variety of places visited, of events witnessed, of perils shared in, which their noble and important profession forces upon them, would appear to give every facility to those who are gifted with descriptive or imaginative powers, and to be almost capable of creating such where they do not originally exist.

But any one who has himself been for a long time on the desert of waters can no longer regard this with astonishment; he will have felt the difficulty of bringing the mind into active and continued exertion in pursuits unconnected with passing events. Though the physical functions may be stimulated into unusual vigour by the bracing air and healthful life on board, the power and energy of the mind are far from being proportionately increased.

Having just landed from a long and tedious voyage, I feel in my own experience a reproachful confirmation of this accusation of idleness against a life at sea. All the admirable resolutions of study and self-improvement, formed with the firmness of a Brutus on the shore, melted away with the weakness of an Antony when I trusted myself to the faithless bosom of the deep.

But there is no place where the stores of memory are more brought into use in the way of narration, than on board ship; perhaps it is that those who are at all inclined to garrulity find patient and idle listeners more readily than under any other circumstances.

My fellow-passengers, though not very numerous, were men of sundry countries, characters, and pursuits, and their manners and conversation made up in their odd and discordant variety, for what they lacked in refinement and intellectuality. It appears to me always the wisest plan for a traveller to join in the society of his fellow-passengers, whoever or whatever they may be. It is our own fault if we

ever meet any one so dull as to be incapable of affording us some amusement, or so ignorant that we can derive no instruction from their conversation. The fact is, that we are sure to be thrown into communication with many men who have travelled much, who have seen many countries, and tried many pursuits, of which we have known but little, and of which it must be always desirable that our information should be increased.

During our voyage, we usually assembled, in the fine calm evenings of a southern latitude, on the poop of the vessel, guarded from the evils of the dewy air by a tent-like tarpaulin attached to the mizen-mast overhead, with the friendly glass and the pipe or cigar to aid our social chat. After a little time our conversation often lapsed into narrative. As the thread of our discourse twisted through the various textures of our different minds, a subject would at times strike on the strong point or favourite idea of some one of our party, and with a half passive, half interested attention, we would hear him to the end.

A few of these men had lived active and adventurous lives, and witnessed stirring scenes; indeed, there was hardly one of them who had not some experience of interest, wherewith to contribute to the armoury with which we waged war against time, that enemy whose strength becomes almost a tyranny on board ship. Frequently, on the following morning, I used to endeavour to record the most striking of these narratives in the best manner my memory permitted—but I fear in a way which will prove but a too strong evidence of the soundness of the assertion I commenced by putting forth, as to the difficulty of any literary effort while at sea. The first narrative which I find noted in my manuscript was related to us by the agent of an English mining company in Peru: he was then on his way to London on business connected with his calling, and seemed a man of quick intelligence, information, and kindly feelings. His description of the golden and beautiful region

whence he had come, and the adventurous and prosperous labours of our own countrymen in that distant land, were highly interesting; but a simple story of the noble conduct of one of his miners—a rude and illiterate

Cornish man—caught my attention far more than any thing else, and added another strong link to the chain of sympathy which binds my heart in love and kindly feeling to my fellow beings. I give you his tale as I best can.

EVENING FIRST.—THE MINER.

In the spring of the year 1838 a vessel sailed from Falmouth, with thirty-two Cornish miners and artisans on board, engaged by different companies for Peru. They were principally young and adventurous men, who were readily induced to change the certainty of hard work and indifferent remuneration at home for the chances of a strange land. Some of them took their families to share their fate, others left them behind, to await their return if unsuccessful, or to follow the next year if fortune should befriend the emigrants.

Among these latter was John Short, a man of about four-and-thirty years of age; his brother-in-law, William Wakeham, two or three years his junior, accompanied him: both were skilled and experienced miners. Mary Short, the wife of the former, remained with old Wakeham, her father, who was a small farmer, living in the neighbourhood of Penzance. She had been married some twelve years before this separation from her husband, and had two surviving children, both of them young and helpless.

Her father had been much angered at her marriage; as in those days her young husband bore no very steady character, and was better known in the tap-room of the alehouse than at the labour-muster of the Captain of the mine. Indeed, the father had threatened to turn her out of doors for persisting in keeping acquaintance with the idle miner; and her brother, William Wakeham, a very robust and quick-tempered young man, had beaten her lover severely in a drunken quarrel, originating in the same cause. The injuries were so severe that John Short was carried to an hospital, where his kind-hearted but violent assailant paid him the most careful and anxious attention. A friendship was there formed which resulted in William Wakeham becoming a miner and John marrying his sister. The father was finally and with much difficulty

reconciled to both these arrangements.

The young couple toiled on well enough through their hard life; the alehouse was abandoned, and but that poor John was sometimes weak and ailing and could not work, Polly had no reason to regret her choice. William, who lived with them, was not quite so steady as they could have wished: he often staid out all night, and they were not without suspicion that the employment of these hours of darkness was scarcely reconcilable with strict obedience to the very arbitrary game-laws. In short, he was “had up” several times, and more indebted to good luck, than either his innocence or any mild weakness of legislation, that he did not become one of those whom we have driven forth from among ourselves to be the founders of that great future empire, whose principal geographical feature is Botany Bay.

But whenever his brother was too ill to go down to the mines, he worked double tides; and neither the heathery moors nor shady coverts had charms enough to tempt him away, when his sister or her family wanted half the loaf his labour was to purchase. At length hard times came upon the neighbourhood: work was scarce and wages low; the consequence was that the game in the adjoining preserves suffered considerably, and the tap-room of the village alehouse echoed with the voice of sedition and discontent, instead of the coarse but good-humoured gossip and song which had formerly been wont to be heard within its walls. This proved an excellent opportunity for the mining agent to secure good workmen for some speculations then being entered upon in South America. Accordingly a flaming advertisement in huge red and blue letters was posted up all over the country,—“Speedy fortune to be realised—gold mines of Peru—wanted some steady and experienced miners

—high wages—free passage and a bounty."

Poor William Wakeham's literary acquirements but just enabled him to make out the drift of the offer: Peru or Palestine, it was all the same to him; no change could make him much worse off than he already was. A picture at the top of the advertisement, of a man with a broad-brimmed hat, a pickaxe in one hand, and an enormously plethoric purse in the other, had great weight with him; and a strong hint from a neighbouring magistrate who preserved pheasants, quite determined his acceptance of the opportunity, if he could only persuade his brother-in-law to join the venture. After a good deal of argument and many consultations, John Short consented to go. He was threatened with ejectionment from his cottage for arrears of rent, which the company's promised bounty would be more than sufficient to discharge; but what overcame his greatest difficulty was, that he received a promise from the agent, that Polly and the little ones should follow them out next spring, for in this present voyage the number of women allowed to accompany the emigrants had been already completed. In the mean time she was to receive a portion of her husband's and brother's wages, which would make her comfortable and independent in her father's house. Poor thing! she combated the scheme strenuously; and all the prospects of making their fortune, and their present dire necessity, could scarcely induce her to agree to so long a separation.

Her husband and brother embarked after a cheerful but affectionate parting. She went home to her father's, who treated her kindly enough, and cried her eyes out for a week; but then the toils and anxieties of daily life distracted the sadness of her mind, and the strong hope of soon joining her husband again, and of their returning to England in a few years' time, supported her through the tedious interval.

The brothers were astonished at all they saw on board. The ship itself—the rudder—the compass, every thing was new to them: they had scarcely ever been out of their own remote parish before, and the

strangeness and novelty of what they saw diverted their simple minds for a time even from poor Polly and her parting sorrow. But when the vessel was once fairly under way, and the verdant slopes and woody hills of their fatherland had begun to grow dim in the distance, and the gloomy monotony of the great sea lay around instead, a dreary anxiety possessed their minds, and a vague feeling, almost of terror, sank into their stout hearts. They would then have gladly sacrificed all their gilded prospects, to be back once again in their little cottage, with poor Polly and their poverty. It was, however, too late; they could scarcely tell, in the fading light of evening, whether it were a cloud or a dim line of hills which stretched close along the horizon, in the direction where lay the home they had left behind, perhaps for ever.

Before them was the ocean; to them a confused and indistinct idea—unknown and uncertain as their future fate.

I am sorry to say William Wakeham's education had been by no means elaborate. Perhaps he was not altogether to blame for this; for though the masters he had laboured under cared very closely for the development of his stout and vigorous limbs, his moral improvement by no means interested them. But, worse than all, his ideas on theological subjects were exceedingly indistinct—the only religious instruction he had ever received having been in a small chapel of the Ranting persuasion, which, as the only house of worship close at hand, he occasionally attended. Indeed his stock of knowledge on these subjects consisted in a vague notion that the Pope and the Devil were perpetually engaged in mining operations, with explosive intentions, under houses of parliament.

But there was an instinct of reverence in his rude mind, an impression of awe and love for that God of whom he had heard his mother often speak, many years ago when he was a little child, before her early death. Sometimes in the bright summer nights, when he was labouring in the bowels of the earth, he would rest awhile from his work, and gaze up through the shafts at the blue sky, till the

dim but holy memories of the past crowded on his brain. He fancied then that the Great Being looked down from the high Heaven through a million starry eyes, into the deep mine—into his simple heart; and he felt that there was One far greater than the Captain of the workmen, or even than Squire Trebeck the neighbouring magistrate, and to whom the strength of his vigorous limbs was but the weakness of a child.

When in the summer Sunday afternoon, he rambled on the pleasant surface of the earth, in the fresh open air, with his brother and sister, and felt the warm sunshine, and saw the golden corn, and the lazy cattle, and the trout leaping in the pool; and heard little fidgety birds with very big voices, singing with all their might to tell how happy they were; he felt that He who is great is also good,—that He who has all power has boundless mercy too.

But ignorance and evil companions very often led poor William astray; and when temptations pulled one way and his good instincts another, it sometimes ended that he would poach, and drink, and fight as much as any of them, and prove very sore and penitent the next morning. John Short was what is called "a good kind of man," with few of the faults or virtues of his brother-in-law. He was quiet, industrious, and a good husband, but of a weakly constitution, and not much character or peculiarity one way or the other. Ever since their first quarrel these two had continued in hearty favour and goodwill one towards the other. And this friendship helped them through many a pinch, and cheered many a rough day.

It would be needless to follow the miners all through their voyage,—to tell at length how they wondered that the sea could be so wide and the world so large,—how the sun, as they went westward, seemed to travel so much faster—and that, in spite of all they could do, their great fat watches could not keep up with him;—and how a great storm arose, and blew for three whole days and nights in their teeth, and raised up monstrous waves to drive the vessel back;—then how the calm came, and the sails, wet with the heavy dews, hung idly on the spars, like Polly's washing on the lines in the back-yard at home.

After many weeks they touched at Rio Janeiro, when they went ashore for a little while to stretch their limbs. They were astonished at all they saw—the vast fleet of ships, the busy quays, the crowds of strange-looking brown people, who were dressed like the man they had seen in the play long ago at Penzance fair, and the queer way they all talked, so that our friends could not understand a word. They said; and the priests with loose robes and comical hats, who made them wonder if there were a parliament at Rio, for it would be surely blown up; mules larger than horses, with coats as smooth as satin; and above all, they were astonished at seeing a crowd of very ugly black people chained hand to hand in one of the squares, tethered for all the world like sheep on the market-green at home. They were fairly bewildered; and when they got on board again they agreed that they could not attend to digging, even for gold itself, if Peru were half so foreign a looking place as that.

They have left Rio, and steer along the Patagonian shore; the weather grows colder, the seas more stormy. They pass the gloomy mountains of the desolate and mysterious "Land of fire." Sometimes in the dark and tempestuous nights they can distinguish, far away over the western sea, sudden bursts of volcanic flame issuing from these unknown solitudes, illumining the frowning sky above, and the rocky wilderness around. In a long-continued storm of wind, and sleet, and snow, they double Cape Horn; then in a short time more, as they tend again towards the delightful regions of the tropics, the soft breezes of the Pacific fill their sails, and the calm sea and gentle climate repay them for the storms and hardships they have struggled through.

They touch at Valparaiso for a few days, where their simple wonder is again renewed; and finally, early in August, disembark at Lima, having gone through their long voyage in health and strength. After a short time allowed them to recruit, the emigrants were divided into several parties, and pushed on to the different stations in the interior. The mine which our friends were destined to aid in working, was about ten days' journey from the coast. At some

remote period of time, it had been worked with great success by the Indians; but till its recent re-discovery by a singular accident, when it passed into the hands of a wealthy English company, it had remained unknown: the secret of its locality having died with the Indian chief, whose hatred of the rapacious Spaniards had caused him to fill up the shaft, and hide all traces by which it could be found. There was a continual ascent: for a few days they passed through comparatively peopled lands, and usually stopped at some village or hamlet by a river's side, where provisions and refreshments could be obtained for themselves and their mules, without trenching on their stores. Indeed the abundant wild fruits, and rich and luxuriant grasses, would have stood them in good stead with but little other assistance.

But the last three days of their journey was through savage and sterile hills, by rocky gorges cut in the hard soil by streams now nearly dry; and the unbeaten track told them that travellers but rarely intruded on this lonely district. At length they reached their journey's end, and set stoutly to work to erect huts, and establish themselves for the coming winter. Numbers of Indians and half-castes soon joined them to assist in the simpler labours of the mine, and supply the workmen with provisions and other necessities of life. Twelve of the Cornish men were employed in this party. Their first labours were directed to sinking a shaft of considerable depth in the mountain's side, at the place which the discoverer pointed out.

Some months elapsed before the miners arrived at any satisfactory indications of precious ores; but, confident in ultimate success, our friends had got the clerk to write for them to Polly to say "all's well," and that she must not fail to come, as they were now housed and ready to make her and the little ones comfortable in that strange country.

At the time of the expected arrival of the ship which was to bear her, the completion of the great shaft was close at hand; the appearance of the veins of ore were such as to create the most sanguine expectations, and a day was fixed for finishing off the shaft previous to commencing

to raise the precious object of their labours. They worked till late on the evening of the appointed day in boring and tamping for a large blast which was to clear away the last ledge of rock lying between them and the vein of metal.

When the charge was completed, William Wakeham and John Short were left below to fire it. The other workmen were raised upon a stage by the windlass in the usual manner; and with most culpable carelessness hastened off to the spirit shop which had already cursed the little settlement with its presence, to make merry for having arrived at this stage of their labours, leaving only a weakly boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age at the windlass. There was some delay in fixing the match; and ere all was ready, the short twilight of those sultry regions had darkened into night, and William's old friends, the stars, looked down on him again through the deep well, as they had often done of yore. Then he and John talked of the old times and the old country, and of Polly's coming soon, and how the little ones would have grown, and how, in a few years, they would all go back home again over that terrible sea, and lay their bones to rest at last under the Cornish soil. They had no business to linger so long over their work; but once they began to talk over such things as these, it was hard to stop them.

"Now we have done with this weary blast," said Wakeham, as he lighted the fuse, and stepped, with his brother, on to the stage. He then sounded the whistle, the signal for working the windlass to raise them. They rose very slowly—unpleasantly so, indeed, for the fuse would burn but for five minutes. "Hurry on, wind faster," shouted William. Instead of that the stage stopped altogether, and a feeble childish voice from the top of the deep pit cried, "You are too heavy, I can only raise one at a time." "Get help quickly or we'll be blown up," shouted William, now seeing the imminent peril. For some twenty feet below in the dark hole he saw the match burning rapidly down, fizzing and flashing as if running a race with them for life. "Get help," again he shouted. But the feeble voice, now in a terrified tone,

told them that all were gone away but that one weak boy. "But I think I can raise one." There was but a moment to spare—perhaps not even that.

What passed through William Wakeham's mind at that tremendous time no tongue can ever tell. He dearly loved life; his pulse beat in the full vigour of sturdy health; he had learned but little of that hope whose fulfilment "passeth all understanding;" he had never read how the Roman or the Greek sought death in a good cause, and gave their names to brighten history's page, and gain what in our vain human talk is immortality. But that Great Being whose power and love had spoken to him in the bright stars and pleasant fields, had planted in the rude miner's breast a good and gallant heart, and in that time of trial he did as brave a deed as ever poet sang. "Good-by, John—look to poor Polly!" One grasp of his brother's hand, and he leaped from the stage down into the darksome pit.

Now the windlass winds freely up: there is hope for the one left; but the match burns quickly too, and writhes and flashes close down to the charge. Lay on stoutly! lay on!—strain every nerve, weak boy!—on every pull is the chance of a human life! John Short reaches the mouth of the shaft in safety; but before he springs out on the ground he turns one look below. His brother lay motionless on the bottom on one side of the rich vein of metal; at the other, the terrible match blazed up just as it reached the charge. Senseless with terror, he fell on his face at the pit's mouth, and the next moment up burst the mine, shooting the rent rock and the heavy clay into the air above.

When John Short recovered himself from his stupor, he looked down the gloomy hole with hopeless agony, from whence the heavy sulphurous smoke of the powder still ascended; and as he wrung his hands he cried, "Oh! poor Bill, dear boy, would that I had been there instead of you!" But stop—surely that is a voice—listen closer—yes—God of mercy! he is alive still. Up from the bowels of the earth comes that cheery, hearty voice, not a tone the worse.

How my heart warms as I tell this tale! Would that words came now at my desire to stir up the spirit to love and admiration! Gallant William Wakeham—noble child of nature—chivalrous boor—hero unstained by slaughter! Were there in the sight of the Omnipotent aught of glory in any human action, surely your brave deed would shine before him in a brighter light than "the sun of Austerlitz" shed upon the bloody field where the power of an empire was trampled in the dust.

Down went the stage,—up came Bill, blackened and bruised a little to be sure, but not to signify a jot; he had struck his head in falling against the side of the shaft and was stunned by the blow. It so happened, by one of those wonderful contingencies which sometimes occur when, in human eyes, escape seems impossible, that he fell in a corner protected by the tough metallic vein which projected a little above the level of the bottom. The explosion bent this by its force, instead of shattering it like the surrounding rock, and turned the ledge over him. This in a great measure defended him from the stones which fell back again into the mine. The shock aroused him from the stunning effect of the blow which he had received in falling, and he shouted heartily, "All right, John! all right!"

His reward soon came—Polly and the children arrived safe and well. When she wept with joy and thanked him in her own simple way for having saved her husband for her, he was so happy in their happiness that he would readily have jumped into the bursting mine again, rather than they should be parted any more. When our narrator, the mining agent, left Pern, the brothers were preparing to return to England; they had got on well enough, and had saved sufficient money to enable them to stock a little farm, near the village in Cornwall where they were born.

By the time this long story was told, it was past the usual hour of going to our berths; but I am ashamed to say that several of our party had already taken a large instalment of their night's rest, and knew no more about our friend William Wakeham than of the man in the moon.

THE DOG OF ALCIBIADES.

IN Plutarch's Life of Alcibiades the following passage occurs:—

"Alcibiades had a dog of an uncommon size and beauty, which cost him seventy *minæ*, and yet his tail, which was his principal ornament, he caused to be cut off. Some of his acquaintance found great fault with his acting so strangely, and told him that all Athens rang with the story of his foolish treatment of the dog. At which he laughed, and said, 'This is the very thing I wanted; for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should find something worse to say of me.'"

This anecdote, more popularly known in France than in England, has there been the origin of a proverbial metaphor. When a minor vice, folly, or eccentricity is assumed as a cloak for a greater one, with a view to throw dust in the eyes of an inquisitive public, and to veil from its curiosity real motives, intentions, and inclinations, the pretext paraded is called the Dog of Alcibiades. The true application of the term may be better illustrated than exactly defined, and the former course has been adopted in a French book of no distant date, entitled *Le Chien d'Alcibiade*. A single volume, the only one its author has produced—its wit, elegance of style, and general good taste would do credit to the most experienced novelist; whilst the warm reception it met from the Parisian public, ought, one would imagine, to have encouraged a repetition of the attempt. On its title-page was found the assumed name of Major Fridolin, the same under which a noted Parisian *turfite* enters his horses for the races at Chantilly and the Champ de Mars. The *gentleman-rider* (*vide* the Anglo-Gallic vocabulary patronised by the Paris *jockey-clubb*) who owns the fantastical pseudonyme, is more esteemed for wealth than wit, better known as a judge of horse-flesh than as a cultivator of literature, and generally held more likely to achieve renown by the strength of his racers' legs than of his own head. So that when an ably-

written novel appeared under his *nom-de-guerre*, people asked one another if he were possibly its author, and had previously kept his candle under a bushel, only to dazzle the more when the shade was withdrawn. There could be no doubt that the book was from the pen of a man of talent and refinement, accustomed to good society, and seizing with peculiar felicity its phases and foibles. The characters were so true to life, that it was impossible for those moving in the circles portrayed to avoid recognising the originals, not as individuals but as types of classes. The gay world of Paris was painted with a sharp and delicate pencil, without exaggeration or grotesque colouring. Some similarity might be traced to the manner of Charles de Bernard, but in one respect the new author had the advantage. His wit was as sparkling, his tone quite as gentlemanly and agreeable, but he eschewed the caricature into which De Bernard's *verve* not unfrequently seduces him. The name of the new aspirant for literary fame soon oozed out, and to Monsieur Valbezene was decreed the honour of having produced one of the most attractive novels of the day. It at once gave him a reputation for ability, and is even said to have conducted to his shortly afterwards receiving a government appointment. It brought him under the notice of the bestowers of loaves and fishes, as a man whose *finesse d'esprit* and knowledge of the world might be rendered serviceable to the state. M. Valbezene is now consul of France at the Cape of Good Hope. It is to be desired that he may there find leisure to cultivate his literary talents, and add others to the favourable specimen of them he has already given. In Paris we should have had less expectation of his so doing, for his book denotes him, if a writer may be judged by his writings, to be a man of ease and pleasure, more disposed and likely to sink into *far niente* and form the chief ornament of a brilliant circle, than to seclude himself in a

study, and apply seriously to literature.

The opening scene of M. Valbezene's book is a brilliant ball-room in the Faubourg St Honoré. At a whist-table sits the Count de Marsanne—a man of forty years of age, at most; of robust health and handsome person. His figure is stout without being corpulent; his ruddy countenance, tanned by exposure to the weather, is not without distinction and grace; his blue eyes are remarkably fine and intelligent; he wears his beard, and his thick strong hair is cropped short. His dress denotes the gentleman. His linen is exquisitely white, and the cut of his coat can only be attributed to the skilful hand of Blin or Chevreuil. The Count, who served previously to the July revolution in the hussars of the Guard, and who, since leaving the service, has sought in field-sports the peril, excitement, and activity essential to his ardent and impetuous character, drives his dowager partner to despair by his blunders at whist. He pays less attention to the game than to the facetious whispers of his cousin, De Kersent—a young man of five-and-twenty, short, fat, always happy and good-humoured, an eager sportsman, and much more at his ease at a battue than a ball. The rubber over, the Count leaves the heated card-room, to seek cooler air in an outer apartment. M. Valbezene shall speak for himself.

"Whilst posted at the entrance door, Marsanne was accosted by a young man of about eight-and-twenty, of elegant figure and most agreeable countenance. The exquisitely polished tone of this new personage, the tasteful simplicity of his costume, indicated a man of the best society, to whom the epithet of *lion* might with propriety have been applied, were it not that, in these days of promiscuous lionism, the word has lost its primitive acceptation.

"'Well! my dear Vassigny,' said Marsanne, breathing with difficulty, 'did you ever experience such a temperature? For my part, I was never so hot in my life, not even in Africa, when our soldiers blew out their brains to escape the scorching sun. Refreshments, too, are scarce

at the whist-table; we did not see even a glass of water. Consequently, my friend, I was so inattentive to the game, that, through my fault, my very heinous fault, we lost the rub. The Baroness de Pitrac, my unlucky partner, was tragically indignant. Ah! she will not forgive me in a hurry! If heaven has any regard for her maledictions, I shall pay dearly for the fourteen francs I made her lose.'

"'Madame de Marsanne is here?' inquired the young man.

"'Of course. You know me well enough to be sure I should not remain from choice in such a furnace. I am no great lover of balls, but this is the last of the season; so, one hour's patience, and a year's holiday is before me. Remember, we meet to-morrow morning at seven, sharp. Kersent accompanies us to Rambouillet. At last, then, I shall revisit my horses, my dogs, my forests; I shall have air—motion. . . *Tonton, tontaine, tonton*' . . . hummed the sportsman, whose face beamed with joy at thoughts of the chase.

"'Certainly, I shall be exact. . . But as you have been here some time, you will perhaps be so good as to show me Mr Robinson, the master of the house. None of my friends have been able to point him out, and I am rather curious to make my bow to him.'

"'Ma foi! my dear fellow,' replied Marsanne, 'your question is not easy to answer. I am inclined to think it is that crooked little gentleman in black—unless, indeed, it be yonder portly handsome man in the blue coat. Upon reflection, I vote for the latter. His wholesome corpulence tells of the substantial and judicious nourishment of the Anglo-Americans. In fact, I am as ignorant as yourself. On arriving, we were met at this door by the Marchioness de Presle, who, as you know, sent out the invitations for Mr Robinson; and as soon as we had paid our respects to the Marchioness, Madame de Marsanne dragged me forward to the third saloon, so that I know no more of our amphitryon than you do. But here is little Merville. He will settle our doubts.'

"The new personage whose coming Marsanne announced, owed to his

age alone the epithet applied to him, for he was above the ordinary height. He was apparently about one-and-twenty: his insignificant countenance, which in character bore some resemblance to that of a sheep, expressed perfect self-satisfaction. An embroidered shirt, and a white satin waistcoat, spangled with gold, might have made him suspected of a great leaning to the frivolities of dress, had not a white flower in his buttonhole revealed serious political predilections, and an unchangeable attachment to the fallen House of Bourbon.

"Movillez," said Marsanne, 'show Vassigny the master of the house; he wishes to make his bow to him.'

"For what?" inquired the youth, with adorable impertinence.

"For the sake of good breeding," replied Vassigny drily.

"Nonsense!" cried Movillez, 'you surely do not dream of such a thing: If you knew Mr Robinson he would bow to you in the street, and that would be very disagreeable.'

"There is pleasure in giving you parties; you are not even grateful for your entertainment."

"Perfectly true; and what is more, I consider Mr Robinson under an obligation to me. Persons of his sort are too happy to get people like us to go to their routs and help them to devour their dollars. But we do not on that account become one of them; that, *parbleu!* would never do. Thank heaven! even in these days of equality we have not come to that. An unknown individual arrives at Paris, having made his fortune in India, Peru, or Chili, in the slave-trade, in cotton, or in tallow. All well and good; I have nothing to do with it. I go to his balls, I eat his suppers; but I do not know him the more for that."

"You have your theory, I have mine," replied Vassigny; 'each of us thinks his own the best, I suppose.'

"Come, come, confess candidly that you wish to do the eccentric," said Movillez. 'Well, for your government, that little gentleman in the black coat, leaning against the chimney-piece, is the Robinson. He is very ugly. I am heartily sorry the Marchioness de Presle did not suggest to him to adopt the costume of his patron saint. The

pointed hat and palm-leaf inexpressibles would become him admirably. As to the ball, it is tolerably brilliant: there is a good deal of faubourg St Germain and faubourg St Honoré. *Dame!* there are other sorts too—a little finance, some beauties from the citizen-court, a few prudes from the Bal Rambuteau. The company is mixed, certainly, but still it is astonishing that this exotic has been able to collect so many people of fashion. You know the report about *il Signor* Robinson, that he was ten years in prison at Philadelphia? Yes, he is an interesting victim of human injustice; I am assured he reasons most eloquently on the penitentiary system.'

"These silly and slanderous jokes seemed any thing but agreeable to the two persons to whom they were addressed."

"Is your father's counting-house still in the Rue Lepelletier?" said Vassigny, with freezing *sang froid*. 'I want some bills on London, and shall give him my custom in preference to any other banker.'

"These words brought a vivid flush to the cheek of the young dandy; he replied only by an affirmative sign, left the two friends, and entered the dancing-room."

"Do you know, Gaston," said Marsanne, 'little Movillez was any thing but well pleased by your promising his father your custom?'

"I both know and am delighted at it. The little puppy forgot, when he sneered at the beauties of the citizen-court, that my sister belongs to the household of the Duchess of . . . I was very glad to remind him that his father is neither more nor less than a banker, and that it takes something more than a white rose in the button-hole to make a Montmorency or a Biron. But I must leave you."

"So saying, Vassigny pressed his friend's hand, addressed a few polite words to the master of the house, who seemed touched and surprised at this unusual piece of courtesy, and passed into the adjoining saloon. The ball was at the gayest; the elegant costumes had lost nothing of their freshness, the faces of the women, animated by pleasure, as yet showed no traces of fatigue. The orchestra, conducted by Tolbecque,

was remarkable for its spirit and harmony. Every thing in this charming fête was calculated to excite the indignation of those narrow-minded reformers who cannot understand that the luxury of the rich gives bread to the poor. Vassigny sauntered for some time through the crowd, shaking hands with friends and bowing to ladies; but it was easy to judge from his irregular movements and wandering glances, that he had not undertaken this peregrination without an object. At last he reached the door of a little boudoir—a delightful and mysterious asylum, hung with silk and perfumed with flowers. A chosen few had taken refuge in this sanctuary, where the murmur of the ball and the crash of the orchestra arrived faint and subdued. Here Vassigny seemed to have attained the goal he had proposed himself, as his eyes rested upon a lady gracefully sunk in an arm-chair, and chatting familiarly with M. de Kersent. It were necessary to borrow the swan-quill of Dorat, of gallant memory, faithfully to trace a portrait of this young woman, then in the flower of her age and beauty. Priding ourselves, unfortunately, on being of our century, and consequently very ungallant, we shall merely say, that it is impossible to imagine a sweeter or more charming countenance: without having the regularity of a classic model, the features were replete with fascination. Her eyelids, fringed with long curved lashes, protected eyes whose liquid and languishing expression was exchanged at intervals for bright and brilliant glances, indicative of a passionate and powerful organisation. The arch of her eyebrows was accurately and delicately pencilled; so affable was her smile, so white and regular her teeth, that one dared not call her mouth large, or tax it with extending—according to Bussy Rabutin's expression—from ear to ear. Her neck and shoulders, perfectly moulded and of dazzling whiteness, would have enchanted a sculptor. Her dress, extremely plain, was of white lace; a wreath of fresh-gathered corn-flowers decked her head—the humble field-blossom seeming proud of its place in the midst of a magnificent forest of golden hair, worthy to support a diadem. A

bunch of the same flowers in her hand, completed a costume whose simplicity was equalled by its elegance."

Thus, at setting off, M. Valbezene sketches the five principal actors in his domestic drama; and we have little further to read before discovering their virtues and vices, and the relation in which they stand to each other. The Count de Marsanne is a man of strict honour, and warm heart; generous instincts, and much delicacy of feeling. Sincerely attached to his wife, he has, nevertheless, from a very early period of their wedded life, greatly neglected her, leaving her to pine in solitude, whilst he indulged his violent passion for field-sports. The affection Amélie de Marsanne originally felt for her husband has yielded to the neglect of years, and been replaced by a violent passion for Vassigny, which he ardently reciprocates. So guarded, however, has been their conduct, that none suspect the intrigue. Marsanne has perfect confidence in his wife's virtue; and the gay, good-humoured Kersent, who is warmly attached to his beautiful cousin, and on terms of great intimacy with Vassigny, has not the remotest idea of the good understanding between the two persons he best loves. Movillez, an admirable specimen of the pretensions young Frenchman just escaped from college, and aping the vices and follies of more mature Parisian *roués*, affords many comic scenes, which agreeably relieve the grave and thrilling interest of the book. He also, unknown to himself, plays an important part in the plot, and by his indiscretion, is the cause of a world of unhappiness to the four persons already described. Francine, a fifth-rate actress at a Paris theatre, vulgar, profligate, and mercenary; and Major d'Havrecourt, a good-hearted old officer, punctilious on the point of honour, and fancying himself a man of most pacific dispositions, whilst in reality he is ever ready for a duel,—complete the *dramatis personæ*. Although D'Havrecourt has attained the ripe age of fifty, he still knows how to sympathise with youth, to understand its tastes and excuse its follies; and Movillez is one of the hopefuls whom he not unfrequently

favours with his society and benefits by his advice.

The day after the ball, Marsanne's hunting-party takes place. A wild-boar is killed, and poor Movillez, who has joined the chase in hopes of distinguishing himself before the eyes of a fair English amazon, meets with numerous disasters, principally occasioned by his bad horsemanship, but which his indomitable conceit prevents his taking much to heart. A week later we find him dining at the Café de Paris, in company with D'Havrecourt, and listening to sundry narratives of remarkable single combats which the old fire-eater had witnessed, heard of, or shared in. Dessert is on table, when these bellicose reminiscences are interrupted by the arrival of Kersent.

"Allow me to enjoy your society," said the new comer, "until the arrival of Marsanne, who is behind his time, as usual."

"With great pleasure," replied the Major cordially. "What will you take?"

"Nothing: I should spoil my dinner. Well! young man," continued Kersent, addressing himself to Movillez, "so we are getting on in the world, conquering a position, becoming a lion of the very first water. The *Journal des Chasses* talks of nothing but your exploits at the Rambouillet hunt."

"How so?" cried Movillez, greatly surprised.

"Yes, in the account of the day's sport it cites the elegant, the courageous, the dauntless Movillez as first in at the death. Two pages about you, neither more nor less, in the style of the passage of the Rhine by defunct Boileau."

"I did not deserve such praise. Henceforward, I will take the paper."

"You cannot do less."

"Read the article twice," said D'Havrecourt, who had listened attentively to Kersent's words. "You know me for a man of peaceable temper and disposition, an enemy, both by nature and habit, of all violence. Well, I read that article to-day, and it seemed to me that under the form of praise it concealed a tendency to satire. I hesitated to tell you of it, but since another has started the hare,

you shall have my candid opinion on the subject. We must not allow the press to take liberties with us; a man of the world should be extremely severe with those who dare to turn his private life into ridicule. Read the article attentively, and if you are of opinion the affair should be followed up, which in my conscience I think it ought to be, why, then," concluded the Major martially, "you may reckon on my services."

"Parbleu! D'Havrecourt," cried Kersent gaily, "you won't succeed in setting us by the ears."

"What! the article is yours?" exclaimed the two diners.

"Mine. Your astonishment does not indicate a very flattering estimate of my literary capacity. Yes, my friends! I mean to make myself a position, I aspire to become a legislator, and by way of getting my hand in, I write for the *Journal des Chasses*. Electors like to find in their candidate a man of letters, rich in the honours of pica and long-primer. So I flatter the elective weakness; I sacrifice to the parliamentary calf. Ah! only let me get into the Chamber," continued Kersent, in the tone of a future tribune, "and you shall see me take up a solid position. My plans are formed. Once in the Chamber, I defend the partridge, I plead for the rabbit, I declare myself the champion of fur and feather. Find a college of electors-intelligent enough to return me, and you shall have a game-law worthy of Solon. It is already framed in my head. Death for the poacher, death for the snare-setter: the philanthropical system of the Committee of Public Salvation! With such a law, you would soon see prodigious results. . . . But I arrived only this morning from Plessey, with Marsanne, and we set out again to-morrow for the forest of Orleans. His hunting equipage has preceded us. Any fresh scandal here? Are you successful with Lady Emilia? *Sapristie!* if she does not look favourably on you after your exploits of last week, her heart must be granite."

"Perhaps!" muttered Movillez with an air of consummate coxcombr.

"The *perhaps* is very significant; but I know your discretion, and will question you no further. And Vas-

signy, how is he? what is he doing? where is he?"

"I know a thing or two about him; and bye the bye, I will tell you what I know. You may be able to help me in my researches."

"I am all ears," said Kersent. "Ah! there you are, Marsanne! three quarters of an hour late, that's all: if I have an indigestion, I shall know whom to thank. But hush! Movillez is about to unfold the mysteries of Vassigny."

Marsanne, who had just arrived, nodded to his friends, and lent his attention to Movillez, who began as follows:

"I have given up the new system of horsemanship, and devote myself entirely to the equitation of the race-course; I am resolved to make a brilliant appearance next spring upon the turf of Versailles. Every day I take a sweating in the Bois de Boulogne, under the guidance of Flatman the jockey, who meets me at nine in the morning at the corner of the Allée de Marigny. I leave my house, therefore, at half-past eight, and proceed to my appointment by the Rue de la Pépinière and the Rue de Miromesnil. Several days together I met Vassigny at that unusual hour, in that out-of-the-way quarter, and saw him enter a small house, No. 17, in the Rue de Miromesnil, where it is impossible any acquaintance of his can live. This very morning I saw him again, and I determined to solve the riddle. I sauntered up and down the street, and, thank heaven! my patience was not put to a very severe trial. A little blue hackney coach, of mysterious aspect, with the blinds down, turned out of the Rue Verte, and stopped at No. 17. The coach-door opened, a lady tripped down the steps with the rapidity of a frightened doe and darted into the house. Impossible to say who it was. Her figure was elegant, she wore a dark-coloured morning dress; an odious black veil, impenetrable to the eye, fell from her velvet hat. But there was such an aristocratic air about her, such a high-bred atmosphere environed her, that I would wager my head it was some duchess or marchioness. The driver had resumed his seat, and I was venting execrations on black veils, when the god of scandal came to my aid.

I perceived, on the pavement at my feet, a little purse which the lady had dropped. In a second, I had picked it up, thrust it in my pocket, and run away like a thief with the police at his heels. As to the purse," continued Movillez, producing a small purse of plain green silk network, "here it is. Let us see if you can guess its owner; for my part I have not even a suspicion."

"The purse, curiously examined by Kersent and D'Havrecourt, at last came into the hands of Marsanne. He looked at it for a few moments, and then with a severe expression of countenance, addressed Movillez:

"You are young, Monsieur de Movillez," he said; "allow me to tell you how a well-bred man, a man of delicacy, would have acted under such circumstances. He would have given the money to the poor and thrown the purse into the fire. I will do for you what you should have done yourself."

"And approaching the fireplace, Marsanne dropped the purse upon the glowing embers, which instantly consumed it. There was something noble and solemn in the action of the Count's; the blood of the French chevaliers, those loyal subjects of beauty, had been stirred in the veins of their descendant by the recital of this blamable act of curiosity. Marsanne continued:

"Allow me to tell you, sir, that the men of your generation, accustomed to live with courtizans, and to seek venal and ready-made loves, are ignorant of what is due to women because they are women. None make more allowance than I do for the levities of youth. But what I blame is, that in utter wantonness, and for the gratification of an idle curiosity, you lift the curtain shrouding a secret, and pour out misery and desolation upon a poor woman, more deserving, perhaps, of censure than of utter condemnation. Be not more severe than a husband,—you, a young man, liable to profit by such errors; and remember that a true gentleman will respect women even in their weaknesses. Weigh my words, M. de Movillez; you will not be offended at my frankness."

A few hours after this scene, the Countess de Marsanne, alone in her

boudoir, and busy with her embroidering frame, receives a visit from her husband. Just returned from one hunting-party, and about to start upon another, the incorrigible sportsman is seized with remorse at the solitude to which his wife is condemned, and, touched by her resignation to a lonely and cheerless existence, he generously resolves to sacrifice his own pleasures to her happiness. He proposes that they should go to Italy, and pass the winter at Florence or Naples, where he trusts to wean himself from the chase and acquire a taste for domestic enjoyments. The Countess refuses to take advantage of the generous impulse, professes her sincere friendship for her husband, but avows that her love for him has fled, driven from her heart by suffering and neglect.

"At this moment Madame de Marsanne's maid came to tell her that her bedroom was ready for her reception. Then she added :

" 'I have looked every where for the purse of Madame la Comtesse, but it is no where to be found.'

"At these words, Marsanne's countenance assumed a singular paleness, and it was all he could do to master his emotion and say to his wife :

" 'You have lost your purse?'

" 'Yes,' replied the Countess, unobservant of her husband's agitation ; 'or, rather, I have mislaid it in some corner.'

" 'It was doubtless of value?'

" 'Oh! by no means. A little green silk purse, my own work, and nearly empty.'

"The Count remained motionless, like a man struck by a thunderbolt.

" 'You have no commissions for Plessy?' he at last articulated, breathing short and quick, and not knowing what he asked.

" 'I thought you just said you were going to Orleans,' replied the Countess.

" 'I shall visit Plessy on my return.'

" 'Then kiss my little godson Henriot. Much pleasure to you; and return as soon as possible.'

"Marsanne raised the Countess's hand to his lips, and left the boudoir; but he staggered like a drunken man, and was obliged to support himself by the bannister in order to reach his room.

"Towards the middle of that night,

a belated passenger through the Rue d'Anjou would have witnessed a curious spectacle. Although the cold was intense, a window was wide open, and by the light of a lamp a man was to be seen leaning upon the balustrade. From time to time, deep-drawn sobs of rage and despair burst from his breast, and he violently pressed his head between his hands, as if to prevent it from splitting. This man was the Count de Marsanne.

"The following morning a hackney coach, containing a lady closely veiled, had scarcely turned from the Rue Miromesnil into the Rue Verte, when a man, who for some time previously had paced to and fro, muffled in a large cloak, paused at No. 17 in the former street, dropped the folds of his mantle, and took off a pair of huge green spectacles that had previously concealed his face. The Count de Marsanne, for he it was, remained motionless beside the door whence the coach had driven. From his extreme paleness, and the gloomy immobility of his features, he might have been taken for a statue of stone.

"The hackney-coach was scarcely out of sight, when Vassigny appeared at the door of No. 17. On beholding him, the Count's eyes sparkled; he extended his hand and seized Vassigny by the arm.

" 'Will M. de Vassigny,' he said, 'honour me with a moment's interview?'

"Don Juan, dragged towards the abyss by the statue of the Commandant, cannot have experienced such a feeling of terror as at that moment took possession of Vassigny.

" 'Sir,' . . . he stammered, 'I know not . . .'

" 'I ask an interview, sir,' said the Count, with sinister calmness; 'I have grave matters to discuss with you; we should not be at our ease in the street; will you be good enough to conduct me to your house.'

" 'Really I know not what you mean.'

" 'I repeat, M. de Vassigny, that I have things to say which none but you must hear. Be so kind as to lead the way.'

" 'My house, as you know, is in the Rue de Provence,' said Vassigny, with a constrained air. 'I shall be happy to receive you there.'

"'Let us go,' said the Count.

"They walked in the direction of the Rue de Provence. By the time he arrived there, Vassigny's emotion had attained the highest pitch, and his legs bent under him as he ascended the stairs.

"A servant introduced the two men into an elegant drawing-room.

"There was a moment of terrible silence: Marsanne seemed to have shaken off his gloomy despair: inflexible resolution was legible in his eyes. Vassigny, on the contrary, appeared exhausted and overcome, a criminal awaiting sentence of death.

"'You have seen Madame de Marsanne this morning,' said the husband, with strange solemnity.

"'Madame de Marsanne! In Heaven's name, you are mistaken!' cried Vassigny. But his tone of voice, and the wild expression of his features, fully confirmed the Count's words.

"'You have seen Madame de Marsanne this morning,' repeated the Count. 'I know, sir, that as a man of honour, you are incapable of betraying a lady's secret; but I prefer the evidence of my eyes even to your word.'

"'Well, sir, my life is yours—take it!' cried Vassigny, casting towards heaven a glance of rage and despair. Marsanne gazed at the young man for a brief space, and then resumed.

"'Listen to me, M. de Vassigny, 'The law authorised me to assassinate you, but that is not a gentleman's revenge. The law further authorised me to have my dishonour certified by a commissary of police, and to drag you before the tribunals for condemnation—to six months' imprisonment and a few thousand francs' damages!—Mockery!! My instinct of honour rejected such an alternative. An honourable man revenges himself of an outrage by meeting his offender bare-breasted, and with equal weapons. You think as I do, sir?'

"'Your seconds, your time, your arms?' cried Vassigny, all his courage revived by this appeal to the point of honour.

"'Patience, sir—patience. The time will come when we shall meet face to face; but the hour of that mortal combat has not yet tolled.'

"'I wait your orders; from this day forward I am ready.'

"'I expected no less, sir, from your courage.'

"There was a pause, and then Marsanne continued.

"'Whatever be the issue of our duel,' he said, 'you have poisoned my life, heaped misery and bitterness upon the rest of my days. I believe you capable of appreciating what I am about to demand. Yesterday, sir, when I became aware of my dishonour, my first thought was a thought of blood. Then I examined my own conscience—a cruel and painful examination, for I was compelled to own that if Madame de Marsanne had betrayed me she was not alone to blame. I searched the innermost recesses of my heart, and I felt that this woman, abandoned by her husband, had at least the excuses of unhappiness and neglect. I thought of my poor child, whose mother's name I should tarnish, and my thirst of vengeance yielded to these all-powerful considerations. Honour requires, sir, that I should take your life, or you mine: but it demands still more imperatively that the cause of the duel should remain unknown.'

"'A pretext is easily found: a quarrel at the theatre or club will suffice.'

"'What, sir!' replied Marsanne, 'you, who know the world and its greedy curiosity as well as I do, can you think that it will be satisfied with a frivolous pretext, and will not strive, by cruel investigation, to penetrate our secret? No, sir! to-day a duel would leave too large a field for conjecture; our meeting must be prepared long beforehand. In this night of agony I have calculated every thing: the interests of my vengeance, the interests of my honour, the interests of a woman whom I still love.'

"The Count's voice quivered as he pronounced these last words, and a scalding tear coursed down his cheek.

"'Your wishes are orders for me,' said Vassigny.

"'You shall give me your word of honour,' continued the Count, 'that from this moment you will see Madame de Marsanne no more. Then, resuming a gay life, you shall make a parade of some intrigue, either in so-

ciety or behind the scenes of a theatre, which, by misleading suspicion, will enable us to have the meeting you must desire as much as myself.'

"Vassigny reflected for a few moments, and replied in a firm tone—

" 'Monsieur le Comte,' he said, 'I have long known you for one of those men with whom honour stands before every thing; and from the very first day I made, as now, the sacrifice of my life. But I am not bound to do more; and if I subscribe to your demand, I have a right also to stipulate a condition.'

" 'You!' exclaimed Marsanne, with repressed fury.

" 'Yes, I!' repeated Vassigny, with indescribable energy: 'my honour and my heart render it my imperious duty. Pledge me your word as a gentleman, that for every one, even for Madame de Marsanne, the real cause of our duel shall remain an impenetrable secret, and I at once adhere to all your conditions.'

" 'You love her, then, very dearly,' said the Count, with a bitter laugh.

" 'Enough to sacrifice my life, my honour, even my love, to her repose.'

" After a few instants of silence, the Count again spoke in a grave voice:

" 'You do your duty as a man of honour, sir, as I have done mine; and I now pledge you my word that for every one, even for Madame de Marsanne, the cause of our duel shall remain a profound secret.'

" 'On your day, at your hour, I am ready,' said Vassigny.

" 'I thank you, sir; depend on my word, as I depend on yours.' And with a dignified wave of the hand to his adversary, Marsanne left the room."

This violent scene had exhausted Vassigny's fortitude; the Count gone, he sank into an arm-chair, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

Some weeks have elapsed and the characters of the tale are assembled at a theatre: Marsanne, his wife, and Kersent in a box—Movillez and D'Havrecourt in stalls—Mademoiselle Francine on the stage. Vassigny, in one of the proscenium boxes, has no eyes or ears but for the actress.

He has kept his word to Marsanne, and Paris rings with the scandal of his attachment to Francine. She is the *Chien d'Alcibiade*. Strictly honourable in the observance of his promise, he has neither seen nor written to Madame de Marsanne since the day of his terrible interview with her husband. Such self-denial has not been exercised with impunity. In a few weeks, ten years have passed over the head of the unhappy Gaston de Vassigny. His brow is furrowed, his temper soured, and his amazed friends attribute these sad changes to his insane passion for the worthless Francine. He plays high; it is to supply the wants of his extravagant mistress. At the club, Marsanne is his usual antagonist, and always wins. Vassigny loses his temper with his money, and says harsh things to the Count, who bears them with exemplary patience, for the hour of his revenge is not yet come. But if Vassigny is supremely wretched, Amélie de Marsanne is not less so. She too, within a few weeks, has changed so as to be scarcely recognisable; and on her wan and pallid countenance the outward and visible signs of a breaking heart are unmistakably stamped. In vain has she striven to learn the reason of Vassigny's sudden and unaccountable estrangement. He steadily avoids her. She sees him in public, ostentatiously displaying his disgraceful *liaison* with a low actress, constant in his attendance at her performances, galloping on the Champs Elysées beside the carriage he has given her. She catches the innuendos of his acquaintance, sneering at or pitying his infatuation. At the theatre, on the night in question, she is agonised by the malicious jests of little Movillez, who pitilessly ridicules Vassigny's absurd and ignoble passion. Early the next morning Vassigny receives one of Kersent's cards, with a request written upon it for an immediate visit. Supposing his friend to have had a quarrel, and to need his services, he hurries to his house. Kersent, who is soundly sleeping, abuses his visitor for arousing him, declares he has sent no message, and disavows the handwriting on the card. Just then the servant enters and announces the arrival of a veiled lady, who waits in

an adjoining apartment to speak to the Viscount de Vassigny.

With pensive and care-laden brow; Gaston left his friend's room, and entered that in which the lady waited. But on the threshold he paused, and a deep flush overspread his countenance. He beheld Madame de Marsanne.

It was indeed the Countess, who, in contempt of propriety, and half-crazed with suffering, had resolved to hear her sentence from Vassigny's own lips. In vain she had written to him—her letters remained unanswered; in vain she had neglected no means of seeing him—her endeavours had invariably been fruitless. Her heart torn by such ingratitude, and by the scandalous passion Vassigny paraded for Mademoiselle Francine, she had not hesitated to seek an interview in the house of her husband's cousin. In the sad conversation that ensued, the most touching appeal that tenderness and suffering could inspire was addressed by the Countess de Marsanne to Vassigny. But he was able to impose silence on the passion that devoured him.

Divided between his love and the respect due to his plighted word, the two most violent sentiments that find place in man's bosom, Gaston's heart bled cruelly; but he triumphed over himself. Words full of the coldest reason issued from his lips; he had sufficient strength to break for ever the tie that bound him to the Countess. These cruel words did not fail of their effect: Madame de Marsanne believed that she had honoured with her tenderness one unable to appreciate its value, and incapable of a generous sacrifice.

"'M. de Vassigny' she said, 'you are a heartless man!'"

Such was the phrase that terminated this melancholy interview. The heart of Madame de Marsanne was broken, but a guilty love had for ever left it.

Some moments after the close of this scene, Vassigny re-entered Kersent's chamber; but his face was livid, and he could scarcely drag himself along. Without a word, he sank upon a chair and remained plunged in the most gloomy despair. Kersent's countenance, usually so joyous, had assumed an expression of anguish.

He had examined the writing on the card, and he could not conceal from himself that he knew the hand. The scene at the theatre the previous evening, came back to his memory: he remembered the strange melancholy of his cousin, her confusion when she returned him the card-case she had asked to look at; and from all these things combined, he concluded that a fatal secret weighed upon two beings whom he cherished with equal tenderness. On beholding Vassigny's profound consternation, the sportsman heaved a sigh of deep distress.

"'My dear friend,' he said to Gaston, 'a misfortune threatens you: open your heart to me, I conjure you, in the name of our old friendship.'

"Vassigny made no reply.

"'Hear me, Gaston; you know me well enough to be certain that no idle curiosity impels me. Perhaps I can serve you. If I may believe the sad presentiment that fills my heart, you suffer not alone, and the poor woman that suffers with you has a right to all my sympathy. For she who has just left this house, is——'

"Vassigny sprang to his feet, and placed his hand over his friend's mouth. 'No, no!' he exclaimed, 'the fatal secret shall die with me.' Then, without another word, he sat down at a table, and with a trembling hand traced the following lines:

"'Monsieur le Comte, there are tortures which human strength cannot endure. For mercy's sake, let us terminate this sad affair as soon as may be, or I will not answer for keeping my promise. I shall pass the night at the club.'

"This letter was addressed: '*Monsieur le Comte de Marsanne.*'"

At the club, the husband and the lover meet and play high. Vassigny loses, as usual; affects anger, shuffles the cards offensively, and hints suspicions of foul play. A challenge is the natural result. Late upon the following night, we find Kersent pacing the Boulevard in despondent mood, accompanied by D'Havrecourt; who has acted as one of Marsanne's seconds in the inevitable duel. They discuss the melancholy event of Vassigny's death, which has occurred that evening, a few hours after his adversary's ball

had pierced his breast. Vassigny had fired in the air.

"The more I reflect on it," said D'Havrecourt, "the more convinced I am that the unworthy affection of which Vassigny made a parade, was only a feigned sentiment, a mock passion thrown as a blind to the indiscreet curiosity of the world, to mask a devoted, although, perhaps, a guilty love. To you, who loved him as a brother, and to you alone, I may divulge an episode of this fatal drama. This it is. Vassigny was still stretched upon the grass; the surgeon, after vainly endeavouring to extract the bullet, put up his instruments, with a countenance that left me no hope. Tinguy had led away Marsanne; Navailles and Lord Howley had gone off in all haste, one to have every thing prepared at Vassigny's house, the other to summon the first physicians. I was alone with the wounded man. His senses returned; he opened his eyes, and I saw by the expression of his agonised features that he wished to speak to me. I knelt beside him. He raised his left hand, and in a feeble voice asked me to unfasten his shirt-sleeve. I obeyed. His wrist was encircled by a small bracelet of hair, so tightly fastened to the arm, that, to get it off, I had to cut the tress. 'D'Havrecourt,' said he, faintly, 'that bracelet was only to quit me with life; I confide it to your honour; swear to annihilate it the instant you get home.' I made the required vow, and from that moment he spoke not a word. On reaching home, my first care was to fulfil my promise, by burning the bracelet. It was composed of a tress of fair hair, and the hair of that Francine is black. And it was secured by a gold plate, upon which were engraved an A and

a G intertwined, with the words '14 October 1840.'

"Oh! say no more, my dear friend," cried Kersent, interrupting the Major, 'Alas! I have too much reason to believe that there are now upon this earth two beings infinitely more to be pitied than Vassigny. He, at least, has found in death oblivion of his sorrows; but they survive for misery and tears.'

None, save Kersent and D'Havrecourt, suspect the true cause of the duel; they are men of honour, and the secret is safe with them. For once, the inquisitive and scandal-loving Parisian world has been put upon a wrong scent. The Count's precautions and Vassigny's sufferings have not been thrown away. The Countess's reputation is saved—the honour of the De Marsannes remains unblemished. It is not without success that the ignoble Francine has been made unwittingly to play the part of the Dog of Alcibiades.

An epilogue, in the shape of a letter from Kersent, dated a year later, from the bivouac of Bab-el-Oued, closes this tragical and well-told tale. It informs D'Havrecourt and the reader of the death of the Count de Marsanne and his erring and unhappy wife. The latter had died some months previously, of a malady brought on by grief. The Count met his fate by a Bedouin bullet in the deserts of Algeria. Kersent, whom affection and compassion had prompted to accompany his cousin in his last campaign, found upon the breast of the dead officer a locket enclosing a fragment of paper, the legacy of Madame de Marsanne to her husband. It contained the avowal of a fault and a prayer for pardon.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE CURRENCY.

"*DE MORTUIS nil nisi bonum*" is, when applied to individuals, a generous, if not a just rule for our ordinary guidance. But to whatever extent it may be carried in judging of men and their motives, we apprehend that it would be the height of Quixotism to admit a defunct cabinet or an ejected minister to the benefit of any such act of indemnity. The evils which statesmen may commit, either through mistaken policy or egotistical arrogance of opinion, are too serious in their results to be easily or readily forgotten; and no lapse of time whatever can screen from censure those men who have wilfully tampered with the well-being and prosperity of the nation.

It will, we think, be admitted on all hands, that the present ministry, however well disposed, are most wofully infirm of purpose. We make every allowance for the situation in which they found themselves when called to office. However sanguine may have been the dreams of the Whig partisan, he could not, some eighteen months ago, have entertained the slightest idea of that extraordinary combination of chances which led to his return to office; neither do we believe that the leaders of that party ever expected to obtain even a temporary ascendancy during the existence of the present parliament. When Lord John Russell and his confederates threw down the gauntlet of Free Trade, they could not have calculated upon the possibility of its being picked up and appropriated by their old antagonist of Tamworth. Well as they may have known, from former experience, the nature of that "tricky spirit," they never could have been prepared for that crowning denouement to a drama of political apostasy; and we are certain that no section of her Majesty's subjects were more amazed than the Whigs when they found themselves again in possession of their coveted quarters in Downing Street. Without plan, and without preparation, we freely admit that they were entitled

to a large share of public indulgence. In ordinary times, their administration might even have been productive of good. Schooled by adversity, and instructed by previous failure, they this time put forward in the van no opinions of a revolutionary tendency. They promised to apply themselves in the first instance to the mental and physical amelioration of the people—they offered to become the patrons of educational seminaries, directors of public baths, and inspectors of extended sewerage; and no one could gainsay in these respects the purity of their projected measures. But, unfortunately for them, the necessities of the time required more than sanatory legislation. The prodigious increase of national wealth which was prophesied as the immediate result of the change in our commercial policy and the repeal of agricultural protection, did not arise, like Aladdin's palace, in one night from the liberated ground. The various and complex questions of Irish policy became all at once merged and confounded in the cry of common famine. The staple food of an unenterprising and improvident people had failed; and the Celts of the western islands, desisting from their absurd denunciation of the Saxon, were fain to supplicate Great Britain, herself by no means exempt from the calamity, for the means of absolute existence.

We do not intend to criticise in detail the means which were adopted by government for the relief of the suffering districts. We believe that they were actuated throughout by a liberal and a kindly spirit; and upon such an occasion as this, it was truly difficult to steer between parsimony on the one side, and reckless extravagance on the other. At the same time it is very evident that they were utterly unprepared for the crisis. They neither adopted an intelligible principle, nor laid down an extensive plan for their guidance. They vacillated every week between one

method of relief and another. At one time they were for the promotion of useless works, which could tend to no profitable result, but which were a mere excuse for opening the public coffers to the relief of the starving Irish; at another, they rejected the proposal of Lord George Bentinck for extended railway employment—a scheme which, however objectionable from its magnitude, at least held out a feasible prospect of ultimate re-emboursement of the loan. It is right to observe that in this refusal they were strengthened by the co-operation of Sir Robert Peel, their former opponent, but now their confidential adviser; and that the only ministerial measure of which the late autocrat has been pleased to disapprove, was a subsequent veering towards the principle recommended by Lord George, and the concession of a restricted loan towards the promotion of the Irish railways. But, as we have said before, the question of Irish relief was attended with much difficulty. The most experienced and sagacious statesman of the world might have gone astray in providing for a calamity so extended and so new; and, upon the whole, we are not inclined to find much fault with the Whigs in this respect, beyond what is implied by our decided conviction of their weakness, or rather want of purpose.

But, unfortunately for us all—most unfortunately, we fear, for the great bulk of the community—there are other questions not only impending but absolutely pressing upon us at this moment, of even greater vital importance than either Irish famine or British scarcity. It may be that, through the mercy of Divine Providence, these scourges may be speedily removed. The soil may again be restored to its former fertility; and if such should prove to be the case, we trust that this calamitous lesson against idleness and improvidence will not be forgotten in those quarters where the visitation has been most severely felt. We trust that, in Ireland especially, and in some parts of our own country, both landlord and tenant will be roused to a more active sense of their respective liabilities and duties; and that, notwithstanding the tendencies which are too likely to follow from our late pernicious course

of legislation, they will become alive to the conviction that no nation whatever can hope to maintain its independence if it neglects the paramount duty of cultivating and rearing within itself that supply of food upon which its inhabitants must depend for their support. It is not much more than a year ago, since we pointed out the miserable consequences which, in the event of a war or a famine, must ensue from a decrease of the cultivation of the soil, such as was not only contemplated, but openly recommended by some leading partisans of the League. Since then, we have had an opportunity of testing the strength of our actual position under one of those terrible emergencies. Scarcity has come, though not famine in its most gaunt and hideous shape; and not only are our own supplies deficient, but the greatest difficulty has been found in procuring a substitute from elsewhere. Had this occurred in the time of war, not in the season of unbroken peace, when the highway of the ocean is free, it is hardly within the power of man to exaggerate the horror of the consequences.

But, though the heavens may again smile upon us, there are evils of man's creation which may not be so speedily removed, unless the nation can be brought to a clear sense of the predicament in which they have been placed by the insensate obstinacy and insatiable conceit of one minister, who, though ejected from office, is yet powerful in the councils of the empire. We cannot explain, because we do not understand, the nature of that mysterious and undefinable power which Sir Robert Peel seems to exercise over the proceedings of the present cabinet. We do not know the secret composition of the philtre, or love-potion, which he appears to have given to the Whigs; but we have seen quite enough in the recent discussions in parliament with regard to the monetary pressure which is now in the act of crushing and grinding to dust many thousands of the commercial and industrious classes, to be aware that the Russell ministry are entirely at one with Sir Robert in the maintenance of his favourite crotchet, and that they are prepared to abide by his delusion with regard to the currency,

be the consequences to the country what they may.

This question of the currency is at once so vast, and so vital to the interests of every man who has any stake at all in the community—it presents itself at this moment in so alarming, and yet so palpable a shape—that we would be inexcusable were we to remain silent at a crisis when the evils of circumscribed credit and bank restriction are driving the honest trader into the Gazette. Long before the late premier had absolved us, by his unprincipled tergiversation, from all ties of party and support, we sedulously and earnestly protested against his perpetual meddling and tampering with the circulation of the country. In particular we were amongst the first to oppose his wanton, because uncalled for interference with the Scottish Banking System, under the operation of which the country had advanced, without risk or injury, at a ratio which probably never was equalled, and which certainly never was exceeded. We then warned, not only the bankers, but our national representatives, and the public, that if they permitted one single wedge to be driven into the fabric, the stability of the whole was endangered; and we showed that the retention of our one-pound note circulation was, though an important item of profit to the bankers, and of convenience to the public, of little consequence compared with the results which must ensue, if the circulation of the banks was arbitrarily limited, and all extension of credit made to depend upon the possession, or rather the purchase, of a large sum of useless and unprofitable bullion, which, so far from increasing the wealth of the country, must inevitably render it powerless in the event of a commercial panic. We believed then, and we believe now, that history does not afford a parallel instance of so reckless and shameful a disregard of public feeling and opinion on the part of any statesman; and the confidence and perseverance with which Sir Robert Peel proceeded to thrust his measure down the throats of the Scottish bankers, was, in our opinion, little less than a deliberate insult to the country,—because we never can forget this great and pregnant fact, that no

grounds for tangible accusation could be drawn, or were attempted to be established, from the practical working of the system. That system was created by a somewhat neglected people for their own convenience, and without any legislative interference at all. It had supplied all the necessities of the country, and had been found perfect in its operation during periods of more than common exigency and distress. It had stood the test of experience successfully at times when the monetary system of England had been proved insufficient for the pressure. It possessed the full confidence of the nation; and yet—we can hardly write the sentence without a blush—it was surrendered after a faint opposition, merely because Sir Robert Peel considered himself an accomplished currency doctor, and was desirous to try the effects of his *aurum potabile* upon a sound as well as a sickly subject.

The one-pound notes, however, were spared, and the bankers in some degree reconciled to the change by the promise of a future monopoly. Had not that bait been thrown out to them, we can hardly believe it possible that so unnecessary and unpopular a measure could have been carried at all; but, the wedge being once inserted, it has since been driven home to the quick. We appeal now with confidence to the merchants and manufacturers of Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock—to the landed gentry, who are suffering under the tightening of the screw—to the enterprising tenant, who, under a long lease, is seeking to improve his land—to the trader, dealer, and shopkeeper of every kind throughout Scotland—whether they ever experienced such a monetary pressure as the present. And we ask them further to consider for themselves, and that very seriously indeed—for an evil too long submitted to may grow beyond the reach of a remedy—what is the real cause of this distress, and unparalleled scarcity of money? How is it that, with property of the most undeniable value on their hands, which they are ready to tender in security, they cannot by any means whatever obtain their accustomed credit? And then we ask them to compare the present state of matters with the past, and point out, if they

can, any one period or crisis, before Sir Robert Peel was pleased of his own accord to substitute his banking system for that established by the progressive intelligence of the nation, when money could not be obtained and credit given, at fair but not exorbitant rates, for good and sufficient security?

We crave the pardon of our English readers if, in the first instance, we place this point more exclusively in a national view. It is quite true, and we are fully alive to the fact, that, thanks to the crotchet of Sir Robert Peel, England and Scotland are now placed in exactly the same monetary difficulties; and we are not without hope that, on that account, our united efforts to get rid of the nightmare which is stifling us both, may prove more effectual than if either country were struggling singly for liberation. But it must not be forgotten that with us the experiment has been recently made. We are still most vividly alive to the advantages of a system which we ourselves founded, upon principles of mutual support among all classes of the community—under which we have risen and thriven—and which has not been sacrificed on account of any alleged fault or deficiency in its working, or from any intelligible motives of public policy, but simply to gratify the whim and feed the vanity of a minister who considers himself wiser than a nation, and who never can be happy without change. A monetary crisis and a panic are new things to us; for we have hitherto been accustomed to associate public distress with low wages, low prices, and a want of demand for products. But we find ourselves now for the first time in this position, that with higher wages than are the average, more demand for labour than can well be supplied, and more orders on the hands of our manufacturers than can well be executed, we are yet brought to an absolute stand-still for want of money. We go to our bankers with security which is both unquestioned and unquestionable, and we proffer it in security for that which, according to our old ideas, we think that we are absolutely entitled to have on such terms—for money, the life-blood of

a commercial community; and we are told that it cannot be given to us! And when we inquire the reasons for such refusal, we are told that the banks cannot afford to increase their circulation; since, under the new system, they are compelled to stock their own coffers with gold for every single note which they issue beyond a given point—and gold to be had must be paid for.

Had we a *Pactolus* among ourselves, this state of things might possibly be endurable; but, unfortunately, we are not rich in that kind of bullion, and our Mint—somewhat needlessly secured by the Treaty of Union—has since very coolly been abolished. But we have iron and other sorts of produce in abundance, and land tolerably valuable, and stocks of various kinds, upon all or any of which we were wont, in former times, to raise money without any difficulty, and so to make our capital available in the prosecution of our different works. These are now rendered absolutely and practically useless. We cannot raise money upon them, because the bankers cannot afford to buy an exorbitant amount of golden counters to remain in their cellars profitless and unseen; and thus trade is brought to a stand-still, public enterprise is checked, and the market is disappearing from our grasp.

In short, the present system under which the whole of us are groaning, and which, if not speedily abandoned, must land us in irretrievable difficulties, is neither more nor less than a most culpable interference with credit, by restricting the ordinary circulation of the country to a point far below that which is absolutely necessary for its exigencies, and by making any further issue of paper dependent upon the purchase and the hoarding of gold.

It may sound paradoxical when we say that we are almost glad when a crisis like the present has arisen, because we are convinced that nothing short of actual and painful experience will open the eyes of the community to the miserable fallacies upon which the views of their former and their present rulers are founded. Of all questions which can be agitated we are quite aware that that of the currency is the least palatable to the general reader, and the one which he most

gladly escapes from in a kind of mazed bewilderment, and generally with a confession that its intricacies are beyond his comprehension. It is now full time that this state of general apathy should be ended. If we hope to preserve much longer our course of national prosperity, we must face the question manfully, and not shrink even from the array of figures which quacks in currency invariably adduce for the purpose of mystifying their audience; just as their medical brethren contrive to render themselves unintelligible by the use of a peculiar jargon. There is, after all, no great mystery in the matter, if men would take the trouble of reflecting for themselves. The laws which ought to regulate the currency of a country should have reference to the real property of that country as its basis, and not an artificial substitute like gold, which, in addition to its scarcity and its liability to fluctuation, is incomparably the dearest circulating medium which has ever yet been adopted. In the words of the authors of the *Gemini Letters*—a publication, by the way, which is well worthy the attention of every man who seeks to make himself master of the details of the currency question—"we must not expect to be relieved from the distress, and difficulties, and dangers which overshadow the land, so long as we are determined that the value of the produce of our lands, mines, and manufactures, and the amount of the wages of labour, shall be dependant upon the possession of a few millions more or less of gold coin. Will some stickler for a high metallic standard tell us what proportion the value of the whole of the gold generally to be had in the United Kingdom at one time, bears to the value of all the other property of the country? If this question were satisfactorily answered, it is probable that we should not much longer be

"Resolved,
Like sugar-loaf turn'd upside down,
To stand upon the smaller end,"

but rather be disposed to treat this particular metal in the way that we treat all other marketable commodities—namely, suffer it to find its proper level."

It is edifying to remark the different interpretations which are given, by different supporters of the bullion representative system, of the present ac-

knowledgeed distress and unparalleled tightness in the money markets of Great Britain. Sir Robert Peel—the apostle of the system, upon whose shoulders, we maintain, the primary burden of this enormous responsibility must rest—cannot but admit the fact of the gloomy deficiency; but he falls back upon the ultimate causes. These are, according to his view, over-speculation in railways, joined with a scarcity of food and an increase in the price of cotton. Granting all this to be true, what has that to do with the great question at issue? We are perfectly ready to admit that at the present moment there is an immense demand for money, and that the demand may be owing, in a great measure, to these and similar causes. We know perfectly well that if there exists a drain upon this country for gold, in order to purchase from abroad the supply of food which is deficient in consequence of the scarcity at home, the currency must necessarily be contracted, so long as a five-pound note of the Bank of England, or of any other bank, is held to be, in the eye of the law, not the representative of so much real property—be it land, or stock, or iron—but the eidolon or shadow of five golden coins of a certain weight and fineness, which cannot escape from the empire without annihilating the existence of the subsidiary paper. What we complain of in effect is this, that the whole enormous property of the three kingdoms should be represented merely by the insignificant and insufficient issue of thirty-two millions in bank-notes, and that the whole remainder of the currency is entirely metallic. For although there may certainly at times be a larger amount of paper in circulation, that paper, beyond the thirty-two millions, must be represented by bullion in the bank, and if the latter be withdrawn, the representative issue must be recalled. So that, by a large drain of gold, we may be reduced, and are at this moment becoming so, to so contracted a circulation, that trade must necessarily stand still for the sheer want of a common representative of property.

Why, and on what principles, the amount of our paper circulation was fixed at so low a point, we are utterly unable to conceive, unless it was for

the purpose of compelling a large portion of our trading capital to remain fruitless and withdrawn from use in the form of unprofitable gold. Thirty-two millions, even in ordinary times, is not above one-half of what is required for the needful circulation of the country. In 1810 the currency of the paper for the three kingdoms was not less than sixty millions; and during the thirty-seven years which have elapsed since that time, not only has our population increased at an enormous ratio, but our trade and enterprise augmented in a more than corresponding degree. The tendency, however, of our improved system of banking has been to reduce the circulation within the lowest possible limit; but that limit was necessarily variable, and adjusted itself to meet the occurring contingencies of the country. Now it is fixed by the legislature at a point so low, that we are absolutely dependent upon the amount of gold which we can retain in the country, for the means of commercial interchange. We are obliged at present, it seems, to transport a large portion of our gold to America for the purchase of food. For every sovereign which leaves our shores a note is taken out of circulation, and no means whatever are permitted to individuals or to banking companies to supply the deficiency. In ordinary times, it might be expected that the gold would again find its way to Britain; at present, however, it is absorbed and scattered for the purpose of enabling America to prosecute her aggressive war against Mexico. And of what use, we ask, to the nation at large, are some ten or twelve millions converted into specie and stored up in the vaults beneath the Bank of England? Sir Robert Peel tells us, with a smile of peculiar complacency, that the hoarding up of so much bullion is a safeguard against a panic, because it renders any run upon the banks for gold a matter of absolute impossibility. With only thirty-two millions of paper extant for the common circulation of the nation, we shrewdly suspect that any apprehensions of a run upon the banks are as visionary as the dreams of El Dorado. No one knows better than Sir Robert Peel that the paper currency of a country must be

sorely depreciated indeed before any such event can take place; and surely there are many means of preventing an over-issue, without bringing us to such a pass that in every season of scarcity or of war we must be reduced to an absolute halt—which, in a commercial country like ours, is a word equivalent to the impoverishment and the ruin of thousands.

We presume that Sir Robert Peel, when he carried through the Banking Restriction Act, intended that measure to be a permanent one. We cannot suppose that he meant it merely to apply to the present situation and necessities of the country, or that it was left to be repealed and altered every session of parliament, to suit the state of the money market, and the fluctuations of the national prosperity. If so, we think it must at once become apparent to every reasonable man, that a gross and palpable absurdity was involved in the very principle of the measure. For to limit the supply of the ordinary circulation in a commercial country like ours, liable as it is to expansion and contraction, to periods of peculiar activity and of occasional serious depression, is quite as preposterous an idea as it would be to declare by statute what amount of food or what extent of water should in all time coming be used by the inhabitants of the British Islands. To interfere with the operation of credit, which is the object of Sir Robert Peel, is practically the greatest blow that can be given to the enterprise and the advancement of the country; for it just amounts to this, that not having a sufficiency of straw wherewith to manufacture our bricks, we are even denied the privilege of going out into the fields to collect the subsidiary stubble. The Pharaoh of Tamworth is a heavier taskmaster than the Egyptian. He demands our daily rate of taxes, but will neither furnish us with the material, nor permit us to gather it for ourselves.

If permanent, it is incumbent upon the supporters of the Banking Restriction Act, who are the very parties at present refusing to relax one iota of our bondage, to show that their measure is well adapted for every political contingency. That, we apprehend,

would require greater hardihood, and certainly more ingenuity, than they have yet enlisted on their side. There are many things besides a scarcity or a famine which may occasion a drain of gold. That metal has a peculiar facility of finding its own level; it is liable to sudden demands, and its price is variable accordingly. Were this country to be again engaged in a European contest like the last, we should have a recurrence of the drain of 1814, when gold was at the rate of £5, 8s. per ounce, or upwards of one pound ten shillings and two-pence above its present value. No political foresight, no legislative enactment whatever, can guard us against such a state of things; and the consequence would be an entire disappearance of bullion. According to our present system, the loss of bullion would necessarily produce such a contraction as would lay the credit of the country prostrate. All our extra circulation, founded on the metallic basis, would immediately be called in; taxes could no longer be paid, and the result would be a revolution or the sponge. Are the capitalists of the kingdom, who, we were told some time ago, were the chief supporters of Sir Robert Peel, anxious that the experiment should be made? We can assure them that if it is intended to maintain the circulation of the country permanently upon its present basis, they stand in imminent danger, not only of occasional panics, but of that repudiation which in America was the consequence of a similar tampering with the banks, and the like metallic delusion. At best they must make up their minds for the recurrence of many seasons as hard and as cruel as the present; and it will be well if many of their class are not involved in the ruin which is impending at this moment over the heads of the minor traders.

But, say some of the bullionists, this measure is not intended to be permanent. It is, like all other legislative enactments, subject to modification; and we are prepared, when occasion presses, to alter it accordingly. Why, then, in the name of common sense—nay, in that of common humanity—has not the alteration been made? Is it intended that the pub-

lic shall sink beneath the pressure of this law before the smallest portion of its burden shall be removed? Is it wise to delay all relief until the Gazette is full, and to keep credit suspended at the very moment when it is most urgently and clamantly required? And what kind of law, we ask, is that which in prosperous times—that is, whenever gold is abundant—confessedly puts no check whatever upon speculation, but which, at the least turn of the tide, is an absolute engine of destruction? Look at it in any view, and we maintain that a more miserable instance of legislation upon false and contracted principles was never yet invented by the brain of a political economist.

The host of pamphlets which has recently issued from the press, upon this momentous and interesting topic, sufficiently demonstrates the pressing nature of the crisis. Whatever difference of opinion may be found amongst so many writers, with regard to the intermediate basis and proper representative of property, they are almost to a man combined in denouncing the impolicy of the late restrictions. Lord Ashburton, the advocate and apologist of the Bank of England, is at one with Mr Enderby, the able opponent of the gold standard, as to this particular point. They are all agreed that the system which professes to rectify an inevitable drain of gold, by crippling the trade of the country, and forcing down the value of its property, is nothing short of absolute infatuation, and that, considered by itself, it admits of no intelligible defence. It would be well, therefore, if an effort were made, in the first instance, to get rid of the odious and absurd restrictions, or at least to substitute for the present miserable dribble, a much larger amount of paper currency, which may be based upon government securities. There is but one opinion prevalent throughout the country with regard to the present insufficiency of the currency, so long at least as the Bank is compelled by statute to deprive us of the means of fair and legitimate accommodation. Sir Robert Peel has placed the directors in this anomalous and invidious position, that they *must* put on the screw whenever there is a prospect of adverse ex-

changes; and the immediate effect of that measure is a stoppage of trade, and at the same time a depression in the value of every kind of merchandise and product. Taken singly, this is an evil of the very worst description—in fact nothing worse could be expected from the most formidable combination of natural and political causes. Taken in connexion with the late tariffs, which, without securing reciprocity, have opened the home market to the competition of the foreigner, who is less taxed and cheaper fed than our own redundant population, each recurrence of it is a blow to our commercial prosperity, which if often repeated would bring us to the verge of ruin. The first measure, therefore, which ought to be taken—and we entreat the serious attention of every man who understands the currency question to this—is to emancipate the Directors of the Bank of England from their present false position, by removing the restriction of their paper issues, or at least by fixing these at a point which will enable them to supply the ordinary wants of the community, without reference to an accidental or inevitable drain of bullion, so that the internal trade and production may never be checked so long as there is a remunerative demand. A similar regulation must of course be made with regard to the country bankers; and were this done, we have very little fear indeed that any crisis at all equal to the present one could arise. But we must not be left in absolute dependence for our circulation upon the state of the harvest, or cripple labour at the very season when employment is most urgently required.

We do not say that the repeal of the Act of 1844, or the increase of the paper issues to a larger fixed point, can set the question of the currency at rest. No thinking man who has devoted his time and energies to the study of our monetary history, would be bold enough to make so rash and confident an assertion: on the contrary, we think that the time is not far distant, when the leading theories of the bullionists must be thoroughly probed, and the consideration of the expediency of a fixed gold standard most seriously

and deliberately resumed. The experience of some thirty years of peace has furnished data to us which were not known to the older political economists, and we are now far better enabled to explain the phenomena of commercial fluctuation. But it would be extremely unwise at the present moment, when a palpable and tangible evil is before us, to attempt too wide a reformation, and so to peril the chance of a present amendment, on the necessity of which we are all most thoroughly agreed.

From some quarters we have heard an expression of extreme surprise that the late Premier, who cannot but be awake to the mischief which he has so wantonly caused, should have been so obstinate and inflexible in his adherence to the restrictive system. Very little consideration indeed is requisite to discover the reason. Upon this question of the currency the whole character and repute of Sir Robert Peel as a financial minister are staked, and he dare not abandon his measure of 1844, without tacitly admitting that he has committed a most serious and unpardonable blunder. Accident has intervened to postpone any actual test of the efficiency of his other measures. We do not yet know what effect the alteration of the corn laws may produce upon the welfare of the nation in an ordinary year, or whether any of the blessings so abundantly promised may be realized to the poor without a more than corresponding depression. The tariffs abroad continue still hostile and unrelaxed, and although the smaller manufacturer, artisan, and workman, are already beginning to feel the baneful effects of foreign competition in the home market, their cry is not yet loud enough to excite a large share of the popular commiseration. Two great events stand prominently forward in the aspect of the present year—the scarcity and high price of food, and the want of commercial accommodation among ourselves.

The first is the act of Providence. No human foresight, no political skill, could have prevented it, and the scourge has mercifully fallen at a time when the demand for labour has materially lessened its severity in Great Britain. But that same scarcity, by

leading to an exportation of the precious metal, has been undoubtedly the means of testing the soundness of our monetary system. As the prosperity of these islands, and our wonderful ascendancy in the great markets of the world, depend upon the state of our trade and our manufactures at home, it was obviously the duty of a minister, who, more than any other, professed his intimacy with commercial principles, to take care that the evil of a scarcity should not at the same time be combined with the still greater one of a monetary crisis. If gold must be paid away in order to purchase the necessary supply of food for our population—if in addition to our own wants we are compelled to ward off starvation from the thoughtless and unenterprising Irish—we were doubly bound to take care that our great staple resources, our trade and our manufactures, should not suffer from any cause over which we had the evident control. And yet, how do we stand at the present moment? No sooner does the drain of bullion begin, than the Directors of the Bank of England, placed by this odious and uncalled-for measure of Peel's in sudden jeopardy of their charter, begin to put on the screw. The country bankers, who must take their cue from, because they are rendered entirely subordinate to the great establishment in London, are compelled to follow the example. First of all the rates of discount are raised, and then credit is peremptorily refused. This, be it remarked, is at a time when the solvency of individuals is unsuspected,—were it otherwise, the crash must have been tremendous ere now. The enormous bulk of the *real* circulation of the country, which is represented by bills of exchange, and which never can be estimated with any thing like an approximation to its amount, is thus instantaneously checked. The Banks cannot discount—the bills become useless, and the property on which they are based, can not now command its representative. Fifty thousand pounds of silver bullion could not command five thousand pounds of money in the public market of London. The manufacturer saw his credit stopped, his bills unnegotiable, but he had still to pay the weekly

rate of wages, or suspend labour, as indeed in many instances has been done. And all this, because Sir Robert Peel has forced the fountain of our currency to run dry. And then comes a depreciation of the value of property, the extent of which would be almost incredible, were not every one of us, except the Capitalist and the Annuitant, aware of it by melancholy experience. According to Lord Ashburton—"It would not be easy to estimate this depreciation, extending over all merchandise, stocks, railway shares, &c.; it would probably not be overstated at FROM TEN TO TWENTY PER CENT.; but what is worse, it has paralysed this property in the hands of the possessors, rendered it unavailable towards meeting their engagements, and thus produced in many cases pecuniary sacrifices much beyond the mere depreciation of the property itself. It has further occasioned the suspension of the execution of orders from our customers in every quarter, thus distressing manufacturers, and impeding those very operations which would have corrected the tendency to an unfavourable balance of trade, and given safety to the circulation of the Bank."

Now whatever we may think of the extreme candour of the Right Honourable Baronet, it is perhaps rather too much to expect from human nature that an individual who has been the cause of all this monstrous mischief, should stand forward at once, and manfully plead guilty to the charge. Sir Robert Peel has not yet played out his full hand of political cards; and he is perfectly well aware that after such an admission, very few persons indeed would be inclined to cut in with him for a partner. In short, were he now to acknowledge himself in the wrong, it would be at the sacrifice of his sole remaining qualification as a statesman—the *prestige* of his financial sagacity. If he loses this, faint though the recommendation be compared with the far higher qualities of consistency and open dealing, he is indeed a bankrupt in his fame! Need we wonder then that he clings to his darling measure, with a tenacity absolutely startling when we reflect on his former degrading versatility? Need we wonder that he eagerly at-

tempts to fasten the blame of the monetary pressure upon the railroad speculators, the Bank Directors, or any other body of men who can at all be brought into question? As to the Bank Directors, we quite agree with Lord Ashburton that it is most unfair to make them the scape-goats in this matter. Had they not been bound down by stringent statutory fetters—had they been allowed to use the common caution of every commercial dealer by measuring the amount of their accommodation by the known responsibility of their customers, there would have been no financial crisis. But Sir Robert, in his infinite wisdom, would not suffer them to retain the prerogative of thinking and rational beings. He made them mere machines for contracting the circulation, and prohibited them from supporting credit: and surely they are not blameable if they shaped their conduct according to the clear letter and distinct direction of the law. In dealing with the railway shareholders Sir Robert Peel cuts even a sorrier figure. He talks about absorption of capital and over-trading, as if these things had in reality any thing to do with an arbitrary restriction of the currency. Now we do not require to be told that there is a certain limit at which accommodation must stop; but we maintain that it is the function of the banker to decide when that limit has arrived in the case of each particular customer. If a man has embarked the whole of his available capital in undertakings which are not yet profitable, or which do not speedily promise to become so, it is unquestionably in the option of the banker at his own risk to refuse or to increase his credit. But, as matters presently stand, not only has the banker no such option, but he cannot afford the required accommodation even to parties whose capital and property are undoubted, for the very simple reason that the law, as amended by Peel, deprives him of the means of doing so. If gold goes out of the country, from whatever cause, the issues must be correspondingly contracted. And is it expected that the whole ordinary business of the country can be conducted with something like one half of its usual amount of circulation?

It will not, we presume, be denied by Sir Robert Peel and his Whig financial adherents that the increase of internal railway enterprise, and the vast additional labour which it may be said to have created, require a larger amount of ordinary circulation than in the year when the Bank Restriction Act was passed. And yet, not only have no means been taken to provide for such an expansion, but when the scarcity and drain arise, and the issues are arbitrarily contracted, our candid economists, instead of acknowledging their own normal error, have the coolness to attribute the pressure to the employment of labour at home! Had it not been for that labour and the expenditure of capital among ourselves, the situation of the working classes during the past winter, when the prices of provisions were so high, would have been lamentable indeed.

However, since the currency debate in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel seems to have changed his ground a little. It is curious to remark that, in all these financial discussions, the members of the present administration appear as absolute ciphers. They hardly profess to understand the question, but give their absolute faith to the doctrines of Sir Robert, who, with some two or three of his remaining adherents, is put forward to do battle with the Protectionists and the mercantile party. The member for Tamworth is now desirous of falling back upon his old bullionist theories; and, with the utmost gravity, has invited a serious discussion upon the following subject of debate, "What is a pound?"

The object of this question is sufficiently clear. The astute ex-minister, finding himself so vigorously assailed on all quarters, for the absolute failure of his model banking act, and being unable to defend it upon any intelligible principles, would fain rake up a point upon which the opinions of his opponents differ, and so escape from the dilemma under a cloud of contradictory theories. It is an old device, and not a very creditable one; but we trust that, on the present occasion, it may prove utterly unavailing. The question is not now of the convertibility or inconvertibility of paper; for,

if it were absolutely this, there are materials enough in Sir Robert Peel's own banking measures to refute the notions which he professes to maintain as a principle. His own currency is not altogether based upon gold. *Fourteen millions of the Bank of England's paper is unrepresented by the precious metals*; and yet every one of these notes is an actual engagement to pay the bearer of it in gold! Notwithstanding all the arguments of the bullionists, the plain matter of fact is just this, that the Bank of England, like every other institution of the country, is substantially based upon credit, *and that it never had, at any one time, the means of liquidating its engagements by payments in specie.* The issue, therefore, of paper, as it cannot be made to depend entirely upon the amount of hoarded gold, ought to have reference simply to the absolute wants of the community—wants which are, as all experience has shown, remarkably but inevitably variable, and which must be supplied in order that trade, and manufactures, and agriculture may go on, and that our internal products may adapt themselves, without any difficulty, to the demand.

The question as to the real nature of a pound is useless at the present time. We are not now discussing the older banking acts, but the wretched abortion of 1844, which has led to this unnatural crisis. It is, in fact, a question which ought not to be mixed up with the others, because if, as Sir Robert Peel maintains, a pound is neither more nor less than a piece of metal of a certain weight and fineness, to which he, in opposition to the practice and experience of the whole world beside, has attempted to give a fixed unvarying price. He should in the first instance be prepared to defend it as the sole basis for every kind of representative circulation. In short, if his theory be correct, no banker should be permitted to issue a note, unless he has within his coffers a "pound,"—that is, a sovereign, to redeem it. Were the bullionists consistent, such indeed would be the proper result of their arguments, and the consequence would be, that at the present moment the legal circulation of England would have been something under ten millions. We shall not pause to demon-

strate the absurdity of such a position, because it carries distinctly upon its face its own triumphant refutation. It follows therefore, and is admitted, that the basis of our circulation is mixed—part of it, which fluctuates, being the representative of these precious "pounds," and the larger portion being based on credit, or inconvertible government securities.

What is the use then of arguing about a "pound," when our paper, if called in, could not by any possibility realise it? We do not in the slightest degree deprecate the discussion at a future time; on the contrary, we most earnestly hope that the whole subject may engage the early attention of the next Parliament, for we are thoroughly convinced that the more it is sifted, the more clear and palpable will become the fallacies of our financial empiric. But we frankly avow our anxiety that he may not be permitted through such a begging of the question, to escape from his present difficulties. Let him show, if he can, that his Act of 1844 was the natural and inevitable result of his previous measures, and then we may be in a situation to condemn the whole of them together. But if it is not so, but a mere device of his own to show his admirable mechanical skill, let him defend it on its own merits. That it has acted banefully on the currency, no man can deny. It is quite clear that it has led to an enormous depreciation of property; and the very fact, that, notwithstanding the unprecedented pressure, the general credit has been maintained, is above all others the strongest proof that the pressure was utterly uncalled for. The point for immediate consideration simply resolves itself into this: are we to leave untouched upon the statute-book, a law which can at any time expose us to the inevitable hardship of a monetary crisis like the present?—Are we to continue and approve of an Act, the operation of which is, in certain circumstances, to drain dry the fountain of our currency, and that at the very time when an expansion of the currency is required? We do not want to hear from Sir Robert Peel, any more than from an itinerant lecturer, his definition of the nature of a "pound."

What we want is a fair current representative for our property, without an adequate supply of which, that property becomes stationary and is depreciated. The depreciation of the last few months has, upon the most moderate calculation, swallowed up at least two years of the surplus capital of the country, and yet we are told that such a state of things is not only necessary but wholesome! We are quite aware that it is in vain to look for any remedy at the hands of the Whigs. They are at present in a state of most hopeless bewilderment on the subject; trusting in the first instance to Sir Robert Peel, and in the next to the chapter of accidents. A good harvest they think will be sufficient to remove all immediate difficulty; prices will again revive, and the monetary distress be forgotten. We pray most earnestly that the first part of their anticipations may prove correct, but we shall not on that account relax in our exertions to overturn a system which may at any moment expose us to the recurrence of a similar calamity.

With very few exceptions the whole of the public press is with us, and we can hardly believe that the intelligence of the nation is not adequate to work out its own relief. In fact, out of the House of Commons there is hardly a single man who does not reprobate the continual tampering with the currency, which, next to his marvellous power of tergiversation, is the leading characteristic of Peel: nor would his measure of 1844 have been carried but for his confident puffing of the merits of his own machinery, and the almost universal belief in his talents as a financial minister. The bankers, and all those who were familiar with monetary matters, and who, from long experience, were gifted with foresight and sagacity, not only entertained but expressed the most serious doubts as to the permanent working of the act. But all warning was rejected with scorn by our political dictator, who was resolved to have his own way; and at the present moment we are reaping the delectable harvest of our confidence.

We have already spoken, quite fully enough, of the manner in which the unanimous remonstrance of the

Scottish bankers was received. The fact that their representation was backed by the unanimous voice of the public, beseeching that they might be left alone without any legislative interference, went for nothing in the eyes of Sir Robert. He had, to say the truth, too much power, and he never was chary in abusing it. He dealt with Scotland as if she were an insignificant colony, too ignorant to regulate her own monetary affairs, and too weak to resist any show of forcible aggression. In the plenitude of his rashness, however, he displayed the same disregard to public opinion in regulating the currency of England; and we shall now proceed to detail a very few of the several warnings which he has received.

In 1844 the following document was laid before him; and we surely do not exaggerate its importance when we say, that it proceeded from a body of men whose opinions, upon monetary subjects, were entitled to be listened to with the utmost respect and deference:—"We, the undersigned bankers of London, are induced, by the importance of the measure and our interest in its success, to address you upon the subject of the Bank Charter Bill, now before parliament. We were led to believe, when the measure was first brought forward, and we feel confident it was generally understood throughout the country, that although it was the intention of her Majesty's government that the paper circulation of the Bank of England, in their issue department, should be limited to an amount not exceeding £14,000,000, upon securities, yet, that in the event of any particular crisis arising, a power was to be reserved by the bill enabling the Bank of England, with the consent of the first Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Master of the Mint, to extend their issue upon securities beyond that amount. It is with considerable surprise that we find that the bill now before the House of Commons does not contain any provision for an extension of the issue beyond £14,000,000, upon securities, excepting under the special circumstances named in the fifth clause of the bill now before parliament. We

are apprehensive that the absolute limitation of the issue to £14,000,000, without any power of expansion reserved, whether that amount be in itself a proper amount or not, will create a general feeling of uneasiness throughout the country, and, by preventing the satisfactory reception of the measure, will deprive the scheme of many of the advantages it possesses, and interfere with its success. We respectfully submit that the effect of such an absolute limitation *will be to restrict the business of the country by leading to a general withdrawal of legitimate accommodation*, unless some power be reserved by the bill for extending the issue with the sanction of the authorities above alluded to in cases of emergency, to be made apparent to such authorities."

This memorial, to which were adhibited the signatures of every eminent banking firm in London, was treated by Sir Robert Peel with the most calm and imperturbable indifference. The warning and the danger so distinctly described and foretold had no effect in altering the resolution of the intrepid baronet. He had made up his mind to place the country permanently in commercial fetters, and no representation of the consequences would cause him to swerve from his purpose. It would have been well if at that time he had reflected with a little respect upon the opinions entertained and expressed by his own venerated father—a man of that sound sagacity and peculiar clearness of conception which are incomparably more valuable than talents of an adroit and plausible description. We wish that those few of his old supporters and adherents who are in the daily habit of diluting the monetary notions of their idol, would refer to the views which were enunciated by the elder Peel in his remarkable letter of 1826, addressed to the members of both houses of parliament. It is surely not unfair to recall the words of the father as powerful evidence against the destructive theories of the son.

Sir Robert Peel, senior, writes thus :—"In the enlarged scale of business carried on by this country, embracing a great variety of pursuits, a reliance on a metallic circulation alone ever did, and ever will fall us. Gold,

though in itself massy, often disappears in consequence of war or speculation—nay, the breath of rumour itself is sufficient to disperse it. Our domestic concerns are interrupted, and confidence lost, for want of an ample and approved medium of traffic.

"I am no friend to an unrestrained issue of paper money, and saw with concern, in the absence of a due quantity of specie, bills admitted into circulation issued by persons of respectability, possessing property, but evidently unable to meet a sudden and large demand upon them. More than two years ago, I mentioned to a friend, high in his Majesty's councils, my fears of the mischief likely to ensue if the practice were not discontinued; accompanied with a suggestion to confine future issues of paper money or tokens to the Bank of England and other competent bodies of men, *who would give security in land, the public funds, canals, buildings, or other tangible property*, amounting at least to one-half of the value of their bills or tokens in circulation. My proposition was not favoured with any notice; yet, had it been adopted, I am of opinion that most of the panic and distress now so severely felt in the nation would have been avoided. If such an improvement in the banking system could be made available, gold would become less requisite, and the country be supplied with a stationary medium of exchange originating with ourselves.

"The present panic and distress in the country have been declared by high authority to proceed from 'overtrading' and 'wild speculation.' Infant nations and establishments are liable to miscarry from want of experience and solidity. TRADING and SPECULATION, being natives of this island; and parents of our wealth and independence, are surely exempt from such an imputation. The same authority has declared, that 'gold and paper money are incompatible with each other, and cannot exist together.' *The population and trade of the empire having been much increased, a proportionate increase in the medium of circulation is called for; and when gold is found insufficient, recourse must be had to*

and for perpetuating commercial catastrophes in Great Britain.'"

When we compare the events predicted in this remarkable passage with those which have actually taken place—when we reflect that a bad harvest *has* occurred, that our gold *has* been drained, our paper circulation contracted, and the screw put on—we think there are few commercial men in the country who will not agree with us in wishing that Sir Robert Peel had really accepted Mr Alison "as the philosopher who is to instruct us on the currency." For, most assuredly, there is no kind of philosophy which we can discover in the scheme that is now being tested at the expense of the merchants and manufacturers of the three kingdoms; unless it should be held philosophic that the whole commercial machinery of the country shall be exposed to annual dislocation, and that credit shall hereafter be liable to the present alarming point of contraction. Parliament, as we understand, is about to separate, without doing any thing whatever to remedy this monster grievance. Let the Whigs look to it. They are now to all intents and purposes the aiders and abettors of Sir Robert Peel. They hang upon his words, adopt his principles, and applaud his maxims to the skies. They hear from every quarter of the country the cry of unparalleled distress. An evil much greater

than the scarcity is pressing upon the industrious classes, interfering with labour, checking trade, and depreciating the value of every kind of property. Manchester has been nearly at a stand-still, not from want of orders but from absolute want of accommodation; and yet the present ministry have neither the courage nor the capacity to step forward and afford that relief which is in their power, and which the nation is demanding at their hands. If, during the recess, and before a new parliament shall meet, the present lamentable state of matters is to continue, we say deliberately that no British ministry ever exposed themselves to such a frightful load of responsibility. Let them share it with their new ally and master. It may be that he intends, at some future time, to make a second push for popularity by throwing them overboard, and repealing his own most mischievous statute. But we trust that the electors throughout the country will take care that the new representative body shall not be constructed of the same malleable materials as its predecessor, and that no more experiments, involving the national prosperity and fortunes, shall be permitted, for the mere sake of gratifying the caprice and augmenting the vanity of an individual who has already brought the whole of us so close upon the verge of ruin.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXII.

AUGUST, 1847.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET;
AND 37, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

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GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

THE appearance of a new history of Greece, of the pretensions, and the just pretensions, of this of Mr Grote, is an event in literature which must not pass by without some note or comment. Never were historical studies pursued with so much success, or in so philosophical a spirit, as in the present day, and that by the whole corps of European scholarship, whether German, or French, or English; and it is saying much, when we say of the work before us, that it is equal to the demands of the critical age in which it appears, and that in just estimate of historical testimony, and in true appreciation of the spirit of past times, it is as superior to its predecessors as, in these very points, the nineteenth century is in advance of all preceding centuries.

The progress made in this department of study is very perceptible in the several histories we possess of Greece. Mitford, notwithstanding his acknowledged imperfections and demerits, has had the tribute of applause paid to him, and deservedly, of having been the first to break through that icy timidity with which the moderns were wont to write the annals of ancient Greece. They seemed to be afraid of applying the knowledge which time and science had brought them, to the events and writings of a classical age and country, lest this should imply the presumption that they were wiser than the ancients. They sat down to their task like young

scholars who are *construing*, not interpreting, their author. Little discrimination was made between the learned writings before them. If it was not, as it has been wittily observed, "all Greek, and therefore all true," at least every thing that was Greek had a mysterious air of learning which protected it from profane examination; and incongruities and futilities, absurdities of reasoning, and improbabilities of narrative, were veiled or half concealed under the charm of Grecian typography. Mitford set aside this too great reverence for the ancient literati. As he saw men, and not moving statues, in the heroes of Grecian history, so he was persuaded that the writers of that history were also men, fallible and prejudiced, like those who were living and writing about him. But Mitford overcame one set of prejudices by the force which prejudices of another kind had endowed him with. He saw how party spirit had raged in modern as well as ancient times, but he detected it with that proverbial readiness with which the thief detects the thief; he wrote himself with the energy and penetration, the want of candour and generosity, which at all times will distinguish the advocate. Moreover, the scholarship of Europe has since his time assumed so lofty a port, and taken such rapid strides, that on many subjects he has been left lagging in the rear.

The history of Greece by Dr

* *A History of Greece.* By GEORGE GROTE, Esq.

Thirlwall is a great improvement on its predecessor. It is written with profounder learning, and a more equitable spirit; and is indeed pre-eminently distinguished by the calmness, candour, and judge-like serenity that pervades it. In a style always lucid in disquisition, and always elegant in narrative, he appears to be solely anxious to communicate the fair result, whatever it may be, to which his extensive reading has conducted him. But, unfortunately, Dr Thirlwall wrote his history in one of those *transition states* of mind which render impossible the accomplishment of an enduring work. He saw the futility of much that had been relied on as basis of historical belief; he was not disposed to credulity, nor at all likely to accept fable, in its own simple and gross form, for truth. But he had not taught himself to forego the vain attempt to extract history out of fable; he could not relinquish that habit of "learned conjecture," so dear to the scholar, so fatal to the historian. In the earlier portion of his work, he constructs his narrative under the singular disadvantage of one who sees perpetually the weakness of his own superstructure, yet continues to build on; and thus, with much show of scaffolding, and after much putting up and pulling down, he leaves at last but little standing on the soil. He had not laid down for himself a previous rule for determining what should be admitted as historical evidence, or the rules he had prescribed for himself were of an uncertain, fluctuating character. Neither do we discover in Dr Thirlwall the faculty, existing at least in any eminent degree, of realising to himself, or vividly representing to others, the intellectual condition of a nascent people, far removed from ourselves in habits of thought, and trained under quite different institutions, religious and political. In short, we note a deficiency—(to adopt the phraseology of Bacon)—in what we may be allowed to describe as the more philosophical qualifications of the historian.

Precisely in these lies the peculiar strength of Mr Grote. With scholarship as extensive as that of his predecessors, he has united a stricter discipline of mind, and habits of closer reasoning;

and he manifests a truer perception of the nature of past modes of thinking—of the intellectual life of unlettered and Pagan ages. He has passed through that *transition state* in which Dr Thirlwall unfortunately found himself, and has drawn with a firm hand the boundaries between history and fable. Not only has he drawn the line, and determined the principle on which the limits of the historical world should be marked out, but he has had the fortitude to adhere to his own principles, and has not allowed himself, in pursuit of some fragment of historic truth, (many of which doubtless lie in a half-discovered state beyond the circle he has drawn,) to transgress the boundary he has wisely prescribed to himself. The history is not far enough advanced to enable us to judge whether Mr Grote will preserve himself from a political bias, the opposite of that which has been so much censured in Mitford. A sufficient portion however, is published, to authorise us in saying that it is not in point of *narrative* that the present author will obtain any advantage over his predecessors. It is in disquisition that he rejoices, and succeeds; it is the argumentative matter which excites and sustains him. His style seems to languish when the effort of ratiocination gives place to the task of the narrator. We fancy we see him resume the pen with listlessness, when nothing remains for the historian but to tell his story.

Neither can we congratulate Mr Grote on possessing the art of arrangement or compression, on the knowing when to abbreviate, or how to omit. His subject has in itself this unavoidable disadvantage, that the history of Greece lies scattered and broken up amongst many independent cities and communities: this disadvantage our author's voluminous and discursive manner does nothing to remedy, does much to aggravate. One would almost suspect that Mr Grote had entertained the idea that it belonged to the history of Greece to give us an account of all that the Greeks knew of history. It seems sufficient that a subject has been mentioned by Herodotus to entitle it to a place in his pages. This fulness of matter, it may be said, will enrich the work. Very true. But

what if, in this process of enriching, the work be made unreadable? What if the treasures be so piled up and heaped together that to get at them may be little less difficult than to extract the precious metals originally from the mine? If the work advance on the plan hitherto pursued, it will be found that, "A History of Greece" is far too restricted a title, and that it should rather have been called a history of the ancient world during the times when the Greeks rose and flourished; — so well disposed does the author appear to wander over to Phœnicia and Assyria, to Babylon and Egypt. Mr Alison might as well have entitled his great historical work simply a history of the French Revolution. It is true, there is no reason to be given why Mr Grote should not do for ancient Europe during the period of the development of the Greeks, what Mr Alison has done for modern Europe during the great drama enacted by the people of France. Unhappily, however, Mr Grote does not possess those descriptive powers which, in the work of Mr Alison, render the parts which are most episodic, invariably the most interesting; so that, however important and eventful the main stream of his narrative may be, a reader of Alison always delights to find the author starting afresh from some remote era, on some distant soil, and can willingly quit even Paris and her Revolution, to revisit with him the rustic republics of Switzerland, or to build up Holland again from the sea, or to call to life the people of Poland, and fill the plains again with their strange military diet of a hundred thousand mounted senators.

There is much of the philosopher, little of the artist, in Mr Grote; nor are the charms of style those which he has sedulously cultivated, or by which he is anxious to obtain attention. He writes in a manly, straightforward manner, and expresses his meaning with sufficient force and perspicuity: but there is no sustained elegance of diction; there is often an apparent disdain of it. At least we meet occasionally with quite conversational expressions, introduced — not, be it remarked, with that dexterous ease and felicitous taste which render them so effective in compositions of the

highest order—but bluntly, carelessly, as if they were verily the first that came to hand, and the author did not think it worth his while to look for others. It should be mentioned, however, that this inequality of style is partly the effect of a desire to keep as close as possible in his narrative to the original Greek, so that it is the crudeness of *translation* we sometimes encounter. We raise no quarrel with him ourselves on this point; his language, in general, is all that is requisite; but a critic disposed to be severe on the minor delinquencies of style, might justify his censure by extracting many a hasty and neglected sentence, and many an uncouth expression. In fine, we accept of the present work as a valuable contribution to the history of Greece, and to the science itself of history; we accept it as a manifest improvement upon its predecessors in some of the highest and most important elements of historical composition; but we by no means accept it as *the* History of Greece, as the final narrative of the people of Athens and Sparta. For this it is too polemical, diffuse, incondite. On the ground which this writer and others have been obliged to contend for, which they have conquered and cleared, our posterity will one day, it is to be hoped, see a structure arise — grand, and simple, and yet ornate. For if the fitness of things be a rule for our expectation, we may safely prophesy that some future age will possess a History of Greece which will be to all other histories what the Grecian temple is to all other temples; which shall be itself a temple worthy of the memory of the most extraordinary people that have yet appeared upon the earth.

Mr Grote has done in the history of Greece what Dr Arnold did in that of Rome: he has at once excluded the early legends entirely from the class of historical records. The outcry which we sometimes hear against that scepticism which has resulted from later and more severe investigations into the nature of historical evidence, and the loss thereby sustained of many a popular tale, is—need we insist upon it?—mere childishness. It is never found that we lose any thing by truth, and certainly not here. The popular

tale, legend, or myth, may be displaced entirely from the records of the past, (for what it contains, or may be supposed to contain, of fact or event;) but it remains with us in its true character of fable, as the offspring of the teeming invention and the ready faith of an unlettered generation; and, in this character, is more thoroughly understood by our present race of thinkers, and more vividly appreciated, than it ever was before. But shall we believe *nothing* of it?—surely something must be true,—is the whole legend to be lost? To such exclamations we answer, that the whole legend, instead of being lost, is regained, is restored to us. While you doubt of its true nature, and strive to make it speak the language of history, you can never see the legend itself,—never clearly understand it,—never gather from it the curious knowledge it is able to reveal of our own species. If, instead of looking askance at the bold inventions of past times, with a half faith and a half denial, busied with tricks of interpretation, and teased with ever-recurring incredulity, you embrace it cordially as the genuine product of an imaginative age, redolent of the marvellous, you will, as such, gather from it a far higher and more profitable instruction than could be extracted from some supposed historic fact which it is thought to conceal, and which is received as credible on the very ground that it resembles a host of similar facts already well established.

We heartily approve and applaud the resolute abstinence with which Mr Grote has refrained from seeking for some supposed historical basis in mere legend and fable; we believe that his work, in this point of view, is calculated to have an excellent influence, not only on all future historians of Greece, but on all who shall undertake to write the early history of any people whatever. With the exception of Dr Arnold's History of Rome, we know of no work where there is the same true appreciation shown of the real value, and proper use, of legendary traditions. Certainly amongst the great scholars of Germany, whatever their undoubted merits in other respects, there is very little of this wise reticence, this philoso-

phical forbearance; and if the two English historians, whom we have named together, be surpassed in critical knowledge by the learned men of Germany, or in brilliant narrative by the writers of France, they are superior to their contemporaries in both countries in the sound application of learning to ancient history, and their attachment to the sobriety of truth. With much less show of philosophic *system*, they have more of philosophy.

"The times which I have thus set apart," writes Mr Grote, in his preface, "from the region of history, are discernible only through a different atmosphere—that of epic poetry and legend. To confound together these disparate matters is, in my judgment, essentially unphilosophical. I describe the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greek, and known only through their legends,—without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this,—if he ask me why I do not withdraw the curtain and disclose the picture,—I reply in the words of the painter Zeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him, on exhibiting his master-piece of imitative art—'The curtain is the picture.' What we now read as poetry and legend was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of their past time: the curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot by any ingenuity be withdrawn. I undertake only to show it as it stands,—not to efface, still less to repaint it."

A simple uninstructed age believes its own legend; it asks no question upon the point of credibility; with such an age, to hear, is to believe. Originally, indeed, with all of us, to have a conception of any thing is tantamount to believing that it exists, or has existed: belief is no separate act of mind, but is itself included in the perception or the thought; it is experience and reflection which have to ingraft their *disbelief*, and teach us that every thing we *think* is not equally *true*. An ignorant people are all children, and with

them there is but one rule of faith: the more vivid the impression, the stronger the belief,—the more marvelous the story, the less possibility of doubting it. And consider this—that we, owing to our scientific habits of thought, and the long record of the by-gone world which lies open to us, entertain it as a general law, that the past has, in certain essentials, resembled the present; but our unlettered people, looking out into the blank foretime, would have no such law to regulate or restrain their belief. On the contrary, their impression would naturally be, that the past was essentially different from the present, or why was it *past*? Why all this change and transiency, if the same things were to be repeated? All people that have had no records have filled up the void with beings and events as unlike as possible to those they were familiar with. They had a prevailing impression that that blank space was the region of the wonderful; and the day-dreamer, the imaginative man, who was, naturally enough, proclaimed to be inspired, since none could tell how his knowledge came, was generally at hand to fill up the blank space with appropriate picture.

An age of awakening criticism begins to find the legend doubtful—cannot entirely believe, cannot entirely dismiss the old familiar story,—begins to interpret it as allegory, or to separate the probable incidents from the improbable, receiving the first, rejecting the second. A new rule of faith has been introduced; not what is most captivating and strange, but what best harmonises with the common occurrences of life, is to be the most readily believed. The exuberant legend is therefore pruned down and mutilated, or it is represented as the fantastic shadow of some quite natural circumstance,—strange shadow for such substance!—and in this state it is admitted to a certain credence. But who sees not that this is no separation of history from fable, but merely a reduction of the fable into something we can pronounce to be probable? But the probability of this residue is no sufficient ground for our belief; no one, surely, supposes that imagination deals in nothing but impossibilities. The utmost effort, the wildest flight of

fancy, could not always keep clear of probability; and it would be strange indeed if the romantic fiction could claim our faith at every point where, by chance, it had touched the earth. One might as well sift, in the same manner, a fiction of the Arabian Nights; and, setting aside the supernatural, admit whatever is natural to be true. The wonderful properties of Aladdin's lamp shall be given up; but that Aladdin had an old lamp, and that his wife sold it when he was out of the way, this shall remain admissible.

A third age, however, arrives, still more critical, more justly and profoundly analytic. It recognises that, by the process just described, a dead residuum of little value and doubtful reality is the utmost that can be obtained, while the real value of the subject of this untutored chemistry has been lost in the experiment. It returns to the legend—contemplates it in its entire and genuine form. It sees that the legend is the true history of the minds that created and believed it—a very important history—but of little or nothing else. Seen in this light, there is, indeed, no comparison between the value of the poetic fable as a contribution to the history of mankind, and the value of the prosaic and ordinary fact which a half critical age (if sure of its *guess*) would extract from it. Think for a moment of all the marvels of the Argonautic expedition; that vessel, itself sentient and intelligent, having its prophet as well as pilot on board, darting through rocks which move and join together, like huge pincers, to crush the passing ship; think of the wondrous Medea who conducted the homeward voyage, and reflect upon the sort of people who created and credited all these marvels. Then turn to the semi-critical version of Strabo, where the whole expedition resolves itself into an invasion of some unknown king, of some unknown country, whose wealth stands typified in the golden fleece. Such writers as Strabo commit a twofold error. They corrupt history, and they destroy the legend. They write an unauthorised narrative, and explain the nature and genius of the fable in a manner equally unauthorised.

Or take an instance still more familiar. The legend tells us that Romulus—as was thought befitting the founder of Rome—died in no ordinary manner, but was translated to the skies. He had called the people together on the field of Mars, “when,” in the simple language which Dr Arnold has appropriated to these legendary stories—“when all on a sudden there arose a dreadful storm, and all was dark as night; and the rain, and the thunder, and the lightning, were so terrible that all the people fled from the field, and ran to their homes. At last the storm was over, and they came back to the field of Mars; but Romulus was nowhere to be found, for Mars, his father, had carried him up to heaven in his chariot.” Dionysius the Greek found, in this mysterious disappearance, a proof of the assassination of Romulus by certain of his nobles, who stabbed him and conveyed him away in the thunder-storm. And our own Hooke thought himself equally sagacious, in his day, when he adopted this interpretation. But what is it that we have here? Not history certainly; and as little an intelligent view of the fable.

What Hooke did, in his day, occasionally, and in an empirical manner, some German literati have attempted in a quite systematic, *a priori* fashion. They first determine that the myth or legend has been composed by a certain play of the imagination—as the representing the history of a people, or a tribe, under the personal adventures of an imaginary being; and then they hope to unravel this work of the fancy, and get back again the raw material of plain truth. If they are partially correct in describing this to have been *one* course the imagination pursued—which is all that can be admitted—still the attempt is utterly hopeless to recover, in its first shape, what has been confessedly disguised and distorted. The naturalists of Laputa were justified in supposing that the light of the sun had much to do with the growth of gerkins, but it does not follow that they would succeed in their project of “extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers.”

For the *briefest* illustration we can call to mind of this philosophical ingenuity, we will refer the reader to

Michelet's preface to his History of Rome. We see the absurdity none the worse for it being presented through the transparent medium of the French writer. He thus explains the discovery of the learned Germans whom he follows:—“Ce qu'il y a de plus original, c'est d'avoir prouvé que ces fictions historiques étaient une nécessité de notre nature. L'humanité d'abord matérielle et grossière, ne pouvait dans les langues encore toutes concrètes, exprimer la pensée abstraite, qu'en la réalisant, en lui donnant un corps, une personnalité humaine, un nom propre. Le même besoin de simplification, si naturel à la faiblesse, fit aussi désigner une collection d'individus par un nom d'homme. Cet homme mythique, ce fils de la pensée populaire, exprima à la fois le peuple et l'idée du peuple. Romulus c'était la force, et le peuple de la force; Juda, l'élection divine et le peuple élu.”

Having thus expounded the theory of the construction of a myth, he afterwards tries his hand upon the resolution of one into its constituent elements. The fourth chapter of his introduction commences thus:—“Circé, dit Homère, (*Theog.* v. 1111, 1115) eut d'Ulysse deux fils, Latinos et Agrios (le barbare,) qui au fond des saintes îles gouvernèrent la race célèbre des Tyrséniens. J'interpréterais volontiers ce passage de la manière suivante: Des Pélasges, navigateurs et magiciens, (c'est-à-dire, industriels) sortirent les deux grandes sociétés Italiennes—les *Osci*, (dont les Latins sont une tribu,) et les *Tusci* ou Etrusques. Circé, fille du soleil, a tous les caractères d'une Telchine Pélasgique. Le poète nous la montre près d'un grand feu, rarement utile dans un pays chaud, si ce n'est pour un but industriel; elle file la toile, ou prépare de puissants breuvages.”

The theory and the application, it will be seen, are worthy of each other. All comment would be superfluous. We have preferred to retain the original language for this, amongst other reasons, that we should have found it difficult to represent in honest English the exact degree of affirmation to which the Frenchman pledges himself by his “j'interpréterais volontiers.” It is something less than conviction, and something more than

guess;—it certainly should be, or it ought to have no place in history.

It is not by mangling the legend, or by predicating of it fantastic modes of construction, that the few grains of sober fact concealed about it are to be secured; but by studying honestly the laws of imagination under which all fabulous narratives are constructed. However wildly the fancy may range in the main events of a fable, there will be always a certain portion of the details gathered from real life; and the manners and morals of an age may be depicted in fictions, the substance of which is altogether supernatural. The heroes fight like gods, but they dine and dress like ordinary mortals. Achilles drags the body of Hector three times round the walls of Troy, both armies looking on the while. Such sight the earth never beheld. But the car of the warrior and the harness of his steeds resembled such as had been seen or heard of. The poet invents a centaur, but not the bow and arrow he puts into his hands. His hero scales the sky, but carries with him the sandal on his foot which was made in the village below.

"Three-fourths of the two volumes now presented to the public," continues Mr Grote in his preface, "are destined to elucidate this age of historical faith as distinguished from the later age of historical reason: to exhibit its basis in the human mind—an omnipresent religious and personal interpretation of nature; to illustrate it by comparison with the like mental habit in early modern Europe; to show its immense abundance and variety of narrative matter, with little care for consistency between one story and another; lastly, to set forth the causes which overgrew, and partially supplanted the old epical sentiment, and introduced, in the room of literal faith, a variety of compromises and interpretations." This is the just application of the legends of Greece, forming, as they do, the very best description of the people whose exploits and career the author is about to narrate. This is a truer commencement of the history than that which appears at first sight more strictly historical—namely, an investigation into the obscure tribes which inhabited the same country prior to

that people who are known to us as Greeks—an investigation that is to be carried on by strained interpretations of these very legends. We congratulate both author and reader on this escape from the fruitless entanglement of the Pelasgian controversy. Mr Grote seems to have taken due warning from the difficulties and embarrassments in which his predecessor has here involved himself. Dr Thirlwall is a judicious, a succinct, and lucid writer, and yet a more tedious, confused, and utterly unsatisfactory piece of history no man can read than the account he gives us, in his opening volume, of the Pelasgians. The subject is clearly hopeless. From the first sentence to the last of that account, a painful confusion attends upon the reader—not the fault, we are ready to believe, of the historian, unless it be a fault to attempt a statement of facts where the materials for such a statement do not exist. "The people"—Dr Thirlwall thus commences—"whom we call Greeks—the Hellenes—were not, *at least under this name*, the first inhabitants of Greece. Many names have been recorded of races that preceded them there, which they in later times considered barbarous, or foreign in language and manners to themselves." Here the very first sentence proclaims a doubt how far the change was one of race or only of name, and this doubt pursues us throughout the whole inquiry. It is never solved by the author, but is sometimes *forgotten* by him; for he occasionally proceeds with the discussion as if he had left no such doubt behind him undetermined. At one time he states distinctly, "we find that though in early times Thessaly, and the north of Greece in general, was the scene of frequent migrations and revolutions, so that its ancient inhabitants may here and there have been completely displaced by new tribes, Attica appears never to have undergone such a change; and Peloponnesus lost no considerable part of its original population till long after the whole had become Hellenic." (P. 54.) Herodotus had said that certain Pelasgians living in his time spoke a language different from the Greeks. Dr Thirlwall puts the passage of Herodotus upon the rack to extract from it a confession that the difference was not

greater than between one dialect of Greek from another. Yet, as the narrative proceeds—if narrative it can be called—we have the Pelasgians and the Greeks represented as essentially distinct people; and we hear of the difficulty of determining “the precise point of civilisation to which the Pelasgians had advanced, before the Greeks overtook and outstripped them.” The whole treatise, notwithstanding the air of decision now and then assumed, is but an amplification of the doubt implied in the very first sentence of it.

The legends which fill up the dark space with *eponymous* heroes, as they have been called—heroes who take the name of a tribe in order to bestow it back upon the tribe; for it was the Greek mode of thinking at these early periods to presume that every tribe, or *gens*, had a common progenitor from whom it took its title and origin,—these legends are at one time treated with the due suspicion which should attend upon them; yet, at another, if a fortunate congruity, some lucky “dovetailing,” can be observed amongst them, they are raised into the rank of historical evidence. The mode of interpretation which we have described as characterising the first and undisciplined age of critical inquiry, is not laid aside. Such personages as Danäus and Æolus are still referred to on emergency; and Dr Thirlwall still speaks of the Centaurs as “a fabulous race, which, however, may be supposed to represent the earlier and ruder inhabitants of the land.” If we must call in the Centaurs to our assistance, we may safely conclude with Mr Grote that the ancient Pelasgians are “not knowable.”

“Whoever,” writes our author, when the course of his narrative brings him to speak of the anti-Hellenic tribes—“Whoever has examined the many conflicting systems respecting the Pelasgi—from the literal belief of Clavier, Larcher, and Raoul Rochette, (which appears to me at least the most consistent way of proceeding,) to the interpretative and half-incredulous processes applied by abler men—such as Niebuhr, or O.

Müller, or Dr Thirlwall—will not be displeased with my resolution to decline so insoluble a problem. No attested facts are now present to us—none were present to Herodotus and Thucydides even in their age, on which to build trustworthy affirmations respecting the anti-Hellenic Pelasgians; and where such is the case we may without impropriety apply the remark of Herodotus respecting one of the theories which he had heard for explaining the inundation of the Nile by a supposed connexion with the ocean—that the man who carries up his story into the invisible world, passes out of the range of criticism.”* And he adds the following pithy note:—“Niebuhr puts together all the mythical and genealogical traces, many of them in the highest degree vague and equivocal, of the existence of Pelasgi in various localities; and then, summing up their cumulative effect, asserts, ‘not as an hypothesis, but with full historical conviction, that there was a time when the Pelasgians, perhaps the most extended people in all Europe, were spread from the Po and the Arno to the Rhyndakus,’ (near Cyzicus,) with only an interruption in Thrace. What is perhaps the most remarkable of all, is the contrast between his feeling of disgust, despair, and aversion to the subject when he begins the inquiry:—‘the name Pelasgi,’ he says, ‘is odious to the historian, who hates the spurious philology out of which the pretences to knowledge on the subject of such extinct people arise;’ and the full confidence and satisfaction with which he concludes it.”

Amongst these legends which Mr Grote thus relates for the simple purpose of showing what filled the minds of the Greek people when we first become historically acquainted with them, is one conspicuous above all others, and to which most men still cling tenaciously, finding it impossible to resign *all* of it to the region of fable—we mean “the divine tale of Troy.” Many who relinquish without effort the Argonautic expedition, and as an historical problem are glad to be rid of it,—who resign all attempt to

extract a prosaic truth out of the exploits of Theseus or the labours of Hercules, and who smile at mention of the race of Amazons—a race so well accredited in ancient times that neither the sceptical Arrian nor Julius Cæsar himself ventured to doubt of their existence—would yet shrink from surrendering the tale of Troy, with all its military details, and all its hosts, and all its kings and chieftains, entirely to the domain of fiction. What! No part of it true?—no Agamemnon?—no Ulysses?—no Troy taken?—no battles on that plain where the traveller still traces the position of the hostile forces? “Those old kings,” they might exclaim in the language of Milton, when writing in his history of that fabulous line of English monarchs which sprang from Brute the Trojan—in his time still lingering in men’s faith, now suffered to sleep unvexed by the keenest historical research,—“Those old and inborn kings, never any to have been real persons, or done in their lives at least some part of what so long hath been remembered—it *cannot be thought*, without too strict incredulity.”*

Nevertheless the whole narrative, were it not for the familiarity we early acquire with the persons and exploits of this famous legend, would be seen at once to have all the characteristics of poetic fiction. And it is curious to trace, with our author, how, after having long stood its ground as veritable history amongst the people of Greece, it sustained attack after attack, first from ancient then from modern criticism, and has been gradually denuded of all its glorious circumstance, till now, even for those who are most willing to believe, there remains the driest, scantiest residue imaginable of what may be pronounced to be probable fact. Herodotus, with all his veneration for Homer, could not assent to attribute the Trojan war to the cause popularly assigned: he seems to have been of the opinion of our Payne Knight, that the Greeks and Trojans could not have been so mad as to incur so dire calamities “for one little woman.”

We confess that, for ourselves, this is not the part of the story which would have first staggered us. The immediate cause may be very trifling that brings two angry rivals into conflict, and, the war once commenced, they fight on for victory; the first object of the strife is forgotten in the strife itself, and each opponent thinks only how to destroy his enemy. Herodotus, however, had heard another account from the priests of Egypt, which made him still more disposed to dispute the popular tradition. According to this account, Helen was in fact detained in Egypt during the whole term of the siege. Paris, it seems, in sailing from Sparta, had been driven thither by a storm; and the king of Egypt, hearing of the wrong he had committed towards Menelaus, had sent him out of the country, and detained Helen till her lawful husband should appear to claim her. The misfortune was, that when the Greeks before Troy demanded Helen, and were told that she neither was, nor had been in the town, they would not believe the story, but continued to thunder at the gates. “For if Helen had really been in Troy,” says Herodotus, “she would certainly have been given up, even if she had been mistress of Priam himself instead of Paris: the Trojan king, with all his family and all his subjects, would never knowingly have incurred utter and irretrievable destruction for the purpose of retaining her; their misfortune was, that while they did not possess, and therefore could not restore her, they yet found it impossible to convince the Greeks that such was the fact.”

Pausanias, a reasoning man, starts at the Trojan horse: he converts it into a battering-ram, as he cannot believe the Trojans to have been deceived by so childish a trick.

Thucydides, a man who knew something of campaigning, is astonished at the length of the siege; and perhaps his patriotism was put a little to the blush at the idea that the assembled forces of Greece should be occupied ten years before a town of very inconsiderable magnitude; for

* Grote: vol. i, p. 641, where the quotation is very effectively introduced.

no town of Ilium, we may remark in passing, ever existed that could present a worthy object of attack to so great a power, or was at all commensurate with the vast enterprise said to have been directed against it. He concluded, therefore, without hesitation, "that the Greeks were less numerous than the poets have represented, and that being, moreover, very poor, they were unable to procure adequate and constant provisions: hence they were compelled to disperse their army, and to employ a part of it in cultivating the Chersonese, and a part in marauding expeditions over the neighbourhood. Could the whole army have been employed against Troy at once, the siege would have been much more speedily and easily concluded." As Mr Grote justly observes, the critical historian might, with equal authority, have proceeded by a shorter method, and at once abridged the length of the siege.

"Though literally believed," he continues, speaking of the Trojan war, "though reverentially cherished, and numbered among the gigantic phenomena of the past, by the Grecian public, it is in the eyes of modern inquiry essentially a legend, and nothing more. If we are asked if it be not a legend embodying portions of historical matter, and raised upon a basis of truth,—whether there may not really have occurred at the foot of the hill of Ilium a war purely human and political, without gods, without heroes, without Helen, without Amazons, without Ethiopians under the beautiful son of Eos, without the wooden horse, without the characteristic and expressive features of the old epical war—like the mutilated trunk of Deiphobus in the under-world—if we are asked whether there was not really some such historical Trojan war as this, our answer must be, that as the possibility of it cannot be denied, so neither can the reality of it be affirmed. We possess nothing but the ancient epic itself, without any independent evidence: had it been an age of records, indeed, the Homeric epic, in its exquisite and unsuspecting simplicity, would pro-

bably never have come into existence. Whoever, therefore, ventures to dissect Homer, Arctinus, and Lesches, and to pick out certain portions as matters of fact, while he sets aside the rest as fiction, must do so in full reliance on his own powers of historical divination, without any means either of proving or verifying his conclusions."*

Take Helen from Troy, and Achilles son of Thetis from the camp, and say there was a siege—this is a result which few, perhaps, would care to contend about. It is the only result for which Dr Thirlwall contends, who on this subject approximates as nearly as possible to the opinion of Mr Grote. That there was a siege, however, Dr Thirlwall maintains with considerable pertinacity; but it happens, curiously enough, that his argument precisely supplies the last link that was wanting to complete the sceptical view of the subject. Most persons, we apprehend, are disposed to adhere to the belief that some famous siege must have taken place, or why should the poet's imagination take this direction?—why should he cluster his heroes and his exploits round the walls of Troy? Now, the effect of Dr Thirlwall's line of argument is to show how the poet's imagination was likely to take this direction, and yet there have been no siege of Troy, none at least by Agamemnon and his allies, none at the epoch which Homer assigns to it.

"We conceive it necessary," says Dr Thirlwall, "to admit the reality of the Trojan war as a general fact; but beyond this we scarcely venture to proceed a single step."† He finds it impossible to adopt the poetical story of its origin, partly from its inherent improbability, and partly "because we are convinced that Helen is a merely mythological person. It would be sufficient," he says, "to raise a strong suspicion of her fabulous nature to observe that she is classed by Herodotus with Io, and Europa, and Medea—all of them persons who, on distinct grounds, must clearly be referred to the domain of mythology. This suspicion is confirmed by all the particulars of her legend; by her

* Vol. i. p. 434.

† Dr Thirlwall's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 152.

birth, (the daughter of Jupiter, according to Homer;) by her relation to the divine Twins, whose worship seems to have been one of the most ancient forms of religion in Peloponnesus, and especially in Laconia; and by the divine honours paid to her in Laconia and elsewhere."

Compelled to reject the cause of the war assigned by Homer, and finding Helen a merely mythological person, "we are driven," he continues, "to conjecture to discover the true cause; yet not so as to be wholly without traces to direct us." He then refers to the legend which, numbering Hercules among the Argonauts, supposes him, on the voyage, to have rendered a service to the Trojan king Laomedon, who afterwards defrauded him of his stipulated recompense. Whereupon Hercules, coming with some seven ships, is said to have taken and sacked Troy; an event which is alluded to and recognised by Homer. "And thus we see," adds the author, "Troy already provoking the enmity or tempting the cupidity of the Greeks, in the generation before the celebrated war; and it may be easily conceived that if its power and opulence revived after this blow, it might again excite the same feelings."

Very easily conceived, but not rendered a jot more easy by aid of this legend of Hercules. The story of him of the Twelve Labours, who had been cheated of the divine mares for which he had bargained, and had mere earthly mares given to him, and who therefore, in revenge, had sacked the town of Troy, is, in the first place, so interpreted as to show "that the opulence of that city had in former times tempted the cupidity of the Greeks;" and then this interpretation

is made a ground for supposing that a similar motive had led to the expedition of Agamemnon and his chiefs. As well, surely, have said at once of the second war, what is said of the first, that it was an ordinary case of plunder and violence. It is hard to understand how the earlier legend can assist in giving an historical character to the later.

But the elder legend may assist in explaining how a siege of Troy became the great subject of the Homeric poems; and thus, whatever there was of actual siege may be carried altogether into that remote anterior epoch which is shadowed forth, if you will, under the exploits of Hercules. For with that charming candour by which he often contrives to neutralise the errors of his conjectural method of writing history, Dr Thirlwall himself adds:—"This expedition of Hercules may indeed suggest a doubt *whether it was not an earlier and simpler form of the same tradition, which grew at length into the argument of the Iliad*; for there is a striking resemblance between the two wars, not only in the events, but in the principal actors. As the prominent figures in the second siege are Agamemnon and Achilles, who represent the royal house of Mycenæ, and that of the Æacids; so in the first the Argive Hercules is accompanied by the Æacid Telamon; and even the quarrel and reconciliation of the allied chiefs are features common to both traditions."

The disquisition on the legend of Troy naturally leads the historian, and will naturally suggest to our own readers, the mooted question of the authorship of the Homeric poems. Some of them may be happy to learn that the opinion of Mr Grote is not

* *Thirlwall*, vol. i. p. 154. On the subject of the Trojan war we quote the following passage from the same historian, as an instance of the extremely slender thread which a conjectural writer will think it worth his while to weave in amongst his arguments for the support of some dubious fact. "One inevitable result," he says, "of such an event as the Trojan war, must have been to diffuse amongst the Greeks a more general knowledge of the isles and coasts of the Ægean, and to leave a lively recollection of the beauty and fertility of the region in which their battles had been fought. This would direct the attention of future emigrants in search of new homes toward the same quarter; and the fact that the tide of migration really set in this direction first, when the state of Greece became unsettled, *may not unreasonably be thought to confirm the reality of the Trojan war*." (P. 250.) Little need, one would think, of a Trojan war to direct the tide of emigration to the opposite coasts of Asia Minor.

of so sceptical a nature as they may have been prepared to expect. The Wolfian hypothesis he by no means adopts—namely, that before the time of Pisistratus, there was no such thing in existence as an extended and entire epic, but that the two great epics we now possess were then constructed by stringing together a number of detached poems, the separate chants of the old Greek bards or rhapsodists. Mr Grote sees in the *Odyssey* all the marks of unity of design, and of what he rather quaintly calls “single-headed authorship.” With regard to the *Iliad*, he admits that there is not the same stringent evidence of an original plan according to which the whole poem has been written, and he detects here the signs of interpolation and addition. According to his view, there is in the poem, as we possess it, an original whole, which he calls the Achilleis, to which additions have been made from other sources, converting the Achilleis into an *Iliad*. But our readers would prefer to have the words themselves of the author; and the following passage will present them with a very intelligent view of this famous controversy:—

“That the *Iliad* is not so essentially one piece as the *Odyssey*, every man agrees. It includes a much greater multiplicity of events, and what is yet more important, a greater multiplicity of prominent personages: the very indefinite title which it bears, as contrasted with the speciality of the name *Odyssey*, marks the difference at once. The parts stand out more conspicuously from the whole, and admit more readily of being felt and appreciated in detached recitation. We may also add, that it is of more unequal execution than the *Odyssey*—often rising to a far higher pitch of grandeur, but also occasionally tamer: the story does not move on continually; incidents occur without plausible motive, nor can we shut our eyes to evidences of incoherence and contradiction.

“To a certain extent, the *Iliad* is open to all these remarks, though Wolf and W. Müller, and above all, Lachmann, exaggerate the case in degree. And from hence has been deduced the hypothesis which treats the part in their original state as separate integers, independent of, and unconnected with each other, and forced into unity only by the afterthought of a subsequent age; or sometimes not even themselves as integers,

but as aggregates grouped together out of fragments still smaller—short epics formed by the coalescence of still shorter songs. Now there is some plausibility in these reasonings, so long as the *discrepancies* are looked upon as the whole of the case. But in point of fact they are not the whole of the case; for it is not less true that there are large portions of the *Iliad*, which present positive and undeniable evidences of *coherence*, as antecedent and consequent, though we are occasionally perplexed by inconsistencies of detail. To deal with these latter, is a portion of the duties of a critic; but he is not to treat the *Iliad* as if inconsistency prevailed every where throughout its parts; for coherence of parts—symmetrical antecedence and consequence—is discernible throughout the larger half of the poem.

“Now the Wolfian theory explains the gaps and contradictions throughout the narrative, but it explains nothing else. If (as Lachmann thinks) the *Iliad* originally consisted of sixteen songs or little substantive epics, not only composed by different authors, but by each without any view to conjunction with the rest—we have then no right to expect any intrinsic continuity between them; and all that continuity which we now find must be of extraneous origin. Where are we to look for the origin? Lachmann follows Wolf in ascribing the whole constructive process to Pisistratus and his associates, at the period when the creative epical faculty is admitted to have died out. But upon this supposition, Pisistratus (or his associate) must have done much more than omit, transpose, and interpolate, here and there; he must have gone far to re-write the whole poem. A great poet might have re-cast pre-existing separate songs into one comprehensive whole, but no mere arrangers or compilers would be competent to do so; and we are thus left without any means of accounting for that degree of continuity and consistency which runs through so large a portion of the *Iliad*, though not through the whole. The idea that the poem as we read it grew out of atoms, not originally designed for the places which they now occupy, involves us in new and inextricable difficulties when we seek to elucidate either the mode of coalescence or the degree of existing unity.

“Admitting, then, premeditated adaptation of parts to a certain extent as essential to the *Iliad*, we may yet inquire whether it was produced all at once or gradually enlarged—whether by one author or by several; and, if the parts be of different age, which is the pri-

mitive kernel, and which are the additions ?

"Welcker, Lange, and Nitzsch, treat the Homeric poems as representing a second step in advance in the progress of popular poetry : First comes the age of short narrative songs ; next, when these have become numerous, there arise constructive minds who re-cast and blend together many of them into a larger aggregate, conceived upon some scheme of their own. The age of the epos is followed by that of the epopee : short spontaneous effusions prepare the way, and furnish materials for the architectonic genius of the poet. It is farther presumed by the above-mentioned authors that the pre-Homeric epic included a great abundance of such smaller songs—a fact which admits of no proof, but which seems countenanced by some passages in Homer, and is in itself no way improbable. But the transition from such songs, assuming them to be ever so numerous, to a combined and continuous poem, forms an epoch in the intellectual history of a nation, implying mental qualities of a higher order than those upon which the songs themselves depend. Nor is it at all to be imagined that the materials pass unaltered from their first state of combination : they must of necessity be re-cast, and undergo an adapting process, in which the genius of the organising poet consists ; and we cannot hope, by simply knowing them as they exist in the second stage, ever to divine how they stood in the first. Such, in my judgment, is the right conception of the Homeric epoch,—an organising poetical mind, still preserving that freshness of observation and vivacity of details which constitutes the charm of the ballad.

"Nothing is gained by studying the *Iliad* as a congeries of fragments once independent of each other : no portion of the poem can be shown to have ever been so, and the supposition introduces difficulties greater than those which it removes. But it is not necessary to affirm that the whole poem, as we now read it, belonged to the original and preconceived plan. In this respect the *Iliad* produces upon my mind an impression totally different from the *Odyssey*. In the latter poem the characters and incidents are fewer ; the whole plot appears of one projection, from the beginning down to the death of the suitors : none of the parts look as if they had been composed separately, and inserted by way of addition into a pre-existing smaller poem. But the *Iliad*, on the contrary, presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently

enlarged by successive additions. The first book, together with the eighth, and the books from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive, seem to form the primary organisation of the poem, then properly an *Achilleis* : the twenty-third and twenty-fourth books are additions at the tail of this primitive poem, which still leave it nothing more than an enlarged *Achilleis* : but the books from the second to the seventh inclusive, together with the tenth, are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem from an *Achilleis* into an *Iliad*. The primitive frontispiece, inscribed with the anger of Achilles and its direct consequences, yet remains, after it has ceased to be co-extensive with the poems. The parts added, however, are not necessarily inferior in merit to the original poem : so far is this from being the case, that amongst them are comprehended some of the noblest efforts of the Grecian epic."
—(Vol. ii. p. 230.)

To many persons the undisputed fact that the Homeric poems were composed to be recited, not read, has appeared a convincing proof that they could not have originally assumed the form in which they are known to us. For setting aside the difficulty of preserving by the aid only of memory, and the still greater difficulty of composing a long poem without help of the manuscript, to keep *secure* the part already completed, what motive, it has been said, could induce the poet to undertake so great and so superfluous a labour ? Why indite a poem so much longer than could be recited on any one occasion, and which, *as a whole*, could never be appreciated ? But we would suggest that it is not necessary to suppose that the poet commenced his labours with the project in view of writing a long epic, in order to believe that we possess these two great poems very nearly in the original form in which they were composed. If it were the task of the poet or poets to supply a number of songs on the adventures of a popular hero, or the achievements of some famous war, such number of songs *must* assume a certain consecutive order ; the one will necessarily grow out of the other. Let any one reflect for a moment how the work of composition proceeds, and he will perceive that it would be impossible for a poet to take any one such subject as the siege of Troy, or

the return of Ulysses, as the theme for a number of separate poems, and not find that he was writing, with more or less continuity, one long entire poem. This continuity would be improved and especially attended to, when a certain order came to be preserved (as we know it was) in the recitation of the several poems. We have no difficulty, therefore, in believing that, in the time of Pisistratus, the editors of Homer might have had very little to do to give them that degree of completeness and unity which they at present display. A number of consecutive songs upon the same subject would naturally grow into an epic.

No decisive argument, we submit, can be drawn from the absence or limited application of the art of writing at the era assigned for the composition of these poems. There is nothing left for us but to examine the poems themselves, to determine what degree of unity of plan or of authorship may be attributed to them. Unfortunately the critical perception of scholars, equally eminent, leads to such different results, that the controversy appears to be hopeless. Where one sees with the utmost distinctness the difference of workmanship, another sees with equal clearness the traces of the same genius and manner. And in controversies of this nature, there is unhappily a most perverse combination of the strongest conviction with an utter impotence to force that conviction upon another. Between these two, a man is generally driven into a passion; and thus we often find a bitter, acrid mood infused into literary discussions, which, lying as they do apart from the selfish and conflicting interests of men, would seem to be the theatre for no such display. The controversy rages still in Germany, and, it seems, with considerable heat. Lachmann, after dissecting a certain portion of the *Iliad* into four songs, "in the highest degree different in their spirit," tells us that whoever thinks the difference of spirit inconsiderable—whoever does not feel it at once when pointed out—whoever can believe that the parts as they stand now belong to one artistically constructed epos, "will do well not to trouble himself any more either with my criticisms, or

with epic poetry, because he is too weak to understand any thing about it — ("weil er zu schwach ist etwas darin zu verstehen.") On the contrary, Ulrich, after having shown (or tried to show) that the composition of Homer satisfies perfectly, in the main, all the exigencies of an artistic epic, adds, that this will make itself at once evident to all those who have any sense of artistical symmetry, but that to those to whom that sense is wanting, no conclusive demonstration can be given. He warns the latter, however, they are not to deny the existence of that which their short-sighted vision cannot distinguish, for every thing cannot be made clear to children, which the mature man sees through at a glance! Mr Grote, from whom we quote these instances, adds that he has the misfortune to dissent both from Lachmann and Ulrich; for to him it appears a mistake to put (as Ulrich and others have done) the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* on the same footing. The sort of compromise which Mr Grote offers seems very fair; but, for our part, we beg to reserve the point; we will not commit ourselves on so delicate a subject, by a hasty assent. But we promise to read our Homer again with an especial regard to these boundaries he has pointed out between the *Achilleis* and the *Iliad*.

Who Homer himself may have been, and if the blind bard ever existed, is a question, of course, very different from the degree of unity to be traced in the two great poems which have descended to us under his name. On this subject Mr Grote gives us an hypothesis which, as far as we are aware, is new and original. It has not, however, won our conviction—and we had intended to offer some objections against it. But we have already dwelt so long on this legendary period, that unless we break from it at once, we shall have no space left to give any idea whatever of the manner in which Mr Grote treats the more historical periods of his history. We must be allowed, therefore, to make a bold and abrupt transition; and, as every one in a history of Greece turns his eye first toward Athens, we shall, at one single bound, light upon the city of Minerva as she appeared in the age of Solon and Pisistratus.

A fidelity to the spirit of the epoch upon which he is engaged, as well as to the text of his authorities, we have already remarked, is a distinguishing merit of Mr Grote. Of this, his chapters upon the age of Solon might be cited as an illustration. We are persuaded that a reader of many a history of Greece, unless himself observant, and on the watch to detect, as he passes, the signs of the times, might proceed from the age of Pisistratus to that of Pericles, and not be made aware how very great the advancement, during that period, of the intellectual condition of the people of Athens. He has been in Athens all the time, but how very different have the Athenians become! And unless he were under the guidance of some more powerful thinker than ordinarily wields the pen of history, he might be little aware of the change. Mr Grote points it out with great distinctness.

At the first of these epochs, it is but a barbarous people, with qualities which bode something better—that bear the name of Athenians. Amongst the laws of Solon, is one which forbids “the sale of daughters or sisters into slavery by fathers or brothers!” A law is enacted against the exportation of all produce of the soil of Attica except olive oil, and to enforce this commercial or non-commercial regulation, “the archon was bound, on pain of forfeiting a hundred drachms, to pronounce solemn curses against every offender!” The superstitious or religious feelings, if we must honour them by the latter name, are rude and violent in the extreme—give rise to frenzy amongst the people,—the women especially,—and call for or admit of human sacrifice. Both the artifices by which Pisistratus on two several occasions succeeded in obtaining the tyranny, indicate a people in the very first stages of civilisation. But what shall be said of the second or grosser of these artifices?—his entrance into Athens in a chariot with a tall damsel by his side, personating Minerva, *visibly* under the protection of the goddess.

It is worth observing, that the same class of historians who are given to extract with an unauthorised boldness a prosaic fact from a poetic legend, are also the slowest and most reluctant in understanding the more

startling facts which meet them on historic ground, in their simple and full significance. They are bold before the fable, they are timid before the fact. Nor is this surprising. In both cases they are on the search for incidents analogous to those which the ordinary course of life or of history has made familiar to their imagination. They see these with an exuberant faith where they do not exist, and will see nothing *but* these when something of a far different nature is actually put before them. Mr Grote, who refused to tread at all on the insecure ground of the legend, meets this narrative of the second entry of Pisistratus into Athens upon the level ground of history, and sees it in its simple form, and sees the people in it. Dr Thirlwall, on the contrary, who would read the history of a people's wars and emigrations in the fabulous exploits of fabulous persons, is staggered at the story—converts it all into a holiday pageant! It was some show or procession, and all the world knew as well as Pisistratus that it was the damsel Phylê, and not Minerva, who stood in the chariot.

“This story would indeed be singular,” writes Dr Thirlwall, “if we consider the expedient in the light of a stratagem, on which the confederates relied for overcoming the resistance which they might otherwise have expected from their adversaries. But it seems quite as possible that the pageant was only designed to add extraordinary solemnity to the entrance of Pisistratus, and to suggest the reflection that it was by the special favour of Heaven he had been so unexpectedly restored.”—(Vol. ii. p. 67.)

If this story stood alone in spirit and character, and there were no other contemporary events to occasion us the same kind of surprise, some such interpretation might not be unreasonable. But other facts which the historian himself relates with their unabated and literal significance, testify equally to the gross apprehension of the Athenian people at this epoch. What shall we say of the visit of Epimenides to purify the city? The guilt, it seems, of sacrilege had, some time past, been incurred by Megacles and his associates, who had put to death certain of their enemies within

the precincts of the temple of Minerva, whither they had fled for refuge. Megacles might have starved them there, but was scrupulous to bring this defilement upon the temple. He therefore promised to spare their lives if they would quit the sanctuary. Upon this they came forth, holding however, as an additional safeguard, a rope in their hands which was fastened to the statue of Minerva. Better not have trusted to the rope, for it broke. Megacles, seeing this, pronounced aloud that the goddess had evidently withdrawn her protection, and ordered them to be put to death. For this sacrilege—not for the promise-breaking or bloodshed—a curse hung over the city. Superstitions terrors haunted the inhabitants; the scarcity, the sickness, every evil that afflicted them, was attributed to this cause; and the women especially, gave themselves up to frantic demonstrations of fear and piety.

There was a man of Crete, born of a nymph, fed by the nymphs, if indeed he was fed at all, for no one saw him eat. In his youth, this marvellous Cretan had been sent by his father to bring home some stray sheep, and turning aside into a cave for shelter from the noontide heat, had fallen asleep. He slept on for fifty years. Either supernatural knowledge comes in sleep, or Epimenides invented this fable to stop all inquiries as to where, or how, he had passed the early period of his life. He attained the age of one hundred and fifty-four—some say three hundred years.

This remarkable person, supposed to know by what means the anger of the gods might be propitiated, was called to Athens. What means he devised for this purpose may easily be conjectured. After the performance of certain religious ceremonies, the foundation of a new temple, and the sacrifice of a human victim, the Athenians were restored to their usual tranquillity.

"The religious mission of Epimenides to Athens," observes Mr Grote, "and its efficacious as well as healing influence on the public mind, deserve notice as characteristics of the age in which they occurred. If we transport ourselves two centuries forward to the Peloponnesian war, when rational influences and positive

habits of thought had acquired a durable hold upon the superior minds, and when practical discussion on political and judicial matters were familiar to every Athenian citizen, no such uncontrollable religious misery could well have subdued the entire public; and if it had, no living man could have drawn to himself such universal veneration as to be capable of effecting a cure. Plato, admitting the real healing influence of rites and ceremonies, fully believed in Epimenides as an inspired prophet during the past, but towards those who preferred claims to supernatural power in his own day, he was not so easy of faith: he, as well as Euripides and Theophrastus, treated with indifference, and even with contempt, the Orpheotelestæ of the later times, who advertised themselves as possessing the same patent knowledge of ceremonial rites, and the same means of guiding the will of the gods, as Epimenides had wielded before them. . . . Had Epimenides himself come to Athens in those days, his visit would probably have been as much inoperative to all public purposes as a repetition of the stratagem of Phylæ, clothed and equipped as the goddess Athena, which had succeeded so completely in the days of Peisistratus—a stratagem which even Herodotus treats as incredibly absurd, although a century before his time both the city of Athens and the Demas of Attica had obeyed, as a divine mandate, the orders of this magnificent and stately woman to restore Peisistratus."—(Vol. iii. p. 116.)

There is nothing to which we are more averse than the converting ancient history into a field for the discussion of modern *party politics*. We are fully persuaded that the most thorough English Conservative may admire the Athenian republic; so far at least admire as to admit that it is impossible to conceive how, under any other form of government, the peculiar glories of Athens could have shone forth. And, indeed, an Athenian democracy differs so entirely from any political institution which the world sees at present, or will ever see again, that to carry the strife of our politics back into those times, in other than a quite general manner, is as futile as it is tasteless and vexatious. After this avowal, we shall not be thought disposed to enter into any needless cavil, upon this topic, with Mr Grote; we shall not, certainly, be upon the watch to detect the too liberal politician in the historian

of Greece. An interest in the working of popular institutions is a qualification the more for his task; and the historian himself must have felt that it was no mean advantage he had acquired by having taken his seat in our house of parliament, and mingled personally in the affairs of a popular government. What the future volumes of the history may disclose, we will not venture to prognosticate; but, hitherto, we have met with nothing which deserves the opprobrium of being attributed to party spirit. There is a certain *tone* in some of his political observations which, as may be supposed, we should not altogether adopt; but many of them are excellent and instructive. Nothing could be better than the following remarks on the necessity of a "constitutional morality." He is speaking of the reforms of Cleisthenes.

"It was necessary to create in the multitude, and through them to force upon the leading ambitious men, that rare and difficult sentiment which we may term a constitutional morality,—a paramount reverence for the forms of the constitution, enforcing obedience to the authorities acting under and within those forms, yet combined with the habit of open speech, of action, subject only to definite legal control, and unrestrained censure of those very authorities as to all their public acts,—combined, too, with the perfect confidence in the bosom of every citizen, amidst the bitterness of party contest, that the forms of the constitution will not be less sacred in the eyes of his opponents than in his own. This co-existence of freedom and self-imposed restraint—of obedience to authority with unmeasured censure of the persons exercising it—may be found in the aristocracy of England, (since about 1688,) as well as in the democracy of the American United States; and, because we are familiar with it, we are apt to suppose it a natural sentiment; though there seem to be few sentiments more difficult to establish and diffuse among a community, judging by the experience of history. We may see how imperfectly it exists, at this day, in the Swiss cantons; and the many violences of the French Revolution illustrate, amongst various other lessons, the fatal effects arising from its absence, even among a people high in the scale of intelligence. Yet the diffusion of such constitutional morality, not merely among the majority of any community, but throughout the whole, is the indispen-

sable condition of a government at once free and peaceable; since even any powerful and obstinate minority may render the working of free institutions impracticable, without being strong enough to conquer ascendancy for themselves."—Vol. iv. p. 205.

Then follow, close on the extract we have just made, some observations upon the famous law of Ostracism, which are well deserving of attention, and which we would willingly quote did our space allow of it. Perhaps it would be difficult, in following out the several applications of this law, to show that it had exactly the beneficial operation which—arguing on the theory of the institution,—is here assigned to it. But, at the very lowest, this much may be said of the law of Ostracism, that it gives to the stronger of two factions a means of deciding the contest without appeal to force, before the contest rose to its maximum of bitterness, and without necessity or excuse for those wholesale banishments which afflicted the republics of Italy. If such an institution had existed in the Florentine republic, we should not have heard of those cruel banishments that Guelph and Ghibelline, Bianchi and Neri, inflicted upon each other; such banishments as that, for instance, in which its great poet Dante was involved.

Of one remarkable event, characterising the working of the Athenian government, we do not assent to the view presented to us by Mr Grote. His last published volume brings down the affairs of Greece to the battle of Marathon and the death of Miltiades. In the sentence passed on the hero of Marathon, the operation of a popular government has been often disadvantageously traced; the Athenians have been accused of fickleness and ingratitude. Mr Grote repels the charge. With some observations upon this defence, which forms the conclusion of the fourth and last of the published volumes, we shall bring our own notice to a close.

Ingratitude, we readily admit, is not the proper word to be used on such an occasion. A citizen serves the state, and is honoured; if he commits a crime against the state he is not, on this account, to go unpunished. His previous services invest him with no

privilege to break the laws, or act criminally. What man, capable of doing a patriotic action, would wish for such a privilege, or dream of laying claim to it?

Not gratitude or ingratitude — but justice or injustice — is the issue to be tried between Miltiades and the Athenian assembly. And although Mr Grote is supported, in some measure, by Dr Thirlwall in the judgment he gives on this transaction, we prefer to side here with the opinion expressed by the earlier historian, Mr Mitford: we view the sentence passed on Miltiades not as the triumph of law or justice, but of mere party-spirit, the triumph of a faction gained through the unreasonable anger of the people.

Though the extract is rather long, we must, in justice, give the narrative of Mr Grote in his own language.

"His reputation (that of Miltiades) had been great before the battle (of Marathon), and after it the admiration and confidence of his countrymen knew no bounds; it appears indeed to have reached such a pitch, that his head was turned, and he lost both his patriotism and his prudence. He proposed to his countrymen to incur the cost of equipping an armament of seventy ships, with an adequate armed force, and to place it altogether at his discretion; giving them no intimation whither he intended to go, but merely assuring them that if they would follow him, he would conduct them to a land where gold was abundant, and thus enrich them. Such a promise, from the lips of the recent victor of Marathon, was sufficient, and the armament was granted; no man except Miltiades knowing what was its destination. He sailed immediately to the island of Paros, laid siege to the town, and sent in a herald to require from the inhabitants a contribution of one hundred talents, on pain of entire destruction. His pretence for this attack was, that the Parians had furnished a trireme to Datis for the Persian fleet at Marathon; but his real motive (so Herodotus assures us) was vindictive animosity against a Parian citizen named Lysagoras, who had exasperated the Persian general Hydarnes against him. The Parians amused him at first with evasions, until they had procured a little delay to repair the defective portions of their wall, after which they set him at defiance; and Miltiades in vain prosecuted hostilities against them for the space of twenty-six days: he ravaged the island, but his attacks made no impres-

sion on the town. Beginning to despair of success in his military operations, he entered into some negotiation (such at least was the tale of the Parians themselves,) with a Parian woman named Timô, priestess or attendant in the temple of Demeter (Ceres) near the town-gates; this woman, promising to reveal to him a secret which would place Paros in his power, induced him to visit by night a temple to which no male person was admissible. He leaped the exterior fence and approached the sanctuary; but on coming near was seized with a panic terror and ran away, almost out of his senses; on leaping the same fence to get back, he strained or bruised his thigh badly, and became utterly disabled. In this melancholy state he was placed on ship-board; the siege being raised, and the whole armament returning to Athens."

"Vehement was the indignation both of the armament and the remaining Athenians against Miltiades on his return; and Zanthippus, father of the great Perikles, became the spokesman of this feeling. He impeached Miltiades before the popular judicature as having been guilty of deceiving the people, and so having deserved the penalty of death. The accused himself, disabled by his injured thigh, which even began to show symptoms of gangrene, was unable to stand or to say a word in his own defence; he lay on his couch before the assembled judges, while his friends made the best case they could in his behalf. Defence, it appears, there was none; all they could do was to appeal to his previous services; they reminded the people largely and emphatically of the inestimable exploit of Marathon, coming in addition to his previous conquest of Lemnos. The assembled dikasts or jurors showed their sense of these powerful appeals, by rejecting the proposition of his accuser to condemn him to death; but they imposed on him the penalty of fifty talents 'for his iniquity.'" (Vol. iv. p. 488.)

He died shortly after from his wound.

On this narrative we must make one or two observations. The turn of expression which the writer has selected for conveying the meaning of the original Greek text of his authority, might lead us to imply that when the Athenians placed a force of seventy ships at the command of Miltiades they did not know on what *kind* of expedition he was about to employ them. "He would conduct them to a land where gold was abundant, and thus enrich them." Surely no one had an idea that it was a

voyage of discovery, in search after some El Dorado that Miltiades was about to undertake. Every one in Athens knew that the fleet was to be directed against some of their neighbours; although, for very manifest reasons,—the advantage of taking their victim by surprise, and of leaving their general unfettered, to act according to circumstances,—the objects of attack were not revealed, and on this a perfect secrecy was allowed to be maintained. It should be also added to this account, that Zanthippes, father of Pericles, who made himself spokesman for the angry feeling of the Athenians, was also, as Dr Thirlwall tells us, “the son of Ariphron, the chief of the rival house of the Alcmaonids,” who were little pleased with the sudden rise of Miltiades.

From the same authority we may also learn, that “Paros was at this time one of the most flourishing amongst the Cyclades.” Miltiades directed the expedition against Paros from personal motives, from vindictive animosity against a Parian citizen; but Paros was rich, and could therefore pay a ransom—the very object of the expedition; and the pretext under which alone Athens could extort a ransom or a tribute from its neighbours, that they had assisted the Persians, or failed in bringing aid to the common cause against them, applied to Paros; it had furnished, or was accused of having furnished, a trireme to Datis. Whatever baseness Miltiades betrayed in using a public force for his own private revenge, there is nothing to make it appear that the selection of Paros for the object of his attack was not in perfect consistency with the real public purpose of the enterprise.

What crime in all this had Miltiades committed against the *Athenians*? The injustice of the expedition they shared; for it would be childishness to suppose that they sent their general out with seventy ships and had no idea that he would attack any one. The personal motives which led him to direct it against Paros, however mean and unworthy of him, are not shown to have been at variance with the professed objects of the expedition. Nor can any one doubt for a moment

that if he had succeeded in extorting from the Parians, and others, a large sum of money, the Athenians would have welcomed him back with applause, as loud as the censure they bestowed on their defeated generals, who, instead of plunder, brought them back only the disgrace of having tried to plunder. There were those at hand ready to take advantage of the public irritation; they accused him, and obtained his condemnation. We are not claiming for Miltiades the praise of virtue; nor should we make any pathetic appeal in his behalf. He was not free from a moral delinquency; but, so far as the Athenians were concerned, his substantial offence was failure in his enterprise.

That his friends urged no other defence but that of his previous services, is no proof that other grounds for acquittal were not present to their minds. They were pleading before angry and irresponsible judges, whom it was their object to soothe and propitiate. Would the strain of inculpatory observations that we have been making, have answered their purpose? To tell an angry man that he is angry, because he is disappointed, is not the way to abate his passion. That Miltiades *had* disappointed them was certain; undoubtedly the best method of defence was to remind them of the great services that he had formerly rendered them. It was not the demands of judicial reason his advocates had to satisfy: they were pleading before judges whose feelings of the moment were to be the law of the moment.

“Thus closed the life of the conqueror of Marathon. The last act of it,” continues Mr Grote, “produces an impression so mournful, and even shocking—his descent from the pinnacle of glory, to defeat, mean tampering with a temple-servant, mortal bodily hurt, undefended ignominy, and death under a sentence of heavy fine, is so abrupt and unprepared—that readers, ancient and modern, have not been satisfied without finding some one to blame for it: we must except Herodotus, our original authority, who recounts the transaction without dropping a single hint of blame against any one. To speak ill of the people, as Machiavel has long ago observed, is a strain in which every one at all times, even under a democratical government, indulges with im-

punity and without provoking any opponent to reply ; and in this case the hard fate of Miltiades has been imputed to the vices of the Athenians and their democracy—it has been cited in proof partly of their fickleness, partly of their ingratitude. But however such blame may serve to lighten the mental sadness arising from a series of painful facts, it will not be found justified if we apply to those facts a reasonable criticism."

He thus vindicates the Athenians from the charge of *fickleness*, on the ground that it was not they, but Miltiades who had changed. The fugitive from Paros, and the victor of Marathon, were two very different persons. As any remarkable instance of fickleness we should certainly not be disposed to cite the case. The charge of *ingratitude*, we have admitted, is, presuming that he was guilty, entirely displaced. But when Mr Grote in his final summary says, "The fate of Miltiades thus, so far from illustrating either the fickleness or the ingratitude of his countrymen, attests their just appreciation of desert," we must indeed demur. No, no: this was not the triumph of justice over the finer sensibilities of our nature, as Mr Grote would seem to imply. On the fairest review we can give to the whole of the circumstances, we find on the sentence passed upon Miltiades a gross instance of that old notorious injustice which pronounces an enterprise meritorious or criminal according to its success. The enterprise was altogether a disgraceful affair. But the Athenians must be supposed cognisant of the nature of the expedition for which they fitted out their seventy ships:—*against them*, we repeat, the only substantial offence committed was his failure; nor can we doubt that his welcome back to

Athens would have been quite different had there been a different issue to the adventure. Justice there was none; unless it be justice for three freebooters to pass sentence upon the fourth.

Before concluding, we ought, perhaps, to take some notice of the reform in our orthography of Greek words which Mr Grote is desirous of introducing, in order to assimilate the English to the Greek pronunciation. The principal of these is the substitution of *κ* for *c*. Our own *κ*, he justly observes, precisely coincides with the Greek *κ*, while a *c* may be either *κ* or *s*. He writes Perikles, Alkibiades. To this approximation of the English pronunciation to the Greek we can see nothing to object. A reader of Greek finds it a mere annoyance, and sort of barbarism, to be obliged to pronounce the same name one way while reading Greek, and another when speaking or reading English; and to the English reader it must be immaterial which pronunciation he *finally* adopts. Meanwhile, it must be allowed that the first changing of an old familiar name is a disagreeable operation. We must leave the popular and the learned taste to arrange it how they can together. Mr Grote has wisely left some names—as Thucydides—in the old English form; in matters of this kind nothing is gained by too rigid a consistency. It is not improbable that his orthography will be adopted, in the first place, by the more learned writers, and will from their pages find its way into popular use. Mr Grote also, in speaking of the Greek deities, calls them by their Greek names, and not by the Latin equivalents—As *Zeus* for Jupiter—*Athene* for Minerva.

BEN NEVIS AND BEN MUICH DHUN.

It was on a bright, hot day of July, which threw the first gleam of sunshine across a long tract of soaking, foggy, dreary, hopeless weather, that we ascended Ben Nevis. The act was unpremeditated. The wet and fog of weeks had entered into our soul; and we had resolved, in the spirit of indignant resignation, that we would *not* attempt the hill. Accordingly we were stalking lazily along General Wade's road: we had left Fort William, and thought there might be a probability of reaching Fort Augustus to dinner,—when we were not ungratefully surprised to see the clouds tucking themselves up the side of the mountain in a peculiar manner, which gives the experienced wanderer of the hills the firm assurance of a glorious day. Soon afterwards, the great mountain became visible from summit to base, and its round head and broad shoulders stood dark against the bright blue sky. A sagacious-looking old Highlander, who was passing, protested that the hill had never looked so hopeful during the whole summer: the temptation was irresistible, so we turned our steps towards the right, and commenced the ascent.

It is one among the prevailing fallacies of the times, that to mount a Highland hill is a very difficult operation, and that one should hire a guide on the occasion. We lately witnessed a very distressing instance of the alarming prevalence of this notion, in a young Chancery barrister, fresh from Brick Court Temple, who asked us in a very solemn tone of voice, if we could recommend him to "a steady guide to the top of Arthur Seat." When matters have come to such a crisis, it is time to speak out; and we are able, on the ground of long experience, to say, that if the proper day be chosen, and the right method adopted, the ascent of our grandest mountains is one of the simplest operations in all pedestrianism. True, if people take it in the way in which pigs run up all manner of streets, and go straight forward, looking neither to the right

nor to the left, they will run their heads against nature's stone walls, which are at least as formidable as man's. But let any one study the disposal of the ground, calculating the gradients and summit levels as if he were a railway-engineer for the time being—let him observe where the moss lies deep, and precipices rise too steep to be scrambled over; and he will be very obtuse indeed, if he is not able to chalk out for himself precisely the best way to the top. It is a good general rule to keep by the side of a stream. That if you do so when you are at the top of a hill, you will somehow or other find your way to the bottom, is, we are convinced, a proposition as sound as Newton's theory of gravitation. But in the ascent, the stream is often far better than a human guide. It has no interest to lead you to the top of some episodic hill and down again, and to make you scramble over an occasional dangerous pass, to show you how impossible it is that you could have found the way yourself, and how fortunate you are in having secured the services of an intelligent and intrepid guide. On the contrary, as long as you keep by the side of the stream you are always gaining ground and making your way towards the higher levels, while you avoid bogs: for the edge of a stream is generally the driest part of a mountain.

Choosing the broadest and deepest scarp that is scratched down the abrupt side of the lower range of the mountain, we find it, as we anticipated, the channel of a clear dancing stream, which amuses us with its babble for several hundred feet of the ascent. Some time ere we had reached the base of the hill we had lost sight of the summit, and there was before us only the broad steep bank, with its surface of alternate stone and heather, and a few birch-trees peeping timidly forth from crevices in the rock. After a considerable period of good hard climbing, accompanied by nothing worthy of note either in the variations of the scenery or in the

incidents encountered, we are at the top of this rampart; and behold! on the other side of a slight depression, in which sleeps a small inky lake, the bold summit of the mountain rises clear and abrupt and close, as one might see the dome of a cathedral from the parapet on the roof. Here we linger to take a last look of the objects at the foot of the hill, for ere we resume the ascent we shall lose sight of them. Already Fort William looks like a collection of rabbit-houses. The stean-boat on the lake is like a boy's Christmas toy. The waters have assumed that hard burnished metallic appearance which they convey to the eye raised far above them in a hot summer day. The far-stretching moss, with one or two ghastly white stones standing erect out of its blackness like druidical remains, carries the eye along its surface to the dusky and mysterious ruins of Inverlochy Castle, which has so sadly puzzled antiquaries to divine how its princely round towers and broad barbican could have been erected in that wild and remote region, where they stand patiently in their ruined grandeur, waiting till our friend Billings shall, with his incomparable pencil, make each tower and arch and moulding as familiar to the public eye as if the old ruin stood in Fleet Street.

Off we start with the lake to the left, taking care to keep the level we have gained. A short interval of walking in a horizontal direction, and again we must begin to climb. On this side the porphyry dome is round and comparatively smooth—scarcely so abrupt as the outer range of hill which we have just ascended. But wending north-eastwardly when near the summit, we came suddenly to a spot where a huge fragment of the dome had, as it were, been broken off, leaving a ghastly rent—how deep it were difficult for the eye to fix, but the usual authorities tell us that the precipices here are 1500 feet high. When we reached their edge, we found that the clouds, which had been completely lifted up from the smoother parts of the mountain, still lingered as if they had difficulty in getting clear of the jagged edges of the cavernous opening, and moving about restlessly like evil spirits, hither and thither,

afforded but partial glimpses of the deep vale below. Though Ben Nevis was at this time rather deficient in his snowy honours, considerable patches lay in the unsunned crevices of the precipice. It was a fine thing to occupy one's-self in tilting over huge boulders, and to see them gradually approach the edge of the gulf, and then leap thundering into the mist.

Turning our eyes from the terrible fascinations of the precipice to the apex of the hill now in full view, a strange sight there met our eyes—a sight so strange that we venture to say the reader no more anticipates it than we did, at the moment when we looked from the yawning precipice to what we expected to be a solitary mountain-top. "Pooh!" the reader will say, "it was an eagle looking at the sun, or a red-deer snuffing with his expanded nostrils the tainted air." We shake our heads. "Well, then, it was a waterspout—or, perhaps, a beautiful rainbow—or something electric, or a phenomenon of some sort." Utterly wrong. It was neither more nor less, reader, than a crowd of soldiers, occupying nearly the whole table-land of the summit! Yes, there they were, British troops, with their red coats, dark gray trousers, and fatigue caps, as distinctly as we ever saw them in Marshall's panoramas! We were reminded of the fine description which Scott gives of the Highland girl who was gazing indolently along the solitary glen of Gortnleg on the day of the battle of Culloden, when it became suddenly peopled by the Jacobite fugitives. "Impressed with the belief that they were fairies—who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eyelid to another—she strove to refrain from the vibration, which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible." But whether the eye winked or not, there they were—substantial able-bodied fellows; what could it mean? Had Colonel Mitchell discovered a new system for protecting the country by fortifying the tops of mountains which an enemy never comes near? Could it be some awkward squad sent to be drilled on this remote spot that it might escape the observation of the sarcastic public?

Such were the theories as suddenly rejected as they were suggested. It was vain to speculate. No solution we could devise made the slightest approach to probability; and our only prospect of speedy relief was in pushing rapidly forward. A very short sentence from the good-humoured looking young fellow who received our first breathless and perplexed inquiry, solved the mystery,—“did you never hear of the Ordnance Survey?” Yes, indeed, we had heard of it; but our impression of it was as of something like a mathematical line, with neither breadth nor thickness; but here it was in substantial operation. The party were occupied in erecting a sort of dwelling for themselves—half tent, half hut. Though in fatigue dresses, and far from being very trim, it was easy to see that they were not common soldiers. They belong, we believe, to the educated corps of sappers and miners; and a short conversation with them showed that the reputation of intelligence and civility long enjoyed by that distinguished body has not been unjustly earned. Though not blind to the magnificence of the panorama of mountain, lake, and distant far-stretching forest-land that lay beneath our feet as we conversed, they did not conceal their consciousness that the prospect of passing some months on such a spot was not particularly cheering to round-cheeked comfortable Englishmen, accustomed at Sandhurst and Addiscombe to comforts even superior to those of the Saint Market. The air was unexceptionably pure and abundant—yet the Bedford level might have been preferable as a permanent residence. Many were the reflections that occurred to us of the feelings of a set of men thus cut off from the earth, down on which they looked, like so many Jacks on a huge bean-stalk. What a place to encounter the first burst of the November storm in, beneath the frail covering of a tent! How did their friends address letters to them? Would a cover addressed “Mr Abel Thompson of the Royal engineers, Top of Ben Nevis,” be a document to which the post-office would pay any more regard than to a letter addressed to one of the fixed stars? Could they ask a friend to

step up to dinner, or exchange courtesies with the garrison of Fort William, into whose windows they might peep with their telescopes?

In the course of conversation with our new friends, we alighted on a subject in which we have long taken an interest. They had already conducted some operations on Ben Muich Dhui, and they were now commencing such surveys on Ben Nevis, as would enable them finally to decide which of these mountains has the honour of being the highest land in the United Kingdom. Competition has of late run very close between them; and the last accounts had shown Ben Muich Dhui only some twenty feet or so a-head. We freely confess that we back Ben Muich Dhui in this contest. It is true that Ben Nevis is in all respects a highly meritorious hill. We must do justice to his manly civility and good humour. We have found many a crabbed little crag more difficult of access; and, for his height, we scarcely know another mountain, of which it is so easy to reach the top. He stands majestic and alone, his own spurs more nearly rivalling him than any of the neighbouring hills. Rising straight from the sea, his whole height and magnificent proportions are before us at once, and the view from the summit has an unrivalled expanse. Still there are stronger charms about the great centre of the Cairngorm range. Surrounded by his peers, he stands apart from the every-day world in mysterious grandeur. The depth and remoteness of the solitude, the huge mural precipices, the deep chasms between the rocks, the waterfalls of unknown height, the hoary remains of the primeval forest, the fields of snow, and the deep black lakes at the foot of the precipices, are full of such associations of awe, and grandeur, and mystery, as no other scenery in Britain is capable of arousing. The recollections of these things inclined us still to favour Ben Muich Dhui; and before separating from these hermits of her Majesty's ordnance, we earnestly requested, if they had any influence in the matter, that they would “find” for our favourite, to which we shall now introduce our readers.

Our public are certainly not amenable to the charge of neglecting what is worth seeing, because it is distant and inaccessible. On the top of the Righi, where people go to behold the sun rise over the Alps, we have seen the English congregated in crowds on the wooden bench erected for that purpose, making it look like a race-course stand, and carrying on a bang-up sort of conversation—

Right against the eastern gate

Where the great sun begins his state,—

as if it were a starting-post, and they were laying bets on the events of the day. The Schwartzwald, the Saxon Schweitz, nay, even the wild Norrska Fiellen, swarm with British tourists; and we are credibly informed that loud cries of “boots” and “waiter,” with expostulations against the quality of the bottled porter and the airing of the beds, may be heard not far from Mount Sinai. Yet, in the centre of our own island there is a group of scenery, as unlike the rest of the country as if we had travelled to another hemisphere to see it—as grand and beautiful as the objects which our tourists cross half the globe to behold—which is scarcely known to those who profess to say that they have visited every thing that is worth seeing in their own country. The answer to this will probably be, that railway travelling has brought the extremities of Europe together—that Switzerland is but four days from London—that it is as easy to get to Chamouni as to Braemar—and that the scenery of the Alps *must* be finer than any thing to be seen in Scotland. Even this broad proposition may be questioned. It was with no small pride that one night, after a hard walk from Martigny to Chamouni, we heard a distinguished Englishman, who has been able to compare with each other the finest things both physical and mental which the world has produced, and whose friendly face greeted us as we emerged from the dark valley into a brilliantly lighted hotel—stand up for old Scotland, and question if there were any thing, even in the gorgeous vale of Chamouni itself, to excel our purple mountains and narrow glens. But if we should be disposed to give the

preference to the Alps, on that principle of politeness, which actuated an Aberdeen fisherman, who had found his way under the dome of St Paul's, to exclaim—“Weel, that jist maks a perfect feel o' the Kirk o' Fitty”—we think there is something inexpressibly interesting in beholding, in the middle of this busy island of steam-engines and railways, of printing machines and spinning jennies, one wide district where nature is still as supremely lord of all—where man feels as much separated from all traces of the workmanship of his fellows, as in the forests of Missouri, or the upper gorges of the Himalayas. But it is not true that the Cairngorm range of mountains is a distant place to tourists. It is in the very centre of their haunts. They swarm in the valleys of the Spey and the Tay, at Laggan, Blair Athol, and Braemar, and want but enterprise or originality enough to direct their steps out of the beaten paths which have formed, since Scottish touring became fashionable forty years ago, the regular circles in which these creatures revolve. They care not in general to imbibe the glories and the delights of scenery, but confine themselves to the established Lions, which it is good for a man to be able in society to *say* that he has seen. “Well, I can say I have seen it,” says your routine tourist—whereby, if he knew the meaning of his own words, he would be aware that he conveyed to mankind a testimony to his folly in having made any effort to look at that which has produced no impression whatever on his mind, and in looking at which he would not be aware that he saw any thing remarkable, unless the guide-book and the waiter at the inn had certified that it was an object of interest. It is true, that to see our friends the Cairngorm hills, one must walk, and that somewhat stiffly—but this is seldom an obstacle in any place where pedestrianism is not unfashionable. In the Oberland of Switzerland, we have seen green-spectacled, fat, plethoric gentlemen, fresh from 'Change, wearing blouses and broad straw hats, carrying haversacks on their shoulders, and tall alpenstocks in their hands to facilitate the leaping of the chasms in the glaciers—looking all the time

as if the whole were some disagreeable dream, from which they hoped to awaken in their easy-chair in the back office in Crane Alley. No! when personages of this kind adopt the pilgrim's staff, we may be sure that there is a good fund of pedestrianism still unexhausted, could the means of stimulating it be found. But it is high time that we should point out the way to our favourite land of precipices, cataracts, and snow.

We shall suppose the traveller to be at Braemar, which he may have reached by the Deeside road from Aberdeen, or in the direction of Spital of Glenshee through the pass of the Vhrich-vhruch, (have the goodness, reader, to pronounce that aloud,) or from the basin of the Tay by the ancient Highland road through Glen Tilt, and the Ault-Shiloch-Vran. Even the scenery round Braemar is in every way worthy of respect. The hills are fine, there are noble forests of pine and birch, and some good foaming waterfalls; while over all preside in majesty the precipices and snows of Lochin-ye-gair. Still it is farther into the wilderness, at the place where the three counties of Aberdeen, Inverness, and Banff meet, that the traveller must look for the higher class of scenery of which we are sending him in search. As Braemar, however, contains the latest inn that will greet him in his journey, he must remember here to victual himself for the voyage; and, partial as we are to pedestrianism, we think he may as well take a vehicle or a Highland poney as far on his route as either of them can go: it will not long encumber him. The linn of Dee, where the river rushes furiously between two narrow rocks, is generally the most remote object visited by the tourist on Dee-side. There is little apparent inducement to farther progress. He sees before him, about a mile farther on, the last human habitation—a shepherd's cabin, without an inch of cultivated land about it; and he is told that all beyond that is barrenness and desolation, until he reach the valley of the Spey. The pine-trees at the same time decrease in number, the hills become less craggy and abrupt, and the country in general assumes a bleak, bare, windy, bog-

and-moor appearance, that is apt to make one uncomfortable.

Of the various methods of approaching Ben Muich Dhui, the most striking, in our opinion, is one with which we never found any other person so well acquainted as to exchange opinions with us about it. We did once, it is true, coax a friend to attempt that route; he had come so far with us as the edge of the Dee, but disliked crossing it. In the superabundance of our zeal, we offered to carry him over on our shoulders; but when we came to the middle of the stream, it so happened that a foot tripped against a stone, and our friend was very neatly tilted over our head into the water, without our receiving any considerable damage in our own proper person. He thereafter looked upon us, according to an old Scottish proverb, as "not to ride the water with;" and perhaps he was right. So we proceeded on our journey alone. Our method was to cross right over the line of hills which here bound the edge of the river. Though not precipitous, this bank is very high—certainly not less than a thousand feet. When you reach the top, if the day be clear, the whole Cairngorm range is before you on the other side of the valley, from summit to base, as you may see Mont Blanc from the Col de Balm, or the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp. From this bird's-eye view, you at once understand that peculiar structure of the group, which makes the valleys so much deeper and narrower, and the precipices so much more frightful, than those of any other of the Scottish mountains. Here there are five summits springing from one root, and all more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The circumference of the whole group is as that of one mountain. We can imagine it to have been a huge, wide, rounded hill, Ben Muich Dhui being the highest part, and the whole as smooth and gentle as some of the Ural range, where you might have a fixed engine, and "an incline," without levelling or embanking. But at some time or other the whole mass had got a jerk; and so it is split from top to bottom, and shivered, and shaken, and disturbed into all shapes and positions, showing here and there such chasms

as the splitting in two of mountains some three thousand feet or so in direct height must necessarily create. Having to his satisfaction contemplated the group from this elevation, the traveller may descend into Glen Lui Beg, as we shall presently describe it. Returning to the Dee,—about a mile below the Linn, the stream of the Lui forces a passage through the steep banks and joins the river. We enter the glen from which this stream flows by a narrow rocky pass, through which the trees of the Mar forest struggle upwards. As we proceed, the trees gradually become more scarce, the rocky barrier is left behind us, and we are in a long grassy glen shut out from the world. This is Glen Lui. A better introduction to the savage scenery beyond, for the sake of contrast, there could not be. Every thing here is peace and softness. Banks lofty, but round and smooth, intervene to hide the summits of the mountains. The stream is not stagnant, but it flows on with a gentle current, sometimes through sedge or between grassy banks; elsewhere edged by a beach of the finest yellow sand. The water is beautifully transparent, and even where it is deepest you may count the shining pebbles below. A few weeping birches here and there hang their graceful disconsolate ringlets almost into the stream; the grass is as smooth as a shaven lawn, and much softer; and where a few stones protrude through it, they are covered with a cushion of many-coloured mosses. But with all its softness and beauty, the extreme loneliness of the scene fills the mind with a sense of awe. It surely must have been in such a spot that Wordsworth stood, or of such a scene that he dreamed, when he gave that picture of perfect rest which he professed to apply to a far different spot, Glen Almon—a rough, rocky glen, with a turbulent brook running through it, where there never was or can be silence:

“A convent—even a hermit’s cell
Would break the silence of this dell—
It is not quiet—is not ease,
But something deeper far than these.
The separation that is here
Is of the grave, and of another
And happy feelings of the dead.”

Nor in Glen Lui can one feel inclined to join in the charge of mysticism which has been raised against this last simile. Its echoes in the heart at once associate themselves with a few strange, mysterious, round mounds, of the smoothest turf, and of the most regular, oval, or circular construction, which rise here and there from the flat floor of the valley. It needs no archaeological inquiry to tell us what they are: we feel that they cover and have covered—who can tell how many hundred years?—the remains of some ancient people, with whom history cannot make us acquainted, and who have not even the benefit of tradition; for how can there be traditions in places where no human beings dwell?

“A noble race, but they are gone!
With their old forests wide and deep;
And we have fed our flocks upon
Hills where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves;
Our shepherds woo beneath their moon—
Ah, let us spare at least their graves!”

“Stop!” says a voice, “the quotation is utterly inappropriate—how can there be flocks where not even a single sheep feeds—how can shepherds woo beneath the moon where there are no damsels to woo?” Granted; but the lines are pretty—they were the most appropriate that we could find, and they blend in with one’s feelings on this spot; for, if it be a strange and melancholy sight in the Far West, beyond the Atlantic, to alight upon the graves of a tribe of Indians whose history has become extinct, is it not more strange still to look, in the centre of this busy island, which has lived in history eighteen hundred years, on these vestiges of an old extinct race, not turned up by the plough, or found in digging the foundation of a cotton mill, but remaining there beneath the open sky, as they were left of old, no successors of the aboriginal race coming to touch them? Standing in Glen Lui, and remembering how fast we are peopling Australia and the Oregon, one’s mind becomes confused about the laws of emigration and colonisation. Yet how soon may all this be changed. Perhaps the glen may turn out to be

a good trunk level — the granite of Ben Muich Dhui peculiarly well adapted for tunnelling, and the traffic something of an unknown and indescribable extent; and some day soon the silence may be awakened with the fierce whistle of the train, and the bell may ring, and passengers may be ordered to be ready to take their places, and first, second, and third class tickets may be stamped with the rapidity of button-making — who knows? Nobody should prophesy in this age what may *not* be done. We once met a woful instance of a character for great sagacity utterly lost at one blow, in consequence of such a prediction. The man had engaged to eat the first locomotive that ever came to Manchester by steam from Liverpool. On the day when this marvel was accomplished, he received a polite note enclosing a piece of leather cut from the machinery, with an intimation that when he had digested *that*, the rest of the engine would be at his service. But the reader is getting tired of Glen Lni, and insists on being led into more exciting scenery.

After being for a few miles such as we have tried to describe it, the glen becomes narrower, and the scenery rougher. Granite masses crop out here and there. The pretty dejected weeping birches become mixed with stern, stiff, surly pines, which look as if they could “do any thing but weep,” and not unnaturally suggest the notion that their harsh conduct may be the cause of the tears of their gentler companions. At last a mountain thrusts a spur into the glen, and divides it into two: we are here at the foot of Cairngorm of Derric, or the lesser Cairngorm. The valley opening to the left is Glen Lui Beg, or Glen Lui the Little — containing the shortest and best path to the top of Ben Muich Dhui. The other to the right is Glen Derric — one of the passes towards Loch A'an or Avon, and the basin of the Spey. Both these glens are alike in character. The precipitous sides of the great mountains between which they run, frown over them and fill them with gloom. The two streams of which the united waters lend so peaceful a wedded life in calm Glen Lui, are thundering torrents, chafing among rocks, and now and then starting unexpectedly at our

feet down into deep black pools, making cataracts which, in the regular touring districts, would be visited by thousands. But the marked feature of these glens is the ancient forest. Somewhere we believe in Glen Derric there are the remains of a saw-mill, showing that an attempt had been at one time made to apply the forest to civilised purposes; but it was a vain attempt, and neither the Baltic timber duties, nor the demand for railway sleepers, has brought the axe to the root of the tree beneath the shadow of Ben Muich Dhui. There are noble trees in the neighbouring forest of Braemar, but it is not in a state of nature. The flat stump occurs here and there, showing that commerce has made her selection, and destroyed the ancient unity of the forest. In Glen Derric, the tree lives to its destined old age, and whether falling from decay, or swept to the ground by the tempest, lies and rots, stopping perhaps the course of some small stream, and by solution in the intercepted waters forming a petty peat-bog, which, after a succession of generations, becomes hardened and encrusted with lichens. Near such a mass of vegetable corruption and reorganisation, lies the new-fallen tree with its twigs still full of sap. Around them stand the hoary fathers of the forest, whose fate will come next. They bear the scars and contortions of many a hard-fought battle with the storms that often sweep the narrow glen. Some are bent double, with their heads nearly touching the earth; and among other fantastic forms it is not unusual to see the trunk of some aged warrior twisted round and round, its outer surface resembling the strands of a rope. A due proportion of the forest is still in its manly prime — tall, stout, straight trees, lifting their huge branches on high, and bearing aloft the solemn canopy of dark green that distinguishes “the scarcely waving pine.” We are tempted to have recourse to poetry again — we promise it shall be the last time on this occasion: there are, however, some lines by Campbell “on leaving a scene in Bavaria,” which describe such a region of grandeur, loneliness, and desolation, with a vigour and melody that have been seldom equalled. They were fi

published not many years before his death, and it seemed as if the ancient harp had been re-strung to more than its old compass and power—but, alas! when we spoke of these verses to himself, we found that, like all of his that were fitted for immortality, they had been the fruit of his younger and better days, and that a diffidence of their merit had retarded their publication. Let the reader commit these two stanzas to memory, and repeat them as he hears the base of Ben Muich Dhui.

"Yes! I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore;
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
For man's neglect I love thee more;
That art nor avarice intrude,—
To tame thy torrents' thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the road
Thy desolate and aged tree.
Forsaken scene! how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended worth!
Like thine, her fruit unhonoured falls—
Like thee, in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth."

It is after proceeding through Glen Lui Beg, perhaps about three or four miles from the opening of the glen, that we begin to mount Ben Muich Dhui. At first we clamber over the roots and fallen trunks of trees; but by degrees we leave the forest girdle behind, and precipices and snow, with a scant growth of heather, become our sole companions. Keeping the track where the slope of the hill is gentlest, we pass on the right Loch Etichan, lying like a drop of ink at the base of a huge dark mural precipice—yet it is not so small when seen near at hand. This little tarn, with its back-ground of dark rocks interspersed with patches of snow, might strongly remind the Alpine traveller of the lake near the Hospice of the Grimsel. The two scenes are alike hard and leafless and frozen-like—but the Alpine pass is one of the highways of Europe, and thus one seldom crosses it without encountering a pilgrim here and there. But few are the travellers that pass

the edge of Loch Etichan, and if the adventurous tourist desires company, he had better try to find an eagle—not even the red-deer, we should suppose, when driven to his utmost need, seeks such a shelter, and as for foxes and wild-cats they know too well the value of comfortable quarters in snug glens, to expose themselves to catch cold in so Greenland-like a region.

The climber will know that he is at the top of Ben Muich Dhui, when he has to scramble no longer over scaurs or ledges of rock, but walking on a gentle ascent of turf, finds a cairn at its highest part. When he stands on this cairn, he is entitled to consider himself the most elevated personage in the United Kingdom. Around it is spread something like a table-land, and one can go round the edges of the table, and look down on the floor, where the Dee, the Avon, the Lui, and many other streams, are seen like silver threads, while their forest banks resemble beds of mignonette or young boxwood. There are at several points prodigious precipices, from which one may contemplate the scene below; but we recommend caution to the adventurer, as ugly blasts sometimes sweep along the top.

When a mountain is the chief of a district, we generally see from the top a wide expanse of country. Other mountains are seen, but wide valleys intervene, and thus they are carried to a graceful distance. Probably, more summits are seen from Ben Nevis, than from any other height in Scotland, but none of them press so closely on the monarch as even to tread upon his spurs. The whole view is distant and panoramic. It is quite otherwise with Ben Muich Dhui. Separated from it only by narrow valleys, which some might call mere clefts, are Cairn Toul, Brae Riach, Cairn Gorm, Ben Avon, and Ben-y-Bourd—all, we believe, ascending more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea—along with several other mountains which very closely approach that fine round number. The vicinity of some of these summits to Ben Muich Dhui has something frightful in it. Standing on the western shoulder of the hill, you imagine that you might throw a stone to the top of Brae Riach—we have been so

much deceived by distance as to have seriously made the attempt, we shall not venture to say how many years ago. Yet, between these two summits rolls the river Dee; and Brae Riach presents right opposite to the hill on which we stand, a mural precipice, said to be two thousand feet high—an estimate which no one who looks on it will be inclined to doubt. Brae Riach, indeed, is unlike any thing else in Scotland. It is not properly a hill, but a long wall of precipice, extending several miles along the valley of the Dee. Even in the sunniest weather it is black as midnight, but in a few inequalities on its smooth surface, the snow lies perpetually. Seldom is the cleft between the two great summits free of clouds, which flit hither and thither, adding somewhat to the mysterious awfulness of the gulf, and seeming in their motions to cause certain deep but faint murmurs, which are in reality the mingled sounds of the many torrents which course through the glens, far, far below.

Having had a satisfactory gaze at Brae Riach,—looking across the street, as it were, to the interesting and mysterious house on the opposite side,—the traveller may probably be reflecting on the best method of descending. There is little hope, we may as well inform him, of his return to Braemar to-night, unless he be a person of more than ordinary pedestrian acquirements. For such a consummation, he may have prepared himself according to his own peculiar ideas. If he be a teatotalter, he will have brought with him a large bottle of lemonade and some oranges—we wish him much satisfaction in the consumption of them, and hope they will keep his outer and inner man warm after the dews of eve have descended. Perhaps his most prudent course (we consider ourselves bound to give discreet advice, for perhaps we may have led some heedless person into a scrape) will be to get down to Loch Avon, and sleep under the Stone of Shelter. Proceeding along the table-land of the hill, in a direction opposite to that by which he has ascended, the traveller comes to a slight depression. If he descend, and then ascend the bank towards the north-east, he will find himself on

the top of a precipice the foot of which is washed by the Loch. But this is a dangerous windy spot: the ledge projects far out, and there is so little shelter near it, that, from beneath, it has the appearance of overhanging the waters. It is not an essential part of the route we are about to suggest, and we would rather decline the responsibility of recommending it to the attention of any one who is not a practised cragsman. In the depression we have just mentioned will be found, unless the elements have lately changed their arrangements and operations, the largest of those fields of snow which, even in the heat of summer, dispute with the heath and turf the pre-eminence on the upper ranges of Ben Muich Dhui. If we were desirous of using high-sounding expressions, we would call this field a glacier, but it must be at once admitted that it does not possess the qualities that have lately made these frigid regions a matter of ardent scientific inquiry. There are no icebergs or fissures; and the mysterious principle of motion which keeps these congealed oceans in a state of perpetual restlessness is unknown in the smooth snow-fields of Ben Muich Dhui. But there are some features common to both. The snow-field, like the glacier, is hardened by pressure into a consistency resembling that of ice. A curious thing it is to topple a huge stone down from a neighbouring precipice on one of these snow-fields, and see how it hits the snow without sinking in it, and bounds along, leaving no scratch on the hardened surface. A stream issues from the field we are now alluding to, formed like the glacier streams from the ceaseless melting of the snow. It passes forth beneath a diminutive arch, such as the source of the Rhine might appear through a diminishing glass; and looking through this arch to the interior of the hardened snow, we see exemplified the sole pleasing peculiarity of the glacier—the deep blue tint that it assumes in the interior of the fissures, and on the tops of the arches whence the waters issue. This field of snow, which we believe has never been known to perspire so much in the hottest season as to evaporate altogether, constitutes the main source of the

Avon. The little stream, cold and leafless though it be, is not without its beauties. Rarely have we seen such brilliant mosses as those which cluster round its source : their extreme freshness may probably be accounted for by remembering that every summer day deducts so much from the extent of the snow-field, and that the turf in its immediate neighbourhood has just been uncovered, and, relieved from prison, is enjoying the first fresh burst of spring in July or August. For our own part we think this little region of fresh moss is quite worthy of comparison with the far-famed *Jardin of the Tuléfre*, which we find described in Murray's hand-book as "an oasis in the desert, an island in the ice—a rock which is covered with a beautiful herbage, and enamelled in August with flowers. This is the Jardin of this palace of nature, and nothing can exceed the beauty of such a spot, amidst the overwhelming sublimity of the surrounding objects, the Aiguilles of Charmoz, Bletière, and the Géant," &c. "Herbage," "flowers"! Why, the jardin is merely a rock protruding out of the glacier, and covered with lichens; but, after all, was it reasonable to expect a better flower-show ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and some nine thousand or so above all horticultural societies and prize exhibitions?

As we follow the course of the little stream, it becomes gradually enlarged by contributions from subsidiary snow streams; and winds along for some distance not inconsiderable in the volume of its waters, passing through a beautiful channel of fine sand, probably formed of the *détritus* of the granite rocks, swept along by the floods, caused by the melting of the snow in spring. The water is exquisitely clear—a feature which at once deprives it of all right to be considered glacier-born; for filth is the peculiarity of the streams claiming this high origin, and none can have seen without regretting it, the Rhone, after having washed itself clean in the Lake Lemman, and come forth a sapphire blue, becoming afterwards as dirty as ever, because it happens to fall in company with an old companion, the Arve, which, having never seen good society, or had an opportunity of making itself re-

spectable, by the mere force of its native character, brings its reformed brother back to his original mire, and accompanies him in that plight through the respectable city of Lyons, till both plunge together into the great ocean, where all the rivers of the earth, be they blue or yellow, clear or boggy, classical or obscure, become alike indistinguishable.

Perhaps our traveller is becoming tired of this small pleasant stream running along a mere declivity of the table-land of Ben Muich Dhui. But he will not be long distressed by its peaceful monotony. Presently, as he comes in sight of the valley below, and Loch Avon lying a small pool at the base of the dizzy height, the stream leaps at once from the edge of the hill, and disappears for a time, reappearing again far down in a narrow thread, as white as the snow from which it has issued. Down the wide channel, which the stream occupies in its moments of fulness and pride—moments when it is all too terrible to be approached by mortal footsteps—the traveller must find his way; and, if he understand his business, he may, by judiciously adapting to his purpose the many ledges and fractures caused by the furious bursts of the flooded stream, and by a judicious system of zig-zagging, convert the channel, so far as he is himself concerned, into a sort of rough staircase, some two thousand feet or so in length. The torrent itself takes a more direct course; and he who has descended by the ravine may well look up with wonder at what has the appearance of a continuous cataract, which, falling a large mass of waters at his feet, seems as if it diminished and disappeared in the heavens. The Staubbach, or Fall of Dust, in Lauter Brunen, is beyond question a fine object. The water is thrown sheer off the edge of a perpendicular rock, and reaches the ground in a massive shower nine hundred feet high. But with all respect for this wonder of the world, we are scarcely disposed to admit that it is a grander fall than this rumbling, irregular, unmeasured cataract which tumbles through the cleft between Ben Muich Dhui and Ben Avon. We should not omit, by the way, for the benefit of those who are better acquainted with Scottish than with Con-

tinental scenery, to notice the resemblance of this torrent to the Gray Mare's Tail in Moffat-dale. In the character both of the stream itself and in the immediate scenery there are many points of resemblance, every thing connected with the Avon being of course on the larger scale.

Our wanderer has perhaps indulged himself in the belief that he has been traversing these solitudes quite alone—how will he feel if he shall discover that he has been accompanied in every step and motion by a shadowy figure of huge proportions and savage mien, flourishing in his hand a great pine-tree, in ghastly parallel with all the motions of the traveller's staff? Such are the spirits of the air haunting this howling wilderness, where the pale sheeted phantom of the burial vault or the deserted cloister would lose all his terrors and feel himself utterly insignificant. Sometimes the phantom's head is large and his body small, and then he receives the name of *Fahm*. James Hogg has asserted, not only poetically, but in sober prose, that he was acquainted with a man who

"Beheld the fahm glide o'er the fell."

For ourselves, we are bound to confess that we never had the honour of meeting with this megacephalous gentleman, nor did we ever encounter any one who professed to have seen him, otherwise we would certainly have reported the case to the Phrenological Society. But we no more doubt his existence than that of the spectre of the Brocken. Sometimes the shadowy spectre of Ben Muich Dhui is a gigantic exaggeration of the ordinary human form seen stalking in a line parallel with the traveller's route, striding from mountain-top to mountain-top as *he* steps from stone to stone, and imitating on an enlarged scale all his gestures. The spectre has an excellent excuse for all this unpolite mimicry—in fact, he cannot help it, as the reader may infer from the following account of one of his appearances on a reduced scale. The description is given by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who, along with Mr Grant of Ballindalloch, had ascended

Ben Muich Dhui:—"On descending from the top, at about half-past three, *r.m.*, an interesting optical appearance presented itself to our view. We had turned towards the east, and the sun shone on our backs, when we saw a very bright rainbow described on the mist before us. The bow, of beautifully distinct prismatic colours, formed about two-thirds of a circle, the extremities of which appeared to rest on the lower portion of the mountain. In the centre of this incomplete circle, there was described a luminous disc, surrounded by the prismatic colours displayed in concentric rings. On the disc itself, each of the party (three in number) as they stood at about fifty yards apart, saw his own figure most distinctly delineated, although those of the other two were invisible to him. The representation appeared of the natural size, and the outline of the whole person of the spectator was most correctly portrayed. To prove that the shadow seen by each individual was that of himself, we resorted to various gestures, such as waving our hats, flapping our plaids, &c., all which motions were exactly followed by the airy figure. We then collected together, and stood as close to one another as possible, when each could see three shadows in the disc; his own, as distinctly as before, while those of his two companions were but faintly discernible."*

We are now at the upper extremity of Loch Avon, or, as it is pronounced, Loch A'an, and beside the far-famed Stone of Shelter. We had a standing feud with James Hogg about the extent of Loch Avon, ever since the day of that celebrated encampment on Dee-side. Let us see. Thirty years have now rolled by since that unmatched gathering of choice spirits—nay, seventeen have passed and gone since we made regretful allusion, when commemorating the Moray floods, to the history and fortunes of those who were then assembled. Five years later, the Shepherd was himself gathered to the dust; but he stuck to his principles to the last, and in a discussion of the subject not many months before his death, after he

* *Edinburgh New Philosophic Journal*, 1831, p. 165.

had just remarked that he had "a blessed constitution," he reiterated his old statement, that Loch Avon exceeded twenty miles in length. His views on this subject were indeed a sort of gauge of the Shepherd's spirits. In his sombre moments he appeared to doubt if he were quite correct in insisting that the length was twenty miles; when he was in high spirits he would not abate one inch of the thirty. Now, when one man maintains that a lake is thirty miles long, and another that it is but a tenth part of that length, it is not always taken for granted that the moderate man is in the right; but on the contrary, paradoxical people are apt to abet his opponent, and it was provoking that we could never find any better authority against the Shepherd than his own very suspicious way of recording his experience at Loch Avon in a note to the *Queen's Wake*: "I spent a summer day in visiting it. The hills were clear of mist, yet the heavens were extremely dark—the effect upon the scene exceeded all description. My mind during the whole day experienced the same sort of sensation as if I had been in a dream." But if our departed friend has left any disciples, we are now able to adduce against them the highest parochial authority. We are told in the new Statistical Account that—"Loch Avon lies in the southern extremity of the parish, in the bosom of the Grampian mountain. It is estimated at *three miles long* and a mile broad. The scenery around it is particularly wild and magnificent. The towering sides of Ben-y-Bourd, Ben Muich Dhui, and Ben Bainac, rise all around it, and their rugged bases skirt its edges, except at the narrow outlet of the Avon at its eastern extremity. Its water is quite luminous, and of great depth, especially along its northern side. It abounds in trout of a black colour and slender shape, differing much in appearance from the trout found in the limpid stream of the Avon which issues from it. At the west end of the lake is the famous Clach Dhian or Shelter Stone. This stone is an immense block of granite, which seems

to have fallen from a projecting rock above it, rising to the height of several hundred feet, and forming the broad shoulder of Ben Muich Dhui. The stone rests on two other blocks imbedded in a mass of rubbish, and thus forms a cave sufficient to contain twelve or fifteen men. Here the visitor to the scenery of Loch Avon takes up his abode for the night, and makes himself as comfortable as he can where 'the Queen of the Storm sits,' and at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from all human abode."*

At the eastern end of the lake, we stop to take a glance at the whole scene. Right before us stands the broad top and the mural precipices of Ben Avon, severing us from the north-western world. On the right, the scarcely less craggy sides of Ben-y-Bourd and Ben Bainac wall up the waters of the lake. The other side is conspicuous by a sharp peak of Ben Muich Dhui—the same which we already mentioned as seeming to hang (and it certainly does so seem from this point) over the edge of the water. We never saw the sun shining on Loch Avon; we suspect its waters, so beautifully transparent in themselves, are seldom visited by even a midsummer gleam. Hence arises a prevailing and striking feature of the scene—the abundant snows that fill the hollows in the banks, and sometimes, even in midsummer, cover the slopes of the mountains.

We incline to the belief that tourists in general would consider Loch Avon the finest feature of the whole group of scenery which we have undertaken to describe. For our own part we must admit that we prefer the source of the Dee, to which the reader shall be presently introduced, as more peculiar and original. Loch Avon is like a fragment of the Alps imported and set down in Scotland. Our recollections of it invariably become intertwined and confused with the features of the scenery of the upper passes. The resemblance was particularly marked on the first of August 1836: it was a late season, and every portion of the mountains that did not consist of perpendicular

* *New Statistical Account of Scotland—Banffshire*, p. 298.

rock appeared to be covered with snow. The peak of Ben Muich Dhui shot forth from the snow as like the Aiguilles of Mont Blanc as one needle is like another. That was on the whole an adventurous day with us. We had set off from Braemar very early in the morning, taking a vehicle as far as it would penetrate through Glen Lui. The day was scarcely promising, but we had so long been baffled by the weather that we felt inclined at last to put it at defiance, or at least treat it with no respect. In Glen Lui every thing was calm and solemn. As we passed through Glen Derrie, the rain began to fall, and the wind roared among the old trees. The higher we ascended, the more fierce and relentless became the blast; and when we came within sight of Loch Avon, the interstices in the tempest-driven clouds only showed us a dreary, winter, Greenland-like chaos of snow and rocks and torrents. It taxed our full philosophy, both of the existence of the *ego* and the *non-ego*, to preserve the belief that we were still in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and that it was the first of August. Our indefinite projects had gradually been contracting themselves within a narrow compass. To reach the Stone of Shelter was now our utmost object of ambition, but it was clear that that was impracticable—so we looked about for some place of refuge, and with little difficulty discovered a stone about the size of a parish church lying like a pebble at the foot of a mountain, with a projecting ledge on the lee side, sufficiently large to protect our party. Some dry furze happened, by a singular accident, to lie heaped in a corner of this natural shed. With a little judicious management it was ignited, and burned so well as to overcome the wetness of a mass of thick heather roots, which we added to it. We were in the possession of some raw venison;—do not open your eyes so, reader; it was most unromantically and honestly come by, being duly entered in the bill at worthy Mrs Clarke's inn, at Braemar. Having brought certain conjuring utensils with us, we proceeded to cook our

food and make ourselves comfortable. Water was easily obtained in the neighbourhood, and being in possession of the other essential elements of conviviality, we resolved that, as the weather was determined to make it winter outside, we should have the joys of winter within; the shrieks of the blast were drowned in our convivial shouts—

"The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle."

Another adventure we remember in the same place, but that was long, long ago; in fact, it was when in boyhood we had first entered into that awful wilderness. We had reached the top of Ben Muich Dhui early in the day. Our little wallet of provisions we had left on a tuft of heather where we had lain down to rest, and we could not afterwards find the spot. Somewhat tired, and faint with hunger, we descended the rocks by the side of the cataract, believing that Loch Avon, seemingly so small from the summit of the mountain, was the little Tarn of Etichan, which had been passed in the ascent from Dee-side. It was alarming to find the lake extending its bulk as we approached, and to see the glens looking so different from any of those we were acquainted with on Dee-side; but to have returned up the mountain would have been insanity, and by pursuing the track of a stream, one is sure in the end—at least in this country—to reach inhabited land; so we followed the waters of the Avon, so deep and transparent, that many miles down, where they join the Spey, their deceptive character is embodied in the proverb—

"The water o' A'an, it rins sae clear,
'Twould beguile a man o' a hunder year."

A few miles below the exit of the stream from the loch, as the extreme dimness of the valley showed that sunset was approaching, we met a drover who had gone up into the wilderness in search of stray black cattle. He could speak little English, but was able to give us the startling intelligence that by what was merely a slight divergence at first, we had gone down towards the strath of the Spey instead of that of the Dee; and that we were some thirty miles from the home we

had expected to reach that evening. Our new friend took us under his charge, and conducted us to a bothy, made of the bent roots of the pine-tree, found in the neighbouring mosses, and covered with turf. It was so low, that we could not stand upright in it, and a traveller might have walked over it without observing that it was an edifice made with human hands. The sole article of furniture of which it could boast was a trough, in which our new friend hospitably presented us with a supper of oatmeal and water—our first nourishment for the day. The supply was liberal, whatever might be thought of the quality of the repast. The floor of the bothy was strewn with heather, somewhat coarse and stumpy, on which we lay down and slept. Conscious of a confused noise and a sort of jostling, it was with some surprise that we perceived that no less than ten men had crowded themselves into that little hut and had lighted a fire. It was like a realisation of some of Cooper's romantic incidents, where, after a silent desert has been described, it somehow or other becomes suddenly full of people and fertile in adventure. Our new companions were not of the most agreeable cast: they were rough and surly, hiding, we thought, a desire to avoid communication under the pretence of inability to speak any thing but Gaelic; while, in the midst of their Celtic communications with each other, they swore profusely in the Scottish vernacular. What their pursuits were, or what occasion they had to be in that wild region, was to us a complete mystery, opened up slightly by reflecting on the two great lawless pursuits, smuggling and poaching; of the fruit of neither of which, however, did we see any symptom. Our position was not for many reasons, great and small, to be envied: however, it was the best policy to make one of themselves for the time being, so far as their somewhat repulsive manners would permit. It was not, however, with much regret, that, after having been packed for some hours with them on the hard stumps of heather, we left them in full snore at sunrise on a clear morning, and ascended the hill dividing the waters that run into the Spey from those

which feed the Dee. The dews lay heavy on the moss and heather, and, as we neared the top of the ridge, glittered brightly in the new-risen sun; while here and there the mists, forming themselves into round balls, gradually rolled up the sides of the hills, and, mounting like balloons, disappeared in the blue sky. As we passed down through the broken forest-land on the other side, we could see, on the top of the gentler elevations, the slender-branched horns of the red-deer between us and the sky. Even on our near approach the beautiful animals showed no signs of panic,—perhaps they knew our innocence; and they gazed idly as we passed, only tossing their heads in the air, and scampering off disdainfully when we approached offensively close. We reached the Dee by following the stream of the Quoich, which, like the Lui, passes through the remains of an ancient forest. It derives its convivial name from a peculiar cataract often visited by tourists from Braemar. Here the stone is hollowed by the action of the water into circular cavities like those of the Caldron Linn; and in one of these the guides will have the audacity to tell you that a bacchanalian party once made grog by tossing in a few ankers of brandy, and that they consumed the whole on the premises.

We must now tell our pilgrim how he is to find his way by the more direct route from Loch Avon to Braemar, and we may at the same time afford a hint to the reader who desires to proceed towards the lake without crossing Ben Muich Dhui. Near where the stream of the Avon issues, it is necessary to turn to the right, and to keep rather ascending than descending. In a few miles the brow of the hill shuts us out from the wintry wild, and in a hollow are seen two small lakes called the Dhu Lochan, with nothing about them to attract notice but their dreariness and their blackness. The course of a burn which feeds them marks the way to the water-shier between the Spey and the Dee, whence a slight descent leads down to Glen Derrie, the position of which has been already described.

We now propose another excursion—our last on the present occasion—to the sources of the Dee. We place

our wanderer again at the Linn of Dee. As he proceeds up the stream, the banks become flatter, and the valleys wider and less interesting, until after some miles—we really cannot say how many—the river turns somewhat northwards, and the banks become more close and rocky. At this spot there is a fine waterfall, which, in the midst of a desert, has contrived to surround itself with a not unbecoming clump of trees. The waters are divided into two; the Geusachan burn joining the stream from the west. At last the conical peak of Cairn Toul appears over-topping all the surrounding heights; and then, a rent intervening, we approach and soon walk under the great mural precipice of Brae Riach, which we have already surveyed to so much advantage from the top of Ben Muich Dhui. We are here in the spot which to us, of all this group of scenery, appears to be the most remarkable, as being so unlike any other part of Scotland, or any place we have seen elsewhere. The narrowness of the glen and the height of its walled sides are felt in the constrained attitude in which we look up on either side to the top, as if we were surveying some object of interest in a tenth story window of our own High Street. This same narrowness imparts a sensation as if one could not breathe freely. If we compare this defile to another of the grandest mountain passes in Scotland—to Glencoe, we find a marked difference between them. The scene of the great tragedy, grand and impressive as it is, has no such narrow walled defiles. The mountains are high, but they are of the sugar-loaf shape—abrupt, but never one mass of precipice from top to bottom. Cairn Toul resembles these hills, though it is considerably more precipitous; but Brae Riach is as unlike them as a tower is distinct from a dome. In this narrow glen we could tell of sunsets and sunrises, not accompanied by such disagreeable associations as those we have recorded in Glen Avon. Picture the very hottest day of a hot year. The journey in the wide burning glen up from the Linn of Dee has been accomplished only with the aid of sundry plunges in the deep, cold pools, which the stream has filled with

water fresh from the inner chambers of the mountains. The moment we enter the narrow part of the glen, though the sun is still pretty far up in the heavens, we are in twilight gloom. We have no notice of his leaving the earth, save the gradual darkening of all things around us. Then the moon is up, but we have no further consciousness of his presence, save that the sharp peak of Cairn Toul shows its outline more clearly even than by daylight; and a lovely roof of light-blue, faintly studded with stars, contrasts with the dark sides of our rocky chamber. In such a time, when one has mounted so far above the level of the waters that they only make a distant murmur—when there is not a breath of wind stirring anything—it is strange with how many mysterious voices the mountain yet speaks. Sometimes there is a monotonous and continuous rumble as if some huge stone, many miles off, were loosened from its position, and tumbling from rock to rock. Then comes a loud, distinct report as if a rock had been split; and faint echoes of strange wailings touch the ear, as if this solemn desert were frequented at night by animals as little known to the inhabitants of our island as the uncouth wilds in which they live. But let not the wanderer indulge in thoughts of this description beyond the bounds of a pleasant imaginativeness. Let him take it for granted, that neither cayman nor rattlesnake will disturb his rest; and having pitched on a dry spot, let him pluck a large quantity of heather, making up a portion of it in bundles, and setting them on end closely packed together with the flower uppermost, while he reserves the rest to heap over himself. It is such a bed as a prince has seldom the good fortune to take his rest on; and if the wanderer have a good conscience, and the night be fine, he will sleep far more soundly than if he were packed on the floor of a bothy, with ten Highlanders who every now and then are giving their shoulders nervous jerks against the heather stumps, or scratching the very skin off their wrists. When he awakens, he finds himself nearer to the top of Ben Muich Dhui than he had probably supposed, and the ascent is straight

and simple. He may be there to see the sun rise, a sight which has its own peculiar glories, though most people prefer seeing the event from some solitary hill, which, like Ben Nevis, Shehallion, or the Righi, stands alone, and looks round on a distant panorama of mountains.

To return to the Dee.—The river divides again, one stream coming tumbling down through the cleft between Cairn Toul and Brae Riach, called the Garchary Burn. The other, less precipitously inclined, comes from between Brae Riach and Ben Muich Dhui, and is called the Larig. Like the Nile and the Niger, the Dee is a river of a disputed source. As we shall presently find, the right of the Garchary to that distinction is strongly maintained by pretty high authority; but we are ourselves inclined to adopt the Larig, not only because it appeared to us to contain a greater volume of water, but because it is more in the line of the glen, and, though rough enough, is not so desperately flighty as the Garchary, and does not join it in those great leaps which, however surprising and worthy of admiration they may be in themselves, are not quite consistent with the calm dignity of a river destined to pass close to two universities. Following then the Larig over rocks and rough stones, among which it chafes and foams, we reach a sort of barrier of stones laid together by the hand of nature with the regularity of an artificial breakwater. As we pass over this barrier, a hollow rumbling is heard beneath; for the stream, at least at ordinary times, finds its way in many rills deep down among the stones. When we reach the top of the bank we are on the edge of a circular basin, abrupt and deep, but full of water so exquisitely clear that the pebbly bottom is every where visible. Here the various springs, passing by their own peculiar conduit-pipes from the centre of the mountain, meet together, and cast up their waters into the round basin—one can see the surface disturbed by the force of their gushing. Soon after passing these “wells of Dee,” we are at the head of the pass of Cairngorm, and join the waters which run to the Spey. A path leads through the woods of

Rothiemurchus to Aviemore, on which the nearest house is, or used to be, that of a widow named Mackenzie, who in that wide solitude extends her hospitality to the wayfarer. Blessings on her! may her stoup never be dry, or her aumry empty: It is needless to tell the traveller, that by this route he may approach the scenery of the Cairngorm hills from Laggan, Rannoch, and other places near Spey side.

The claims of the Garchary to the leadership are supported by that respectable topographer Dr Skene Keith—probably on account of his own adventurous ascent of that turbulent stream, which we shall give in his own words, merely premising that we suspect he was mistaken in his discovery that the well he saw is called “Well Dee.”

“At two o'clock P.M. we set out to climb the mountain, still keeping in sight of the river. In a few minutes we came to the foot of a cataract, whose height we found to be one thousand feet, and which contained about a fourth part of the water of which the Garchary was now composed. In about half an hour after, we perceived that the cataract came from a lake in the ridge of the mountain of Cairn Toul, and that the summit of the mountain was another thousand feet above the loch, which is called Loch na Youn, or the Blue Lake. A short time after we saw the Dee (here called the Garchary from this rocky bed, which signifies in Gaelic *the rugged quarry*) tumbling in great majesty over the mountain down another cataract; or as we afterwards found it, a chain of natural cascades, above thirteen hundred feet high. It was in flood at this time from the melting of the snow, and the late rains; and what was most remarkable, an arch of snow covered the narrow glen from which it tumbled over the rocks. We approached so near to the cataract as to know that there was no other lake or stream; and then we had to climb among huge rocks, varying from one to ten tons, and to catch hold of the stones or fragments that projected, while we ascended in an angle of seventy or eighty degrees. A little before four o'clock we got to the top of the mountain, which I knew

to be Brae Riach, or the speckled mountain. Here we found the highest well, which we afterwards learned was called Well Dec, and other five copious fountains, which make a considerable stream before they fall over the precipice. We sat down completely exhausted, at four o'clock P.M. and drank of the highest well, which we found to be four thousand and sixty feet above the level of the sea; and whose fountain was only thirty-five degrees of heat on the 17th of July, or three degrees above the freezing point. We mixed some good whisky with this water, and recruited our strength [a very judicious proceeding.] Then we poured as a libation into the fountain a little of the excellent whisky which our landlord had brought along with him [a very foolish proceeding.] After resting half an hour, we ascended to the top of Brae Riach at five P.M., and found it to be four thousand two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea.*

We must not bid farewell to this mountain desert without asking attention to a peculiar feature in the hills connected with a disastrous history. In many places the declivities are seamed with trenches some forty or fifty feet deep, appearing as if they were made by a gigantic plough-share which, instead of sand, casts up huge masses of rock on either side, in parallel mounds, like the moraines of a glacier. There are many of these furrows on the side of Ben Muich Dhui, nearest to the Dec. Though we had long noticed them, it was not until we happened to be in that district, immediately after the great floods of 1829, that we were forcibly told of the peculiar cause of this appearance. The old furrows were as they had been before—the stones, gray, weather-beaten, and covered with lichen, while heather and wild-flowers grew in the interstices. But among them were new scars, still like fresh wounds, with the stones showing the sharpness of late fracture, and no herbage covering the blood-red colour of the sand. It was clear from the venerable appearance of the older scars, that only at long intervals do

the elements produce this formidable effect—at least many years had passed since the last instance before 1829 had occurred. The theory of the phenomenon appeared to be pretty simple. Each spring is a sort of stone cistern, which, through its peculiar duct, sends forth to one part of the surface of the earth the water it receives from another. If, through inordinately heavy falls of rain, there be a great volume of water pressing on the entrance tubes, the expansive force of the water in the cistern increases in that accumulating ratio which is practically exemplified in the hydraulic press, and the whole mass of water bursts forth from the side of the mountain, as if it were a staved barrel, rending rocks, and scattering their shattered fragments around like dust. Hence we may presume arose these fierce pulsations which made the rivers descend wave on wave. What a sight, to have been remembered and thought on ever after, would it have been, had one been present in this workshop of the storm while the work was going on!

Now, reader, before we have done, let us confess that there are many elements that we like to meet with in such things, wherein this little contribution to the knowledge of British local scenery is deficient. Fain would we have given it a more hospitable tone, telling of the excellent cookery at this inn, and the good wines at the next, and the general civility experienced at the third; but we cast ourselves, O generous reader! on your mercy. How could we describe the comforts and luxuries of inns, in a place where there is not a single house—a place which, like the Irish milestone, is “fifteen miles from inn where”?

As to the frequented methods of approach towards the border of the wilderness which we have taken under our especial patronage, we profess not to discuss them, leaving the public in the very competent hands of the Messrs Anderson, whose “Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland” is, in relation to the inhabited districts, and the usual tourists’ routes, all-sufficient for its purpose.

* *Dr Skene Keith's Survey of Aberdeenshire*, p. 644.

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

LETTER VII.—OBJECTS TO BE GAINED THROUGH THE ARTIFICIAL INDUCTION OF TRANCE.

DEAR ARCHY,—I am tempted to write you a letter more than I had originally intended,—a supplementary and final one.

The powers which we have seen employed to shake the nerves and unsettle the mind in the service of superstition,—can they be turned to no useful purpose?

To answer this question, I will give you a brief account of the two most vigorous attempts which have been made to turn the elements we have been considering to a profitable end. I have in my thoughts the invention of ether-inhalation and the induction of trance in mesmerism. The witch narcotised her pupils in order to produce in them delusive visions; the surgeon stupifies his patient to prevent the pain of an operation being felt. The fanatic preacher excites convulsions and trance in his auditory to persuade them that they are visited by the Holy Spirit; Mesmer produced the same effects as a means of curing disease.

Let us first look into the simpler problem of ether-inhalation.

It occurred to Mr Jackson, a chemist in the United States, that it might be possible, and unattended with risk, so to stupify a patient with the vapour of sulphuric ether that he might undergo a surgical operation without suffering. He communicated the idea to Mr Morton, a dentist, who carried it into execution with the happiest results. The patient became unconscious,—a tooth was extracted;—no sign of pain escaped at the time;—there was no recollection of suffering afterwards. Led by the report of this success, in the course of the autumn of 1846, Messrs Bigelow, Warren, and Heywood ventured to employ the same means in surgical operations of a more serious description. The results obtained on these occasions were not less satisfactory than the

first had been. Since then, in England, France, and Germany, this interesting experiment has been repeated in numberless cases, and its general success may be considered to be established.

The effects produced by the inhalation of the vapour of sulphuric ether, present a superficial resemblance to those produced by exposure to carbonic acid; but they are more closely analogous to the effects of inhaling nitrous oxide; and they may be compared and contrasted with those of opium and alcoholic liquors. But the patient is neither in the state of asphyxia, nor is he narcotised, nor drunk. The effects produced are peculiar, and deserve a name of their own.

To give you a distinct idea of the ordinary phenomena of etherisation, I will cite three or four instances from a report on this subject by Dr Heyfelder, Knight, professor of medicine, and director of the surgical clinic at Erlangen.

Dr Heyfelder himself, a strong and healthy man, after inhaling the vapour of ether for a minute, experienced an agreeable warmth in his whole person; after the second minute, he felt a disposition to cough, and diminution of ordinary sensibility. Then an impression supervened that some great change was about to take place within him. At the expiration of the third minute, he *lost sensibility and consciousness*. In this state he remained two minutes. The pulse was unaffected. Upon coming to himself, he felt a general sense of exhaustion, with weakness of the back and knees. For the remainder of the day he walked unsteadily, and his mind was confused.

A. T., aged thirty-six, a tall strong servant-maid, after inhaling for seventeen minutes, became unconscious, and appeared not to feel a trifling wound with a surgical needle. In a minute

consciousness returned. She laughed immoderately, spoke of an agreeable feeling of warmth, and said she had had pleasant dreams. The pulse was slower, the breathing deeper, during the inhalation. The same person upon inhaling, on another occasion, with a better apparatus, became insensible after two minutes. The eyes appeared red and suffused; a carious tooth was then extracted, which caused her to moan slightly. On returning to herself she complained of giddiness, but said she had experienced none but agreeable feelings. She had no idea that the tooth had been extracted.

K. A., aged twenty-nine, upon beginning the inhalation, showed signs of excitement, but in nine minutes lay relaxed like a corpse. A tooth was extracted. Two minutes afterwards she awoke, moaning and disturbed. She stated that she *had not felt the extraction of the tooth, but she had heard it.*

C. S., aged twenty-two, a strong and healthy young man, a student of surgery, on commencing the inhalation, coughed, and there was a flow of saliva and of tears. In three and a half minutes the skin appeared insensible to pain. Consciousness remained perfect and undisturbed. The skin was warm; the eyes were open; the hearing as usual; the speech, however, was difficult. This state continued eighteen minutes, during which, *at his request*, two teeth with large fangs were extracted. He held himself perfectly still. He said, afterwards, that *he felt the application of the instrument, but was sensible of no pain*, during the extraction of the teeth.

W. S., aged nineteen, a strong and healthy young man, a law-student, after inhaling the ether-vapour a minute, began to move his arms about, struck his knees, stamped with his feet, laughed. In three minutes the laughter and excitement had increased. The eyes rolled, he sprang up, talked volubly; the pulse was strong and frequent. In seven minutes he breathed deeply, the eyelids closed, the pulse sank. In eight minutes he began to snore, but heard when called to. In nine minutes the eyes were suffused; the optic axes were directed upwards and outwards. At the end

of twelve minutes a tooth was extracted, when he uttered an exclamation and laughed. On his return to himself, he said that he *had felt the laceration or tear, but had experienced no pain.* He thought he had been at a carousal.

If I add to these sketches that the patient sometimes becomes pale, sometimes flushed,—that the pupils of the eyes are generally dilated and fixed, sometimes natural and fixed, sometimes contracted,—that violent excitement sometimes manifests itself attended with the persistence or even exaltation of the ordinary sensibility,—that sometimes hysteric fits are brought on; sometimes a state resembling common intoxication,—you will have had the means of forming a sufficiently exact and comprehensive idea of the features of etherisation.

Then, if we exclude the cases in which excitement, instead of collapse, is induced, and, in general, cases complicated with disorder of the head or chest, it appears that the inhalation of ether is not attended with questionable or injurious consequences; and that it places the patient in a condition in which the performance of a surgical operation may be prudently contemplated. If the operation require any length of time,—from thirty to forty minutes, for instance,—the state of insensibility may be safely maintained, by causing the inhalation to be resumed as often as its effects begin to wear off. In minor cases of surgery, in which union of the wound by *adhesion* is necessary to the success of the operation—in harelip, for instance—an exacter comparison is, perhaps, requisite than has yet been made of the relative results obtained on etherised and non-etherised patients. In graver cases, some of which always end fatally, symptoms, again, may occasionally supervene, or continue from the time of the operation, which are directly attributable to the etherisation. But, in all probability, the entire proportion of recoveries in etherised cases will be found to be increased, through the injurious effects being averted which are produced by fear and suffering. There is every reason to expect that a saving of human life will be thus realised,—an

advantage over and above the deliverance from pain and terror.

So the invention of etherisation deserves to be rated as a signal benefit to humanity. Nor is it to be lost sight of, that the invention is quite in its infancy; and that any sound objections which may, at present, be raised against it, are not unlikely to be obviated through the modifications and improvements of which it is no doubt susceptible. The amount of success already obtained, may further be deemed sufficient to make us secure that the object of extinguishing the sufferings of surgery will never *again* be lost sight of by the medical profession and the public. One item, partial indeed, but a tolerably severe one, in the catalogue of the physical ills to which flesh is heir, is thus so far in a fair way of being got rid of.

The method of Mesmer was an attempt to cure bodily disease by making a forcible impression on the nerves. And no doubt can be entertained that many of his patients were the better for the violent succussion of the system which his developed practice put them through.

But mesmerism contained two things,—a bold empirical practice and a mystical theory. Mesmer strove, by the latter, to explain the effects which his practice produced. An odd fate his method and his theory will have had. His method was considered, by many of his contemporaries, as of solid importance; his theory was for the most part ridiculed as that of a half-crazed enthusiast and impostor. Now, no reasonable person can regard his practice in any other light than as a rough and hazardous experiment. But his theory, in the mean time, is ceasing to be absurd; for it admits of being represented as a very respectable anticipation of Von Reichenbach's recent discoveries.

Mesmer, a native of Switzerland, was born in 1734. He became a student at Vienna, where his turn for the mystical led him to the studies of alchemy and astrology. In the year 1766, he published a treatise on the influence of the planets upon the human frame. It contains the idea that a force extends throughout space through which the stars can affect the body. In attempting to identify this

force, Mesmer first supposed it to be electricity. Afterwards, about the year 1773, he adopted the belief that it must be ordinary magnetism. So at Vienna, from 1773 to 1775, he employed the practice of stroking diseased parts of the body with magnets. But, in 1776, making a tour in Bavaria and Switzerland, he fell in with the notorious Father Gassner, who had at that time undertaken the cure of the blind prince-bishop of Ratisbon by exorcism. Then Mesmer observed that, without employing magnets, Gassner obtained very much the same kind of effects upon the human body which he had produced with their aid. The fact was not lost upon him. He threw away his magnets, and henceforth operated with the hand alone. In 1777, his reputation a little damaged by a failure in the case of the musician Paradies, Mesmer left Vienna, and the following year betook himself to Paris. The great success which he obtained there drew upon him the indignation and jealousy of the faculty, who did not scruple to brand him with the stigma of charlatanism. They averred that he threw difficulties in the way of a satisfactory examination of his method; but perhaps he had reason to suspect want of fairness in the proposed inquiry. He refused, from the government, an offer of twenty thousand francs to divulge his method; but he was ready to explain it, it is true, under a pledge of secrecy, to individuals for one hundred louis. But his practice itself gave most support to the allegations against him. His patients were received and treated with an air of mystery and studied effect. The apartment, hung on every side with mirrors, was dimly lighted. A profound silence was observed, broken only by strains of music, which occasionally floated through the rooms. The patients were arranged around a large vessel, which contained a heterogeneous mixture of chemical ingredients. With this and with each other, they were placed in relation, by holding cords or jointed rods; and among them moved slowly and mysteriously Mesmer himself, affecting one by a touch, another by a look, a third by continued stroking with the hand, a fourth by pointing at him with a rod.

What followed is easily conceivable from the scenes referred to in my last letter, which are witnessed at religious revivals. One person became hysterical, then another; one was seized with catalepsy, then others; some with convulsions; some with palpitations of the heart, perspirations, and other bodily disturbances. These effects, however various and different, went all by the name of "salutary crises." The method was supposed to produce, in the sick person, exactly the kind of action propitious to his recovery. And it may easily be imagined that many patients found themselves better after a course of this rude empiricism; and that the impression made by these events, passing daily in Paris, must have been very considerable. To the ignorant the scene was full of wonderment.

To ourselves, regarding it from our present vantage-ground, it contains absolutely nothing of the marvellous. We discern the means which were in operation, and which are theoretically sufficient to produce the result. Those means consisted in,—first, high-wrought expectation and excited fancy, enough alone to set some of the most excitable into fits;—secondly, the contagious power of nervous disorder to cause the like disorder in others, a power augmenting with the number of persons infected;—thirdly, the physical influence upon the body of the *Od force* discovered by Von Reichenbach, which is produced in abundance by chemical decomposition, which can be communicated to, and conveyed by inanimate conductors, and which finally emanates with great vivacity from the subtle chemistry of the living human frame itself. The reality of this third cause you must allow me to take for granted without farther explanation. Von Reichenbach's papers, the credit of which is guaranteed by their publication in Liebig and Wöhler's *Annals of Chemistry*, have been now some time translated into English, and are in the hands of most English readers.

It is remarkable that Jussieu, the most competent judge in the commission which, in 1784 condemned mesmerism as a scientific imposition, was so much struck with the effects he witnessed, that he recommended

the subject, nevertheless, to the farther investigation of medical men. His objections were to the theory. He laid it down, in the separate report which he made, that the only physical cause in operation was animal heat; curiously overlooking the point, that common heat was not capable of doing the same things, and that, therefore, the effects *must be owing to the agency of that something else* which animal heat contained in addition to common heat.

It is unnecessary to follow Mesmer through his minor performances. The relief sometimes obtained by stroking diseased parts with the hand had before been proclaimed by Dr Greator, whose pretensions had no less an advocate than the Honourable Robert Boyle. The extraordinary tales of Mesmer's immediate and instantaneous personal power over individuals are probably part exaggeration, part the real result of his confidence and practice in the use of the means he wielded. Mesmer died in 1815.

Among his pupils, when at the zenith of his fame, was the Marquis de Puységur. Returning from serving at the siege of Gibraltar, this young officer found mesmerism the mode at Paris, and appears to have become, for no other reason, one of the initiated. At the end of the course of instruction, he professed himself to be no wiser than when he began; and he ridiculed the credulity and the faith of his brothers, who were stanch adherents of the new doctrine. However he did not forget his lesson; and on going, the same spring, to his estate at Basancy, near Soissons, he took occasion to mesmerise the daughter of his agent, and another young person, for the toothach, who declared themselves, in a few minutes, cured. This questionable success was sufficient to lead M. de Puységur, a few days after, to try his hand on a young peasant of the name of Victor, who was suffering with a severe fluxion upon the chest. What was M. de Puységur's surprise when, at the end of a few minutes, Victor went off into a kind of tranquil sleep, without crisis or convulsion, and in that sleep began to gesticulate, and talk, and enter into his private affairs. Then he became sad; and M. de Puységur tried mentally to inspire him with cheerful

thoughts; he hummed a lively tune to himself, *inaudibly*, and immediately Victor began to sing the air. Victor remained asleep for an hour, and awoke composed, with his symptoms mitigated.

The case of Victor revolutionised the art of mesmerism. The large part of his life in which M. Puységur had nothing to do but to follow this vein of inquiry, was occupied in practising and advocating a gentle manipulation to induce sleep, in preference to the more violent crises. I have no plea for telling you how M. de Puységur served in the first French revolutionary armies; how he quitted the service in disgust; how narrowly he escaped the guillotine; how he lived in retirement afterwards, benevolently endeavouring to do good to his sick neighbours by mesmerism; how he survived the Restoration; and how, finally, he died of a cold caught by serving again in the encampment at Rheims to assist as an *old militaire* at the *sacre* of Charles X.

For he had, to use the phrase of the moment, fulfilled his mission the day that he put Victor to sleep. He had made a vast stride in advance of his teacher. Not but that Mesmer must frequently have produced the same effect, but *he* had passed it over unheeded, as one only of the numerous forms of salutary crisis; nor that M. de Puységur himself estimated, or that the knowledge had then been brought together which would have enabled him to estimate, the value, or the real nature and meaning, of the step which he had made. To himself he appeared to be largely extending the domain of mesmerism, of which he had, in truth, discovered and gone beyond the limits.

The state which he had so promptly and fortunately induced in Victor, was *neither more nor less than common trance*—the commonest form, perhaps, of the great family of nervous disorders, to which ordinary sleep-walking belongs, and of which I have already sketched the divisions and relations in the fifth letter of this series. All that remains, combining originality and value, of Mesmer's art, is, that it furnishes the surest method of inducing this particular condition of the system. Employed with collateral means calculated to shake the nerves and excite the imagination, mesmerism causes

the same variety of convulsive and violent seizures which extremes of fanatical frenzy excite; when it is employed in a gentle form and manner, with accessories that only soothe and tranquillise, the most plain and unpretending form of trance quietly steps upon the scene.

Perhaps you will wonder that I seem to attach so much importance to the power which mesmerism offers us, of producing at pleasure mere ordinary trance; and, unluckily, it is easy to overrate that importance; because, for any plan we are yet in possession of, the induction of trance, through mesmerism, is, in truth, a very uncertain and capricious affair. It is but a limited number of persons who can be affected by mesmerism; and the good to be obtained from the process is proportionately limited.

The first object to which artificial induction of trance may be turned, is the cure or alleviation of certain forms of disease.

It has been mentioned that in many so-called cataleptic cases, a condition of violent spasm is constantly present, *except* when the patient falls into an alternative state of trance. *The spontaneous supervision of trance relieves the spasm.*

I mentioned, too, in the fifth letter of this series, the case of Henry Engelbrecht, who, after a life of asceticism, and a week of nearly total abstinence, fell into a death-trance. *On waking from it, he felt refreshed and stronger.*

These results are quite intelligible. In trance, the nervous system is put *out of gear*. The strain of its functions is suspended. Now, perhaps for the first time since birth, the nervous system, a part or the whole, experiences entire repose. The effect of this must be as soothing to it, as is to a diseased joint the disposing it in a relaxed position on a pillow. In this state of profound rest, it is natural that the nervous system should recruit its forces; that if previously weak and irritable, it should emerge from the trance stronger and more composed; that the induction of trance many days repeated, and maintained daily an hour or more, should finally enable the nerves to recover any extent of mere loss of tone, with its dependent morbid excitability, and to

shake off various forms of disorder dependent upon that cause. So might it be expected, that epilepsy, that hysteric and cataleptic fits, that nervous palsy, that tic-doloreux, when caused by no structural impairment of organ, should get weak under the use of this means—other means, of course, not being thereby excluded, which peculiar features of individual cases render advisable. And experience justifies this reasonable anticipation. And it is found practically that, for purely nervous disorders, the artificial induction of trance is, generally speaking, the most efficient remedy. Nay, in cases of a more serious complexion, where organic disease exists, some unnecessary suffering and superfluous nervous irritability may be thus allayed and discarded. Even more may be said in favour of the availability of this practice. There are few diseases of any kind, and of other parts, in which the nervous system does not, primarily or secondarily, become implicated. And so far does disease in general contain an element which often may be reached and modified with salutary effect, through the means I am now advocating. When the prejudices of medical men against the artificial induction of trance have subsided, and its sanative agency has been fairly tried, and diligently studied, there is no doubt it will take a high rank among the resources of medicine.

In surgery, artificial trance is capable of playing a not less important part than in medicine.

For, as it has been already mentioned, an ordinary feature of trance is the entire suspension of common feeling. As long as the trance is maintained, the patient is impassive to all common impressions on the touch; the smartest electric shock, a feather introduced into the nose, burning, or cutting with a knife, excite no sensation. So that surgical operations may be performed without suffering during trance just as in the stupor produced by the ether inhalation. Then, as trance soothes the nerves, the patient, over and above the extinction of pain, is in a fitter state than otherwise for the infliction of physical violence. Likewise the trance may be induced not only at the time of the operation,

but with equal safety on all the subsequent occasions when the wound has to be disturbed and dressed,—so that, in addition, all the after suffering attendant upon great operations may be thus avoided. The drawback against the method, is the uncertainty there exists of being able to induce trance artificially in any given case. But the trial is always worth making; and the number who can, with a little patience, be put thus as it were to sleep, is undoubtedly greater than is imagined.

The most celebrated case in which an operation has been performed upon a patient in the state of artificial trance, is that of Madame Plantin. She was sixty-four years of age, and laboured under scirrhus of the breast. She was prepared for the operation by M. Chapélain, who on several successive days threw her into trance by the ordinary mesmeric manipulations. She was *then* like an ordinary sleep-walker, and would converse with indifference about the contemplated operation, the idea of which, when she was in her natural state, filled her with terror. The operation of removing the diseased breast was performed at Paris on the 12th of April 1829, by M. Jules Cloquet: it lasted from ten to twelve minutes. During the whole of this time, the patient in *her trance* conversed calmly with M. Cloquet, and exhibited not the slightest sign of suffering. Her expression of countenance did not change, nor were the voice, the breathing, or the pulse, at all affected. After the wound was dressed, the patient was awakened from the trance, when, on learning that the operation was over, and seeing her children round her, Madame Plantin was affected with considerable emotion: whereupon M. Chapélain, to compose her, put her back into the state of trance.

I copy the above particulars from Dr Foissac's "*Rapports et Discussions de l'Académie Royale de Médecine sur le Magnétisme Animal*." — Paris, 1833. "My friend, Dr Warren of Boston, informed me that, being at Paris, he had asked M. Jules Cloquet if the story were true. M. Cloquet answered, "Perfectly." "Then why," said Dr Warren, "have you not repeated the practice?" M. Cloquet replied, "that he had not dared: that the pre-

judice against mesmerism was so strong at Paris, that he probably would have lost his reputation and his income by so doing."

Here, then, we discover two purposes of partial, indeed, but signal utility, compassable by the induction of trance, at the very outset of our inquiry into its utility. It will appear by-and-by that this resource promises to afford yet farther assistance to the physician. In the mean time, let us look at a relation of the subject which may appear more interesting to the general reader.

It has been mentioned that, in ordinary trance, the relations of consciousness to the nervous system are altered; that the laws of sensation and perception are suspended, or temporarily changed; that the mind appears to gain new powers. For a long time we had to trust to the chance turning up of cases of spontaneous trance, in the experience of physicians of observation, for any light we could hope would be thrown on those extraordinary phenomena. Now we possess around us, on every side, adequate opportunities for completely elucidating these events, if we please to employ them. The philosopher, when his speculations suggest a new question to be put, can summon the attendance of a trance, as easily as the Jupiter of the Iliad summoned a dream. Or, looking out for two or three cases to which the induction of trance may be beneficial, the physician may have in his house subjects for perpetual reference and daily experiment.

A gentleman with whom I have long been well acquainted, for many years Chairman of the Quarter Sessions in a northern county, of which the last year he was High Sheriff, has, like M. de Puységur, amused some of his leisure hours, and benevolently done not a little good, by taking the trouble of mesmerising invalids, whom he has thus restored to health. In constant correspondence with, and occasionally having the pleasure of seeing this gentleman, I have learned from him the common course in which the new powers of the mind which belong to trance are developed under its artificial induction. The sketch which I propose to give of this subject will be taken from his descriptions,

which, I should observe, tally in all essential points with what I meet with in French and German authors. The little that I have myself seen of the matter, I will mention preliminarily; the most astounding things, it appears to me safer to shelter under the authority of Petetin, who, towards the close of the last century, in *ignorance of mesmerism*, described these phenomena as they came before him *spontaneously in catalepsy*.

The method of inducing trance that is found to be most successful, is to sit immediately fronting, and close to the patient, holding his hands or thumbs, or pointing the extended hands towards his forehead, and slowly moving them in passes down his face, shoulders, and arms. It is now clear that the force brought into operation on this occasion, is the Od force of Von Reichenbach. So the patients sometimes speak of seeing the luminous aura proceeding from the finger-points of the operator, which Von Reichenbach's performers described. There are many who are utterly insensible to this agency. Others are sensible of it in slight, and in various ways. A small proportion, three in ten perhaps, are susceptible to the extent of being thrown into trance.

In some, a common fit of hysterics is produced. In others, slight headache, and a sense of weight on the eyebrows, and difficulty of raising the eyelids supervene.

In one young woman, whom I saw mesmerized for the first time by Dupotel, nothing resulted but a sense of pricking and tingling wherever he pointed with his hand; and her arm on one or two occasions jumped in the most natural and conclusive manner, when, her eyes being covered, he directed his outstretched finger to it.

A gentleman, about thirty years of age, when the mesmerizer held his outstretched hands pointed to his head, experienced no disposition to sleep; but in two or three minutes, he began to shake his head and twist his features about; at last, his head was jerked from side to side, and forwards and backwards, with a violence that looked alarming. But he said, when it was over, that the motion had not been unpleasant; that he had moved in a sort voluntarily; although he

could not refrain from it. If the hands of the operator were pointed to his arm instead of his head, the same violent jerks came in it, and gradually extended to the whole body. I asked him to try to resist the influence, by holding his arm out in strong muscular tension. This had the effect of retarding the attack of the jerks, but, when it came on, it was more violent than usual.

A servant of mine, aged about twenty-five, was mesmerized by Lafontaine, for a full half hour, and, no effect appearing to be produced, I told him he might rise from the chair, and leave us. On getting up, he looked uneasy and said his arms were numb. They were perfectly paralysed from the elbows downwards, and numb to the shoulders. This was the more satisfactory, that neither the man himself, nor Lafontaine, nor the four or five spectators, expected this result. The operator triumphantly drew a pin and stuck it into the man's hand, which bled but had no feeling. Then heedlessly, to show it gave pain, Lafontaine stuck the pin into the man's thigh, whose flashing eye, and half suppressed growl, denoted that the aggression would certainly have been returned by another, had the arm which should have done it not been really powerless. However, M. Lafontaine made peace with the man, by restoring him the use and feeling of his arms. This was done by dusting them, as it were, by quick transverse motions of his extended hands. In five minutes nothing remained of the palsy but a slight stiffness, which gradually wore off in the course of the evening.

Genuine and ordinary trance, I have seen produced by the same manipulations in from three minutes, to half an hour. The patient's eyelids have dropped, he has appeared on the point of sleeping, but he has not sunk back upon his chair; then he has continued to sit upright, and seemingly perfectly insensible to the loudest sound or the acutest and most startling impressions on the sense of touch. The pulse is commonly a little increased in frequency; the breathing is sometimes heavier than usual.

Occasionally, as in Victor's case, the patient quickly and spontaneously

emerges from the state of trance-sleep into trance half-waking; a rapidity of development which I am persuaded occurs much more frequently among the French than with the English or Germans. English patients, especially, for the most part require a long course of education, many sittings, to have the same powers drawn out. And these are by far the most interesting cases. I will describe from Mr Williamson's account, the course he has usually followed in developing his patient's powers, and the order in which they have manifested themselves.

On the first day, perhaps, nothing can be elicited. But after some minutes the stupor seems as it were less embarrassing to the patient, who appears less heavily slumbrous, and breathes lighter again; or it may be the reverse, particularly if the patient is epileptic; after a little, the breathing may be deeper, the state one of less composure. Pointing with the hands to the pit of the stomach, laying the hands upon the shoulders, and slowly moving them on the arms down to the hands, the whole with the utmost quietude and composure on the part of the operator, will dispel the oppression.

And the interest of the first sitting is confined to the process of awakening the patient, which is one of the most marvellous phenomena of the whole. The operator lays his two thumbs on the space between the eyebrows, and as it were vigorously smooths or irons his eyebrows, rubbing them from within, outwards seven or eight times. Upon this, the patient probably raises his head and his eyebrows, and draws a deeper breath as if he would yawn; he is half awake, and blowing upon the eyelids, or the repetition of the previous operation, or dusting the forehead by smart transverse wavings of the hand, or blowing upon it, causes the patient's countenance to become animated; the eyelids open, he looks about him, recognises you, and begins to speak. If any feeling of heaviness remains, any weight or pain of the forehead, another repetition of the same manipulations sets all right. And yet this patient would not have been awakened, if a gun had been fired at his ear, or his arm had been cut off.

At the next sitting, or the next to that, the living statue begins to wake in its tranced life. The operator holds one hand over the opposite hand of his patient, and makes as if he would draw the patient's hand upwards, raising his own with short successive jerks, yet not too abrupt. Then the patient's hand begins to follow his; and often having ascended some inches, stops in the air cataleptic. This fixed state is always relieved by transverse brushings with the hand, or by breathing in addition, on the rigid limb. And it is most curious to see the whole bodily frame, over which spasmodic rigidity may have crept, thus thawed joint by joint. Then the first effect shown commonly is this motion, the patient's hand following the operator's. At the same sitting, he begins to hear, and there is intelligence in his countenance, when the operator pronounces his name: perhaps his lips move, and he begins to answer pertinently as in ordinary sleep-walking. But he hears the operator alone best, and him even in a whisper. *Your voice*, if you shout, he does not hear: unless you take the operator's hand, and then he hears *you too*. In general, however, now the proximity of others seems in some way to be sensible to him; and he appears uneasy when they crowd close upon him. It seems that the force of the relation between the operator and his patient naturally goes on increasing, as the powers of the sleep-walker are developed; but that this is not necessarily the case, and depends upon its being encouraged by much commerce between them, and the exclusion of others from joining in this trance-communion.

And now the patient—beginning to wake in trance, hearing and answering the questions of the operator, moving each limb, or rising even, as the operator's hand is raised to draw him into obedient following—enters into a new relation with his mesmeriser. He *adopts sympathetically every voluntary movement of the other*. When the latter rises from his chair, *he rises*; when he sits down, *he sits down*; if he bows, *he bows*; if he make a grimace, *he makes the same*. Yet his eyes are closed. He certainly does not see. His mind has interpenetra-

ted to a small extent the nervous system of the operator; and is in relation with his voluntary nerves and the anterior half of his cranio-spinal chord. (These are the organs by which the impulse to voluntary motion is conveyed and originated.) Farther into the other's being, he has not yet got. So he does not *what the other thinks of, or wishes him to do*; but only what the other either does, or goes through the mental part of doing. So Victor sang the air, which M. de Puységur only mentally hummed.

The next strange phenomenon marks that the mind of the untranced patient has interpenetrated the nervous system of the other *a step farther*, and is in relation besides with the posterior half of the cranio-spinal chord and its nerves. For now the entranced person, who has no feeling, or taste, or smell of his own, *feels, tastes, and smells every thing that is made to tell on the senses of the operator*. If mustard or sugar be put in his own mouth, he seems not to know that they are there; if mustard is placed on the tongue of the operator, the entranced person expresses great disgust, and tries as if to spit it out. The same with bodily pain. If you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the other complains of the pain you give him.

To state in the closest way what has happened—the phenomena of sympathetic motion and sympathetic sensation, thus displayed, are exactly such as might be expected to follow, if the mind or conscious principle of the entranced person were brought into relation with the cranio-spinal chord of the operator and its nerves, and with no farther portion of his nervous system. Later, it will be seen the interpenetration can extend farther.

But before this happens, a new phenomenon manifests itself, not of a sympathetic character. The operator contrives to wake the entranced person to the knowledge that he possesses new faculties. *He develops in him new organs of sensation*, or rather helps to hasten his recognition of their possession.

It is to be observed, however, that many and many who can be thrown into trance will not progress so far as

to the present step. Others make a tantalising half advance towards reaching it *thus*; and then stop. They are asked, "Do you see any thing?" After some days at length, they answer "Yes"—"What?" "A light." "Where is the light?" Then they intimate its place to be either before them, or at the crown of the head, or behind one ear, or quite behind the head. And they describe the colour of the light, which is commonly yellow. And each day it occupies the same direction, and is seen equally when the room is light or dark. Their eyes in the mean time are closed. And here, with many, the phenomenon stops.

But, with others, it goes thus strangely farther. In this light they begin to discern objects, or they see whatever is presented to them in the direction in which the light lies, whether before the forehead or at the crown of the head, or wherever it may be. Sometimes the range of this new sense is very limited, and the object to be seen must be held near to the new organ. Sometimes it must touch it; generally, however, the sense commands what the eye would, if it were placed there.

One tries first to escape the improbability of an extempore organ of sense being thus established, by supposing that the mind of the entranced person has only penetrated a little deeper than before into yours, and perceives what you see. But I had the following experiment made, which excludes this solution of the phenomenon. The party standing behind the entranced person, whose use it was to see with the back of her head, held behind him a pack of cards, and then, drawing one of them, presented it, without seeing it himself, to her new organ of vision. She named the card justly each time the experiment was repeated.

The degree of light suiting this new vision varies in different cases: sometimes bright daylight is best; generally they prefer a moderate light. Some distinguish objects and colours in a light so obscure that the standers-by cannot distinguish the same with their eyes.

The above phenomena have been, over and over again, verified by the

gentleman whom I before referred to, Mr J. W. Williamson of Whickham; and not only have I received the accounts of them from himself, but from two other gentlemen, who repeatedly witnessed their manifestation in patients at Mr Williamson's residence.

A parallel transposition of the sense of hearing I will exemplify from the details of a case of catalepsy, or spontaneous trance, as they are given by the observer, Dr Petetin, an eminent civil and military physician of Lyons, where he was president of the Medical Society. The work in which they are given is entitled, "*Memoire sur la Catalepsie*. 1787."

M. Petetin attended a young married lady in a sort of fit. She lay seemingly unconscious; when he raised her arm, it remained in the air where he placed it. Being put to bed, she commenced singing. To stop her, the doctor placed her limbs each in a different position. This embarrassed her considerably, but she went on singing. She seemed perfectly insensible. Pinching the skin, shouting in her ear, nothing aroused her attention. Then it happened that, in arranging her, the doctor's foot slipped; and, as he recovered himself, half leaning over her, he said, "how provoking we can't make her leave off singing!" "Ah, doctor," she cried, "don't be angry! I won't sing any more," and she stopped. But shortly she began again; and in vain did the doctor implore her, by the loudest entreaties, addressed to her ear, to keep her promise and desist. It then occurred to him to place himself in the same position as when she heard him before. He raised the bed-clothes, bent his head towards her stomach, and said, in a loud voice, "Do you, then, mean to sing forever?" "Oh, what pain you have given me!" she exclaimed—"I implore you speak lower;" at the same time she passed her hand over the pit of her stomach. "In what way, then, do you hear?" said Dr Petetin. "Like any one else," was the answer. "But I am speaking to your stomach." "Is it possible!" she said. He then tried again whether she could hear with her ears, speaking even through a tube to aggravate his voice;—she heard nothing. On his asking her, at the pit of her stomach, if she had not heard him,—

"No," said she, "I am indeed unfortunate."

A cognate phenomenon to the above is *the conversion of the patient's new sense of vision in a direction inwards*. He looks into himself, and sees his own inside as it were illuminated or transfigured.

A few days after the scene just described, Dr Petetin's patient had another attack of catalepsy. She still heard at the pit of her stomach, but the manner of hearing was modified. In the mean time her countenance expressed astonishment. Dr Petetin inquired the cause. "It is not difficult," she answered, "to explain to you why I look astonished. I am singing, doctor, to divert my attention from a sight which appals me. I see my inside, and the strange forms of the organs, surrounded with a network of light. My countenance must express what I feel,—astonishment and fear. A physician who should have my complaint for a quarter of an hour would think himself fortunate, as nature would reveal all her secrets to him. If he was devoted to his profession, he would not, as I do, desire to be quickly well." "Do you see your heart?" asked Dr Petetin. "Yes, there it is; it beats at twice; the two sides in agreement; when the upper part contracts, the lower part swells, and immediately after that contracts. The blood rushes out all luminous, and issues by two great vessels which are but a little apart."

There are many cases like the above on record, perfectly attested. There is no escaping from the facts. We have no resource but to believe them. Things if possible still more marvellous remain behind. The more advanced patient penetrates the sensoria of those around her, and knows their thoughts and all the folds of their characters. She is able, farther, to perceive objects, directly, at considerable—indefinite distances. She can foresee coming events in her own health. Finally, she can feel and discern, by a kind of intuition, what is the matter with another person either brought into her presence, or who is, in certain other ways, identified by her. As the evidence of the possession of these faculties by entranced persons is complete, and admits of no

question, an important use, I repeat, of the artificial induction of trance is, that it will multiply occasions of sifting this extraordinary field of psychological inquiry.

In the mean time I will not trespass upon your patience farther, nor weary you with farther instances, beyond giving the sequel of the case of catalepsy of which I have above mentioned some particulars. You will see in it a shadowing out of most of the other powers, which I have said are occasionally manifested by persons in trance, which sometimes attain an extraordinary vigour and compass, and which are maintained, or are maintainable, for several years, being manifested for that time, though not without caprice and occasional entire failures, on the patient reverting to the entranced condition. One of the most interesting features in what follows is, that it is evident M. Petetin was entirely unacquainted with mesmerism; and, at the same time, that he had all but discovered and developed the art of mesmeric manipulation himself.

The following morning, (to give the latter part of the case of catalepsy,) the access of the fit took place, according to custom, at eight o'clock in the morning. Petetin arrived later than usual; he announced himself by speaking to the fingers of the patient, (by which he was heard.) "You are a very lazy person this morning, doctor," said she. "It is true, madam; but if you knew the reason, you would not reproach me." "Ah," said she, "I perceive, you have had a headache for the last four hours; it will not leave you till six in the evening. You are right to take nothing; no human means can prevent its running its course." "Can you tell me on which side is the pain?" said Petetin. "On the right side; it occupies the temple, the eye, the teeth: I warn you that it will invade the left eye, and that you will suffer considerably between three and four o'clock; at six you will be free from pain." The prediction came out literally true. "If you wish me to believe you, you must tell me what I hold in my hand?" "I see through your hand an antique medal."

Petetin inquired of his patient at what hour her own fit would cease: "at

eleven." "And the evening accession, when will it come on?" "At seven o'clock." "In that case it will be later than usual." "It is true; the periods of its recurrence are going to change to so and so." During this conversation, the patient's countenance expressed annoyance. She then said to M. Petetin, "My uncle has just entered; he is conversing with my husband, *behind the screen*; his visit will fatigue me, beg him to go away." The uncle, leaving, took with him by mistake her husband's cloak, which she perceived, and sent her sister-in-law to reclaim it.

In the evening, there were assembled, in the lady's apartment, a good number of her relations and friends. Petetin had, intentionally, placed a letter within his waistcoat, on his heart. He begged permission, on arriving, to wear his cloak. Scarcely had the lady, the access having come on, fallen into catalepsy, when she said, "And how long, doctor, has it come into fashion to wear letters next the heart?" Petetin pretended to deny the fact; she insisted on her correctness; and, raising her hands, designated the size, and indicated exactly the place of the letter. Petetin drew forth the letter, and held it, closed, to the fingers of the patient. "If I were not a discreet person," she said, "I should tell the contents; but to show you that I know them, they form exactly two lines and a half of writing;" which, on opening the letter, was shown to be the fact.

A friend of the family, who was present, took out his purse and put it in Dr Petetin's bosom, and folded his cloak over his chest. As soon as Petetin approached his patient, she told him that he had the purse, and named its exact contents. She then gave an inventory of the contents of the pockets of all present; adding some pointed remark when the opportunity offered. She said to her sister-in-law that the most interesting thing in *her* possession was a letter;—much to her surprise, for she had received the letter the same evening, and had mentioned it to no one.

The patient, in the mean time, lost strength daily, and could take no food. The means employed failed of giving

her relief, and it never occurred to M. Petetin to inquire of her how he should treat her. At length, with some vague idea that she suffered from too great electric tension of the brain, he tried, fantastically enough, the effect of making deep inspirations, standing close in front of the patient. No effect followed from this absurd proceeding. *Then he placed one hand on the forehead, the other on the pit of the stomach of the patient*, and continued his inspirations. The patient now opened her eyes; her features lost their fixed look; she rallied rapidly from the fit, which lasted but a few minutes instead of the usual period of two hours more. In eight days, under a pursuance of this treatment, she entirely recovered from her fits, and with them ceased her extraordinary powers. But, during these eight days, her powers manifested a still greater extension; she foretold what was going to happen to her; she discussed, with astonishing subtlety, questions of mental philosophy and physiology; she caught what those around her meant to say, before they expressed their wishes, and either did what they desired, or begged that they would not ask her to do what was beyond her strength.

In conclusion, let me animadvert upon the injustice with which, to its own loss, society has treated mesmerism. The use of mesmerism in nervous disorders, its use towards preventing suffering in surgical operations, have been denied and scoffed at in the teeth of positive evidence. The supposition of physical influence existing that can emanate from one human being and affect the nerves of another, was steadily combated as a gratuitous fiction, till Von Reichenbach's discoveries demonstrated its soundness. And, finally, the marvels of *clairvoyance* were considered an absolute proof of the visionary character of animal magnetism, because the world was ignorant that they occur independently of that influence, which only happens to be one of the modes of inducing the condition of trance in which they spontaneously manifest themselves. Adieu, dear Archy. Yours, &c.

MAC DAVUS.

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HISTORY OF THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON AT ST HELENA.

WHATEVER may be the pursuits of our posterity, whether the mind of nations will turn on philosophy or politics, whether on a descent to the centre of the earth, or on the model of a general Utopia—whether on a telegraphic correspondence with the new planet, by a galvanised wire two thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of miles long, or on a Chartist government—we have not the slightest reason to doubt, that our generation will be regarded as having lived in the most brilliant time of the by-gone world.

The years from 1789 to 1815 unquestionably include the most stirring period since the great primal convulsion, that barbarian deluge, which changed the face of Europe in the fifth century. But the vengeance which called the Vandal from his forest to crush the Roman empire, and after hewing down the Colossus which, for seven hundred years, had bestrode the world, moulded kingdoms out of its fragments, was of a totally different order from that which ruled over our great day of Change. In that original revolution, man, as the individual, was scarcely more than the sufferer. It was a vast outburst of force, as uncircumscribed as uncontrollable, and as unconnected with motives merely human, as an inroad of the ocean. It was a vast expanse of human existence, rushing surge on surge over the barriers of fair and fertile empire. It was hunger, and love of seizure, and hot thirst of blood, embodied in a mass of mankind rushing down upon luxury and profligacy, and governmental incapacity embodied in other masses of mankind. An invasion from the African wilderness with all its lions and leopards in full roar, could scarcely have less been urged by motives of human nature.

But the great revolution which in our time shook Europe, and is still spreading its shock to the confines of the world, was *human* in the most remarkable degree. It was the work of impulses fierce and wild, yet pecu-

liarily belonging to man. It was a succession of lights and shadows of human character, contrasted in the most powerful degree, as they passed before the eye of Europe—the ambition of man, the rage of man, the voluptuousness, the ferocity, the gallantry, and the fortitude of man, in all the varieties of human character. It was man in the robes of tragedy, comedy, and pantomime, but it was every where *man*. Every great event on which the revolution was suspended for the time, originated with some remarkable individual, and took its shape even from some peculiarity in that individual.

Thus, the period of mob-massacre began with the sudden ascendancy of Marat—a hideous assassin, who regarded the knife as the only instrument of governing, and proclaimed as his first principle of political regeneration, that “half a million of heads must fall.”

The second stage, the Reign of Terror, began with Robespierre, a village lawyer; in whose mingled cruelty and craft originated the bloody mockeries of that “Revolutionary Tribunal,” which, under the semblance of trial, sent all the accused to the guillotine, and in all the formalities of justice committed wholesale murder.

The third stage was the reign of the Directory—the work of the voluptuous Barras—and reflecting his profligacy in all the dissoluteness of a government of plunder and confiscation, closing in national debauchery and decay.

The final stage was War—under the guidance of a man whose whole character displayed the most prominent features of soldiership. From that moment, the republic bore the sole impress of war. Franco had placed at her head the most impetuous, subtle, ferocious, and all-grasping, of the monarchs of mankind. She instantly took the shape which, like the magicians of old commanding their familiar spirits, the great magician of our age com-

* *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St Helena.* By General Count MONTHOLON. Vols. iii. and iv. London: H. Colburn.

manded her to assume. Peace—the rights of man—the mutual ties of nations—the freedom of the serf and the slave—the subversion of all the abuses of the ancient thrones—all the old nominal principles of revolutionary patriotism, were instantly thrown aside, like the rude weapons of a peasant insurrection, the pike and the ox-goad, for the polished and powerful weapons of royal armouries. In all the conquests of France the serf and the slave were left in their chains; the continental kingdoms, bleeding by the sword until they lay in utter exhaustion, were suffered to retain all their abuses; the thrones, stripped of all their gold and jewels, were yet suffered to stand. Every pretext of moral and physical redress was contemptuously abandoned, and France herself exhibited the most singular of all transformations.—The republic naked, frantic, and covered with her own gore, was suddenly seen robed in the most superb investitures of monarchy; assuming the most formal etiquette of empire, and covered with royal titles. This was the most extraordinary change in the recollections of history, and for the next hundred, or for the next thousand years, it will excite wonder. But the whole period will be to posterity what Virgil describes the Italian plains to have been to the peasant of his day, a scene of gigantic recollections; as, turning up with the ploughshare the site of ancient battles, he finds the remnants of a race of bolder frame and more trenchant weapons—the weightier sword and the mightier arm.

What the next age may develop in the arts of life, or the knowledge of nature, must remain in that limbo of vanity, to which Ariosto consigned embryo politicians, and Milton consigned departed friars—the world of the moon. But it will scarcely supply instances of more memorable individual faculties, or of more powerful effects produced by those faculties. The efforts of Conspiracy and Conquest in France, the efforts of Conservatism and Constitution in England, produced a race of men whom nothing but the crisis could have produced, and who will find no rivals in the magnitude of their capacities, the value of their services, in their lofti-

ness of principle, and their influence on their age; until some similar summons shall be uttered to the latent powers of mankind, from some similar crisis of good and evil. The eloquence of Burke, Pitt, Fox, and a crowd of their followers, in the senate of England, and the almost fiendish vividness of the republican oratory, have remained without equals, and almost without imitators—the brilliancy of French soldiery, in a war which swept Europe with the swiftness and the devastation of a flight of locusts—the British campaigns of the Peninsula, those most consummate displays of fortitude and decision, of the science which baffles an enemy, and of the bravery which crushes him—will be lessons to the soldier in every period to come.

But the foremost figure of the great history-piece of revolution, was the man, of whose latter hours we are now contemplating. Napoleon may not have been the ablest statesman, or the most scientific soldier, or the most resistless conqueror, or the most magnificent monarch of mankind—but what man of his day so closely combined all those characters, and was so distinguished in them all? It is idle to call him the child of chance—it is false to call his power the creation of opportunity—it is trifling with the common understanding of man, to doubt his genius. He was one of those few men, who are formed to guide great changes in the affairs of nations. The celebrity of his early career, and the support given to him by the disturbances of France, are nothing in the consideration of the philosopher; or perhaps they but separate him more widely from the course of things, and assimilate him more essentially with those resistless influences of nature, which, rising from we know not what, and operating we know not how, execute the penalties of Heaven:—those moral pestilences which, like the physical, springing from some spot of obscurity, and conveyed by the contact of the obscure, suddenly expand into universal contagion, and lay waste the mind of nations.

In the earlier volumes of the *Journal of Count Montholon*, the assistance of *Las Cases* was used to collect the

imperial *dicta*. But on the baron's being sent away from St Helena—an object which he appears to have sought with all the eagerness of one determined to make his escape, yet equally resolved on turning that escape into a subject of complaint—the duty of recording Napoleon's opinions devolved on Montholon. In the year 1818, Napoleon's health began visibly to break. His communications with O'Meara, the surgeon appointed by the English government, became more frequent; and as Napoleon was never closely connected with any individual without an attempt to make him a partisan, the governor's suspicions were excited by this frequency of intercourse. We by no means desire to stain the memory of O'Meara (he is since dead) with any dishonourable suspicion. But Sir Hudson Lowe cannot be blamed for watching such a captive with all imaginable vigilance. The recollection of the facility which too much dependance on his honour gave to Napoleon's escape from Elba, justly sharpened the caution of the governor. The fear of another European conflagration made the safeguard of the Ex-Emperor an object of essential policy, not merely to England, but to Europe; and the probability of similar convulsions rendered his detention at St Helena as high a duty as ever was intrusted to a British officer.

We are not now about to discuss the charges made against Sir Hudson Lowe; but it is observable, that they are made solely on the authority of Napoleon, and of individuals dismissed for taking too strong an interest in that extraordinary man. Those complaints may be easily interpreted in the instance of the prisoner, as the results of such a spirit having been vexed by the circumstances of his tremendous fall; and also, in the instance of those who were dismissed, as a species of excuse for the transactions which produced their dismissal. But there can be no doubt that those complaints had not less the direct object of keeping the name of the Ex-Emperor before the eyes of Europe; that they were meant as stimulants to partisanship in France; and that, while they gratified the incurable bile of the fallen dynasty against England, they were also direc-

ted to produce the effect of reminding the French soldiery that Napoleon was still in existence.

Yet there was a pettiness in all his remonstrances, wholly inconsistent with greatness of mind. He thus talks of Sir Hudson Lowe:—

"I never look on him without being reminded of the assassin of Edward II. in the Castle of Berkeley, heating the bar of iron which was to be the instrument of his crime. Nature revolts against him. In my eyes she seems to have marked him, like Cain, with a seal of reprobation."

Napoleon's knowledge of history was here shown to be pretty much on a par with his knowledge of scripture. The doubts regarding the death of Edward II. had evidently not come to his knowledge; and, so far as Cain was concerned, the sign was not one of reprobation, but of protection—it was a mark that "no man should slay him."

But all those complaints were utterly unworthy of a man who had played so memorable a part in the affairs of Europe. He who had filled the French throne had seen enough of this world's glory; and he who had fallen from it had been plunged into a depth of disaster, which ought to have made him regardless ever after of what man could do to him. A man of his rank ought to have disdained both the good and ill which he could receive from the governor of his prison. But he wanted the magnanimity that bears misfortune well: when he could no longer play the master of kingdoms, he was content to quarrel about valets; and having lost the world, to make a little occupation for himself in complaining of the want of etiquette in his dungeon. But the spirit of the intriguer survived every other spirit within him, and it is by no means certain that the return of O'Meara and Gourgaud to Europe was not a part of that intrigue in which Napoleon played the Italian to the last hour of his life. It is true that the general returned under a certificate of ill health, and it is also perfectly possible that the surgeon was unconscious of the intrigue. But there can be no doubt of the design; and that design was, to excite a very considerable interest in Europe, on

behalf of the prisoner of St Helena. Gourgaud, immediately after his arrival, wrote a long letter to Marie Louise, which was palpably intended more for the Emperors of Russia and Austria than for the feelings of the Ex-Empress, of whose interest in the matter the world has had no knowledge whatever.

In this letter it was declared, that Napoleon was dying in the most frightful and prolonged agony. "Yes, Madame," said this epistle, "he whom Divine and human laws unite to you by the most sacred ties—he whom you have beheld an object of homage to almost all the sovereigns of Europe, and over whose fate I saw you shed so many tears when he left you, is perishing by a most cruel death—a captive on a rock in the midst of the ocean, at a distance of two thousand leagues from those whom he holds most dear."

The letter then proceeds to point out the object of the appeal. "These sufferings may continue for a long time. There is still time to save him: the moment seems very favourable. The Sovereigns are about to assemble at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle—passions seem calmed—Napoleon is now far from being formidable. In these circumstances let your Majesty deign to reflect what an effect a great step on your part would produce—that, for instance, of going to this Congress, and there soliciting a termination to the Emperor's sufferings, of supplicating your august father to unite his efforts with yours, in order to have Napoleon confided to his charge, if policy did not permit him to be restored to liberty; and how great would be your Majesty's own happiness: It would be said, the sovereigns of Europe, after having vanquished the great Napoleon, abandoned him to his most cruel enemies, they conducted him towards his grave by the most prolonged and barbarous torments, the continuation of his agony urged him even to demand more active executioners; he seemed forgotten, and without hope of aid; but Marie Louise remained to him, and he was restored to life."

Whether this letter ever reached its address is not clear; but if it did, it produced no discoverable effect.

But the absence of those confidants increased the troubles of the unlucky Montholon in a formidable degree, and Napoleon's habit of dictating his thoughts and recollections, (which he frequently continued for hours together, and sometimes into the middle of the night,) pressed heavily on the Count and Bertrand; the latter being excluded after six in the evening, when the sentinels were posted for the night, as he resided with his family, and thus devolving the task of the night on Montholon. Those dictations were sometimes on high questions of state, and on theories of war; sometimes on matters of the day, as in the following instance.

The death of the Princess Charlotte, which threw the mind of England into such distress, had just been made known at St Helena. Napoleon spoke of it as reminding him of the perilous child-birth of Marie Louise. "Had it not been for me," said he, "she would have lost her life, like this poor Princess Charlotte. What a misfortune! young and beautiful, destined to the throne of a great nation, and to die for want of proper care on the part of her nearest relations! Where was her husband? where was her mother? why were they not beside her, as I was beside Marie Louise? She, too, would have died, had I left her to the care of the professional people. She owes her life to my being with her during the whole time of danger; for I shall never forget the moment when the accoucheur Dubois came to me pale with fright, and hardly able to articulate, and informed me that a choice must be made between the life of the mother and that of the child. The peril was imminent; there was not a moment to be lost in decision. 'Save the mother,' said I—'it is her right. Proceed just as you would do in the case of a citizen's wife of the Rue St Denis.' It is a remarkable fact, that this answer produced an electric effect on Dubois. He recovered his *sang froid*, and calmly explained to me the causes of the danger. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, the King of Rome was born; but at first the infant was believed to be dead, he had suffered so much on coming into the world, and

it was with much difficulty that the physicians recalled him to life."

It will probably be recollected as a similar instance of the advantage of care and decision, that Queen Caroline was rescued from the same hazard. Her accouchment was preceded by great suffering, and her strength seemed totally exhausted. The attendants were in a state of extreme alarm, when Lord Thurlow said, in his usual rough way, "Don't think of princesses here: treat her like the washerwoman, and give her a glass of brandy." The advice was followed, and the Princess speedily recovered.

Connected with the history of this short-lived son, is an anecdote, which Napoleon related as an instance of his own love of justice. When the palace was about to be built for the King of Rome at Passy, it was necessary to purchase some buildings which already stood on the ground. One of these was a hut belonging to a cooper, which the architects valued at a thousand francs. But the cooper, resolving to make the most of his tenure, now demanded ten times the sum. Napoleon ordered the money to be given to him; but when the contract was brought to him to sign, the fellow said, that "as an Emperor disturbed him," he ought to pay for turning him out, and must give him thirty thousand francs. "The good man is a little exacting," said Napoleon, "still there is some sense in his argument. Give him the thirty thousand, and let me hear no more about it." But the cooper, thinking that he had a fine opportunity, now said that he could not take less than forty thousand. The architect did not know what to say; he dared not again mention the matter to the Emperor, and yet it was absolutely necessary to have the house. Napoleon learned what was passing, and was angry, but allowed the offer of the forty thousand. Again the dealer retracted, and demanded fifty thousand. "He is a despicable creature," said the Emperor. "I will have none of his paltry hut: it shall remain where it is, as a testimony of my respect for the law."

The works were still going on at the time of the exile, in 1814; and the cooper, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building ma-

terials, groaned over the consequences of his folly, or rather of his extortion, for he had thus, deservedly, lost the opportunity of making his fortune.

The death of Cipriani, the *maitre d'hôtel*, occurred about this time, and was startling from its suddenness. He was serving Napoleon's dinner, when he was attacked by such violent pains, that he was unable to reach his chamber without assistance. He rolled on the ground, uttering piercing cries. Four-and-twenty hours afterwards his coffin was carried to the cemetery of Plantation House! Cipriani had been employed in the secret police, and had distinguished himself by some difficult missions in the affairs of Naples and Northern Italy. It was only after the banishment to Elba that he had formed a part of the household. It was to Cipriani that the taking of Capri was owing. In 1806, Sir Hudson Lowe commanded at Capri, as lieutenant-colonel of a legion, composed of Corsican and Neapolitan deserters. The position of Capri in the Bay of Naples was of some importance for carrying on communications with those hostile to the French interest in Italy. Salicetti, prime minister of Naples, was vainly pondering on the capture of Capri; when it occurred to him to employ Cipriani, to put it into his power by surprise or treachery. Among the Corsicans under Sir H. Lowe's command, was one Suzanelli, a profligate, who had reduced himself by his debaucheries to acting as a spy. Cipriani soon ascertained that they had been fellow-students at college.

The whole story is curious, as an instance of the dexterity of Italian treachery, and of the difficulty which an honest man must always find in dealing with that people. Cipriani instantly found out Suzanelli, who was then in Naples, and said, "I know all, but we are fellow-countrymen—we have eaten the same soup: I do not desire to make you lose your head: choose between the scaffold, and making your fortune from your own country.—You are the spy of the English: help me to expel them from Capri, and your fortune is made. Refuse, and you are my prisoner, and will be shot within twenty-four hours." "I take your offer," was the answer. "What do you want with

me?" Cipriani proposed to give him double what he received from the English, on condition of handing over all the letters which he received for Naples, and delivering the answers as if he had received them from the writers. Suzanelli thenceforth communicated all news relative to the movements of old Queen Caroline, and the British in the Mediterranean. Sir Hudson Lowe's confidence in Suzanelli was so much increased by the apparently important communications which the Neapolitan police had purposely made to him, that he rewarded him profusely, and at length accepted his offer of furnishing recruits to the Corsican legion at Capri. When the garrison was corrupted through the medium of those recruits, and an expedition was prepared at Naples, Suzanelli, in order to hoodwink the governor of Capri, whose vigilance might be awakened by the preparations, sent him a detailed report of the strength and object of the expedition, but telling him that it was meant to attack the Isle of Ponza. The expedition, under General La Marque, sailed at night, and the French effected their landing by surprise. The Royal Maltese regiment contained a great number of Suzanelli's recruits. They laid down their arms, and surrendered the forts in their charge. The commandant succeeded with difficulty in shutting himself up in the citadel with the royal Corsican regiment. It was inaccessible by assault, but the French dragged some heavy guns to a commanding height, and after a cannonade the garrison capitulated.

This story is not exactly true; for the capitulation was *not* the result of the cannonade; but water and provisions had totally failed. The attempt made by an English frigate to succour the island had been frustrated by a violent gale, and there was no resource but to give up the island. Yet, if our memory is exact, there was *no* capitulation; for the garrison escaped without laying down their arms.

It is proverbial, that great events frequently depend upon very little causes. All the world now blames the precipitancy of Napoleon in leaving Elba while the Congress was assembled. If he had waited until it was

dissolved, he would have gained all the time which must have been lost by the Allies in reuniting their councils. The princes and diplomatists would have been scattered; the armies would have marched homewards; months would probably have elapsed before they could again have been brought into the field; and during that period, there would have been full opportunity for all the arts of intrigue and insinuation, which Napoleon so well knew how to use. Or, if he had delayed his return for a twelvemonth longer, he would have only found the obstacles so much the more diminished. In short, to him, the gain of time was every thing.

His own narrative on the subject now was, that he had been misled; that he was fully sensible of the advantages of delay, but that accident had betrayed him. He had established a secret correspondence with Vienna, through which he received weekly accounts of all that had passed in Congress, and was prepared to act accordingly. One of his agents, De Chaboulon, arrived at Elba, at the same period with the Chevalier D'Istria, (whom the King of Naples had sent with the despatch received from his ambassador at Vienna,) announcing the closing of the Congress, and the departure of the Emperor Alexander. On this intelligence Napoleon determined immediately to set sail for France, without waiting for the return of Cipriani, whom he had sent on a special mission. Had he waited for that return, the Emperor Alexander would have been on his way to Russia. But the result of his precipitancy was, that by rushing into France, while the emperors and diplomatists were still in combination, they were enabled to level the blow at him immediately. Instead of negotiations, he was pursued with a hue and cry; and instead of being treated as a prince, he was proclaimed an outlaw. Cipriani arrived in Elba on the 27th of February, but Napoleon had sailed on the evening of the 26th. So delicate was the interval between total ruin and what might have been final security; for Cipriani brought news of the Congress, and despatches from Vienna, which would have proved the im-

portance of delaying the departure of the expedition.

But it must now be acknowledged that, if there ever was a human being under the influence of infatuation, that being was Napoleon, in the latter stages of his career. For ten years the favourite of fortune, the long arrear had begun to be paid in the year 1812. His expedition to Moscow was less a blunder than a frenzy. There was, perhaps, not one man in a thousand in Europe but foresaw the almost inevitable ruin of his army. We can recollect the rejoicing with which this perilous advance was viewed in England, and the universal prediction that the Russian deserts would be the grave of his army, if not of his empire. Poland had been conquered in a march and a month. The residence of Napoleon at Warsaw for the winter would have raised a Polish army for him, and would have given him a year for the march to Moscow. But he was *infatuated*: there is no other solution of the problem. He rushed on, captured the capital, and was ruined. Even with Moscow in ashes round him, he still persisted in the folly of supposing that he could persuade into peace an empire which had just given so tremendous an evidence of its fidelity and its fortitude. He was infatuated. He was detained amid the embers until it was impossible to remain longer, and equally impossible to escape the horrors of a Russian winter in a march of six hundred miles. His hour was come. Of an army which numbered four hundred thousand men on crossing the Niemen, probably not one thousand ever returned; for the broken troops which actually came back had been reinforcements which reached the Grand Army from time to time. He reached Paris with the stamp of fallen sovereignty on his brow: the remainder of his career was a struggle against his sentence. Waterloo was merely the scaffold: he was under irremediable condemnation long before.

In his captivity, Napoleon was liberal in his donatives. On the departure of Balcombe, in whose house he had remained for some time on his arrival in the island, he gave him a bill for seventy-two thousand francs, with the

grant of a pension of twelve thousand, — saying to him “I hear that your resignation of your employment is caused by the quarrels drawn upon you through the hospitality which you showed me: I should not wish you to regret ever having known me.”

A quarrel relative to the bulletins of Napoleon's health, produced an order from the governor for the arrest of O'Meara. There was a vast quantity of peevishness exercised on the subject, and Napoleon attempted to raise this trifling affair into a general quarrel of the commissioners. But on his declaring that he would no longer receive the visits of O'Meara while under arrest, the governor revoked the order, and O'Meara continued his attendance until instructions were received from Lord Bathurst, to remove him from his situation in the household of the Emperor, and send him to England. This gave another opportunity for complaint. “I have lived too long,” said Buonaparte; “your ministers are very bold. When the Pope was my prisoner, I would have cut off my arm rather than have signed an order for laying hands on his physician.”

Before leaving the island, O'Meara drew up a statement of his patient's health, in which he seems to have regarded the liver as the chief seat of his disease. A copy of this paper reached home, when Cardinal Fesch and the mother of Napoleon had it examined by her own physician and four medical professors of the university. They also pronounced the disease to consist of an obstruction of the liver. So much for the certainty of medicine. The whole report is now known to have been a blunder. Napoleon ultimately died of a fearful disease, which probably has no connexion with the liver at all. His disease was cancer in the stomach.

The result of those quarrels, however, was to give a less circumscribed promenade to Napoleon. On the decline of his health being distinctly stated to Sir Hudson Lowe, he enlarged the circle of his exercise, and Napoleon resumed his walks and works. From this period, too, he resumed those dictations which, in the form of notes, contained his personal opinions, or rather those apologies for his acts,

which he now became peculiarly anxious to leave behind him to posterity.

Whatever may be the historic value of those notes, it is impossible to read them without the interest belonging to transactions which shook Europe, and without remembering that they were the language of a man by far the most remarkable of his time, if not the most remarkable for the result of his acts, since the fall of the Roman empire. In speaking of the return from Elba — "I took," said he, "that resolution as soon as it was proved to me that the Bourbons considered themselves as the continuance of the Third Dynasty, and denied the legal existence of the Republic and the Empire, which were thenceforth to be regarded only as usurping governments. The consequences of this system were flagrant. It became the business of the bishops to reclaim their sees; the property of the clergy, and the emigrants must be restored. All the services rendered in the army of Condé and in La Vendée, all the acts of treachery committed in opening the gates of France to the armies which brought back the king, merited reward. All those rendered under the standard of the Republic and the Empire were acts of felony." He then gave his special view of the overthrow of the French monarchy.

"The Revolution of 1789 was a general attack of the masses upon the privileged classes. The nobles had occupied, either directly or indirectly, all the posts of justice, high and low. They were exempt from the charges of the state, and yet enjoyed all the advantages accruing from them, by the exclusive possession of all honourable and lucrative employments. The principal aim of the Revolution was to abolish those privileges." He then declared the advantages of the Revolution. "It had established the right of every citizen, according to his merit, to attain to every employment; it had broken down the arbitrary divisions of the provinces, and out of many little nations formed a great one. It made the civil and criminal laws the same every where — the regulations and taxes the same every where. The half of the country changed its proprietors."

This statement is true, and yet the mask is easily taken off the Revolution. The whole question is, whether the means by which it was purchased were not wholly unnecessary. It cost seven years of the most cruel and comprehensive wickedness that the world ever saw; and, when at last its violence overflowed the frontiers, it cost nearly a quarter of a century of slaughter, of ruthless plunder and savage devastation, concluding with the capture of the French capital itself, twice within two years, and the restoration of the royal family by the bayonets of the conquerors.

Yet every beneficial change which was produced by the Revolution, at this enormous waste of national strength and human happiness, had been offered by the French throne before a drop of blood was shed; and was disdained by the leaders of the populace, in their palpable preference for the havoc of their species.

In the beginning of November, 1818, Sir Hudson Lowe communicated to Count Montholon a despatch from Lord Bathurst announcing the departure from Italy of two priests, a physician, a *maitre d'hôtel* and cook, sent by Cardinal Fesch, for the service of Longwood. This news was received by the household with joy, in consequence of Napoleon's declining health. Towards the end of November he became worse; and Dr Stock, the surgeon of one of the ships on the station, was sent for, and attended him for a while. Liver complaint was Napoleon's disease in the opinion of the doctor; the true disease having escaped them all. The paroxysm passed off, and for six weeks his constitution seemed to be getting the better of his disease.

The complaints of the governor's conduct appear to have been kept up with the same restless assiduity. If we are to judge from a conversation with Montholon, those complaints were of the most vexatious order. "It is very hard," said Sir Hudson, "that I who take so much care to avoid doing what is disagreeable, should be constantly made the victim of calumnies; that I should be presented as an object of ridicule to the eyes of the European powers; that the commissioners of the great powers

should say to me themselves, that Count Bertrand had declared to them that I was a fool; that I could not be sure that the Emperor was at Longwood; that I had been forty days without seeing him; and that he might be dead without my knowing any thing of it." He further said that the newspapers, and particularly the *Edinburgh Review*, were full of articles which represented him as an assassin. But in the mean time, it was necessary that the orderly officer should see Napoleon every day, and that this might be done in any way he pleased. All that was necessary was, that he should be seen.

Yet this demand of seeing him, which was thus expressed in moderate terms, and obviously essential to his safe keeping, was answered in the lofty style of a melodrama. "Count Bertrand and myself have both informed you, sir, that you should never violate the Emperor's privacy without forcing his doors, and shedding blood."

A great deal of the pretended irritation of Napoleon and his household, arose from the governor's omission of the word Emperor in his notes; and on this subject a cavil had existed even in England. Yet what could be more childish than such a cavil, either in England or in St Helena? It is a well-known diplomatic rule, that no title which a new power may give to itself can be acknowledged, except as a matter of distinct negotiation; and those Frenchmen must have known that the governor had no right to acknowledge a title, which had never been acknowledged by the British Cabinet.

At length the quarrel rose to bullying. The governor having insisted on his point, that Napoleon should be seen by the orderly officer; this was fiercely refused; and at length Bertrand made use of offensive language, filling up the offence by a challenge to the governor. The most surprising matter in the whole business is, that Sir Hudson did not instantly send the blusterer to the black-hole. It was obvious that the idea of fighting with men under his charge was preposterous. But he still, and we think injudiciously, as a matter of the code of honour, wrote, that if Count

Bertrand had not patience to wait another opportunity, as he could not fight his *prisoner*, he might satisfy his rage by fighting Lieutenant-Colonel Lyster, the bearer of his reply, who was perfectly ready to draw his sword." Of this opportunity, however, the Count had the wisdom to avoid taking advantage.

The whole question now turned on the admission of the orderly officer, to have personal evidence that Napoleon was still in the island—a matter of obvious necessity, for Europe at that time teemed with the projects of Revolutionary Frenchmen for setting him free. His escape would have ruined the governor; but even if it had been a matter of personal indifference to him, his sense of the public evils which might be produced by the return of this most dangerous of all incendiaries would doubtless have made his detention one of the first duties.

However, finding at last that the state of Napoleon's health might afford a sufficient guarantee against immediate escape, and evidently with the purpose of softening the irritation between them as much as possible, it was finally, though "temporarily," agreed to take Montholon's word for his being at Longwood. On the 21st of September, the priests and Dr Antomarchi arrived. Napoleon, always active and inventive, now attempted to interest the Emperor of Russia in his liberation. It must be owned, that this was rather a bold attempt for the man who had invaded Russia, ravaged its provinces, massacred its troops, and finished by leaving Moscow in flames. But he dexterously limited himself to explaining the seizure of the Duchy of Oldenburg, which was the commencement of the rapacious and absurd attempt to exclude English merchandise from the Continent. Oldenburg was one of the chief entrances by which those manufactures made their way into Germany. Its invasion, and the countless robberies which followed, had been among the first insolences of Napoleon, and the cause of the first irritations of Alexander, as his sister was married to the reigning prince. Napoleon lays the entire blame on Davoust, whom he charges with both the conception

and the execution. But if he had disapproved of the act, why had he not annulled it? "I was on the point of doing so," said Napoleon, "when I received a menacing note from Russia; but," said he, "from the moment when the honour of France was implicated, I could no longer disapprove of the marshal's proceedings." He glides over the invasion of Russia with the same unhesitating facility. "I made war," said he, "against Russia, in spite of myself. I knew better than the libellers who reproached me with it, that Spain was a devouring cancer which I ought to cure before engaging myself in a terrible struggle, the first blow of which would be struck at a distance of five hundred leagues from my frontiers. Poland and its resources were but poetry, in the first months of the year 1812." He then adroitly flatters the Russian nation. "I was not so mad as to think that I could conquer Russia without immense efforts. I knew the bravery of the Russian army. The war of 1807 had proved it to me." He then hints at the subject of his conversations at Erfurth, and discloses some of those curious projects, by which France and Russia were to divide the world. He says that Alexander offered to exchange his Polish provinces for Constantinople. Under this arrangement Syria and Egypt would have supplied to France the loss of her colonies. He then admits that he had desired to marry the Grand-duchess; and, finally asserting that the dynasty of the Bourbons was forced upon the people, he declares himself willing to accept of Russian intervention to save himself from the "martyrdom of that rock."

It is evident that the conduct of the governor was constantly guided by a wish to consult the convenience of his prisoner; but the most important point of all was to guard against his escape. Gradually the relaxations as to the limits of his movements became more satisfactory even to the household themselves; and for some time in the latter period of 1819 Napoleon was suffered to ride to considerable distances in the island, without the attendance of an English officer. He now took long rides—among others, one to the house of Sir William Doveton, on

the other side of the island. In the evenings he dictated narratives relative to some of the more prominent points of his history, for the purpose of their being sent to Europe, where he was determined, at least, never to let the interest of his name die, and where, though he was practically forgotten, this clever but utterly selfish individual deceived himself into the belief that thousands and tens of thousands were ready to sacrifice every thing for his restoration. On one of these evenings he gave his own version of the revolt of Marshal Ney.

It will be remembered that Ney, when the command of the troops was given to him by Louis XVIII. made a dashing speech to the King, declaring that "he would bring back the monster in an iron cage." But it happened that he had no sooner seen the monster, than he walked over to him with his whole army. This was an offence not to be forgiven; and the result was, that on the restoration of the King, Ney was tried by a court-martial, and shot.

Of course, there could be but one opinion of this unfortunate officer's conduct; but it is curious to observe the romantic colour which Napoleon's dexterous fancy contrived to throw over the whole scene.

"Marshal Ney," said he, "was perfectly loyal, when he received his last orders from the King. But his fiery soul could not fail to be deeply impressed by the intoxicating enthusiasm of the population of the provinces, which was daily depriving him of some of his best troops, for the national colours were hoisted on all sides." Notwithstanding this, Ney, when the Emperor was ready at Lyons, resisted his recollections, until he received the following letter from the Emperor. "Then he yielded, and again placed himself under the banner of the empire."

The letter was the following pithy performance:—"Cousin, my major-general sends you the order of march. I do not doubt that the moment you heard of my arrival at Lyons, you again raised the tricolored standards among your troops. Execute the orders of Bertrand, and come and join me at Chalons. I will receive

you as I did the morning after the battle of Moscow." It must be acknowledged that the man who could have been seduced by this letter must have been a simpleton: it has all the arrogance of a master, and even if he had been perfectly free, it was evident that obedience would have made him a slave. But he had given a solemn pledge to the King; he had been given the command of the army on the strength of that pledge; and in carrying it over to the enemy of the King, he compromised the honour and hazarded the life of every man among them. The act was unpardonable, and he soon found it to be fatally so.

Napoleon makes no reference to the pledge, to the point of honour or the point of duty, but pronounces his death a judicial assassination. Still, he is evidently not quite clear on the subject; for he says, that even if he had been guilty, his services to his country ought to have arrested the hand of justice.

Napoleon sometimes told interesting tales of his early career. One of those, if true, shows how near the world was to the loss of an Emperor. After the siege of Toulon, which his panegyrists regard as the first step to his good fortune, he returned to Paris, apparently in the worst possible mood for adventure. He was at this period suffering from illness. His mother, too, had just communicated to him the discomforts of her position.—She had been just obliged to fly from Corsica, where the people were in a state of insurrection, and she was then at Marseilles, without any means of subsistence. Napoleon had nothing remaining, but an assignat of one hundred sous, his pay being in arrear. "In this state of dejection I went out," said he, "as if urged to suicide by an animal instinct, and walked along the quays, feeling my weakness, but unable to conquer it. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual dressed like a simple mechanic, and who, recognising me, threw himself on my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? what joy to see you again!' It was Demasis, a former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emi-

grated, and had returned to France in disguise, to see his aged mother. He was about to go, when, stopping, he said, 'What is the matter? You do not listen to me. You do not seem glad to see me. What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself.'"

This direct appeal awoke Napoleon's feelings, and he told him every thing. "Is that all?" said he; opening his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt, he added, "here are thirty thousand francs in gold, take them and save your mother." "I cannot," said Napoleon, "to this day, explain to myself my motives for so doing, but I seized the gold as if by a convulsive movement, and ran like a madman to send it to my mother. It was not until it was out of my hands, that I thought of what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Demasis, but he was no longer there. For several days I went out in the morning, returning not until evening, searching every place where I hoped to find him."

The end of the romance is as eccentric as the beginning. For fifteen years Napoleon saw no more of his creditor. At the end of that time he discovered him, and asked "why he had not applied to the Emperor." The answer was, that he had no necessity for the money, but was afraid of being compelled to quit his retirement, where he lived happily practising horticulture.

Napoleon now paid his debt, as it may be presumed, magnificently; made him accept three hundred thousand francs as a reimbursement from the Emperor for the thirty thousand lent to the subaltern of artillery; and besides, made him director-general of the gardens of the crown, with a salary of thirty thousand francs. He also gave a government place to his brother.

Napoleon, who seems always to have had some floating ideas of fatalism in his mind, remarked that two of his comrades, Demasis and Philipeau, had peculiar influence on his destiny. Philipeau had emigrated, and was the engineer employed by Sir Sydney Smith to construct the defences of Acre. We have seen that Demasis stopped him at the moment when he was

about to drown himself. "Philippeau," said he, "stopped me before St Jean d'Acre: but for him, I should have been master of this key of the East. I should have marched upon Constantinople, and rebuilt the throne of the East."

This idea of sitting on the throne of the Turk, seems never to have left Napoleon's mind. He was always talking of it, or dreaming of it. But it may fairly be doubted, whether he could ever have found his way out of Syria himself. With his fleet destroyed by Nelson, and his march along the coast—perhaps the only practicable road—harassed by the English cruisers; with the whole Turkish army ready to meet him in the defiles of Mount Taurus; with Asia Minor still to be passed; and with the English, Russian, and Turkish fleets and forces ready to meet him at Constantinople, his death or capture would seem to be the certain consequence of his fantastic expedition. The strongest imaginable probability is, that instead of wearing the diadem of France, his head would have figured on the spikes of the seraglio.

Suicide is so often the unhappy resource of men indifferent to all religion, that we can scarcely be surprised at its having been contemplated more than once by a man of fierce passions, exposed to the reverses of a life like Napoleon's. Of the dreadful audacity of a crime, which directly wars with the Divine will, which cuts off all possibility of repentance, and which thus sends the criminal before his Judge with all his sins upon his head, there can be no conceivable doubt. The only palliative can be, growing insanity. But in the instance which is now stated by the intended self-murderer, there is no attempt at palliation of any kind.

"There was another period of my life," said Napoleon, "when I attempted suicide; but you are certainly acquainted with this fact." "No, sire," was Montholon's reply.

"In that case, write what I shall tell you: for it is well that the mysteries of Fontainebleau should one day be known."

We condense into a few sentences this singular narrative, which begins with an interview demanded by his

marshals on the 4th of April 1815, when he was preparing to move at the head of his army to attack the Allies. The language of the marshals was emphatic.

"The army is weary, discouraged, disorganised; desertion is at work among the ranks. To re-enter Paris cannot be thought of: in attempting to do so we should uselessly shed blood."

Their proposal was, his resignation in favour of his son.

Caulaincourt had already brought him the Emperor Alexander's opinion on the subject. The envoy had thus reported the imperial conversation:—"I carry on no diplomacy with you, but I cannot tell you every thing. Understand this, and lose not a moment in rendering an account to the Emperor Napoleon of our conversation, and of the situation of his affairs here; and return again as quickly, bringing his abdication in favour of his son. As to his personal fate, I give you my word of honour that he will be properly treated. But lose not an hour, or all is lost for him, and I shall no longer have power to do any thing either for him or his dynasty."

Napoleon proceeds. "I hesitated not to make the sacrifice demanded of my patriotism. I sat down at a little table, and wrote my Act of Abdication in favour of my son." But on that day Marmont with his army had surrendered. The Allies instantly rejected all negotiation, after this decisive blow in their favour. The Act of Resignation had not reached them, and they determined on restoring the old monarchy at once. On this the desertion was universal; and every man at Fontainebleau was evidently thinking only of being the first to make his bargain with the Bourbons. Napoleon, as a last experiment, proposed to try the effect of war in Italy.

But all shook their heads, and were silent. He at length signed the unequivocal Abdication for himself, and his family.

"From the time of my retreat from Russia," said he, "I had constantly carried round my neck, in a little silken bag, a portion of a poisonous powder which Ivan had prepared by my orders, when I was in fear of being

carried off by the Cossacks. My life no longer belonged to my country; the events of the last few days had again rendered me master of it. Why should I endure so much suffering? and who knows, that my death may not place the crown on the head of my son? France was saved."—

"I hesitated no longer, but, leaping from my bed, mixed the poison in a little water, and drank it, with a sort of happiness.

"But time had taken away its strength; fearful pains drew forth some groans from me; they were heard, and medical assistance arrived. It was not Heaven's will that I should die so soon—St Helena was in my *Destiny*."

It may easily be supposed that projects were formed for carrying the prisoner from St Helena. One of those is thus detailed. The captain of a vessel returning from India, had arranged to bring a boat to a certain point of the coast without running the risk of being stopped. This person demanded a million of francs, not, as he said, for himself, but for the individual whose concurrence was necessary. The million was not to be payable until the vessel had reached America. This renders it probable that the captain was a Yankee. At all events, it shows how necessary was the vigilance of the governor, and how little connected with tyranny were his precautions against evasion. Another project was to be carried out, by submarine vessels, and on this experiment five or six thousand Louis were expended in Europe. But Napoleon finished his inquiry into these matters by refusing to have anything to do with them. It is probable that he expected his release on easier terms than those of breaking his neck, as Montholon observes, "in descending the precipices of St Helena," or being starved, shot, or drowned on his passage across the Atlantic. But as his object was constantly to throw obloquy on the Bourbons, he placed his fears to the account of their treachery.

"I should not," said he, "be six months in America without being assassinated by the Count d'Artois's creatures. Remember the isle of Elba. Did he not send the *Chouan Brulard*

there to organise my assassination? And besides, we should always obey our destiny. Every thing is written in Heaven. It is my martyrdom which will restore the crown of France to my dynasty. I see in America nothing but assassination or oblivion. I prefer St Helena."

In the beginning of 1821, Napoleon began to grow lethargic. He had generally spent the day in pacing up and down his apartment, and dictating conversations and political recollections. But he now sat for hours listlessly and perfectly silent on the sofa. It required the strongest persuasion to induce him to take the air either on foot or *en calèche*.

Napoleon to the last was fond of burlesquing the hypocrisy or romance of the Revolution. The 18th of *Brumaire*, which made him First Consul, and had given him two colleagues, gave him the opportunity of developing the patriotism of the Republic. Shortly after that period, Sieyès, supping with the heads of the Republican party, said to them, at the same time throwing his cap violently on the ground, "There is no longer a Republic. I have for the last eight days been conferring with a man who knows every thing. He needs neither counsel nor aid; policy, laws, and the art of government are all as familiar to him as the command of an army. I repeat to you, there is no longer a Republic."

Sieyès was well known to be what the French call an *ideologue*. He was a theorist on governments, which he invented in any convenient number. For the Consulate he had his theory ready. The First Consul was to be like an epicurean divinity, enjoying himself and taking care for no one. But this tranquillity of position, and nonentity of power, by no means suited the taste of Napoleon. "'Your Grand Elector," said he (the title which seems to have been intended for his head of his new constitution,) "would be nothing but an idle king. The time for do-nothing kings is gone by—six millions of francs and the Tuilleries, to play the stage-king in, put his signature to other people's work, and do nothing of himself, is a dream. Your Grand Elector would be nothing but a pig to fatten, or a master, the more absolute because he would have no responsibility." It

was on quitting me after this conversation," said Napoleon, "that Sieyes said to Roger Ducos, 'My dear Colleague, we have not a President, we have a master. You and I have no more to do, but to make our fortunes before making our *paquets*.'" This was at least plain speaking, and it discloses the secret of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Republicans.

An amusing anecdote of the memorable Abbé is then told. He was Almoner to one of the Princesses of France. One day, while he was reading mass, the Princess, from some accidental circumstance, retired, and her ladies followed her. Sieyes, who was busy reading his missal, did not at first perceive her departure; but when he saw himself abandoned by all the great people, and had no auditory left but the domestics, he closed the book, and left the altar, crying, "I do not say mass for the rabble!" This certainly was not very democratic, and yet Sieyes was soon afterwards the most rampant of all possible democrats.

The history of his patriotism, however, alike accounted for his former contempt and his subsequent fraternisation. Previously to the Revolution he was poor, neglected, and angry; but, as he was known to be a man of ability, his name was mentioned to De Brienne, who, though an archbishop, was Prime Minister. He was desired to attend at his next levee; he attended, and was overlooked. He complained to his friend, who repeated the complaint to the archbishop, who desired him to appear at his levee; but was so much occupied with higher people, that the clever but luckless Abbé was again overlooked. He made a third experiment, on the promise that he should obtain an audience; but he found the Archbishop enveloped in a circle of *epaulets*, *grands cordons*, and mitres. To penetrate this circle was impossible, and the Abbé, now furious at what he regarded as a mockery, rushed to his chamber, seized a pen, and wrote his powerful and memorable pamphlet entitled, "What is the third Estate?" a fierce, but most forcible appeal to the vanity of the lower orders, pronouncing them *the nation*. This was a torch thrown into a powder magazine — all was explosion; the church, the noblesse, and the monarchy

were suddenly extinguished, and France saw this man of long views and powerful passions, suddenly raised from hunger and obscurity, to the highest rank and the richest sinecurism of the republic.

Antomarchi was not fortunate in his attendance on Napoleon. Of course he felt, like every other foreigner, the ennui of the island, and he grew impatient to return to Europe. At last he applied for permission, which Napoleon gave him in the shape of a discharge, with the following sting at the end. "During the fifteen months which we have spent in this country, you have given his Majesty no confidence in your moral character. You can be of no use to him in his illness, and your residing here for several months longer would have no object, and be of no use." However, a reconciliation was effected, and the doctor was suffered to remain. But all the household now began to be intolerably tired. Three of the household, including the Abbé, requested their congé.

There is in the spirit of the foreigner a kind of gross levity, an affectation of frivolity with respect to women, and a continual habit of vulgar vanity, which seems to run through all ranks and ages of the continental world. What can be more offensively trifling, than the conduct which Napoleon narrates of himself, when Emperor, at Warsaw.

A Madame Waleska seems to have been the general belle of the city. On the night when Napoleon first saw this woman, at a ball, General Bertrand and Louis de Perigord appeared as her public admirers. "They both," said he, "kept hovering emulously round her." But Napoleon, Emperor, husband, and mature as he was, chose to play the gallant on this evening also. Finding the two Frenchmen in the way of his attentions, he played the Emperor with effect on the spot. He gave an order to Berthier, then head of his staff, instantly to send off M. Perigord "to obtain news of the 6th corps," which was on the Passarge. Thus one inconvenience was got rid of, but Bertrand was still present, and during supper his attentions were so marked that, as he leaned over Madame's chair, his aiguillettes danced on her shoulders. "Upon this," said Napoleon, "my impatience was roused to

such a pitch that I touched him on the arm and drew him to the recess of a window, where I gave him orders 'to set out for the head-quarters of Prince Jerome,' and without losing an hour to bring me a report of the siege of Breslau." Such it is to come in the way of Emperors. "The poor fellow was scarcely gone," adds Napoleon, "when I repented of my angry impulse; and I should certainly have recalled him, had I not remembered at the same minute that his presence with Jerome would be useful to me." And this was the conduct of a man then in the highest position of life, whose example must have been a model to the multitude, and in whom even frivolity would be a crime.

Napoleon had long lived in a state of nervous fear, which must have made even his high position comfortless to him. He had been for years in dread of poison. "I have escaped poisoning," said he, "ten times, if I have once." In St Helena he never eat or drank any thing which had not been tasted first by one of the household! Montholon, during the night, constantly tasted the drink prepared for him. On this subject, Napoleon told the following anecdote.

"He was one day leaving the dinner-table with the Empress Josephine, and two or three other persons, when, as he was about to put his hand in his pocket for his snuff-box, he perceived it lying on the mantel-piece, in the saloon which he was entering. He was about to open it and take a pinch, when his good star caused him to seat himself. He then felt that his snuff-box was in one of his pockets. This excited inquiry, and on sending the two boxes to be chemically tested, the snuff on the mantel-piece was discovered to be poisoned." After this, it is somewhat absurd in M. Montholon to give his hero credit for *sang froid*, and say of him, that no one could take fewer precautions against such dangers than the Emperor. His whole life seems to have been precautionary; still, he sentimentally talked the nonsense of fatalism.

"Our last hour is written above," was his frequent remark. He had some absurdities on the subject of medicine,

which would have very effectually assisted the fulfilment of this prediction. He had an idea that he should cure himself of his immediate disease, and perhaps of every other, by swallowing orange-flower water, and soup *à la reine*.

The governor, during this period, constantly offered the services of an English physician; and Dr Arnott was at last summoned, who pronounced the disease to be very serious, and to be connected with great inflammation in the region of the stomach. It was now, for the first time, ascertained that his disease was ulceration of the stomach. There is an occasional tribute to the humane conduct of the governor at this time. On April eleventh, there is this memorandum:—

"Sir Hudson Lowe has left us in perfect tranquillity, since Dr Arnott has been admitted, though he comes every day to the apartments of the orderly officer, for the purpose of conferring with the physician."

Napoleon, now conscious of the dangerous nature of his disease, made his will. He had conceived that he was worth in various property about two hundred millions of francs, which he left by will, but of which we believe the greater part was impounded by the French government, as being public property.

He now held a long conversation on the prospects of his son, whom he regarded as not altogether beyond the hope of ascending the throne of France. He predicted the fall of the reigning family. "The Bourbons," said he, "will not maintain their position after my death." With an exactness equally odd, but equally true, he predicted the rise of another branch of the dynasty: "My son will arrive, after a time of troubles; he has but one party to fear, that of the Duke of Orleans. That party has been germinating for a long time. France is the country where the chiefs of parties have the least interest. To rest for support on them, is to build their hopes on sand."

There is a brilliant shrewdness now and then, in his contempt of the showy exhibitors in public life. "The great orators," said he, "who rule the assemblies by

the brilliancy of their eloquence, are in general men of the most mediocre talents. They should not be opposed in their own way, for they have always more noisy words at command than you. In my council there were men possessed of much more eloquence than I was, but I always defeated them by this simple argument, —Two and two make four.

"My son will be obliged to allow the liberty of the press. This is a necessity in the present day. My son ought to be a man of new ideas, and of the cause which I have made triumphant every where.

"Let my son often read and reflect on history: that is the only true philosophy. Let him read and meditate on the wars of the great Captains. That is the only means of rightly learning the science of war."

In April, the signs of debility grew still more marked. On the 26th, at four in the morning, after a calm night, he had what Montholon regards as a dream, but what Napoleon evidently regarded as a vision. He said with extraordinary emotion, "I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me; she disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms; she was seated *there*; it seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening; she is not changed—still the same, full of devotion to me; she told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part. She assured me of that. Did you see her?"

Montholon attributed this scene to feverish excitement, gave him his potion, and he fell asleep; but on awaking he again spoke of the Empress Josephine.

It is difficult in speaking of dreams and actual visions, to know the distinction. That the mind may be so perfectly acted upon during the waking hours as to retain the impressions during sleep, is the experience of every day. And yet we know so little of the means by which truths may be communicated to the human spirit while the senses are closed, that it would be unphilosophical to pronounce even upon those fugitive thoughts as unreal. That Napoleon must have often reflected on his selfish and cruel desertion of Josephine, it is perfectly natural to

conceive. That he may have bitterly regretted it, is equally natural, for, from that day, his good fortune deserted him. And he might also have discovered that he had committed a great crime, with no other fruit than that of making a useless alliance, encumbering himself with an ungenial companion, and leaving an orphan child dependant on strangers, and continually tantalised by the recollections of a fallen throne. Those feelings, in the solitude of his chamber, and the general dejection of his captivity, must have so often clouded his declining hours, that no miracle was required to embody them in such a vision as that described. And yet, so many visitations of this kind have undoubtedly occurred, that it would be rash to pronounce that this sight of the woman who had so long been the partner of his brilliant days might not have been given, to impress its moral on the few melancholy hours which now lay between him and the grave.

It is painful, after a scene which implies some softness of heart, to find him unrepentant of one of the most repulsive, because the most gratuitous crime of his career. In the course of the day, Bertrand, in translating an English journal, inadvertently began to read an article containing a violent attack on the conduct of Caulaincourt and Savary in the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien. Napoleon, interrupting him, suddenly cried, "This is shameful." He then sent for his will, and interlined the following words:—"I caused the Duc d'Enghien to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the interest, honour, and safety of the French people, when the Count d'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixteen assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I should act in the same way." Having written these few lines he gave back the will. From this period he was engaged in writing codicils and appointing executors. He gave to Marchand a diamond necklace, valued at 200,000 francs. He wound up those transactions by an extraordinary letter,—no less than the form of an announcement of his own death. It was in these words:—

"Monsieur le Gouverneur, the Emperor Napoleon breathed his last on the — after a long and painful illness. I have the honour to communicate this intelligence to you.

"The Emperor had ordered me to communicate, if such be your desire, his last wishes. I beg you to inform me, what are the arrangements, prescribed by your government for the transportation of his remains to France, as well as those relating to the persons of his suite. I have the honour to be, &c., COUNT MONTHOLON." An act of this order implied a good deal of self-possession. But, even to the last day he continued to occupy his mind with subjects sufficiently trying at any period. On one of those nights he made Montholon bring a table to his bed-side, and dictated for two hours; the subjects being, the decoration of Versailles, and the organisation of the National Guard. On the 30th of April he was given over by the physicians. On the 3d of May his fever continued, and his mind was evidently beginning to be confused. On the 5th of May he passed a very bad night, and became delirious. "Twice," said Montholon, "I thought I distinguished the unconnected words, *France — Armée — Tête d'Armée — France*."

His final hour now visibly approached. From six in the morning, until half-past five in the evening of that day, he remained motionless, lying on his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering; his lips were slightly contracted; his whole face expressed pleasant and gentle impressions.

But he seems to have been awake to external objects to the last. For whenever Antommarchi attempted to moisten his lips, he repulsed him with his hand, and fixed his eyes on Montholon, as the only person whom he would permit to attend him. At sunset he died.

The immediate cause of his death was subsequently ascertained by the surgeons to have been an extensive ulceration of the stomach.

On the 9th of May the body was buried with military honours. On the 30th, Montholon, with the household, quitted St Helena.

Thus obscurely, painfully, and almost ignominiously, closed the career of the most brilliant, ambitious, and powerful monarch of his time. No man had ever attained a higher rank, and sunk from it to a lower. No man had ever been so favoured and so utterly deserted by fortune. No man had ever possessed so large an influence over the mind of Europe, and been finally an object of hostility so universal. He was the only man in history, against whom a Continent in arms pronounced sentence of overthrow: the only soldier whose personal fall was the declared object of a general war:— and the only monarch whose capture ensured the fall of his dynasty, extinguished an empire, and finished the loftiest dream of human ambition in a dungeon.

Napoleon, since his fall, has been denied genius. But if genius implies the power of accomplishing great ends by means beyond the invention of others, he was a genius. Every act of his career was a superb innovation. As a soldier, he changed the whole art of war. Instead of making campaigns of tactics, he made campaigns of triumphs. He wasted no time in besieging towns; he rushed on the capital. He made no wars of detachments, but threw a colossal force across the frontier, held its mass together, and fought pitched battles day after day, until he trampled down all resistance by the mere weight of a phalanx of 250,000 men. Thus, in 1800, at Marengo, he reconquered Italy in twelve hours. In 1805, he broke down Austria in a three months' war. In 1806, he crushed the Prussian army in four-and-twenty hours, and walked over the monarchy. In 1807, he drove the Russians out of Germany, fought the two desperate battles of Eylau and Friedland, and conquered that treaty of Tilsit, by which he gave the Emperor Alexander a shadow of empire in Asia, in exchange for the substance of universal empire in Europe.

But his time was come. His wars had been wholly selfish. To aggrandise his own name, he had covered Europe with blood. To place *himself* at the head of earthly power, he had broken faith with Turkey, with Russia,

with Germany, and with Spain. The blood, the spoil, and the misery of millions were upon his head. His personal crimes concentrated the vengeance of mankind upon his diadem. For the last three years of his political and military existence, he seems to have lain under an actual spell. Nothing but the judicial clouding of his intellect can account for the precipitate infirmities of his judgment. His march to Russia, as we have already observed, was a gigantic absurdity in the eyes of all Europe—his delay at Moscow was a gigantic absurdity in the eyes of every subaltern in his army. But his campaigns in France were only a continuation of those absurdities. With fifty thousand men he was to conquer three hundred thousand, backed by an actual million ready to rush into the provinces of France. How was resistance possible? Treaty was his only hope: yet he attempted to resist, and refused to treat. He was beaten up to the walls of Paris. The Allies then offered him France: he still fought, and only affected to negotiate. At length the long infatuation was consummated in his march from Paris; the Allies marched to Paris; and Napoleon was instantly deposed, outlawed, and undone.

Even his second great experiment for power was but the infatuation repeated. Every act was an error: his return from Elba ought to have been delayed for at least a year. His campaign of 1815 ought to have made head against the Prussians and Germans in the south, while he left the English and Prussians to waste their strength against his fortresses. Even in Belgium, he ought to have poured the whole mass of his army on the English at once, instead of violating his own first principle of war, and dividing it into three armies, Ney's at Quatre-Bras, Grouchy's at Wavre, and his own at Ligny.

Still, when routed at Waterloo, he had a powerful force in the field, the remnant of his army, with Grouchy's corps. With those he ought to have moved on slowly towards Paris, garrisoning the fortresses, breaking up the roads, throwing every obstacle in the way of the Allies, and finally, at the head of his 60,000 veterans, with the national guard of the

capital and the surrounding districts (amounting to not less than 100,000 men,) at once making a front against the Allies, and negotiating.

Above all things, he ought never to have separated himself from the army; as he thus stripped his party of all power at the moment, and virtually delivered himself a prisoner to the Bourbonists in the capital. Whatever might be the difficulty of deciding on his conduct at the time, it is now perfectly easy to see, that all these were blunders of the first magnitude, and that every step was direct to his ruin.

He was no sooner in Paris, than he was made a prisoner; escaped being shot, only through the mercy of the Allies; and, for the general quiet of France and Europe, was consigned, for the remainder of his few and melancholy years, to the prison of St Helena.

The name of Napoleon has a great place in history. He was a great moving power of the day of change, a great statesman, a brilliant soldier, and a splendid ruler of the mightiest dominion that had existed under one sceptre, since the days of Charlemagne. He was a man of vast projects, vast means, and vast opportunities. But he had no greatness of mind; he had but one purpose, personal aggrandizement; and for that purpose, he adopted every vice of the heart of man.

Without being bloodthirsty by nature, he was cruel by habit; without being naturally avaricious, he was a universal spoiler; and without savagely hating mankind, he spurned the feelings, the sufferings, and the life of man. He was hollow, fierce, and remorseless, where his own objects were concerned, and whether he cheated his party in the state, or rode over a field covered with his dying troops, he regarded the treachery as legitimate, and the slaughter as meritorious, if they raised him a step nearer to the aim of his ambition.

With the most splendid chances for establishing a name of perpetual honour, this selfishness defeated them all. On his accession to the throne, he might have secured Peace, as the principle of all European government. He might have developed all the

natural powers of his empire, covered its rivers with commerce, filled its cities with opulence, restored the neglected fertility of its plains, and rendered its capital the centre of the most brilliant civilisation which the world had ever seen. But War was for the *fame* of Napoleon, and he chose the havoc of war.

In 1812 he might have restored the kingdom of Poland, and stamped perpetual renown on his diadem, by an act of imperial justice. But he preferred sacrificing it to the alliance of Austria—for the purpose of devastating Russia. He might have exercised his boundless influence over Spain, to bring the faculties of that noble country to the light, and add the contributions of twelve millions of a half-forgotten race of mankind, to the general happiness of the world. But he preferred being called its conqueror, and shedding its blood in torrents. To France herself he might have given a rational liberty, have animated her literature, taught common sense to her vanity, thrown the field open to her genius, and guided her natural ardour, flexibility, and spirit of enterprise, to achievements for the good of man, to which all the trophies of the sword are pale. But he cast away all those illustrious opportunities, and thought only of the shout of the rabble.

Napoleon's career was *providential*; there is no name in history, whose whole course bears so palpable a proof of his having been created for a *historic* purpose. Europe, in the partition of Poland, had committed a great crime, —France, in the murder of her king, had committed a great crime. The three criminal thrones, and the regicidal republic, were alike to be punished. Napoleon was the appointed instrument for both purposes. He first crushed the democracy, and then he broke the strength of the three powers in the field—he

thrice conquered the Austrian capital—he turned Prussia into a province,—and his march to Russia desolated her most populous provinces, and laid her Asiatic capital in ashes.

But France, which continually paid for all those fearful triumphs in her blood, was still to suffer a final and retributive punishment. Her armies were hunted from the Vistula to the Rhine, and from the Rhine to the Seine. She saw her capital twice captured—her government twice swept away—her conquests lost—her plunder recovered by its original possessors, and her territory garrisoned by an army of strangers—her army disbanded—her empire cut down to the limits of the old monarchy—her old masters restored, and her idol torn from his altar. Thus were thrown away the fruits of the Revolution, of the regicide, of the democracy, and of a quarter of a century of wretchedness, fury, and blood.

On Napoleon himself fell the heaviest blow of all. All the shames, sorrows, and sufferings of France were concentrated on his head. He saw his military power ruined—his last army slaughtered—his last adherents exiled—his family fugitive—his whole dynasty uncrowned, and himself given up as a prisoner to England, to be sent to an English dungeon, to be kept in English hands; to finish his solitary and bitter existence in desertion and disease, and be laid in an English grave,—leaving to mankind perhaps the most striking moral of blasted ambition ever given to the world.

In 1840 England, at the solicitation of France, suffered the remains of Napoleon to be brought to Europe. They were received in Paris with military pomp, and on the 15th of December were entombed in the chapel of the Invalides.

JUANCHO THE BULL-FIGHTER.

M. THEOPHILE GAUTIER, best known as a clever contributor to the critical *feuilleton* of a leading Paris newspaper, also enjoys a respectable reputation as tale-teller and tourist. His books—although for the most part slight in texture, and conveying the idea that the author might have done better had he taken more pains—have certain merits of their own. His style, sometimes defaced by affectation and pedantry, has a lively smartness not unfrequently rising into wit. And in description he is decidedly happy. Possessing an artist's eye, he paints with his pen; his colouring is vivid, his outline characteristic. These qualities are especially exemplified in a spirited and picturesque, but very *French* narrative, of an extensive ramble in Spain, published about four years ago. He has now again drawn upon his Peninsular experience to produce a tale illustrative of Spanish life and manners, chiefly in the lower classes of society. His hero is a bull-fighter, his heroine a *grisette*. Of bull-fights, especially within the last few years, one has heard enough and to spare, since every literary traveller in Spain thinks it incumbent on him to describe them. But this is the first instance we remember where the incidents of the bull-ring, and the exploits and peculiarities of its gladiators, are taken as groundwork for a romantic tale. The attempt has been crowned with very considerable success.

The construction of M. Gautier's little romance is simple and inartificial, the incidents are spirited, the style is fresh and pleasant. Its character is quite Spanish, and one cannot doubt the author's personal acquaintance with the scenes and types he sketches—although here and there he has smoothed down with a little French polish the rugged angles of Spanish nationality, and in other places he may be accused of melodramatising rather over much. Through the varnish which it is the novelist's privilege to lay on with a more or less sparing brush, we obtain many

interesting and correct glimpses of classes of people whose habits and customs are unknown to foreigners, and are likely to continue so, in great measure, until the appearance of Spanish writers able and willing to depict them. The three principal personages of the tale—the only important ones—are, a young gentleman of Madrid, a bull-fighter named Juancho, and an orphan girl of humble birth and great beauty. The story hinges upon the rivalry of the gentleman and the *torero* for the good graces of the *grisette*. There is a secondary plot, associated and partly interwoven with the principal one, but which serves little purpose, save that of prolonging a short tale into a volume. It will scarcely be necessary to refer to it in sketching the trials of the gentle Militona, and the feats and misfortunes of the intrepid and unhappy Juancho.

It was on a June afternoon of the year 184— that Don Andrés de Salcedo—a cavalier of good family, competent fortune, handsome exterior, amiable character, and four-and-twenty years of age—emerged from a house in the Calle San Bernardo at Madrid, where he had passed a wearisome hour in practising a duet of Bellini's with Doña Feliciana Vasquez de los Rios. This young lady, still in her teens, moderately pretty and tolerably rich, Andrés had from childhood been affianced with, and was accustomed to consider as his future wife, although his sentiments towards her were, in fact, of a very tepid description. Betrothed as children by their parents, there was little real love between them: they met without pleasure and parted without pain; their engagement was an affair of habit, not of the heart.

It was a *día de toros*, as Monday is called in Madrid—that being the day when bull-fights usually take place—and Andrés, passionately addicted to the Spanish sport, left the mansion of his mistress without any lover-like reluctance, and hurried to the bull-ring. Through the spacious

street of Alcalá, then crowded to suffocation with vehicles of every description, horsemen, and pedestrians, all hurrying to the point of grand attraction, the young man pressed onward with that alert and active step peculiar to Spaniards—unquestionably the best walkers in the world—joyfully fingering his ticket of *Sombra por la tarde*.* It entitled him to a place close to the barrier; for Andrés, despising the elegance of the boxes, preferred leaning against the ropes intended to prevent the bulls from leaping amongst the spectators. Thence each detail of the combat is distinctly seen, each blow appreciated at its just value; and in consideration of these advantages, Andrés willingly resigned his elbows to the contact of motley-jacketed muleteers, and his curls to the perfume of the manolo's cigar.

Although a bridegroom-elect ought not, strictly speaking, to perceive the existence of other women than his intended, such scrupulous fidelity is very rare except in romances: and Don Andrés, albeit descended neither from Don Juan Tenorio nor Don Juan de Marana, was led to the circus by other attractions besides the brave swordsmanship of Luca Blanco and of Montés' nephew. At the bull-fight on the previous Monday he had seen a young girl of rare and singular beauty, whose features had imprinted themselves on his memory with a minuteness and indelibility quite extraordinary, considering the short time he had been able to observe them. So casual a meeting should have left no more trace than the picture to which one accords a passing glance. No word or sign had been exchanged between Andrés and the manola, (she apparently belonged to that class,) who had been separated by several benches. Andrés had no reason to believe that the young girl had remarked his admiration, or even perceived him. Her eyes, fixed upon the arena, had not for an instant wandered from the incidents of the bull-fight, in which she appeared to take an exclusive

interest. It would have been natural to forget her on the threshold of the circus; but, instead of that, her image had haunted Andrés all the week, recurring perpetually to his memory with increased distinctness and perseverance. And it was a vague hope, unacknowledged even to himself, of again beholding the lovely manola, that now doubled his usual impatience to reach the scene of the bull-fight.

At the very moment Andrés passed under one of the three arcades of the gate of Alcalá, a *cochesin*, or light calash, dashed through the crowd, amidst a concert of curses and hisses, the usual sounds with which the Spanish populace assails whatever deranges them in their pleasures, and infringes upon the sovereignty of the pedestrian. This vehicle was of outrageous magnificence. The body, borne by two enormous scarlet wheels, was covered with groups of Cupids, and with Anacreontic attributes, such as lyres, tambourines, Pandæan pipes, cooing doves, and hearts pierced with arrows, executed at some remote period by a pencil more remarkable for audacity than correctness of design. The mule harnessed to this gaudy car, had the upper half of his body closely clipped, bore a lofty panoply of coloured worsted upon his head, and was covered with bells from nose to tail. A ferocious-looking charioteer, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, a sheepskin jacket dangling from his shoulder, sat sideways upon the shaft, and belaboured with his whip-handle the lean flanks of his beast, which sprang forward with redoubled fury at each repetition of the stimulant.

There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of such a vehicle on a Monday afternoon at the Alcalá gate; and if we have honoured it with especial notice, it is because, upon beholding it, the countenance of Don Andrés was illumined by an expression of the most agreeable surprise. The cabriolet contained two persons: one of these was a little old woman, in an antiquated black dress, whose

* *Sombra por la tarde*,—"shade for the afternoon." The tickets for the bull-fight vary in value according as they are for the sunny or shady side of the arena.

gown, too short by an inch, disclosed the hem of one of those yellow woollen petticoats commonly worn by Castilian peasants. This venerable creature belonged to the class of women known in Spain as *Tia Pelona*, *Tia Blasía*, according to their name, and which answer to the French Mother Michel, Mother Godichon, in the society Paul de Kock delights to sketch. Her large, black, cadaverous physiognomy was relieved by dark sunken eyes, and by a pair of mustaches shading the corners of her lips. Although she had long passed the age of coquetry, she arranged her elbows under her serge mantilla with an air of no small pretension, and flirted with a certain dexterity a large green paper fan. It could hardly be the sight of this amiable creature that had brought a smile of satisfaction across the features of Don Andrés.

The second occupant of the cabriolet was a young girl, sixteen or eighteen years old—sixteen rather than eighteen. A black silk mantilla, drooping from the top of a tall tortoiseshell comb; round which a magnificent plait of hair was twisted, formed a frame to her lovely countenance, whose paleness bordered on the olive. Her foot, worthy of a Chinese beauty, was extended on the front of the calash, showing a delicate satin shoe and a tight silk stocking with coloured clocks. One of her hands, slender and well formed, although a little sunburnt, played with the corners of her mantilla, and on the other, which held a white handkerchief, sparkled several silver rings—the richest treasures of the manola's jewel-case. Buttons of jet glittered on her sleeve, completing this strictly Spanish costume. Andrés recognised the charming creature whose image had haunted him during the whole of the past week. Accelerating his pace, he entered the bull-ring at the same time with the two women. Chance had so distributed the numbers of the stalls that Andrés found himself seated next to the young manola.

Whilst the benches of the amphitheatre became rapidly covered with spectators, the bull-fighters assembled in a large white-washed apartment, serving as a green-room for the actors in the sanguinary drama.

Amongst these was a man of five or eight-and-twenty, whose tawny complexion, jet-black eyes, and crisp curling hair, told of an Andalusian origin. A more robust body and better shaped limbs could hardly be seen. They exhibited strength and agility combined in the happiest proportions. Equally well qualified to run and to wrestle, Nature, had she had the express intention of making a bull-fighter, could not have succeeded better than when she moulded this slender Hercules. Through the opening of his cloak glittered the spangles and embroidery of his pink and silver vest, and the jewel of the ring that confined the ends of his cravat; this jewel was of considerable value, proving, as did the whole of the costume, that its owner belonged to the aristocracy of his profession. His *mono* of new ribbons, attached to the lock of hair reserved expressly for that purpose, spread in gay profusion over his nape; his *montero*, of the most glossy black, was loaded with silk ornaments of the same colour; his pumps, extraordinarily small and thin, would have done honour to a Parisian shoemaker, and might have served a goddess of the ballet.

Nevertheless, Juancho—such was the name of the torero—had not the frank, open air of a handsome young fellow with gay garments on his back, about to be applauded by a host of pretty women. Did apprehension of the approaching contest disturb his serenity? Had he seen in his dreams an infernal bull bearing a matador empaled upon his horns of red-hot steel? Nothing of the sort. This gloomy air was his wont since a twelvemonth. Without being on bad terms with his comrades, there no longer existed between him and them that jovial and careless familiarity usual amongst persons who share the chances of a perilous profession. He did not repulse advances, but he made none; and although an Andalusian, he was often taciturn. If he at times threw off his melancholy, it was to run into the opposite extreme, and abandon himself to a gaiety as violent as it was factitious. Then he would drink like a fish, dance like a madman, and quarrel about every thing and about nothing. The fit

over, he relapsed into his previous moody reserve.

The hour fixed for the commencement of the sport approached. Juancho rose from his bench, threw off his cloak, took his sword, and mingled with the motley group of *toreros* and *chulos*, *banderillos* and *espadas*. The cloud had left his brow; his eyes sparkled, his nostril was dilated. A singular expression of daring animated his fine features. His foot pressed the ground energetically, and the nerves of his instep quivered beneath the knitted silk like the tense-strings on a guitar-handle. Juancho was really a splendid fellow, and his costume wonderfully set off his physical perfections. A broad red sash encircled his graceful waist; the silver embroideries covering his vest formed, at the collar and pockets, and on the sleeves, patches where the ground-work of the garment disappeared under the complications of the arabesques. It was no longer pink embroidered with silver, but silver embroidered with pink. So loaded were the shoulders with twist, filigree, knots and ornaments of all kinds, that the arms seemed to issue from two crushed crowns. The satin hose, braided and spangled on the seams, were admirably adjusted to limbs combining power and elegance. The whole dress was the masterpiece of Zapata of Granada,—of that Zapata, unrivalled for *majo* costumes, who weeps when he takes one home, and offers his customer more money to resign it to him than he had asked for making it. The learned in such matters did not consider the suit dear at ten thousand reals. Worn by Juancho, it was worth twenty thousand.

The last flourish of trumpets sounded; the arena was cleared of dogs and boys, and the troop of bull-fighters entered. A murmur of admiration greeted Juancho when he made his obeisance before the queen's box; he bent the knee with so good a grace, with an air at once so humble and so proud, and rose again so gracefully and easily, that the severest critics and oldest frequenters of the circus declared none had ever done it better.

Meanwhile Andrés, delighted to have found the manola, paid little attention to the preliminaries of the

fight, and the first bull had already ripped up a horse before he bestowed a single look upon the arena. He gazed at the young girl by his side, with an intentness that would doubtless have embarrassed her had she perceived it. He thought her more charming than ever; and certainly a more perfect type of Spanish beauty had never sat upon the blue granite benches of the Madrid circus. With admiration amounting to ecstasy, Andrés contemplated the delicate profile, the thin, well-formed nose, with nostrils pink-tinted, like the interior of a tropical shell; the full temples, where, beneath the slightest possible tint of amber, meandered an imperceptible network of blue veins; the mouth, fresh as a flower, ripe and ruddy as a fruit, slightly opened by a half smile, and illuminated by a gleam of mother-of-pearl; and above all, the eyes, whose glances, passing between a thick double fringe of black lashes, possessed an irresistible fascination. It was the Greek form with the Arab character: the style of beauty would have had something startling in a London or Paris drawing-room, but was perfectly in its place at a bull-fight and under the ardent sky of Spain.

The old woman, less attentive than the young one to the progress of the sport, watched the proceedings of Andrés with the look of a dog who scents a thief. As he persisted in his contemplation of his pretty neighbour, the old lady's anger gradually increased; she fidgeted on her seat, rattled her fan, pushed her companion with her elbow, and asked her all sorts of questions to oblige her to turn her head. But the young girl either did not or would not understand; she gave short answers, and resumed her attentive and serious attitude.

"The devil take the old witch!" muttered Andrés. "'Tis a thousand pities they have abolished the Inquisition! With such a face as that, she would have been treated, without form of trial, to a ride on an ass, dressed in a *san-benito* and a sulphur shirt. She belongs to the seminary of Barahona, and washes young girls for the sorcerers' sabbath."

Juancho, whose turn to kill had not yet come, stood carelessly in the

centre of the circus, paying no more attention to the bulls than if they had been so many sheep. He scarcely deigned to take two or three steps aside when the furious beasts showed a disposition to attack him. His large bright black eye glanced round boxes, galleries, and benches, where thousands of fans, of every hue, fluttered and palpitated like butterflies' wings. He evidently sought some one. At last a gleam of joy flashed across his brown features, and he made the slightest possible movement of his head, the sort of salutation that actors sometimes address to their acquaintances before the curtain. It was directed to the bench on which sat the old woman and the young girl.

"Militona," said the duenna in a low voice, "Juancho sees us. Be cautious! that young man ogles you, and Juancho is jealous."

"What is that to me?" replied Militona in the same tone.

"You know he does not jest with those who displease him."

"I have not looked at the gentleman, and besides, am I not my own mistress?"

In saying she had not looked at Andrés, Militona was guilty of a slight equivocation. She had not *looked* at him, perhaps, for women can see without looking, but she could have given a most minute description of his person. And out of respect to truth, we must here mention that she took Don Andrés de Salcedo for what he really was, a very smart and good-looking cavalier.

Andrés, as a pretext for commencing a conversation, called one of those dealers in oranges, preserved fruits, lozenges, and other sweetmeats, who circulate in the corridor of the bull-ring, and offer their wares to the spectators at the end of long sticks.

"Señorita, will you accept some comfits?" said Andrés, with an engaging smile to his beautiful neighbour, offering her the open box.

The young girl turned quickly round, and looked at him with an air of uneasy surprise.

"They are lemon and mint," said he, as if to decide her.

Militona, suddenly making up her mind, plunged her little fingers into the box, and took a pinch of the lozenges.

"Luckily Juancho has his back turned," muttered a *majo* who stood just by, "or there would be blood on his knife to-night."

"Will this lady take some?" continued Andrés in a tone of exquisite politeness, holding out the box to the horrible old woman, who was so disconcerted by this piece of audacity that in her confusion she took every one of the sugar-plums. Nevertheless, whilst emptying the box into the palm of her hand, black as that of a mummy, she cast a furtive and frightened glance at the circus, and heaved an enormous sigh.

At that moment the orchestra sounded the death: it was Juancho's turn to kill. He approached the municipal box, made the usual salutation and demand, and threw his montero into the air in right cavalier style. The audience, usually so tumultuous, became profoundly silent. The bull Juancho had to kill was of formidable breed; seven horses, stretched lifeless upon the sand, their bowels protruding from hideous wounds, told of his fury and vigour. The two picadores had left the arena, sorely bruised and crippled by numerous falls, and the supernumerary waited in the corridor, foot in stirrup and lance in fist, ready to replace them. The chulos prudently kept themselves in the vicinity of the palisade, one foot on the wooden ledge which aids them to leap it in case of danger; and the victorious bull ranged the circus—stained here and there by large puddles of blood, which the attendants dared not approach to scatter with sawdust—striking the doors with his horns, and tossing the dead horses into the air. Juancho approached the monstrous beast with that firm and deliberate step before which lions themselves retreat. The bull, astonished at sight of a fresh adversary, paused, uttered a deep roar, shook the slaver from his muzzle, scratched the earth with his hoof, lowered his head two or three times, and made a few paces backwards. Juancho was magnificent to behold: his countenance expressed dauntless resolution; his fixed and steadfast eyes,

whose pupils, surrounded by white, resembled stars of jet, darted invisible rays which pierced the bull like steel darts; unconsciously, he subjected the brute to that magnetism by which Van Amburgh sends his trembling tigers crouching to the extremity of their den. Each forward step made by the man was responded to by a backward one of the ferocious beast. At this triumph of moral over brute force, the audience, seized with enthusiasm, burst into frantic applause, shouting and stamping, yelling out *vivas*, and ringing the species of bells which amateurs take with them to the bull-fights. Walls and ceilings cracked beneath this storm of admiration, the paint crumbled off and flew about in whirlwinds of white dust. The torero, thus applauded, raised his head, with flashing eyes and joyful heart, to the place where Militona sat, as if to lay at her feet the admiration of a whole city. The moment was badly chosen. Militona had dropped her fan, and Don Andrés, who had snatched it up with all the precipitation of a person desirous to strengthen with an additional thread the slender chain of a new acquaintance, returned it to her with a happy smile and gallant gesture. The young girl could not do less than acknowledge the polite attention by a gracious smile and inclination of her head. Smile and bow were detected by Juancho; his lips grew pale, his complexion green, the orbits of his eyes became blood-shot, his hand contracted on his sword-hilt, and the point of the weapon, which he held low, was thrust, by a convulsive movement, thrice into the sand. The bull, no longer under the spell of the fascinating glance, approached his adversary, who neglected to put himself on guard. The interval between man and beast was terribly small.

"Master Juancho is not easily frightened," observed some of the more callous spectators.

"Juancho, have a care!" cried others, more humane; "Juancho *de mi vida*, Juancho of my heart, Juancho of my soul, the bull is upon you!"

As to Militona, whether it was that the habit of bull-fights had

blunted her sensibility, or that she had entire confidence in the consummate skill of Juancho, or because she took little interest in the man over whom she exercised such influence, her face continued as calm as if nothing unusual was occurring; only a slight flush appeared in the centre of her cheek, and the lace of her mantilla rose and fell upon her bosom with increased rapidity.

The cries of the spectators roused Juancho from his stupor: he drew hastily back, and waved the scarlet folds of the *muleta* before the eyes of the bull. The instinct of self-preservation, the pride of the gladiator, struggled in his breast with the desire to watch Militona; a moment's neglect, a glance on one side, might cost him his life. It was an infernal predicament for a jealous man. To behold, beside the woman he loved, a gay, handsome, and attentive rival, whilst he, in the middle of a circus, the eyes of twelve thousand spectators riveted upon him, had, within a few inches of his breast, the sharp horns of a ferocious beast which, under pain of dishonour, he could only kill in a certain manner and by a wound in a certain place.

The torero, once more master of the *jurisdiction*, as it is said in tauro-machian slang, settled himself firmly on his heels, and manoeuvred with the *muleta* to make the bull lower his head.

"What could he say to her," thought Juancho, "that young fellow on whom she smiled so sweetly?" Swayed by the reflection, he again forgot his formidable antagonist, and involuntarily raised his eyes. The bull, profiting by the momentary inattention, rushed upon the man; the latter, taken unawares, leaped backwards, and, by a mechanical movement, made a thrust with his sword. Several inches of the blade entered, but in the wrong place. The weapon met the bone; a furious movement of the bull made it rebound from the wound amidst a spout of blood, and fall to the ground some paces off. Juancho was disarmed, and the bull more dangerous than ever, for the misdirected thrust had served but to exasperate him. The chulos ran to the rescue, waving their pink and blue

cloaks. Militona grew pale; the old woman uttered lamentable ejaculations, and sighed like a stranded whale. The public, beholding Juancho's inconceivable awkwardness, commenced one of those tremendous uproars in which the Spanish people excel: a perfect hurricane of insulting epithets, of vociferations and maledictions. "Away with the dog!" was shouted on all sides; "Down with the thief, the assassin! To the galleys with him! To Centa! The clumsy butcher, to spoil such a noble beast!" And so on, through the entire vocabulary of abuse which the Spanish tongue so abundantly supplies. Juancho stood erect under the storm of insult, biting his lips, and tearing with his right hand the lace frills of his shirt. His sleeve, ripped open by the bull's horn, disclosed upon his arm a long violet scar. For an instant he tottered, and seemed about to fall, suffocated by the violence of his emotions; but he promptly recovered himself, ran to his sword, picked it up, straightened the bent blade with his foot, and placed himself with his back towards the place where Militona sat. At a sign he made, the chulos led the bull towards him by tantalising it with their cloaks; and this time he dealt the animal a downward thrust, in strict conformity with the laws of the sport—such a one as the great Montés of Chiclana himself would not have disowned. The sword was planted between the shoulders, and its cross-hilt, rising between the horns of the bull, reminded of those Gothic engravings where St Hubert is seen kneeling before a stag which bears a crucifix in its antlers.

The bull fell heavily on its knees before Juancho, as if doing homage to his superiority, and after a short convulsion rolled over, its four feet in the air.

"Juancho has taken a brilliant revenge! What a splendid thrust! He is superior to Arjona and the Chiclamero; do you not think so, Señorita?" cried Andrés enthusiastically to his neighbour.

"For God's sake, sir, not another word!" replied Militona very quickly, without turning her head and scarcely moving her lips. The words were

spoken in a tone at once so imperative and so imploring, that Andrés immediately saw it was not the artifice of a young girl begging to be let alone, and hoping to be disobeyed. Neither could modesty dictate the injunction. Nothing he had said called for such rigour, and manolas, the grisettes of Madrid, are not usually—be it said without calumny—of such extreme susceptibility. Real terror, apprehension of a danger unknown to Andrés, was indicated by the hasty sentence.

"Can she be a princess in disguise?" said Andrés to himself, considerably puzzled how to act. "If I hold my tongue, I shall look like a fool, or, at any rate, like a very middling sort of Don Juan; if I persist, I shall perhaps cause the poor girl some disagreeable scene. Can she be afraid of the duenna? Hardly. When that amiable old sorceress devoured my comfits, she became in some sort an accomplice. It cannot be she whom my infanta dreads. Is there a father, brother, husband, or jealous lover in the neighbourhood?" But on looking around, Andrés could discover no one who seemed to pay the slightest attention to the proceedings of the beautiful manola.

From the moment of the bull's death till the end of the fight, Juancho did not once look at Militona. He despatched with unparalleled dexterity two other bulls that fell to his share, and was applauded as vehemently as he had previously been hissed. Andrés, either not deeming it prudent, or not finding a good pretext to renew the conversation, did not speak another word to Militona, and even left the circus a few minutes before the conclusion of the performances. Whilst stepping across the benches, he whispered something to a boy of quick and intelligent physiognomy, and then immediately disappeared.

The boy, when the audience rose to depart, mingled in the crowd, and, without any apparent design, attached himself to the steps of Militona and the duenna. He saw them get into their cabriolet, and when the vehicle rolled away on its great scarlet wheels, he hung on behind, as if giving way to a childish impulse, and was whirled through a cloud of dust, singing

at the top of his voice the popular ditty of the Bulls of Puerto.

"Well done!" exclaimed Andrés, who, from an alley of the Prado, which he had already reached, saw cab and boy rattle past: "in an hour I shall know the address of the charming manola."

Andrés had reckoned without the chapter of accidents. In the Calle de los Desamparados, a cut across the face from the whip of the surly *calesero*, forced the ragged Mercury to let go his hold. Before he could pick himself up, and rub the dust and tears from his eyes, the vehicle was at the farther end of the street, and although Perico, impressed with the importance of his mission, followed it at the top of his speed, he lost sight of it in the labyrinth of lanes adjacent to the Plaza de Lavapiés — literally, Washfeet Square — a low quarter of Madrid. The most he could ascertain was, that the calesin had deposited its burthen in one of four streets, but in which of them it was impossible to say. With the bait of a dollar before his eyes, however, the urchin was not to be discouraged; and late that night, as Don Andrés was returning from a wearisome tertulia, whither he had been compelled to accompany Doña Felicianita de los Ríos, he felt a pull at the skirt of his coat. It was Perico.

"Caballero," said the child, "she lives in the Calle del Povar, the third house on the right. I saw her at her window, taking in the water jar."

It is difficult to describe the style of architecture of the house inhabited by Militona, unless we designate it as the order composite. Its front was characterised by a total absence of symmetry; the walls, sadly out of the perpendicular, seemed about to fall, and would doubtless have done so but for the support of sundry iron curves and crosses, which held the bricks together, and of two adjacent houses of more solid construction. From the lower part of the rickety fabric the plaster had peeled off in large scales, exposing the foundation wall; whilst the upper stories, better preserved, exhibited traces of old pink paint, as if the poor house blushed for shame of its miserable condition. Near the

roof of broken and disorderly tiles, which marked out a brown festoon against the bright blue sky, was a little window, surrounded by a recent coat of white plaster. On the right of this casement hung a cage, containing a quail: on the left another cage, of minute dimensions, decorated with red and yellow beads, served as palace to a cricket. A jar of porous earth, suspended by the ears to a string, and covered with a pearly moisture, held water cooling in the evening breeze, and from time to time allowed a few drops to fall upon two pots of sweet basil that stood beneath it. The window was that of Militona's apartment.

If the reader will venture to ascend with us this dark and broken staircase, we will follow Militona as she trips lightly up it on her return from the bullfight; whilst old Aldonsa toils behind, calling upon the saints for succour, and clinging to the greasy rope that does duty as a banister. On reaching the topmost landing-place, the pretty manola raised a fragment of matting that hung before one of those many-panelled doors common in Madrid, took her key and let herself in. The interior of the room was humble enough. Whitewash replaced paper; a scratched mirror—which reflected very imperfectly the charming countenance of its owner—a plaster cast of St Antony, flanked by two blue glass vases containing artificial flowers, a deal table, two chairs, and a little bed covered with a muslin quilt, composed the entire furniture. We must not forget an image of Our Lady, rudely painted and gilt on glass, engravings of the fight of the second of May, of the funeral of Daoiz and Velarde, and of a *picador* on horseback; a tambourine, a guitar, and a branch of palm, brought from church on the previous Palm Sunday. Such was Militona's room; and although it contained but the barest necessaries of life, it had not the chill and dreary look of misery. A cheerful gleam illuminated it; the red brick floor was gay and pleasant to the eye; there was no shade on the white walls, or cobweb on the rafters roof—all was fresh, and bright, and cheerful in the poor garret. In England it would have been perfect destitution, in Spain

it was almost comfort, and more than was necessary for happiness.

The old woman was at last at the top of the stairs; she entered the room and let herself fall upon one of the two chairs, which cracked under her weight. "The water jar, Militona, for mercy's sake! I am half suffocated with the heat and dust; and those accursed lozenges have put my throat in a flame."

"You should not have eaten so many, *tía*," said the young girl, smiling, and placing the jar to the old lady's lips. Aldonsa drank eagerly, passed the back of her hand over her mouth, and fanned herself in silence.

"Talking of lozenges," said she after a pause, "how furiously Juancho looked at us! I am sure he missed the bull because that young spark spoke to you. Juancho is jealous as a tiger, and if he has fallen in with yonder pretty gentleman, he will have made him repent his gallantry. I would not give much for the young man's skin; it will have some famous holes in it. Do you remember the slash he gave Luca, for offering you a nosegay at the festival of San Isidro?"

"I hope Juancho will commit no violence," exclaimed the young girl—"What frightful slavery to be thus persecuted by his ferocious love!"

"It is your fault," retorted Aldonsa. "Why are you so pretty?"

A sharp rap at the door, sounding as if given by an iron finger, interrupted the conversation. The old woman got up and looked through the little grating, inserted, according to Spanish custom, in the centre of the door. Through the bars appeared the countenance of Juancho, pale beneath the bronzed tint with which the sun of the arena had overlaid it. Aldonsa opened the door and the torero entered. His features betrayed the violent emotions that had agitated him in the bull-ring. To the shame of having been hissed was superadded rage at not having quitted the circus soon enough to overtake the young man who had been so attentive to Militona. Where could he now find him? Doubtless he had followed the manola and spoken to her again. And at the thought, Juancho's hand

mechanically sank to his girdle to seek his knife.

The torero sat down upon the second chair. Militona stood at the window, pulling a flower to pieces; the old woman fanned herself more rapidly than ever: an awkward silence reigned in the apartment. Aldonsa was the first to break it.

"Dees your arm hurt you, Juancho?"

"No," replied the bull-fighter, fixing his deep gaze upon Militona.

"You should bandage it, and apply salt and water," said the old woman, determined not to let the conversation drop.

Juancho made no reply, but addressed himself to Militona.

"Who was the young man who sat beside you at the bull-fight?"

"I do not know him. I never saw him before."

"But you would like to know him?"

"The supposition is polite. Well, and what if I should?"

"I would kill him, the dainty gentleman in polished boots and white gloves."

"You talk like a madman, Juancho. What right have I given you to be jealous of me? You love me, you say—is that my fault? Am I obliged to adore you, because you have taken it into your head to find me pretty?"

"True enough," interposed the old woman, "she is not obliged. Nevertheless, you would make a handsome couple. Prettier hand never rested on more vigorous arm; and if you danced a cachuca together at the garden of the Delicias, people would stand on the chairs to look at you."

"Have I played the coquet with you, Juancho? Have I sought, by word, or look, or smile, to engage your affections?"

"No," replied the torero in a gloomy voice.

"I never promised you any thing, or gave you any hope: I always bade you forget me. Why torment and offend me by your unjustifiable violence? You crippled poor Luca, an honest fellow, who amused me and made me laugh, and you wounded your friend Ginés almost to death, because he happened to touch my hand. Do you

think such conduct advances you in my good opinion? And to-day at the circus you behaved absurdly; whilst watching me, you let the bull come upon you, and gave a miserable thrust."

"But I love you, Militona!" exclaimed the bull-fighter passionately. "I love you with all my heart and soul; I see but you in the world, and a bull's horn entering my breast would not make me turn my head when you smile upon another man. True, my manners are not gentle, for I have passed my life in contests with savage beasts, in slaying and exposing myself to be slain. I cannot be soft and simpering like those delicate young gentlemen who pass their time in reading the papers and having their hair curled! But if you will not be mine," resumed Juancho after a pause, striking the table violently with his fist, "at any rate no one else shall call you his." And with these words he got up and left the room. "I will find him!" he muttered, as he strode down the stairs, "and cool his courtship with three inches of steel."

All that night Juancho kept watch and ward in front of Militona's dwelling, in hopes of falling in with her new admirer. Militona learned this from old Aldonsa, who lived in the house, and she felt seriously alarmed lest the handsome cavalier who had been so courteous to her at the circus, and whom she could not remember without a certain interest, should come to harm at the hands of the terrible torero who thus tyrannised over her inclinations and scared away all aspirants to her favour. Juancho, meanwhile, steady in his resolve to exterminate his rival, had betaken himself, on coming off guard in the Calle del Povar, to a tailor's in the Calle Mayor, and there had exchanged his usual *majo's* dress for a suit of black and a round hat. Thus metamorphosed into a sober citizen, he passed the day and evening in the Prado, the most elegant coffee-houses, the theatres—in every place, in short, where he thought it likely he should meet the object of his anger. But nowhere could he find him, and that for the best of reasons. At the very hour that the torero purchased the

disguise intended to facilitate his revenge, Don Andrés, in the back shop of a clothes-dealer on the Rastro—the great Madrid market for second-hand articles of every description—donned the complete costume of a *manolo*, trusting it would aid him in his designs upon Militona. Equipped in a round jacket of snuff-coloured cloth, abundantly decorated with small buttons, in loose pantaloons, a silk sash, a dark cloak and velvet-trimmed hat, which garments, although not quite new, were not wanting in a certain elegance, and sat trimly upon his well-made person, Andrés hurried to the Calle del Povar. He at once recognised the window described to him by Perico; a curtain was drawn before it on the inner side, and nothing indicated that the room had an occupant.

"Doubtless she is gone out," thought Andrés, "and will return only when her day's work is finished. She must be a needle-woman, cigar-maker, embroideress, or something of that kind," and he walked on.

Militona had not gone out. She was cutting out a dress upon her little table. The occupation required no great mystery, but nevertheless her door was bolted, for fear probably of some sudden invasion on the part of Juancho, rendered doubly dangerous by the absence of Tia Aldonsa. As she worked, Militona's thoughts travelled faster than her needle. They ran upon the young man who had gazed at her the previous evening, at the circus, with so tender and ardent a gaze, and who had spoken a few words to her in a voice that still sounded pleasantly in her ear.

It was night, and Juancho, straitened and uncomfortable in his modern costume, and wearied with fruitless researches, paced the alleys of the Prado with hasty steps, looking every man in the face, but without discovering his rival. At the same hour, Andrés, seated in an *orchateria de chufas* (orgeat-shop) nearly opposite Militona's house, quietly consumed a glass of iced lemonade. He had placed himself on picket there, with Perico for his vedette. Juancho would have passed him by without recognising him, or thinking of seeking his enemy under the round jacket and

felt hat of a manolo, but Militona, concealed in the corner of her window, had not been deceived for an instant by the young man's disguise. Love has sharper eyes than hatred. Devoured by anxiety, the manola asked herself what could be the projects of the persevering cavalier, and dreaded the terrible scene that must ensue should Juancho discover him. Andrés, his elbows upon the table, watched every one who went in or out of the house; but night came and Militona had not appeared. He began to doubt the correctness of his emissary's information, when a light in the young girl's window showed that the room was inhabited. Hastily writing a few words in pencil on a scrap of paper, he called Perico, who lingered in the neighbourhood, and bade him take the billet to the pretty manola. Perico slipped into the house, fumbled his way up stairs, and discovered Militona's door by the light shining through the cracks. Two discreet taps; the wicket was half opened, and the note taken in.

"It is to be hoped she can read," thought Andrés, as he paid for his lemonade, left the shop, and walked slowly up and down the street. This was what he had written:—

"One who cannot forget you, and who would grieve to do so, ardently desires to see you again; but after your last words at the circus, and ignorant of your position, he fears to place you in peril by seeking an interview. Danger to himself would be no obstacle. Extinguish your lamp, and throw your answer from the window."

In a few minutes the lamp disappeared, the window opened, and Militona took in her water-jar. In so doing she upset one of the pots of sweet basil, which fell into the street and was broken to pieces. Amidst the brown earth scattered upon the pavement, something white was visible. It was Militona's answer. Andrés called a *sereno*, or watchman, who just then passed, with his lantern at the end of his halbert, and begging him to lower the light, read the following words, written in a tremulous hand, and in large irregular letters:—

"Begone instantly . . . I have no time to say more. To-morrow, at

ten o'clock, in the church of San Isidro. For Heaven's sake begone! your life is at stake."

"Thank you, my good man," said Andrés, putting a real into the *sereno's* hand, "you may go."

The street was quite deserted, and Andrés was walking slowly away, when the apparition of a man, wrapped in a cloak, beneath which the handle of a guitar formed an acute angle, excited his curiosity, and he stepped into the dark shadow of a low archway. The man threw back the folds of his cloak, brought his guitar forward, and began that monotonous thrumming which serves as accompaniment to serenades and seguidillas. The object of this prelude evidently was to awaken the lady in whose honour it was perpetrated; but Militona's window continued closed and dark; and at last the man, compelled to content himself with an invisible auditory,—in spite of the Spanish proverb, which says, no woman sleeps so soundly that the twang of a guitar will not bring her to the window,—began to sing in a strong Andalusian accent. The serenade consisted of a dozen verses, in which the singer celebrated the charms of a cruel mistress, vowed inextinguishable love, and denounced fearful vengeance upon all rivals. The menaces, however, were far more abundant, in this rude ditty, than the praises of beauty or protestations of affection.

"*Caramba!*" thought Andrés, when the song concluded, "what ferocious poetry! Nothing tame about those complets. Let us see if Militona is touched by the savage strain. This must be the terrible lover by whom she is so frightened. She might be alarmed at less."

Don Andrés advanced his head a little; a moonbeam fell upon it, and Juancho's quick eye detected him. "Good!" said Andrés to himself, "I am caught. Now then, cool and steady."

Juancho threw down his guitar, which resounded mournfully on the pavement, and ran up to Andrés, whose face was now in the full moonlight, and whom he at once recognised.

"What do you here at this hour?"

said the bull-fighter, in a voice that trembled with passion.

"I listen to your music; it is a refined amusement."

"If you listened, you heard that I allow no one to set foot in this street when I sing."

"I am naturally very disobedient," replied Andrés, with perfect coolness.

"You will change your character to-day."

"Certainly not—I am attached to my habits."

"Defend yourself, then, or die!" cried Juancho, drawing his knife, and rolling his cloak round his arm. His movements were imitated by Andrés, who placed himself on guard with a promptness that showed knowledge of the weapon, and somewhat surprised the bull-fighter. Andrés had long practised the *navaja* under one of the best teachers in Seville, as at Paris one sees young men of fashion take lessons of *savate* and singlestick, reduced to mathematical principles by Lecourt and Boucher.

Juancho hovered about his adversary, advancing his left arm, protected by numerous folds of cloth, as a buckler, his right drawn back to give more swing and force to the blow; now stooping with knees bent, then rising up like a giant, and again sinking down like a dwarf; but the point of his knife was always met by the cloaked arm of Andrés. Alternately retreating and suddenly and impetuously attacking, he sprang right and left, balancing his blade on his hand, as though about to hurl it at his foe. Andrés replied several times to these varied attacks by such rapid and well-directed thrusts, that a less adroit combatant than Juancho would hardly have parried them. It was truly a fine fight, and worthy a circle of spectators learned in the art; but, unfortunately, the windows were all closed, and the street was empty. Academicians of San Lucar, of the Potro of Cordova, of the Albaycin of Granada, and of the *barrio* of Triana,* why were ye not there to witness the doughty deeds of those valiant champions?

The two champions, vigorous though they were, grew fatigued with such violent exertions; the sweat streamed from their temples, their breasts heaved like the bellows of a forge, their feet were heavier on the ground, their movements less elastic. Juancho felt the point of Andrés' knife pierce his sleeve, and his rage redoubled; with a desperate bound, and at risk of his life, he sprang, like a panther, upon his enemy. Andrés fell backwards, and, in his fall, burst open the imperfectly-fastened door of Militona's house, in front of which the duel occurred. Juancho walked quietly away. The *sereno*, who just then passed the end of the street, uttered his monotonous cry;—"Las once y media, y sereno."†

In an agony of anxiety, Militona had listened from her window to the noise of this conflict; she would have called for help, but her tongue clove to her palate, and terror compressed her throat with its iron fingers. At last, half frantic, and unconscious of what she did, she staggered down stairs, and reached the door just as it was forced open by the weight of Andrés' inanimate body.

The next morning, soon after day-break, when the torero, in cloak and slouched hat, walked into the neighbourhood of the Plaza de Lavapies to hear what was said of the night's events, he learned, to his intense horror, that Andrés, severely but not mortally wounded, had been conveyed to Militona's room, and placed in her bed, where he now lay, carefully tended by the manola, of whose humane and charitable conduct the gossips of the quarter were loud in praise. When Juancho heard this, his knees shook, and he was forced to support himself against the wall. His rival in the chamber, and on the bed, of Militona! He could scarcely refrain from rolling on the ground, and tearing his breast with his nails. Recovering himself, he entered the house and ascended the stairs with a heavy and sinister-sounding step. "In her chamber! In her chamber!" he muttered. And, as he spoke, he instinctively

* Places of bad fame in the respective towns, frequented by thieves and suspicious characters.

† "Half-past eleven, and a fine night."

opened and shut his long Albacete knife. On reaching the top of the stairs, he knocked violently at the manola's door.

Andrés started on his bed of suffering; Militona, who was seated near him, turned deadly pale, and rose to her feet as if impelled by springs. Tia Aldonsa looked horribly frightened, and devoutly crossed herself. The blow was so imperative as to command attention; a repetition of the summons would have forced the door from its hinges. With trembling hand Aldonsa opened the wicket, and beheld Juancho's face at the aperture. Medusa's mask, livid amidst its grim and snaky locks, could hardly have produced a more terrible effect upon the poor old woman. Speechless and petrified, she stood with fixed eyeballs, open mouth, and hands extended. True it was, that the torero's head, seen through the grating, had no very amiable and encouraging aspect; his eyes were injected with blood; his face was livid, and his cheek-bones, whence the usual ruddy tinge had fled, formed two white spots in his cadaverous countenance; his distended nostrils palpitated like those of ferocious beasts that had scent of a prey; his teeth were pressed upon his lip, which was swollen and bloody from the bite. Jealousy, fury, and revenge had set their stamp on his distorted features.

"Blessed Lady of Almudena!" muttered the old woman, "deliver us from this peril, and I promise you a wax taper with a velvet handle."

Courageous as he was, Andrés experienced that uneasy feeling to which the bravest men are subject when exposed to a danger against which they are defenceless. He mechanically extended his hand to seek some weapon.

As nobody opened the door, Juancho applied his shoulder to it and gave a push; the planks cracked, and the plaster crumbled from round the lock and hinges. Then Militona, placing herself before Andrés, said in a calm and firm voice to the old woman, who was half crazed with terror:

"Aldonsa, open the door; I insist upon it."

Aldonsa drew the bolt, and,

standing close to the wall, pulled the door back upon her for protection, like a helot letting a tiger into the arena, or a servant admitting into the bull-ring some furious native of Gaviria or Colmenar. Juancho, who expected more resistance, entered slowly, as if disconcerted by the absence of obstacles. But a single glance at Andrés, stretched in Militona's bed, brought back all his fury. He seized the door, to which Tia Aldonsa, who thought her last hour come, clung with all her might, and shutting it in spite of the poor old woman's efforts, placed his back against it and crossed his arms upon his breast.

"Angels of heaven!" muttered Aldonsa, her teeth chattering with terror, "he will murder us all three. I will call out of the window."

And she made a step in that direction. But Juancho, guessing her intention, seized her by the gown, and with a single jerk replaced her against the wall, her skirt half torn off.

"Hag!" he cried, "if you attempt to call out, I will twist your neck like a fowl's, and send your old soul to the devil. Come not between me and the object of my wrath, or I crush you on my path."

And he pointed to Andrés, who, pale and feeble, in vain endeavoured to raise his head from the pillow. It was a horrible situation. No noise had been made that could alarm the neighbours, who, moreover, would have been more likely to lock themselves in their rooms for fear of Juancho, than to render assistance. There were no means of apprising the police, or obtaining succour from without. Poor Andrés, severely wounded, weak from loss of blood, without arms, and unable to use them had he had any, lay at the mercy of a ruffian intoxicated with rage and jealousy. All this because he had ogled a pretty manola at a bull-fight. It is allowable to suppose that at that moment he regretted the tea-table, piano, and prosaic society of Doña Felicianita de los Rios. Nevertheless, on casting a supplicatory glance at Militona, as if to implore her not to risk her safety in his defence, he found her so marvelously lovely in her pallor and emotion,

that he could not think her acquaintance dearly purchased even by this great peril. She stood erect, one hand on the edge of Andrés' bed, whom she seemed resolved to protect, the other extended towards the door with a gesture of supreme majesty.

"What do you here, murderer?" she cried, in clear and thrilling tones. "You sought a lover; you find a wounded and helpless man. Begone! Fear you not lest the wound break out afresh at your presence? Are you not sick of bloodshed? Do you come as an assassin?"

The young girl accentuated the last word in so singular a manner, and accompanied it with so piercing and terrible a look, that Juancho was embarrassed, reddened, turned pale, and the ferocity of his countenance was exchanged for an expression of uneasiness. After a pause, he spoke in a choked and faltering voice.

"Swear, by the relics of Monte Sagrado, and by the image of the Virgin del Pilar, by your dead father, and your sainted mother, that you do not love this man, and I instantly depart."

Andrés awaited Militona's reply with intense anxiety. She made none. Her long black lashes drooped over her cheek, which was suffused with a faint tinge of pink. Although this silence was perhaps his doom to death, Andrés felt his heart leap with joy.

"If you will not swear," continued Juancho, "affirm it. I will believe you; you have never lied. But if you keep silence, I must kill him." And he approached the bed with uplifted knife.

"You love him?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the young girl, with flashing eyes and a voice trembling with passion and indignation. "I love him. If he dies on my account, let him know at least that he is beloved. Let him carry to his grave that word, his consolation and your torture."

With a bound, Juancho stood beside Militona, whose arm he rudely grasped.

"Do not repeat it," he exclaimed, "or I throw you, with my knife in your heart, upon the body of your minion."

"What care I!" cried the courageous girl. "Think you I will live, if he dies?"

Andrés made a desperate effort to raise himself. He endeavoured to call out; a reddish foam rose to his lips—his wound had opened. He fell back senseless upon his pillow.

"If you do not depart," cried Militona to the torero, "I hold you vile, base, and a coward. I believe all that has been said of you; I believe that you could have saved Domingues when the bull knelt upon his breast, and that you would not, because you were meanly jealous of him."

"Militona! Militona! you have a right to hate me, although never did man love woman as I love you; but you have no right to despise me. No human power could save Domingues."

"If you would not have me think you an assassin, depart!"

"Yes, I will wait till he is cured," replied Juancho, in a gloomy tone.—"Take good care of him. I have sworn, that whilst I live, no man shall call you his."

During this stormy scene, old Aldonsa had slipped out to sound an alarm in the neighbourhood. Five or six men now rushed into the room, seized Juancho and dragged him out with them. But on the landing-place he shook them from him, as a bull shakes off a pack of dogs, and forcing his way through all opposition, reached the street and was lost to view in the maze of buildings that surrounds the Plaza de Lavapies.

The friends of Don Andrés de Salcedo, uneasy at his disappearance, had already applied to the police to obtain news of his fate. Researches were made, and Argamasilla and Covachuelo, two of the most wily alguazils of the secret police, at last succeeded in ferreting out traces of the missing cavalier. Orders were given to arrest Juancho the bull-fighter, on a charge of assassination. But the Madrid police are not very celebrated for courage and decision, and the two thief-catchers above named, to whom the execution of the warrant was intrusted, proceeded on their mission with infinite delicacy, awed by the notorious strength and fierceness of the torero. Evil tongues were ready to assert that they took considerable pains not to meet with the man for whose capture they affected to be anxious. At last, however, a

clumsy spy reported to them that the object of their timid researches had just entered the circus with as calm an air as if he had no crime upon his conscience, or fear of the arm of justice. Argamasilla and Covachuelo could no longer evade the performance of their duty, and were compelled to betake themselves to the place pointed out.

The unwelcome information was correct. Juancho had gone to the circus,—driven thither by the force of habit rather than by any interest in the sport that had once engrossed his thoughts and energies. Since the terrible scene in Militona's room had convinced him she loved another, his courage and energy seemed to have deserted him. He was morose, listless, and indifferent to every thing. Nevertheless he had instinctively wandered down to the bull-ring, to look at some remarkably fine beasts that had been brought to the stable for the next day's fight. He was still there, and was walking across the arena, when Argamasilla and Covachuelo arrived with a little squad of assistants, and Covachuelo, with infinite ceremony and courtesy, informed Juancho that he was under the painful necessity of conducting him to prison. Juancho shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and walked on. The alguazil made a sign, and two men laid hands upon the torero, who brushed them away as though they had been flies upon his sleeve. The whole band then precipitated themselves upon him; he struggled furiously, and knocked them about like nine-pins, but, sensible that he must at last be overpowered by numbers, he managed gradually to get near the *toril*,* and then, shaking off his assailants by a sudden effort, he opened the door, and took refuge in that dangerous asylum. His enemies endeavoured to follow him, but whilst they tried to force the door, it suddenly flew open, and a bull, hunted from his stall by Juancho, dashed with lowered horns and dreadful bellow amongst the terrified troop. The poor devils had but just time to climb the barriers, and one of them only escaped with a terrible rent in his lower garments.

This daring proceeding of the besieged greatly disconcerted the besiegers. Nevertheless they plucked up courage, and, after a while, ventured to return to the charge. This time two bulls rushed out, and as the police dispersed and got away with all the agility of fear, the wild animals, seeing no human foes, turned their wrath against each other, crossed their horns, and with muzzles in the dust of the circus, made furious efforts for mastery.

"Comrade," cried Covachuelo to Juancho, "we know the extent of your ammunition. You have still five bulls to let off; after that you will be compelled to surrender unconditionally. If you capitulate and come out at once, I will take you to prison with due regard for your feelings, without handcuffs, in a coach at your own expense, and will say nothing in my report of the resistance you have made, which would aggravate your case."

Juancho, careless about his liberty, ceased his defence, and gave himself up to Argamasilla and Covachuelo, who took him to prison with all the honours of war.

The torero's case was a bad one. The public prosecutor represented the nocturnal combat as an attempted assassination. Fortunately Andrés, whom a good constitution and Militona's unrelenting care speedily restored to health, interceded for him, representing the affair as a duel, fought with an unusual weapon certainly, but with one which he could accept, because he was acquainted with its management. The generous young man, happy in Militona's love, thought poor Juancho had suffered sufficiently on his account, without being sent to the galleys for a wound now perfectly healed. Andrés held his present happiness cheaply bought at the price of a stab. And as a murder can hardly be very severely punished, when the victim is in perfect health and pleads for his assassin, the result of Salcedo's mediation, and of the interest he made, was the release of Juancho, who left his prison with the bitter regret of owing his liberty to the man he most hated upon earth,

* The stable where the bulls are kept.

and from whom he would sooner have died than receive a favour.

"Unhappy wretch that I am!" he exclaimed, when he once more found himself unfettered and in sunshine. "Henceforward, I must hold this man's life sacred, or deserve the epithet of coward and villain. Oh! I would a thousand times have preferred the galleys! In ten years I should have returned and could have revenged myself."

From that day Juancho disappeared. It was said that he had been seen galloping on his famous black horse in the direction of Andalusia. Be that as it might, he was no more seen in Madrid.

The departure of the bull-fighter was shortly followed by the marriage of Andrés and Militona, Andrés having been released from his previous engagement with Doña Feliciana de los Rios, who had discovered, during his illness, that she had in fact very little affection for her betrothed husband, and had encouraged the attentions of a rich English traveller. The double marriage took place on the same day and in the same church. Militona had insisted on making her own wedding dress; it was a masterpiece, and seemed cut out of the leaves of a lily. It was so well made, that nobody remarked it. Feliciana's dress was extravagantly rich. When they came out of church, every body said of Feliciana, "What a lovely gown!" and of Militona, "What a charming person!"

Two months had elapsed, and Don Andrés de Salcedo and his lady lived in retirement at a delicious country villa near Granada. With good sense that equalled her beauty, Militona refused to mix in the society to which her marriage elevated her, until she should have repaired the deficiencies of an imperfect education. The departure of a friend for the Manillas, compelled her husband to visit Cadiz, and she accompanied him. They found the Gaditanos raving of a torero who performed prodigies of skill and courage. Such temerity had never before been witnessed. He gave out that he came from Lima in South America, and was then engaged at Puerto-de-Santa-Maria. Thither Andrés, who felt his

old tauromachian ardour revive at the report of such prowess, persuaded his wife to accompany him, and at the appointed hour they took their places in a box at the circus. On all sides they heard praises of this famous torero. His incredible feats were in every body's mouth, and all declared that if he was not killed, he would very soon eclipse the fame of the great Montés himself.

The fight began, and the torero made his appearance. He was dressed in black; his vest, garnished with ornaments of silk and jet, had a sombre richness harmonizing with the wild and almost sinister countenance of its wearer; a yellow sash was twisted round his meagre person, which seemed composed solely of bone and muscle. His dark countenance was traversed by furrows, traced, as it seemed, rather by the hand of care than by lapse of years; for although youth had disappeared from his features, middle age had not yet set its stamp upon them. There was something in the face and figure of the man which Andrés thought he remembered; but he could not call to mind when or where he had seen him. Militona, on the other hand, did not doubt for an instant. In spite of his small resemblance to his former self, she at once recognised Juancho.

The terrible change wrought in so short a time had something that alarmed her. It proved how terrible was the passion that had thus played havoc with this man of iron frame.

Hastily opening her fan to conceal her face, she said to Andrés in a hurried voice:

"It is Juancho."

But her movement was too late; the torero had seen her; with his hand he waved a salutation.

"Juancho it really is!" cried Andrés; "the poor fellow is sadly changed; he has grown ten years older. Ah! he is the new torero of whom they talk so much: he has returned to the bull-ring."

"Let us go, Andrés," said Militona to her husband. "I know not why, but I am very uneasy; I feel sure something will happen."

"What can happen," replied An-

drés, "except the death of horses and the fall of a few picadores?"

"I fear lest Juancho should commit some extravagance,—some furious act."

"You cannot forget that unlucky stab, or lucky one, I should rather call it, since to it I owe my present happiness." And Andrés tenderly pressed the hand of his bride, to whose cheeks the blood that for an instant had left them, now began to return. "If you knew Latin—which you fortunately do not—I would tell you that the law of *non bis in idem* guarantees my safety. Besides the honest fellow has had time to calm himself."

Juancho performed prodigies. He behaved as if invulnerable; took bulls by the tail and made them waltz, put his foot between their horns and leaped over them, tore off the ribbons with which they were adorned, planted himself right in their path and harassed them with unparalleled audacity. The delighted spectators were outrageous in their applause, and swore that such a bull-fight had never been witnessed since the days of the Cid Campeador. The other bull-fighters, electrified by the example of their chief, seemed equally reckless of danger. The picadores advanced to the very centre of the circus, the banderillos drove their darts into the flanks of the bull without once missing. When any of them were hard pressed, Juancho was ever at hand, prompt to distract the attention of the furious beast, and draw its anger on himself. One of the chulos fell, and would have been ripped from navel to chin, had not Juancho, at risk of his life, forced the bull from its victim. Every thrust he gave was delivered with such skill and force that the sword entered exactly between the shoulders, and disappeared

to the hilt. The bulls fell at his feet as though struck by lightning, and a second blow was never once required.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed Andrés, "Montes, the Chiclanero, Arjona, Labi, and the rest of them, had better take care; Juancho will excel them all, if he has not done so already."

But such exploits as these were not destined to be repeated; Juancho attained that day the highest sublimity of the art; he did things that will never be done again. Militona herself could not help applauding; Andrés was wild with delight and admiration; the delirium was at its height; frantic acclamations greeted every movement of Juancho.

The sixth bull was let into the arena.

Then an extraordinary and unheard-of thing occurred: Juancho, after playing the bull and manœuvring his cloak with consummate dexterity, took his sword, and, instead of plunging it into the animal's neck, as was expected, hurled it from him with such force, that it turned over and over in the air, and stuck deep in the ground at the other end of the circus.

"What is he about?" was shouted on all sides. "This is madness—not courage! What new scheme is this? Will he kill the bull with his bare hands?"

Juancho cast one look at Militona—one ineffable look of love and suffering. Then he remained motionless before the bull. The beast lowered its head. One of its horns entered the breast of the man, and came out red to the very root. A shriek of horror from a thousand voices rent the sky.

Militona fell back upon her chair in a deathlike swoon.

THE EMERALD STUDS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CIRCUIT.

CHAPTER I.

"HALLO, TOM! Are you not up yet? Why, man, the judges have gone down to the court half an hour ago, escorted by the most ragged regiment of ruffians that ever handled a Lochaber-axe."

Such was my matutinal salutation to my friend Thomas Strachan, as I entered his room on a splendid spring morning. Tom and I were early college allies. We had attended, or rather, to speak more correctly, taken out tickets for the different law classes during the same sessions. We had fulminated together within the walls of the Juridical Society on legal topics which might have broken the heart of Erskine, and rewarded ourselves diligently thereafter with the usual relaxations of a crab and a comfortable tumbler. We had aggravated the same grinder with our deplorable exposition of the Pandects; and finally assumed, on the same day, the full-blown honours of the Advocate's wig and gown. Nor did our fraternal parallel end there: for although we had walked the boards of the Parliament House with praiseworthy diligence for a couple of sessions, neither of us had experienced the dulcet sensation which is communicated to the palm by the contact of the first professional guinea. In vain did we attempt to insinuate ourselves into the good graces of the agents, and coin our intellects into such jocular remarks, as are supposed to find most favour in the eyes of facetious practitioners. In vain did I carry about with me, for a whole week, an artificial process most skillfully made up; and in vain did Tom compound and circulate a delectable ditty, entitled, "The Song of the Multiplepoinding." Not a single solicitor would listen to our wooing, or even intrust us with the task of making the simplest motion. I believe they thought me too fast, and Tom too much of a genius; and, therefore, both of us were left among the ranks

of the briefless army of the stove. This would not do. Our souls burned within us with a noble thirst for legal fame and fees. We held a consultation (without an agent) at the Rainbow, and finally determined that since Edinburgh would not hear us, Jedburgh should have the privilege of monopolising our maiden eloquence at the ensuing justiciary circuit. Jedburgh presents a capital field to the ambition of a youthful advocate. Very few counsel go that way; the cases are usually trifling, and the juries easily bamboozled. It has besides this immense advantage—that should you by any accident happen to break down, nobody will in all probability be the wiser for it, provided you have the good sense to ingratiate yourself with the circuit-clerk.

Tom and I arrived at Jedburgh the afternoon before the circuit began. I was not acquainted with a human being within the parliamentary boundaries of that respectable borough, and therefore experienced but a slight spasm of disappointment, when informed by the waiter at the inn, that no inquiries had yet been made after me, on the part of writers desirous of professional assistance. Strachan had been wiser. Somehow or other, he had got a letter of introduction to one Ballie Beerie, a notable civic dignitary of the place; and accordingly, on presenting his credentials, was invited by that functionary to dinner, with a hint that he "might maybe see a wheen real leddies in the evening." This pointed so plainly to a white choker and dress boots, that Strachan durst not take the liberty of volunteering the attendance of his friend; and accordingly I had been left alone to wile away, as I best might, the tedium of a sluggish evening. Before starting, however, Tom pledged himself to return in time for supper; as he entertained a painful conviction that the party would be excessively slow.

So long as it was light, I amused myself pretty well, by strolling along the banks of the river, and enunciating a splendid speech for the pannel in an imaginary case of murder. However, before I reached the peroration, (which was to consist of a vivid picture of the death-bed of a despairing jury-man, conscience-stricken by the recollection of an erroneous verdict,) the shades of evening began to close in; the trouts ceased to leap in the pool, and the rooks desisted from their cawing. I returned to discuss my solitary mutton at the inn; and then, having nothing to do, sat down to a moderate libation, and an odd number of the *Temperance Magazine*, which valuable tract had been left for the reformation of the traveller by some peripatetic disciple of Father Mathew.

Nine o'clock came, but so did not Strachan. I began to wax wroth, muttered anathemas against my faithless friend, rang for the waiter, and—having ascertained the fact that a Masonic Lodge was that evening engaged in celebrating the festival of its peculiar patron—I set out for the purpose of assisting in the pious and mystic labours of the Brethren of the Jedburgh St Jeremy. At twelve, when I returned to my quarters, escorted by the junior deacon, I was informed that Strachan had not made his appearance, and accordingly I went to bed.

Next morning I found Tom, as already mentioned, in his couch. There was a fine air of negligence in the manner in which his habiliments were scattered over the room. One glazed boot lay within the fender, whilst the other had been chucked into a coal-scuttle; and there were evident marks of mud on the surface of his glossy kerseymeres. Strachan himself looked excessively pale, and the sole rejoinder he made to my preliminary remark was, a request for soda-water.

"Tom," said I, inexpressibly shocked at the implied confession of the nature of his vespers—"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself! Have you no higher regard for the dignity of the bar you represent, than to expose yourself before a Jedburgh Bailie?"

"Dignity be hanged!" replied the incorrigible Strachan. "Bailie Beerie is a brick, and I won't hear a word against him. But, O Fred! if you only knew what you missed last night! Such a splendid woman—by Jove, sir, a thoroughbred angel. A bust like one of Titian's beauties, and the voice of a lovelorn nightingale!"

"One of the Misses Beerie, I presume. Come, Tom, I think I can fill up your portrait. Hair of the auburn complexion, slightly running into the carrot—skin fair, but freckled—greenish eyes—red elbows—culpable ankles—elephantine waist—and sentiments savouring of the Secession."

"Ring the bell for the waiter, and hold your impious tongue. You never were farther from the mark in your life. The wing of the raven is not more glossy than her hair—and oh, the depth and melting lustre of those dark unfathomable eyes! Waiter! a bottle of soda-water, and you may put in a thimbleful of cognac."

"Come, Tom!—none of your ravings. Is this an actual Armida, or a new freak of your own imagination?"

"*Bonâ fide*—an angel in every thing, barring the wings."

"Then how the deuce did such a phenomenon happen to emerge at the Bailie's?"

"That's the very question I was asking myself during the whole time of dinner. She was clearly not a Scotswoman. When she spoke, it was in the sweet low accents of a southern clime; and she waved away the proffered haggis with an air of the prettiest disgust!"

"But the Bailie knew her?"

"Of course he did. I got the whole story out of him after dinner, and, upon my honour, I think it is the most romantic one I ever heard. About a week ago, the lady arrived here without attendants. Some say she came in the mail-coach—others in a dark travelling chariot and pair. However, what matters it? the jewel can derive no lustre or value from the casket!"

"Yes—but one always likes to have some kind of idea of the setting. Get on."

"She seemed in great distress, and inquired whether there were any

letters at the post-office addressed to the Honourable Dorothea Percy. No such epistle was to be found. She then interrogated the landlord, whether an elderly lady, whose appearance she minutely described, had been seen in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh; but except old Mrs Slammingham of Summertrees, who has been bed-ridden for years, there was nobody in the county who at all answered to the description. On hearing this, the lady seemed profoundly agitated—shut herself up in a private parlour, and refused all sustenance."

"Had she not a reticule with sandwiches, Tom?"

"Do not tempt me to commit justifiable homicide—you see I am in the act of shaving.—At last the landlady, who is a most respectable person, and who felt deeply interested at the desolate situation of the poor young lady, ventured to solicit an interview. She was admitted. There are moments when the sympathy of even the humblest friend is precious. Miss Percy felt grateful for the interest so displayed, and confided the tale of her griefs to the matronly bosom of the hostess."

"And she told you?"

"No,—but she told Baillie Beerie. That active magistrate thought it his duty to interfere. He waited upon Miss Percy, and from her lips he gathered the full particulars of her history. Percy is not her real name, but she is the daughter of an English peer of very ancient family. Her father having married a second time, Dorothea was exposed to the persecutions of a low-minded vulgar woman, whose whole ideas were of that mean and mercenary description which characterise the Caucasian race. Naomi Shekels was the offspring of a Jew, and she hated, whilst she envied, the superior charms of the noble Norman maiden. But she had gained an enormous supremacy over the wavering intellect of the elderly Viscount; and Dorothea was commanded to receive, with submission, the addresses of a loathsome apostate, who had made a prodigious fortune in the railways."

"One of the tribe of Issachar?"

"Exactly. A miscreant whose natural function was the vending of cast

habiliments. Conceive, Fred, what the fair young creature must have felt at the bare idea of such shocking sponsals! She besought, prayed, implored,—but all in vain. Mammon had taken too deep a root in the paternal heart,—the old coronet had been furbished up by means of Israelitish gold, and the father could not see any degradation in forcing upon his child an alliance similar to his own."

"You interest me excessively."

"Is it not a strange tale?" continued Thomas, adjusting a false collar round his neck. "I knew you would agree with me when I came to the pathetic part. Well, Fred, the altar was decked, the ornaments ready, the Rabbi bespoke —"

"Do you mean to say, Strachan, that Lady Dorothea was to have been married after the fashion of the Jews?"

"I don't know exactly. I think Beerie said it was a Rabbi; but that may have been a flight of his own imagination. However, somebody was ready to have tied the nuptial knot, and all the joys of existence, and its hopes, were about to fade for ever from the vision of my poor Dorothea!"

"*Your Dorothea!*" cried I in amazement. "Why, Tom—you don't mean to insinuate that you have gone that length already?"

"Did I say mine?" repeated Strachan, looking somewhat embarrassed. "It was a mere figure of speech: you always take one up so uncommonly short.—Nothing remained for her but flight, or submission to the cruel mandate. Like a heroic girl, in whose veins the blood of the old crusaders was bounding, she preferred the former alternative. The only relation to whom she could apply in so delicate a juncture, was an aged aunt, residing somewhere in the north of Scotland. To her she wrote, beseeching her, as she regarded the memory of her buried sister, to receive her miserable child; and she appointed this town, Jedburgh, as the place of meeting."

"But where's the aunt?"

"That's just the mysterious part of the business. The crisis was so imminent that Dorothea could not wait for a reply. She disguised her—

self,—packed up a few jewels which had been bequeathed to her by her mother,—and, at the dead of night, escaped from her father's mansion. Judge of her terror when, on arriving here, panting and perhaps pursued, she could obtain no trace whatever of her venerable relative. Alone, inexperienced and unfriended, I tremble to think what might have been her fate, had it not been for the kind humanity of Beerie."

"And what was the Bailie's line of conduct?"

"He behaved to her, Fred, like a parent. He supplied her wants, and invited her to make his house her home, at least until the aunt should appear. But the noble creature would not subject herself to the weight of so many obligations. She accepted, indeed, his assistance, but preferred remaining here, until she could place herself beneath legitimate guardianship. And doubtless," continued Strachan with fervour, "her good angel is watching over her."

"And this is the whole story?"

"The whole."

"Do you know, Tom, it looks uncommonly like a piece of deliberate humbug!"

"Your ignorance misleads you, Fred. You would not say so had you seen her. So sweet—so gentle—with such a tinge of melancholy resignation in her eye, like that of a virgin martyr about to suffer at the stake! No one could look upon her for a moment, and doubt her purity and truth."

"Perhaps. But you must allow that we are not living exactly in the ages of romance. An elopement with an officer of dragoons is about the farthest extent of legitimate enterprise which is left to a modern damsel; and, upon my word, I think the story would have told better, had some such hero been inserted as a sort of counterpoise to the Jew. But what's the matter? Have you lost any thing?"

"It is very odd!" said Strachan, "I am perfectly certain that I had on my emerald studs last night. I recollect that Dorothea admired them exceedingly. Where on earth can I have put them?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I suspect, Tom, you and the Bailie were rather

convivial after supper. Is your watch wound up?"

"Of course it is. I assure you you are quite wrong. It was a mere matter of four or five tumblers. Very odd this! Why—I can't find my watch neither!"

"Hallo! what the deuce! Have we fallen into a den of thieves? This is a nice beginning to our circuit practice."

"I could swear, Fred, that I put it below my pillow before I went to sleep. I remember, now, that it was some time before I could fit in the key. What can have become of it?"

"And you have not left your room since?"

"No, on my word of honour!"

"Pooh—pooh! Then it can't possibly be gone. Look beneath the bolster."

But in vain did we search beneath bolster, mattress, and blankets; yea, even downwards to the fundamental straw. Not a trace was to be seen of Cox Savory's horizontal lever, jewelled, as Tom pathetically remarked, in four special holes, and warranted to go for a year without more than a minute's deviation. Neither were the emerald studs, the pride of Strachan's heart, forthcoming. Boots, chambermaid, and waiter were collectively summoned—all assisted in the search, and all asseverated their own integrity.

"Are ye sure, sir, that ye brocht them hame?" said the waiter, an acute lad, who had served his apprenticeship at a commercial tavern in the Gorbals; "Ye was gey an' fou when ye cam in here yestreen."

"What do you mean, you rascal?"

"Ye ken ye wadna gang to bed till ye had anither tumbler."

"Don't talk trash! It was the weakest cold-without in the creation."

"And then ye had a sair fecht on politics wi' anither man in the coffee-room."

"Ha! I remember now—the bagman, who is a member of the League! Where is the commercial villain?"

"He gaed aff at sax preceesely, this morning, in his gig, to Kelso."

"Then, by the head of Thistlewood!" cried Strachan, frantically, "my ticker will be turned into tracts against the corn-laws!"

"Hoot na!" said the waiter, "I canna think that. He looked an unco respectable-like man."

"No man can be respectable," replied the aristocratic Thomas, "who sports such infernal opinions as I heard him utter last night. My poor studs! Fred.—they were a gift from Mary Rivers before we quarrelled, and I would not have lost them for the universe! Only think of them being exposed for sale at a free-trade bazar!"

"Come, Tom—they may turn up yet."

"Never in this world, except at a pawnbroker's. I could go mad to think that my last memorial of Mary is in all probability glittering in the unclean shirt of a bagman!"

"Had you not better apply to the Fiscal?"

"For what purpose? Doubtless the scoundrel has driven off to the nearest railway, and is triumphantly counting the mile-posts as he steams to his native Leeds. No, Fred. Both watch and studs are gone beyond the hope of redemption."

"The loss is certainly a serious one."

"No doubt of it: but a thought strikes me. You recollect the edict, *nauta, capones, stabularii*? I have not studied the civil law for nothing, and am clearly of opinion, that in such a case the landlord is liable."

"By Jove! I believe you are right. But it would be as well to turn up Shaw and Dunlop for a precedent before you make any row about it. Besides, it may be rather difficult to establish that you lost them at the inn."

"If they only refer the matter to my oath, I can easily settle that point," replied Strachan. "Besides, now that I think of it, Miss Percy can speak to the watch. She asked me what o'clock it was just before we parted on the stairs."

"Eh, what! Is the lady in this house?"

"To be sure—did I not tell you so?"

"I say, Tom—couldn't you contrive to let one have a peep at this angel of yours?"

"Quite impossible. She is the shyest creature in the world, and would shrink from the sight of a stranger."

"But, my dear Tom——"

"I can't do it, I tell you; so it's no use asking me."

"Well, I must say you are abominably selfish. But what on earth are you going to do with that red and blue Joinville? You can't go down to court without a white neckcloth."

"I am not going down to court."

"Why, my good fellow! what on earth is the meaning of this?"

"I am not going down to court, that's all. I say, Fred., how do I look in this sort of thing?"

"Uncommonly like a cock-pheasant in full plumage. But tell me what you mean?"

"Why, since you must needs know, I am going up stairs to breakfast with Miss Percy."

So saying, Mr Strachan made me a polite bow, and left the apartment. I took my solitary way to the court-house, marvelling at the extreme rapidity of the effect which is produced by the envenomed darts of Cupid.

CHAPTER II.

On entering the court, I found that the business had commenced. An enormous raw-boned fellow, with a shock of the fieriest hair, and hands of such dimensions that a mere glimpse of them excited unpleasant sensations at your windpipe, was stationed at the bar, to which, from previous practice, he had acquired a sort of prescriptive right.

"James M'Wilkin, or Wilkinson, or Wilson," said the presiding judge, in a tone of disgust which heightened

with each successive alias, "attend to the indictment which is about to be preferred against you."

And certainly, if the indictment contained a true statement of the facts, James M'Wilkin, or Wilkinson, or Wilson was about as thoroughpaced a marauder as ever perambulated a common. He was charged with sheep-stealing and assault; inasmuch as, on a certain night subsequent to the Kelso fair, he, the said individual with the plural denominations, did wickedly

and feloniously steal, uplift, and away take from a field adjoining to the Northumberland road, six wethers, the property, or in the lawful possession of, Jacob Gubbins, grazier, then and now or lately residing in Morpeth; and moreover, on being followed by the said Gubbins, who demanded restitution of his property, he, the said M'Wilkin, &c., had, in the most brutal manner, struck, knocked down, and lavished divers kicks upon the corporality of the Northumbrian bumpkin, to the fracture of three of his ribs, and otherwise to the injury of his person.

During the perusal of this formidable document by the clerk, M'Wilkin stood scratching his poll, and leering about him as though he considered the whole ceremony as a sort of solemn joke. I never in the course of my life cast eyes on a more nonchalant or unmitigated ruffian.

"How do you say, M'Wilkin," asked the judge; "are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, aff course. D'ye tak me for a fule?" and M'Wilkin flounced down upon his seat, as though he had been an ornament to society.

"Have you a counsel?" asked the judge.

"De'il ane—nor a bawbee," replied the freebooter.

Acting upon the noble principle of Scottish jurisprudence, that no man shall undergo his trial without sufficient legal advice, his lordship in the kindest manner asked me to take charge of the fortunes of the forlorn M'Wilkin. Of course I made no scruples; for, so long as it was matter of practice, I should have felt no hesitation in undertaking the defence of Beelzebub. I therefore leaned across the dock, and exchanged a few hurried sentences with my first client.

"Why don't you plead guilty?"

"What for? I've been here before. Man, I'm thinking ye're a saft ane!"

"Did you not steal the sheep?"

"Ay—that's just the question. Let them find that out."

"But the grazier saw you?"

"I blackened his e'es."

"You'll be transported to a dead certainty."

"Deevil a fears, if ye're worth the price o' half a mutchkin. I'm saying

—get me a Hawick jury, and it's a' richt. They ken me gey and weel thereabouts."

Although I was by no means satisfied in my own mind that an intimate acquaintance with M'Wilkin and his previous pursuits would be a strong recommendation in his favour to any possible assize, I thought it best to follow his instructions, and managed my challenges so well that I secured a majority of Hawickers. The jury being sworn in, the cause proceeded; and certainly, before three witnesses had been examined, it appeared to me beyond all manner of doubt, that, in the language of Tom Campbell, my unfortunate client was

"Doom'd the long coves of Sydney isle to see,"

as a permanent addition to that cultivated and Patagonian population. The grazier stood to his story like a man, and all efforts to break him down by cross-examination were fruitless. There was also another hawbuck who swore to the sheep, and was witness to the assault; so that, in fact, the evidence was legally complete.

Whilst I was occupied in the vain attempt to make Gubbins contradict himself, there had been a slight commotion in the court-room. On looking round afterwards, I was astonished to behold my friend Strachan seated in the magistrate's box, next to a very pretty and showily-dressed woman, to whom he was paying the most marked and deliberate attention. On the other side of her was an individual in a civic chain, whose fat, pursy, apoplectic appearance, and nose of the colour of an Orleans plum, thoroughly realised my mental picture of the Bailie. His small, blood-shot eyes twinkled with magisterial dignity and importance; and he looked, beside Miss Percy—for I could not doubt that it was she—like a satyr in charge of Florimel.

The last witness for the crown, a very noted police officer from Glasgow, was then put into the box, to prove a previous conviction against my friend M'Wilkin. This man bore a high reputation in his calling, and was, indeed, esteemed as a sort of Scottish Vidocq, who knew by headmark every filcher of a handkerchief between Caithness and the Border. He met

the bold broad stare of the prisoner with a kind of nod, as much as to assure him that his time was very nearly up; and then deliberately proceeded to take a hawk's-eye view of the assembly. I noticed a sort of quiet sneer as he glanced at the Magistrate's box.

"Poor Strachan!" thought I. "His infatuation must indeed be palpable, since even a common officer can read his secret in a moment."

I might just as well have tried to shake Ailsa Craig as to make an impression upon this witness; however, heroically devoted to my trust, I hazarded the attempt, and ended by bringing out several additional tales of turpitude in the life and times of M'Wilkin.

"Make room there in the passage! The lady has fainted," cried the macer.

I started to my feet, and was just in time to see Miss Percy conveyed from the court in an apparently inanimate state, by the Bailie and the agitated Strachan.

"Devilish fine-looking woman that!" observed the Advocate-Depute across the table. "Where did your friend Mr Strachan get hold of her?"

"I really don't know. I say—are you going to address the jury for the crown?"

"It is quite immaterial. The case is distinctly proved, and I presume you don't intend to speak?"

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Oh, well,—in that case I suppose I must say a word or two. This closes the evidence for the crown, my lord," and the Depute began to turn over his papers preparatory to a short harangue.

He had just commenced his speech, when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder. I looked around: Strachan was behind me, pale and almost breathless with excitement.

"Fred—can I depend upon your friendship?"

"Of course you can. What's the row?"

"Have you ten pounds about you?"

"Yes—but what do you mean to do with them? Surely you are not going to make a blockhead of yourself by bolting?"

"No—no! give me the money—quick!"

"On your word of honour, Tom?"

"On my sacred word of honour!—That's a good fellow—thank you, Fred:" and Strachan pocketed the currency. "Now," said he, "I have just one other request to make."

"What's that?"

"Speak against time, there's a dear fellow! Spin out the case as long as you can, and don't let the jury retire for at least three quarters of an hour. I know you can do it better than any other man at the bar."

"Are you in earnest, Tom?"

"Most solemnly. My whole future happiness—nay, perhaps the life of a human being depends upon it."

"In that case I think I shall tip them an hour."

"Heaven reward you, Fred! I never can forget your kindness!"

"But where shall I see you afterwards?"

"At the hotel. Now, my dear boy, be sure that you pitch it in, and, if possible, get the judge to charge after you. Time's all that's wanted—adieu!" and Tom disappeared in a twinkling.

I had little leisure to turn over the meaning of this interview in my mind, for the address of my learned opponent was very short and pithy. He merely pointed out the clear facts, as substantiated by evidence, and brought home to the unhappy M'Wilkin; and concluded by demanding a verdict on both charges contained in the indictment against the prisoner.

"Do you wish to say any thing, sir?" said the judge to me, with a kind of tone which indicated his hope that I was going to say nothing. Doubtless his lordship thought that, as a very young counsel, I would take the hint; but he was considerably mistaken in his man. I came to the bar for practice—I went on the circuit with the solemn determination to speak in every case, however desperate; and it needed not the admonition of Strachan to make me carry my purpose into execution. What did I care about occupying the time of the court? His lordship was paid to listen, and could very well afford to hear the man who was pleading for M'Wilkin without a fee. I must say, however, that he looked somewhat disgusted when I rose.

A first appearance is a nervous thing, but there is nothing like going boldly at your subject. "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*," is a capital maxim in the Justiciary Court. The worse your case, the less chance you have to spoil it; and I never had a worse than M'Wilkin's.

I began by buttering the jury on their evident intelligence and the high functions they had to discharge, which of course were magnified to the skies. I then went slap-dash at the evidence; and, as I could say nothing in favour of my client, directed a tremendous battery of abuse and insinuation against his accuser.

"And who is this Gubbins, gentlemen, that you should believe this most incredible, most atrocious, and most clumsy apocrypha of his? I will tell you. He is an English butcher—a dealer in cattle and in bestial—one of those men who derive their whole subsistence from the profits realised by the sale of our native Scottish produce. This is the way in which our hills are depopulated, and our glens converted into solitudes. It is for him and his confederates—not for us—that our shepherds watch and toil, that our herds and flocks are reared, that the richness of the land is absorbed! And who speaks to the character of this Gubbins? You have heard the pointless remarks made by my learned friend upon the character of my unfortunate client; but he has not dared to adduce in this court one single witness in behalf of the character of his witness. Gentlemen, he durst not do it! Gubbins has deposed to you that he bought those sheep at the fair of Kelso, from a person of the name of Shiells, and that he paid the money for them. Where is the evidence of that? Where is Shiells to tell us whether he actually sold these sheep, or whether on the contrary they were not stolen from him? Has it been proved to you, gentlemen, that M'Wilkin is not a friend of Shiells—that he did not receive notice of the theft—that he did not pursue the robber, and, recognising the stolen property by their mark, seize them for the benefit of their owner? No such proof at least has been led upon the part of the crown, and in the absence of it,

I ask you fearlessly, whether you can possibly violate your consciences by returning a verdict of guilty? Is it not possible—nay, is it not extremely probable, that Gubbins was the actual thief? Was it not his interest, far more than M'Wilkin's, to abstract those poor unhappy sheep, because it is avowedly his trade to fill the insatiable maw of the Southron? And in that case, who should be at the bar? Gubbins! Gubbins, I say, who this day has the unparalleled audacity to appear before an enlightened Scottish jury, and to give evidence which, in former times, might have led to the awful consequence of the execution of an innocent man! And this is what my learned friend calls evidence! Evidence to condemn a fellow-countryman, gentlemen? No—not to condemn a dog!"

Having thus summarily disposed of Gubbins, I turned my artillery against the attendant drover and the policeman. The first I indignantly denounced as either an accomplice or a tool: the second I smote more severely. Policemen are not popular in Hawick; and, knowing this, I contrived to blacken the Scottish Vidocq as a bloodhound.

But by far the finest flight of fancy in which I indulged was reserved for the peroration. I was not quite sure of the effect of my commentary on the evidence, and therefore thought it might be advisable to touch upon a national raw.

"And now, gentlemen," said I, "assuming for one moment that all my learned friend has said to you is true—that the sheep really belonged to this Gubbins, and were taken from him by M'Wilkin—let us calmly and deliberately consider how far such a proceeding can be construed into a crime. What has my unfortunate client done that he should be condemned by a jury of his countrymen? What he stands charged with is simply this—that he has prevented an Englishman from driving away the produce of our native hills. And is this a crime? It may be so, for aught I know, by statute; but sure I am, that in the intention, to which alone you must look, there lies a far deeper element of patriotism than of deliberate guilt. Think for

one moment, gentlemen, of the annals of which we are so proud—of the ballads still chanted in the hall and in the hamlet—of the lonely graves and headstones that are scattered all along the surface of the southern muirs. Do not these annals tell us how the princes and the nobles of the land were wont to think it neither crime nor degradation to march with their retainers across the Borders, and to harry with fire and sword the fields of Northumberland and Durham? Randolph and the Bruce have done it, and yet no one dares to attach the stigma of dishonour to their names. Do not our ballads tell how at Lammastide,

‘The doughty Earl of Douglas rode
Into England to fetch a prey?’

And who shall venture to impeach the honour of the hero who fell upon the field of Otterbourne? Need I remind you of those who have died in their country's cause, and whose graves are still made the object of many a pious pilgrimage? Need I speak of Flodden, that woful place where the Flowers of the Forest were left lying in one ghastly heap around their king? Ah, gentlemen! have I touched you now? True, it was in the olden time that these things were done and celebrated; but remember this, that society may change its place, states and empires may rise and be consolidated, but patriotism still lives enduring and undying as of yore! And who shall dare to say that patriotism was not the motive of M'Wilkin? Who shall presume to analyse or to blame the instinct which may have driven him to the deed? Call him not a felon—call him rather a poet; for over his kindling imagination fell the mighty shadow of the past. Old thoughts, old feelings, old impulses, were burning in his soul. He saw in Gubbins, not the grazier, but the lawless spoiler of his country; and he rose, as a Borderer should, to vindicate the honour of his race. He may have been mistaken in what he did, but the motive, at least, was pure. Honour it then, gentlemen, for it is the same motive which is at all times the best safeguard of a nation's independence; and do honour likewise to yourselves by pronouncing a unanimous verdict of

acquittal in favour of the prisoner at the bar!”

By the time I had finished this harangue, I was wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that I really considered M'Wilkin in the light of an extremely ill-used individual, and the tears stood in my eyes as I recapitulated the history of his wrongs. Several of the jury, too, began to get extremely excited, and looked as fierce as falcons when I reminded them of the field of Flodden. But my hopes were considerably damped when I heard the charge of his lordship. With all respect for the eminent senator who that day presided on the bench, I think he went rather too far when he designated my maiden-effort a rhapsody which could only be excused on account of the inexperience of the gentleman who uttered it. Passing from that unpleasant style of stricture, he went *seriatim* over all the crimes of M'Wilkin, and very distinctly indicated his opinion that a more consummate ruffian had seldom figured in the dock. When he concluded, however, there was a good deal of whispering in the jury-box, and at last the gentlemen of the assize requested permission to retire.

“That was a fine flare-up of yours, Freddy,” said Anthony Whaup, the only other counsel for the prisoners upon the circuit. “You came it rather strong, though, in the national line. I don't think our venerable friend overhead half likes your ideas of international law.”

“Why, yes—I confess he gave me a tolerable wiggling. But what would you have me do? I must have said something.”

“Oh, by Jove, you were perfectly right! I always make a point of speaking myself; and I can assure you that you did remarkably well. It was a novel view, but decidedly ingenious, and may lead to great results. If that fellow gets off, you may rely upon it there will be some bloodshed again upon the Border.”

“And a jolly calendar, of course, for next circuit. I say, Anthony,—how many cases have you got?”

“Two thefts with habit and repute, a hame-sucken, rather a good forgery, and an assault with intent to commit.”

"Long?"

"Rather—but poor pay. I haven't sacked more than nine guineas altogether. Gad!" continued Anthony, stretching himself, "this is slow work. I'd rather by a great deal be rowing on the canal."

"Hush! here come the jury."

They entered, took their seats, and each man in succession answered to his name. I stole a glance at M'Wilkin. He looked as leonine as ever, and kept winking perseveringly to the Hawickers.

"Now, gentlemen," said the clerk of court, "what is your verdict?"

The foreman rose.

"The jury, by a majority, find the charges against the prisoner **NOT PROVEN.**"

"Hurrah!" shouted M'Wilkin, reckless of all authority. "Hurrah! I say—you counsellor in the wig—ye shanna want a sheep's head thae three years, if there's ane to be had on the Border!"

And in this way I gained my first acquittal.

CHAPTER III.

I found Strachan in his room with his face buried in the bed-clothes. He was kicking his legs as though he suffered under a violent fit of the toothache.

"I say, Tom, what's the matter? Look up, man! Do you know I've got that scoundrel off?"

No answer.

"Tom, I say! Tom, you dunder-head—what do you mean by making an ass of yourself this way? Get up, for shame, and answer me!"

Poor Strachan raised his head from the coverlet. His eyes were absolutely pink, and his cheeks of the tint of a lemon.

"O Fred, Fred!" said he with a series of interjectional gasps. "I am the most unfortunate wretch in the universe. All the hopes I had formerly cherished are blighted at once in the bud! She is gone, my friend—gone away from me, and, alas! I fear for ever!"

"The deuce she has! and how?"

"Oh what madness tempted me to lead her to the court?—what infatuation it was to expose those angelic features to the risk of recognition! Who that ever saw those dove-like eyes could forget them?"

"I have no objection to the eyes—they were really very passable. But who twigg'd her?"

"An emissary of her father's—that odious miscreant who was giving evidence at the trial."

"The policeman? Whew! Tom!—I don't like that."

"He was formerly the land-steward of the Viscount;—a callous, cruel wretch, who was more than sus-

pected of having made away with his wife."

"And did he recognise her?"

"Dorothea says that she felt fascinated by the glitter of his cold gray eye. A shuddering sensation passed through her frame, just as the poor warbler of the woods quivers at the approach of the rattle-snake. A dark mist gathered before her sight, and she saw no more until she awoke to consciousness within my arms."

"Very pretty work, truly! And what then?"

"In great agitation, she told me that she durst tarry no longer here. She was certain that the officer would make it his business to track her, and communicate her hiding-place to her family; and she shook with horror when she thought of the odious Israelitish bridegroom. 'The caverns of the deep green sea—the high Tarpeian rock—the Leucadian cliff of Sappho,'—she said, 'all would be preferable to that! And yet, O Thomas, to think that we should have met so suddenly, and that to part for ever!' 'Pon my soul, Fred, I am the most miserable of created beings.'"

"Why, what on earth has become of her?"

"Gone—and I don't know whither. She would not even apprise the Bailie of her departure, lest she might leave some clue for discovery. She desired me to see him, to thank him, and to pay him for her,—all of which I promised to do. With one kiss—one deep, burning, agonised kiss, which I shall carry with me to my grave—she tore herself away, sprang into the postchaise, and in

another moment was lost to me for ever!"

"And my ten pounds?" said I, in a tone of considerable emotion.

"Would you have had me think twice," asked Strachan indignantly, "before I tendered my assistance to a forlorn angel in distress, even though she possessed no deeper claims on my sympathy? I thought, Frederick, you had more chivalry in your nature. You need not be uneasy about that trifle;—I shall be in funds some time about Christmas."

"Humph! I thought it was a P. P. transaction, but no matter. And is this all the clue you have got to the future residence of the lady?"

"No,—she is to write me from the nearest post-town. You will see, Fred, when the letter arrives, how well worthy she is of my adoration."

I have found, by long experience, that it is no use remonstrating with a man who is head-over-ears in love. The tender passion affects us differently, according to our constitutions. One set of fellows, who are generally the pleasantest, seldom get beyond the length of flirtation. They are always at it, but constantly changing, and therefore manage to get through a tolerable catalogue of attachments before they are finally brought to book. Such men are quite able to take care of themselves, and require but little admonition. You no doubt hear them now and then abused for trifling with the affections of young women—as if the latter had themselves the slightest remorse in playing precisely the same game!—but in most cases such censure is undeserved, for they are quite as much in earnest as their neighbours, so long as the impulse lasts. The true explanation is, that they have survived their first passion, and that their faith is somewhat shaken in the boyish creed of the absolute perfectibility of woman. The great disappointment of life does not make them misanthropes—but it forces them to caution, and to a closer appreciation of character than is usually undertaken in the first instance. They have become, perhaps, more selfish—certainly more suspicious, and though often on the verge of a proposal, they never commit themselves without an extreme degree of deliberation.

Another set seem designed by nature to be the absolute victims of woman. Whenever they fall in love, they do it with an earnestness and an obstinacy which is actually appalling. The adored object of their affections can twine them round her finger, quarrel with them, cheat them, caricature them, or flirt with others, without the least risk of severing the triple cord of attachment. They become as tame as poodle-dogs, will submit patiently to any manner of cruelty or caprice, and in fact seem rather to be grateful for such treatment than otherwise. Clever women usually contrive to secure a captive of this kind. He is useful to them in a hundred ways, never interferes with their schemes, and, if the worst comes to the worst, they can always fall back upon him as a *pis-aller*.

My friend Tom Strachan belonged decidedly to this latter section. Mary Rivers, a remarkably clever and very showy girl, but as arrant a flirt as ever wore rosebud in her bosom, had engrossed the whole of his heart before he reached the reflecting age of twenty, and kept him for nearly five years in a state of uncomplaining bondage. Not that I believe she ever cared about him. Tom was as poor as a church-mouse, and had nothing on earth to look to except the fruits of his professional industry, which, judging from all appearances, would be a long time indeed in ripening. Mary was not the sort of person to put up with love in a cottage, even had Tom's circumstances been adequate to defray the rent of a tenement of that description: she had a vivid appreciation not only of the substantials, but of the higher luxuries of existence. But her vanity was flattered at having in her train at least one devoted dangler, whom she could play off, whenever opportunity required, against some more valuable admirer. Besides, Strachan was a man of family, tall, good-looking, and unquestionably clever in his way: he also danced the polka well, and was useful in the ball-room or the pic-nic. So Mary Rivers kept him on in a kind of blissful dream, just sunning him sufficiently with her smiles to make him believe that he was beloved, but never allowing matters to go so far as

to lead to the report that they were engaged. Tom asked for nothing more. He was quite contented to indulge for years in a dream of future bliss, and wrote during the interval a great many more sonnets than summonses. Unfortunately sonnets don't pay well, so that his worldly affairs did not progress at any remarkable ratio. And he only awoke to a sense of his real situation, when Miss Rivers, having picked a quarrel with him one day in the Zoological Gardens, announced on the next to her friends that she had accepted the hand of a bilious East India merchant.

Tom made an awful row about it—grew as attenuated and brown as an eel—and garnished his conversation with several significant hints about suicide. He was, however, saved from that ghastly alternative by being drafted into a Rowing Club, who plied their gondolas daily on the Union Canal. Hard exercise, beer, and pulling had their usual sanatory effect, and Tom gradually recovered his health, if not his spirits.

It was at this very crisis that he fell in with this mysterious Miss Percy. There was an immense hole in his affections which required to be filled up; and, as nature abhors a vacuum, he plugged it with the image of Dorothea. The flight, therefore, of the fair levanter, after so brief an intercourse, was quite enough to upset him. He was in the situation of a man who is informed over-night that he has succeeded to a large fortune, and who gets a letter next morning explaining that it is a mere mistake. I was therefore not at all astonished either at his paroxysms or his credulity.

We had rather a dreary dinner that day. The judges always entertain the first day of circuit, and it is considered matter of etiquette that the counsel should attend. Sometimes these forensic feeds are pleasant enough; but on the present occasion there was a visible damp thrown over the spirits of the party. His lordship was evidently savage at the unforeseen escape of M^r Wilkin, and looked upon me, as I thought, with somewhat of a prejudiced eye. Bailie Beerie and the other magistrates seemed uneasy at their unusual proximity to a personage who had the power of death and transportation, and

therefore abstained from emitting the accustomed torrent of civic facetiousness. One of the sheriffs wanted to be off on a cruise, and another was unwell with the gout. The Depute Advocate was fagged; Whaup surly as a bear with a sore ear, on account of the tenuity of his fees; and Strachan, of course, in an extremely un-conversational mood. So I had nothing for it but to eat and drink as plentifully as I could, and very thankful I was that the claret was tolerably sound.

We rose from table early. As I did not like to leave Tom to himself in his present state of mind, we adjourned to his room for the purpose of enjoying a cigar; and there, sure enough, upon the table lay the expected missive. Strachan dashed at it like a pike pouncing upon a parr; I lay down upon the sofa, lit my weed, and amused myself by watching his physiognomy.

"Dear suffering angel!" said Tom at last, with a sort of whimper, "Destiny has done its worst! We have parted, and the first fond dream of our love has vanished before the cold and dreary dawn of reality! O my friend—we were like the two birds in the Oriental fable, each doomed to traverse the world before we could encounter our mate—we met, and almost in the same hour the thunderbolt burst above us!"

"Yes—two very nice birds," said I. "But what does she say in the letter?"

"You may read it," replied Tom, and he handed me the epistle. It was rather a superior specimen of penmanship, and I don't choose to criticise the style. Its tenor was as follows:—

"I am hardly yet, my dear friend, capable of estimating the true extent of my emotions. Like the buoyant seaweed torn from its native bed among the submarine forest of the corals, I have been tossed from wave to wave, hurried onwards by a stream more resistless than that which sweeps through the Gulf of Labrador, and far—far away as yet is the wished-for haven of my rest. Hitherto my life has been a tissue of calamity and wo. Over my head since childhood, has stretched a dull and dreary canopy of clouds, shutting me out for ever from a glimpse of the blessed sun. Once, and but once

only have I seen a chasm in that envious veil—only once and for a few, a *very* few moments, have I gazed upon the blue empyrean, and felt my heart expand and thrill to the glories of its liquid lustre. That once—oh, Mr Strachan, can I ever forget it?—that once comprises the era of the few hours which were the silent witnesses of our meeting!

"Am I weak in writing to you thus? Perhaps I am; but then, Thomas, I have never been taught to dissemble. Did I, however, think it probable that we should ever meet again—that I should hear from your lips a repetition of that language which now is chronicled in my soul—it may be that I would not have dared to risk an avowal so candid and so dear! As it is, it matters not. You have been my benefactor, my kind consoler—my friend. You have told me that you love; and in the fulness and native simplicity of my heart, I believe you. And if it be any satisfaction to you to know that your sentiments have been at least appreciated, believe that of all the pangs which the poor Dorothea has suffered, this last agony of parting has been incomparably the most severe.

"You asked me if there was no hope. Oh, my Thomas! what would I not give could I venture to answer, yes? But it cannot be! You are young and happy, and will yet be fortunate and beloved: why, then, should I permit so fair an existence to be blighted by the upas-tree of destiny under which I am doomed to languish? You shall not say that I am selfish—you shall not hereafter reproach me for having permitted you to share a burden too great for both of us to carry. You must learn the one great lesson of existence, to submit and to forget!

"I am going far away, to the margin of that inhospitable shore which receives upon its rocks the billows of the unbroken Atlantic—or haply, amongst the remoter isles, I shall listen to the seamew's cry. Do not weep for me. Amidst the myriad of bright and glowing things which flutter over the surface of this green creation, let one feeble, choking, overburdened heart be forgotten! Follow me not—seek me not—for, like the mermaid on the approach of the mari-

ner, I should shrink from the face of man into the glassy caverns of the deep.

"Adieu, Thomas, adieu! Say what you will for me to the noble and generous Beerie. Would to heaven that I could send him some token in return for all his kindness, but a good and gallant heart is its own most adequate reward.

"They are putting to the horses—I can hear the rumble of the chariot! Oh, once more, dear friend—alas, too inexpressibly dear!—take my last farewell. Adieu—my heart is breaking as I write the bitter word!—forget me.

DOROTHEA."

"Do you wonder at my sorrow now?" said Strachan, as I laid down the passionate epistle.

"Why, no. It is well got up upon the whole, and does credit to the lady's erudition. But I don't see why she should insist so strongly upon eternal separation. Have you no idea whereabouts that aunt of hers may happen to reside?"

"Not the slightest."

"Because, judging from her letter, it must be somewhere about Benbecula or Tiree. I shouldn't even wonder if she had a summer box on St Kilda."

"Right! I did not think of that—you observe she speaks of the remoter isles."

"To be sure, and for half a century there has not been a mermaid seen to the east of the Lewis. Now, take my advice, Tom—don't make a fool of yourself in the meantime, but wait until the Court of Session rises in July. That will allow plenty of time for matters to settle; and if the old Viscount and that abominable Abiram don't find her out before then, you may depend upon it they will abandon the search. In the interim, the lady will have cooled. Walks upon the sea-shore are uncommonly dull without something like reciprocal sentimentality. The odds are, that the old aunt is addicted to snuff, tracts, and the distribution of flannel, and before August, the fair Dorothea will be yearning for a sight of her adorer. You can easily gammon Anthony Whaup into a loan of that yacht of his which he makes such a boast of; and if you go prudently about it, and flatter him on the score of his steering,

I haven't the least doubt that he will victual his hooker and give you a cruise in it for nothing."

"Admirable, my dear Fred! We shall touch at all the isles from Iona to Uist; and if Miss Percy be indeed there—"

"You can carry her off on five minutes' notice, and our long friend will be abundantly delighted. Only, mind this! If you want my candid opinion on the wisdom of such an alliance, I should strongly recommend you to meddle no farther in the matter, for I have my doubts about the Honourable Dorothea, and——"

"Bah, Fred! Doubts after such a letter as that? Impossible! No, my dear friend — your scheme is admirable—unexceptionable, and I shall certainly act upon it. But oh — it is a weary time till July!"

"Merely a short interval of green

pease and strawberries. I advise you, however, to fix down Whaup as early as you can for the cruise."

The hint was rapidly taken. We sent for our facetious friend, ordered supper, and in the course of a couple of tumblers, persuaded him that his knowledge of nautical affairs was not exceeded by that of T. P. Cooke, and that he was much deeper versed in the mysteries of sky-scraping than Fenimore Cooper. Whaup gave in. By dint of a little extra persuasion, I believe we might have coaxed him into a voyage for Otaheite; and before we parted for the evening it was agreed that Strachan should hold himself in readiness to start for the Western Islands about the latter end of July — Whaup being responsible for the provisions and champagne, whilst Tom pledged himself to cigars.

CHAPTER IV.

I never ascertained the exact amount of the sum which Tom handed over to the Bailie. It must, however, have been considerable, for he took to retrenching his expenditure, and never once dropped a hint about the ten pounds which I was so singularly verdant as to lend him. The summer session stole away as quickly as its predecessors, though not, in so far as I was concerned, quite as unprofitably, for I got a couple of Sheriff-court papers to draw in consequence of my M^r Wilkin appearance. Tom, however, was very low about himself, and affected solitude. He would not join in any of the strawberry lunches or fish dinners so attractive to the junior members of the bar; but frequented the Botanical Gardens, where he might be seen any fine afternoon, stretched upon the bank beside the pond, concealing sonnets, or inscribing the name of Dorothea upon the monument dedicated to Linnæus.

Time, however, stole on. The last man who was going to be married got his valedictory dinner at the close of session. Gowns were thrown off, wigs boxed up, and we all dispersed to the country wheresoever our inclination might lead us. I resolved to devote the earlier part of the vacation to the discovery of the town of Clack-

mannan—a place of which I had often heard, but which no human being whom I ever encountered had seen. Whaup was not oblivious of his promise, and Strachan clove unto him like a limpet.

We did not meet again until September was well-nigh over. In common with Strachan, I had adopted the resolution of changing my circuit, and henceforth adhering to Glasgow, which, from its superior supply of criminals, is the favourite resort of our young forensic aspirants. So I packed my portmanteau, invoked the assistance of Saint Rollox, and started for the balmy west.

The first man I met in George's Square was my own delightful Thomas. He looked rather thin; was fearfully sun-burned; had on a pair of canvass trousers most wofully bespattered with tar, and evidently had not shaved for a fortnight.

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow!" cried I, "can this possibly be you? What the deuce have you been doing with yourself? You look as hairy as Robinson Crusoe."

"You should see Whaup, — he's rather worse off than Friday. We have just landed at the Broomielaw, but I was obliged to leave Anthony in a tavern for fear we should be mob-

bed in the street. I'm off by the rail to Edinburgh, to get some decent toggery for us both. Lend me a pound-note, will you?"

"Certainly — that's eleven, you recollect. But what's the meaning of all this? Where is the yacht?"

"Safe — under twenty fathoms of dark blue water, at a place they call the Sneeshanish Islands. Catch me going out again, with Anthony as steersman!"

"No doubt he is an odd sort of Palinurus. But when did this happen?"

"Ten days ago. We were three days and nights upon the rock, with nothing to eat except two biscuits, raw mussels and tangle!"

"Mercy on us! and how did you get off?"

"In a kelp-boat from Harris. But I haven't time for explanation just now. Go down, like a good fellow, to the Broomielaw, No. 431 — you will find Anthony enjoying himself with beef steaks and bottled stout, in the back parlour of the Cat and Bagpipes. I must refer you to him for the details."

"One word more — you'll be back to the circuit?"

"Decidedly. To-morrow morning: as soon as I can get my things together."

"And the lady — What news of her?"

The countenance of Strachan fell.

"Ah, my dear friend! I wish you had not touched upon that string — you have set my whole frame a jarring. No trace of her — none — none! I fear I shall never see her more!"

"Come! don't be down-hearted. One never can tell what may happen. Perhaps you may meet her sooner than you think."

"You are a kind-hearted-fellow, Fred. But I've lost all hope. Nothing but a dreary existence is now before me, and — but, by Jupiter, there goes the starting bell!"

Tom vanished, like Aubrey's apparition, with a melodious twang, and a perceptible odour of tar; and so, being determined to expiscate the matter, I proceeded towards the Broomielaw, and in due time became master of the locality of the Cat and Bagpipes.

"Is there a Mr Whaup here?" I inquired of Mrs M'Tavish, the landlady, who was filling a gill-stoup at the bar.

"Here you are, old chap!" cried the hilarious voice of Anthony from an inner apartment. "Turn to the right, steer clear of the scrubbing brushes, and help yourself to a mouthful of Guinness."

I obeyed. Heavens, what a figure he was! His trowsers were rent both at the knees and elsewhere, and were kept together solely by means of whip-cord. His shirt had evidently not benefited by the removal of the excise duties upon soap, and was screened from the scrutiny of the beholder by an extempore paletot, fabricated out of sail-cloth, without the remotest apology for sleeves.

Anthony, however, looked well in health, and appeared to be in tremendous spirits.

"Tip us your fin, my old coxs'un!" said he, winking at me over the rim of an enormous pewter vessel which effectually eclipsed the lower segment of his visage. "Blessed if I ain't as glad to see you as one of Mother Carey's chickens in a squall."

"Come, Anthony! leave off your nautical nonsense, and talk like a man of the world. What on earth have you and Tom Strachan been after?"

"Nothing on earth, but a good deal on sea, and a trifle on as uncomfortable a section of basalt as ever served two unhappy buccaniers for bed, table, and sofa. The chilliness is not off me yet."

"But how did it happen?"

"Very simply: but I'll tell you all about it. It's a long story, though, so if you please I shall top off with something hot. I'm glad you've come, however, for I had some doubts how far this sort of original Petersham would inspire confidence as to my credit in the bosom of the fair M'Tavish. It's all right now, however, so here goes for my yarn."

But I shall not follow my friend through all the windings of his discourse, varied though it certainly was, like the adventures of the venerated Sinbad. Suffice it to say, that they were hardly out of sight of the Cumbræes before Tom confided the

whole tale of his sorrows to the callous Anthony, who, as he expressed it, had come out for a lark, and had no idea of rummaging the whole of the west coast and the adjacent islands for a petticoat. Moved, however, by the pathetic entreaties of Strachan, and, perhaps, somewhat reconciled to the quest by the dim vision of an elopement, Anthony magnanimously waived his objections, and the two kept cruising together, in a little shell of a yacht, all round the western Archipelago. Besides themselves, there were only a man and a boy on board.

"It was slow work," said Anthony,—"deucedly slow. I would not have minded the thing so much if Strachan had been reasonably sociable; but it was rather irksome, you will allow, when, after the boy had brought in the kettle, and we had made every thing snug for the night, Master Strachan began to maunder about the lady's eyes, and to tear his hair, and to call himself the most miserable dog in existence. I had serious thoughts, at one time, of leaving him ashore on Mull or Skye, and making off direct to the Orkneys; but good-nature was always my foible, so I went on, beating from one place to another, as though we had been looking for the wreck of the Florida.

"I'll never take another cruise with a lover so long as I live. Tom led me all manner of dances, and we were twice fired at from farm-houses where he was caterwauling beneath the windows with a guitar. It seems he had heard that flame of his sing a Spanish air at Jedburgh. Tom must needs pick it up, and you have no idea how he pestered me. Go where we would, he kept harping on that abominable ditty, in the hopes that his mistress might hear him; and, when I remonstrated on the absurdity of the proceeding, he quoted the case of Blondel, and some trash out of Uhland's ballads. Serenading on the west coast is by no means a pleasant pastime. The nights are as raw as an anchovy, and the midges particularly plentiful.

"Well, sir, we could find no trace of the lady after all. Strachan got into low spirits, and I confess that I was sometimes sulky—so we had an occasional blow up, which by no means added to the conviviality of the

voyage. One evening, just at sundown, we entered the Sound of Sneeshanish—an ugly place, let me tell you, at the best, but especially to be avoided in any thing like a gale of wind. The clouds in the horizon looked particularly threatening, and I got a little anxious, for I knew that there were some rocks about, and not a light-house in the whole of the district.

"In an hour or two it grew as dark as a wolf's throat. I could not for the life of me make out where we were, for the Sound is very narrow in some parts, and occasionally I thought that I could hear breakers ahead.

"'Tom,' said I, 'Tom, you lubber!'—for our esteemed friend was, as usual, lying on the deck, with a cigar in his mouth, twangling at that eternal guitar—'take hold of the helm, will you, for a minute, while I go down and look at the chart.'

"I was as cold as a cucumber; so, after having ascertained, as I best could, the bearings about the Sound, I rather think I *did* stop below for one moment—but not longer—just to mix a glass of swizzle by way of fortification, for I didn't expect to get to bed that night. All of a sudden I heard a shout from the bows, bolted upon deck, and there, sure enough, was a black object right ahead, with the surf shooting over it.

"'Luff, Tom! or we are all dead men;—Luff, I say!' shouted I. I might as well have called to a millstone. Tom was in a kind of trance.

"'O Dorothea!' said our friend.

"'To the devil with Dorothea!' roared I, snatching the tiller from his hand.

"It was too late. We went smash upon the rock, with a force that sent us headlong upon the deck, and Strachan staggered to his feet, bleeding profusely at the proboscis.

"Down came the sail rattling about our ears, and over lurched the yacht. I saw there was no time to lose, so I leaped at once upon the rock, and called upon the rest to follow me. They did so, and were lucky to escape with no more disaster than a ruffling of the cuticle on the basalt; for in two minutes more all was over. Some of the timbers had been staved in at the first concussion. She rapidly filled,—and down went, before my eyes, the *Caption*, the tidiest little

craft that ever pitched her broadside into the hull of a Frenchman!"

"Very well told indeed," said I, "only, Anthony, it does strike me that the last paragraph is not quite original. I've heard something like it in my younger days, at the Adelphi. But what became of you afterwards?"

"Faith, we were in a fix, as you may easily conceive. All we could do was to scramble up the rocks, — which, fortunately, were not too precipitous, — until we reached a dry place, where we lay, huddled together, until morning. When light came, we found that we were not on the main land, but on a kind of little stack in the very centre of the channel, without a blade of grass upon it, or the prospect of a sail in sight. This was a nice situation for two members of the Scottish bar! The first thing we did was to inquire into the state of provisions, which we found to consist of a couple of biscuits, that little Jim, the boy, happened to have about him. Of course we followed the example of the earlier navigators, and confiscated these *pro bono publico*. We had not a drop of alcohol among us, but, very luckily, picked up a small keg of fresh water, which, I believe, was our salvation. Strachan did not behave well. He wanted to keep half-a-dozen cigars to himself; but such monstrous selfishness could not be permitted, and the rest of us took them from him by force. I shall always blame myself for having weakly restored to him a cheroot."

"And what followed?"

"Why, we remained three days upon the rock. Fortunately the weather was moderate, so that we were not absolutely washed away, but for all that it was consumedly cold of nights. The worst thing, however, was the deplorable state of our larder. We finished the biscuits the first day, trusting to be speedily relieved; but the sun set without a vestige of a sail, and we supped sparingly upon tangle. Next morning we were so ravenous that we could have eaten raw squirrels. That day we subsisted entirely upon shell-fish, and smoked out all our cigars. On the third we bolted two old gloves, buttons and all; and, do you know, Fred, I began to be seriously alarmed about the boy Jim, for Strachan kept

eying him like an ogre, began to mutter some horrid suggestions as to the propriety of casting lots, and execrated his own stupidity in being unprovided with a jar of pickles."

"O Anthony—for shame!"

"Well—I'm sure he was thinking about it, if he did not say so. However, we lunched upon a shoe, and for my own part, whenever I go upon another voyage, I shall take the precaution of providing myself with pliable French boots—your Kilmarnock leather is so very intolerably tough! Towards evening, to our infinite joy, we descried a boat entering the Sound. We shouted, as you may be sure, like demons. The Celtic Samaritans came up, and, thanks to the kindness of Rory McGregor the master, we each of us went to sleep that night with at least two gallons of oatmeal porridge comfortably stowed beneath our belts. And that's the whole history."

"And how do you feel after such unexampled privation?"

"Not a hair the worse. But this I know, that if ever I am caught again on such idiotical errand as hunting for a young woman through the Highlands, my nearest of kin are at perfect liberty to have me cognosed without opposition."

"Ah—you are no lover, Anthony. Strachan, now, would go barefooted through Stony Arabia for the mere chance of a casual glimpse at his mistress."

"All I can say, my dear fellow, is, that if connubial happiness cannot be purchased without a month's twangling on a guitar and three consecutive suppers upon sea-weed, I know at least one respectable young barrister who is likely to die unmarried. But I say, Fred, let us have a coach and drive up to your hotel. You can lend me a coat, I suppose, or something of the sort, until Strachan arrives; and just be good enough, will you, to settle with Mrs M'Tavish for the bill, for, by all my hopes of a sheriffship, I have been thoroughly purged of my tin."

The matter may not be of any especial interest to the public; at the same time I think it right to record the fact that Anthony Whaup owes me seven shillings and eightpence unto this day.

CHAPTER V.

"That is all I can tell you about it," said Mr Hedger, as he handed me the last of three indictments, with the joyful accompaniment of the fees. "That is all I can tell you about it. If the *alibi* will hold water, good and well—if not, M'Closkie will be transported."

Hedger is the very best criminal agent I ever met with. There is always a point in his cases—his pre-cognitions are perfect, and pleading, under such auspices, becomes a kind of realised romance.

"By the way," said he, "is there a Mr Strachan of your bar at circuit? I have a curious communication from a prisoner who is desirous to have him as her counsel."

"Indeed? I am glad to hear it. Mr Strachan is a particular friend of mine, and will be here immediately. I shall be glad to introduce you. Is it a heavy case?"

"No, but rather an odd one—a theft of money committed at the Blenheim hotel. The woman seems a person of education, but, as she obstinately refuses to tell me her story, I know very little more about it than is contained in the face of the indictment."

"What is her name?"

"Why you know that is a matter not very easily ascertained. She called herself Euphemia Saville when brought up for examination, and of course she will be tried as such. She is well dressed, and rather pretty, but she won't have any other counsel than Mr Strachan; and singularly enough, she has positively forbidden me to send him a fee on the ground that he would take it as an insult."

"I should feel particularly obliged if the whole public would take to insulting me perpetually in that manner! But really this is an odd history. Do you think she is acquainted with my friend?"

Hedger winked.

"I can't say," said he "for, to tell you the truth, I know nothing earthly about it. Only she was so extremely desirous to have him engaged, that I thought it not a little remarkable. I hope your friend won't take offence if I mention what the woman said?"

"Not in the least, you may be sure of that. And, *apropos*, here he comes."

And in effect Whaup and Strachan now walked into the counsel's apartment, demure, shaven, and well dressed—altogether two very different looking individuals from the tatterdemalions of yesterday.

"Good morning, Fred," cried Whaup; "Servant, Mr Hedger—lots of work going, eh? Are the pleas nearly over yet?"

"Very nearly, I believe, Mr Whaup. Would you have the kindness to——"

"Oh, certainly," said I. "Strachan, allow me to introduce my friend Mr Hedger, who is desirous of your professional advice."

"I say, Freddy," said Whaup, looking sulkily at the twain as they retired to a window to consult, "what's in the wind now? Has old Hedger got a spite at any of his clients?"

"How should I know? What do you mean?"

"Because I should rather think," said Anthony, "that in our friend Strachan's hands the lad runs a remarkably good chance of a sea voyage to the colonies, that's all."

"Fie for shame, Anthony! You should not bear malice."

"No more I do—but I can't forget the loss of the little Caption all through his stupid blundering; and this morning he must needs sleep so long that he lost the early train, and has very likely cut me out of business for the sheer want of a pair of reputable trousers."

"Never mind—there is a good time coming."

"Which means, I suppose, that you have got the pick of the cases? Very well: it can't be helped, so I shall even show myself in court by way of public advertisement."

So saying, my long friend wrestled himself into his gown, adjusted his wig knowingly upon his cranium, and rushed toward the court-room as vehemently as though the weal of the whole criminal population of the west depended upon his individual exertions.

"Freddy, come here, if you please," said Strachan, "this is a very extraordinary circumstance! Do you know that this woman, Euphemia Saville, though she wishes me to act as her counsel, has positively refused to see me!"

"Very odd, certainly! Do you know her?"

"I never heard of the name in my life. Are you sure, Mr Hedger, that there is no mistake?"

"Quite sure, sir. She gave me, in fact, a minute description of your person, which perhaps I may be excused from repeating."

"Oh, I understand," said Tom, fishingly; "complimentary, I suppose—eh?"

"Why yes, rather so," replied Hedger hesitatingly; and he cast at the same time a glance at the limbs of my beloved friend, which convinced me that Miss Saville's communication had, somehow or other, borne reference to the shape of a parenthesis. "But, at all events, you may be sure she has seen you. I really can imagine no reason for an interview. We often have people who take the same kind of whims, and you have no idea of their obstinacy. The best way will be to let the Crown lead its evidence, and trust entirely to cross-examination. I shall take care, at all events, that her appearance shall not damage her. She is well dressed, and I don't doubt will make use of her cambric handkerchief."

"And a very useful thing that same cambric is," observed I. "Come, Tom, my boy, pluck up courage! You have opportunity now for a grand display; and if you can poke in something about chivalry and undefended loveliness, you may be sure it will have an effect on the jury. There is a strong spice of romance in the composition of the men of the Middle Ward."

"The whole thing, however, seems to me most mysterious."

"Very; but that is surely an additional charm. We seldom find a chapter from the *Mysteries of Udolfo* transferred to the records of the *Jus-ticiary Court of Scotland*."

"Well, then, I suppose it must be so. Fred, will you sit beside me at the trial? I'm not used to this sort

of thing as yet, and I possibly may feel nervous."

"Not a bit of you. At any rate I shall be there, and of course you may command me."

In due time the cause was called. Miss Euphemia Saville ascended the trap stair, and took her seat between a pair of policemen with exceedingly luxuriant whiskers.

I must allow that I felt a strong curiosity about Euphemia. Her name was peculiar; the circumstances under which she came forward were unusual; and her predilection for Strachan was tantalising. Her appearance, however, did little to solve the mystery. She was neatly, even elegantly dressed in black, with a close-fitting bonnet and thick veil, which at first effectually obscured her countenance. This, indeed, she partially removed when called upon to plead to the indictment; but the law of no civilised country that I know of is so savage as to prohibit the use of a handkerchief, and the fair Saville availed herself of the privilege by burying her countenance in cambric. I could only get a glimpse of some beautiful black braided hair and a forehead that resembled alabaster. To all appearance she was extremely agitated, and sobbed as she answered to the charge.

The tender-hearted Strachan was not the sort of man to behold the sorrows of his client without emotion. In behalf of the junior members of the Scottish bar I will say this, that they invariably fight tooth and nail when a pretty girl is concerned, and I have frequently heard bursts of impassioned eloquence poured forth in defence of a pair of bright eyes or a piquant figure, in cases where an elderly or wizened dame would have run a strong chance of finding no Cicero by her side. Tom accordingly approached the bar for the purpose of putting some questions to his client, but not a word could he extract in reply. Euphemia drew down her veil, and waved her hand with a repulsive gesture.

"I don't know what to make of her," said Strachan; "only she seems to be a monstrous fine woman. It is clear, however, that she has mistaken me for somebody else. I never saw her in my life before."

"Hedger deserves great credit for the way he has got her up. Observe, Tom, there is no finery about her; no ribbons or gaudy scarfs, which are as unsuitable at a trial as at a funeral. Black is your only wear to find favour in the eyes of a jury."

"True. It is a pity that so little attention is paid to the æsthetics of criminal clothing. But here comes the first witness—Grobey I think they call him—the fellow who lost the money."

Mr Grobey mounted the witness-box like a cow ascending a staircase. He was a huge, elephantine animal of some sixteen stone, with bushy eyebrows and a bald pate, which he ever and anon affectionately caressed with a red and yellow bandana. Strachan started at the sound of his voice, surveyed him wistfully for a moment, and then said to me in a hurried whisper—

"As I live, Fred, that is the identical bagman who boned my emerald studs at Jedburgh!"

"You don't mean to say it?"

"Fact, upon my honour! There is no mistaking his globular freetrading nose. Would it not be possible to object to his evidence on that ground?"

"Mercy on us! no.—Reflect—there is no conviction."

"True. But he stole them nevertheless. I'll ask him about them when I cross."

Mr Grobey's narrative, however, as embraced in an animated dialogue with the public prosecutor, threw some new and unexpected light upon the matter. Grobey was a traveller in the employment of the noted house of Barnacles, Deadeye, and Company, and perambulated the country for the benevolent purpose of administering to deficiency of vision. In the course of his wanderings he had arrived at the Blenheim, where, after a light supper of fresh herrings, toasted omelette, and Edinburgh ale, assisted, *more Bagmannorum*, by several glasses of stiff brandy and water, he had retired to his apartment to sleep off the labours of the day. Somnus, however, did not descend that night with his usual lightness upon Grobey. On the contrary, the deity seemed changed into a ponderous weight, which lay heavily upon the chest of the moaning

and suffocated traveller; and notwithstanding a paralysis which appeared to have seized upon his limbs, every external object in the apartment became visible to him as by the light of a magic lantern. He heard his watch ticking, like a living creature, upon the dressing-table where he had left it. His black morocco pocket-book was distinctly visible beside the looking-glass, and two spectral boots stood up amidst the varied shadows of the night. Grobey was very uncomfortable. He began to entertain the horrid idea that a fiend was hovering through his chamber.

All at once he heard the door creaking upon its hinges. There was a slight rustling of muslin, a low sigh, and then momentary silence. "What, in the name of John Bright, can that be?" thought the terrified traveller; but he had not to wait long for explanation. The door opened slowly—a female figure, arrayed from head to foot in robes of virgin whiteness, glided in, and fixed her eyes, with an expression of deep solemnity and menace, upon the countenance of Grobey. He lay breathless and motionless beneath the spell. This might have lasted for about a minute, during which time, as Grobey expressed it, his very entrails were convulsed with fear. The apparition then moved onwards, still keeping her eyes upon the couch. She stood for a moment near the window, raised her arm with a monitory gesture to the sky, and then all at once seemed to disappear as if absorbed in the watery moonshine. Grobey was as bold a bagman as ever flanked a mare with his gig-whip, but this awful visitation was too much. Boots, looking-glass, and table swam with a distracting whirl before his eyes; he uttered a feeble yell, and immediately lapsed into a swoon.

It was bright morning when he awoke. He started up, rubbed his eyes, and endeavoured to persuade himself that it was all an illusion. To be sure there were the boots untouched, the coat, the hat, and the portmanteau; but where—oh where—were the watch and the plethoric pocket-book, with its bunch of bank-notes and other minor memoranda? Gone—spirited away; and with a shout of

despair old Grobey summoned the household.

The police were straightway taken into his confidence. The tale of the midnight apparition—of the Demon Lady—was told and listened to, at first with somewhat of an incredulous smile; but when the landlord stated that an unknown damosel had been sojourning for two days at the hotel, that she had that morning vanished in a hackney-coach without leaving any trace of her address, and that, moreover, certain spoons of undeniable silver were amissing, Argus pricked up his ears, and after some few preliminary inquiries, issued forth in quest of the fugitive. Two days afterwards the fair Saville was discovered in a temperance hotel; and although the pocketbook had disappeared, both the recognisable notes and the watch were found in her possession. A number of pawn-tickets, also, which were contained in her reticule, served to collect from divers quarters a great mass of *bijouterie*, amongst which were the Blenheim spoons.

Such was Mr Grobey's evidence as afterwards supplemented by the police. Tom rose to cross-examine.

"Pray, Mr Grobey," said he, adjusting his gown upon his shoulders with a very knowing and determined air as though he intended to expose his victim—"Pray, Mr Grobey, are you any judge of studs?"

"I ain't a racing man," replied Grobey, "but I knows an oss when I sees it."

"Don't equivocate, sir, if you please. Recollect you are upon your oath," said Strachan, irritated by a slight titter which followed upon Grobey's answer. "I mean studs, sir—emerald studs for example?"

"I ain't. But the lady is," replied Grobey.

"How do you mean, sir?"

"'Cos there vos five pair on them taken out of pawn with her tickets."

"How do you know that, sir?"

"'Cos I seed them."

"Were you at Jedburgh, sir, in the month of April last?"

"I was."

"Do you recollect seeing me there?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you remember what passed upon that occasion?"

"You was rather confusated, I think."

There was a general laugh.

"Mr Strachan," said the judge mildly, "I am always sorry to interrupt a young counsel, but I really cannot see the relevancy of these questions. The Court can have nothing to do with your communications with the witness. I presume I need not take a note of these latter answers."

"Very well, my lord," said Tom, rather discomfited at being cut out of his revenge on the bagman, "I shall ask him something else;" and he commenced his examination in right earnest. Grobey, however, stood steadfast to the letter of his previous testimony.

Another witness was called; and to my surprise the Scottish Vidocq appeared. He spoke to the apprehension and the search, and also to the character of the prisoner. In his eyes she had long been chronicled as habit and repute a thief.

"You know the prisoner then?" said Strachan rising.

"I do. Anytime theese three years."

"Under what name is she known to you?"

"Betsy Brown is her real name, but she has gone by twenty others."

"By twenty, do you say?"

"There or thereabouts. She always flies at high game; and, being a remarkably clever woman, she passes herself off for a lady."

"Have you ever seen her elsewhere than in Glasgow?"

"I have."

"Where?"

"At Jedburgh."

I cannot tell what impulse it was that made me twitch Strachan's gown at this moment. It was not altogether a suspicion, but rather a presentiment of coming danger. Strachan took the hint and changed his line.

"Can you specify any of her other names?"

"I can. There are half-a-dozen of them here on the pawn-tickets. Shall I read them?"

"If you please."

"One diamond ring, pledged in name of Lady Emily Delaroche. A garnet brooch and chain—Miss Maria

Mortimer. Three gold seals—Mrs Markham Vere. A watch and three emerald studs—the Honourable Dorothea Percy——”

There was a loud shriek from the bar, and a bustle—the prisoner had fainted.

I looked at Strachan. He was absolutely as white as a corpse.

“My dear Tom,” said I, “hadn’t you better go out into the open air?”

“No!” was the firm reply; “I am here to do my duty, and I’ll do it.”

And in effect, the Spartan boy with the fox gnawing into his side, did not acquit himself more heroically than my friend. The case was a clear one, no doubt, but Tom made a noble speech, and was highly complimented by the Judge upon his ability. No

sooner, however, had he finished it than he left the Court.

I saw him two hours afterwards.

“Tom,” said I, “About these emerald studs—I think I could get them back from the Fiscal.”

“Keep them to yourself. I’m off to India.”

“Bah!—go down to the Highlands for a month.”

Tom did so; purveyed himself a kilt; met an heiress at the Inverness Meeting, and married her. He is now the happy father of half-a-dozen children, and a good many of us would give a trifle for his practice. But to this day he is as mad as a March hare if an allusion is made in his presence to any kind of studs whatsoever.

CÆSAR.

WAKE, Rome! destruction's at thy door.

Rouse thee! for thou wilt sleep no more

Till thou shalt sleep in death:

The tramp of storm-shod Mars is near—

His chariot's thundering roll I hear,

His trumpet's startling breath.

Who comes?—not they, thy fear of old,

The blue-eyed Gauls, the Cimbrians bold,

Who like a hail-shower in the May

Came, and like hail they pass'd away;

But one with surer sword,

A child whom thou hast nursed, thy son,

Thy well-beloved, thy favoured one,

Thy Cæsar comes—thy lord!

The ghost of Marius walks to-night

By Anio's banks in shaggy plight,

And laughs with savage glee;

And Sylla from his loathsome death,

Scenting red Murder's reeking breath,

Doth rise to look on thee.

Signs blot the sky; the deep-vex'd earth

Breeds portents of a monstrous birth;

And augurs pale with fear have noted

The dark-vein'd liver strangely bloated,

Hinting some dire disaster.

To right the wrongs of human kind

Behold! the lordly Rome to bind,

A Roman comes—a master.

He comes whom, nor the Belgic band,

The bravest Nervii might withstand

With pleasure-spurning souls;

Nor they might give his star eclipse,

The sea-swept Celts with high-tower'd ships,

Where westmost ocean rolls.

Him broad-waved Rhine reluctant own'd
As 'neath the firm-set planks it groan'd,
Then, when the march of spoiling Rome
Stirr'd the far German's forest-home ;

And when he show'd his rods
Back to their marshy dens withdrew
The Titan-hearted Suevians blue,
That dared the immortal gods.

Him Britain from her extreme shores,
Where fierce the huge-heaved ocean roars,
Beholding, bent the knee.

Now, Pompey, now ! from rushing Fate
Thy Rome redeem : but 'tis too late,
Nor lives that strength in thee.

In vain for thee State praises flow
From lofty-sounding Cicero ;
Vainly Marcellus prates thy cause,
And Cato, true to parchment laws,
Protests with rigid hands :
The echo of a by-gone fame,
The shadow of a mighty name,
The far-praised Pompey stands.

Lift up thine eyes, and see ! Sheer down,
From where the Alps tremendous frown,
Strides War, which Julius leads :

Eager to follow, to pursue—
Sleepless, to one high purpose true,
The prosperous soldier speeds.

He comes, all eye to scan, all hand
To do, the instinct of command ;
With firm-set tread, and pointed will,
And harden'd courage, practised skill,

And anger-whetted sword :
A man to seize, and firmly hold—
To his own use a world to mould—
Rome's not unworthy lord !

The little Rubicon doth brim
Its purple tide—a check for him
Hinted, how vainly !* He
All bounds and marks, the world's dull wonder,
Calmly o'erleaps, and snaps asunder
All reverend ties that be !

The soldier carries in his sword
The primal right by bridge or ford
To pass. Shall kingly Cæsar fall
And kiss the ground—the Senate's thrall
And boastful Pompey's drudge ?

Forthwith, with one bold plunge, is pass'd
The fateful flood—" the DIE is CAST ;
Let Fortune be the judge !"†

* The Rubicon, which is a small torrent, a little north of Rimini (*Ariminum*), flowing into the Adriatic, was, at the time of Cæsar's famous passage, swollen to a considerable stream by three days' rain.—*LUCAN*, i. 213-19.

† "Hic, ait—' hic pacem temerataque jura relinquo.

Te, Fortuna, sequor, procul hinc jam foedera sunt ;
Credidimus Fatis, uterdum est iudice bello."—*LUCAN*, i. 227.

The day rose on Ariminum
 With War's shrill cry—They come! they come!
 Nor they unwelcomed came;
 Pisaurum, Fannus's shrine, and thou,
 Ancon, with thy sea-fronting brow,
 Own'd the great soldier's name.
 And all Picenum's orchard-fields,
 And the strong-fort'd Asculum yields:
 And where, beyond high Apennine,
 Clitumnus feeds the white, white kine;
 And 'mid Pelignian hills—
 Short time, with his Corfinian bands,
 Stout Ænobarbus stiffly stands
 Where urgent Cæsar will!*

Flee, Pompey, flee! the ancient awe
 Of magisterial rule and law,
 Authority and state,
 The Consul's name, the Lictor's rods,
 The pomp of Capitolian gods,
 Stem not the flooding fate.
 Beneath the Volscian hills, and near
 Where exiled Marius lurk'd in fear,
 'Mid stagnant Liris' marshes, there
 Breathe first in that luxurious lair
 Where famous Hannibal lay; †
 Nor tarry; while the chance is thine,
 Hie o'er the Samnian Apennine
 To the far Calabrian bay!

Wing thy sure speed! Who hounds thy path?
 Fierce as the Furies in their wrath
 The blood-stain'd wretch pursue,
 He comes, Rome's tempest-footed son,
 Victor, but deeming nothing done
 While aught remains to do.
 Above Brundisium's bosom'd bay
 He stands, lashing the Adrian spray.
 With piers of enterprise the sea
 Her fleet-wing'd chariot trims for thee,
 To the Greek coast to bear thee;
 There, where Enipeus rolls his flood
 Through storied fields made fat with blood, ‡
 For fate's last blow prepare thee.

* Cæsar met with no opposition in his march to Rome except from Domitius Ænobarbus, who was stationed at Corfinium, amid the Apennines, east of the Eucine lake. The line of march which Cæsar took, through Picenum, was, as Gibbon has remarked, calculated at once to clear his rear of the Pompeian party, and to frighten Pompey himself, not only out of Rome, but, as actually happened, out of Italy.

† Pompey fled to *Capua*, passing the marshes of *Minturnæ* at the mouth of the *Liris* (now the Garigliano), and from thence over the Apennines, by the *Via Appia*, to *Brundisium* in the ancient *Calabria*.

‡ An allusion to the battle of *Cynoscephalæ*, which subjected Macedonia to the Romans (B. C. 197.) The scene of this battle was on the same plain of Thessaly through which the Enipeus flows into the Peneus, passing by Pharsalus in its course. This alludes to the battle of *Dyrachium*, where Pompey was successful for a moment, only to revive in his party that vain confidence and shallow conceit which was their original ruin.

There will thy dwindled hosts, increased
 By kings and tetrarchs of the East,
 And sons of swarthy Nile;
 From Pontus and from Colchis far,
 The gather'd ranks of motley war,
 Let fortune seem to smile
 A moment, that with sterner frown,
 She, when she strikes, may strike thee down.
 A flattering fool shall be thy guide,*
 And hope shall whisper to thy pride
 Things that may not befall.
 Thy forward-springing wit shall boast
 The numbers of thy counted host—
 That pride may have a fall.

 Hoar Pindus, from his rocky barriers,
 Looks on thy ranks of gay-plumed warriors,
 And sees an ominous sight:
 The leafy tent for victory graced,
 Foresnatching fate with impious haste
 From gods that rule the fight.
 Thus fools have perish'd; and thus thou,
 Spurr'd to sheer death, art blinded now.
 Feeble thy clouds of clattering horse
 To dash his steady ordered force;
 From twanging bow and ailing
 Dintless the missile hail is pour'd,
 Where the Tenth Legion wields the sword,
 And Cæsar leads the wing.†

 'Tis done. And sire to son shall tell
 What on Emathian plains befell,
 A God-ordain'd disaster;
 How justice dealt the even blow,
 And Rome that laid the nations low
 Herself hath found a master.
 Oh, had thou known thyself to rule,
 That train'd the world in thy stern school,
 Fate might have gentlier dealt; but now
 Thyself thy proper Fury, thou
 Hast struck the avenging blow.
 On sandy Afric's treacherous shore,
 Fresh from red Pharsaly's streaming gore,
 Lies Rome with Pompey low.

J. S. B.

INVERURY, 1847.

* *Labiænus*, Cæsar's lieutenant in the Gallic war; but who afterwards joined Pompey. He gave his new master bad advice.—*Bellum Civile*, iii.

† See the order of battle of both parties.—*Bellum Civile*, iii. 68, 69.

REID AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE.*

ALTHOUGH Dr Reid does not stand in the very highest rank of philosophers, this incomparable edition of his works goes far to redress his deficiencies, and to render his writings, taken in connexion with the editorial commentaries, a most engaging and profitable study. It is probable that the book derives much of its excellence from the very imperfections of the textual author. Had Reid been a more learned man, he might have failed to elicit the unparalleled erudition of his editor,—had he been a clearer and closer thinker, Sir William Hamilton's vigorous logic and speculative acuteness, would probably have found a narrower field for their display. On the whole, we cannot wish that Reid had been either more erudite or more perspicacious, so pointed and felicitous is the style in which his errors are corrected, his thoughts reduced to greater precision, his ambiguities pointed out and cleared up, and his whole system set in its most advantageous light, by his admiring, though by no means idolatrous editor.

Besides being a model of editorship, this single volume is, in so far as philosophy and the history of philosophical opinion are concerned, of itself a literature. We must add, however, that Sir William Hamilton's dissertations, though abundant, are not yet completed. Yet, in spite of this drawback, the work is one which ought to wipe away effectually from our country the reproach of imperfect learning and shallow speculation; for in depth of thought, and extent and accuracy of knowledge, the editor's own contributions are of themselves sufficient to bring up our national philosophy (which had fallen somewhat into arrear) to a level with that of the most scientific countries in Europe.

In the remarks that are to follow, we shall confine ourselves to a critique of the philosophy of Dr Reid, and of its collateral topics. Sir

William Hamilton's dissertations are too elaborate and important to be discussed, unless in an article, or series of articles, devoted exclusively to themselves. Should we appear in aught to press the philosophy of common sense too hard, we conceive that our strictures are, to a considerable extent, borne out by the admissions of Sir William Hamilton himself, in regard to the tenets of the founder of the school. And should some of our shafts glance off against the editor's own opinions, he has only himself to blame for it. If we see a fatal flaw in the constitution of all, and consequently of his, psychology, it was his writings that first opened our eyes to it. So lucidly has he explained certain philosophical doctrines, that they cannot stop at the point to which he has carried them. They must be rolled forward into a new development which perhaps may be at variance with the old one, where he tarries. But his powerful arm first set the stone in motion, and he must be content to let it travel whithersoever it may. He has taught those who study him to *think*—and he must stand the consequences, whether they think in unison with himself or not. We conceive, however, that even those who differ from him most, would readily own, that to his instructive disquisitions they were indebted for at least one half of all that they know of philosophy.

In entering on an examination of the system of Dr Reid, we must ask first of all, what is the great problem about which philosophers in all ages have busied themselves most, and which consequently must have engaged, and did engage, a large share of the attention of the champion of Common Sense? We must also state the *fact* which gives rise to the problem of philosophy.

The perception of a material universe, as it is the most prominent

* *The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D.* Edited by SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh; with Copious Notes and Supplementary Dissertations by the Editor. Edinburgh: MacLachlan, Stewart, & Co. 1846.

fact of cognition, so has it given rise to the problem which has been most agitated by philosophers. This question does not relate to the existence of the fact. The existence of the perception of matter is admitted on all hands. It refers to the nature, or origin, or constitution of the fact. Is the perception of matter simple and indivisible, or is it composite and divisible? Is it the ultimate, or is it only the penultimate, *datum* of cognition? Is it a relation constituted by the concurrence of a mental or subjective, and a material or objective element,—or do we impose upon ourselves in regarding it as such? Is it a state, or modification of the human mind? Is it an effect that can be distinguished from its cause? Is it an event consequent on the presence of real antecedent objects? These interrogations are somewhat varied in their form, but each of them embodies the whole point at issue, each of them contains the cardinal question of philosophy. The perception of matter is the admitted fact. The *character* of this fact—that is the point which speculation undertakes to canvass, and endeavours to decipher.

Another form in which the question may be put is this: We all believe in the existence of matter—but what *kind* of matter do we believe in the existence of? matter *per se*, or matter *cum perceptione*? If the former—this implies that the given fact (the perception of matter) is compound and submits to analysis; if the latter—this implies that it is simple and defies partition.

Opposite answers to this question are returned by psychology and metaphysics. In the estimation of metaphysic, the perception of matter is the absolutely elementary in cognition, the *ne plus ultra* of thought. Reason cannot get beyond, or behind it. It has no pedigree. It admits of no analysis. It is not a relation constituted by the coalescence of an objective and a subjective element. It is not a state or modification of the human mind. It is not an effect which can be distinguished from its cause. It is not brought about by the presence of antecedent realities. It is positively the *FIRST*, with no fore-runner. The perception-of-matter is

one mental word, of which the verbal words are mere syllables. We impose upon ourselves, and we also falsify the fact, if we take any other view of it than this. Thus speaks metaphysic, though perhaps not always with an unflinching voice.

Psychology, or the science of the human mind, teaches a very different doctrine. According to this science, the perception of matter is a secondary and composite truth. It admits of being analysed into a subjective and an objective element—a mental modification called perception on the one hand, and matter *per se* on the other. It is an effect induced by real objects. It is not the first *datum* of intelligence. It has matter itself for its antecedent. Such, in very general terms, is the explanation of the perception of matter which psychology proposes.

Psychology and metaphysics are thus radically opposed to each other in their solutions of the highest problem of speculation. Stated concisely, the difference between them is this:—psychology regards the perception of matter as susceptible of analytic treatment, and travels, or endeavours to travel, beyond the given fact: metaphysic stops short in the given fact, and there makes a stand, declaring it to be an indissoluble unity. Psychology holds her analysis to be an analysis of things. Metaphysic holds the psychological analysis to be an analysis of sounds—and nothing more.

These observations exhibit, in their loftiest generalisation, the two counter doctrines on the subject of perception. We now propose to follow them into their details, for the purpose both of eliciting the truth and of arriving at a correct judgment in regard to the reformation which Dr Reid is supposed to have effected in this department of philosophy.

The psychological or analytic doctrine is the first which we shall discuss, on account of its connexion with the investigations of Dr Reid,—in regard to whom we may state, beforehand, our conclusion and its grounds, which are these:—that Reid broke down in his philosophy, both polemical and positive, because he assumed the psychological and not the metaphysical doctrine of perception as the basis of his

arguments. He did not regard the perception of matter as absolutely primary and simple; but in common with all psychologists, he conceived that it admitted of being resolved into a mental condition, and a material reality; and the consequence was, that he fell into the very errors which it was the professed business of his life to denounce and exterminate. How this catastrophe came about we shall endeavour shortly to explain.

Reid's leading design was to overthrow scepticism and idealism. In furtherance of this intention, he proposed to himself the accomplishment of two subsidiary ends,—the refutation of what is called the ideal or representative theory of perception, and the substitution of a doctrine of intuitive perception in its room. He takes, and he usually gets, credit for having accomplished both of these objects. But if it be true that the representative theory is but the inevitable development of the doctrine which treats the perception of matter analytically, and if it be true that Reid adopts this latter doctrine, it is obvious that his claims cannot be admitted without a very considerable deduction. That both of these things are true may be established, we think, beyond the possibility of a doubt.

In the first place, then, we have to show that the theory of a representative perception (which Reid is supposed to have overthrown) is identical with the doctrine which treats the perception of matter analytically;—and, in the second, we have to show that Reid himself followed the analytic or psychological procedure in his treatment of this fact, and founded upon the analysis his own doctrine of perception.

First, The representative theory is that doctrine of perception which teaches that, in our intercourse with the external universe, we are not immediately cognisant of real objects themselves, but only of certain mental transcripts or images of them, which, in the language of the different philosophical schools, were termed ideas, representations, phantasms, or species. According to this doctrine we are cognisant of real things, not in and through themselves, but in and through these species or representa-

tions. The representations are the immediate or proximate, the real things are the mediate or remote, objects of the mind. The existence of the former is a matter of knowledge, the existence of the latter is merely a matter of belief.

To understand this theory, we must construe its nomenclature into the language of the present day. What, then, is the modern synonym for the "ideas," "representations," "phantasms," and "species," which the theory in question declares to be vicarious of real objects? There cannot be a doubt that the word *perception* is that synonym. So that the representative theory, when fairly interpreted, amounts simply to this;—that the mind is immediately cognisant, not of real objects themselves, but *only of its own perceptions of real objects*. To accuse the representationist of maintaining a doctrine more repugnant to common sense than this, or in any way different from it, would be both erroneous and unjust. The golden rule of philosophical criticism is, to give every system the benefit of the most favourable interpretation which it admits of.

This, then, is the true version of representationism,—namely, that our perceptions of material things, and not material things *per se*, are the proximate objects of our consciousness when we hold intercourse with the external universe,

Now, this is a doctrine which inevitably emerges the instant that the analysis of the perception of matter is set on foot and admitted. When a philosopher divides, or imagines that he divides, the perception of matter into two things, perception *and* matter, holding the former to be a state of his own mind, and the latter to be no such state; he does, in that analysis, and without saying one other word, avow himself to be a thorough-going representationist. For his analysis declares that, in perception, the mind has an immediate or proximate, and a mediate or remote object. Its perception of matter is the proximate object—the object of its consciousness; matter itself, the material existence, is the remote object—the object of its belief. But such a doctrine is representationism, in the strictest sense of the

word. It is the very essence and definition of the representative theory to recognise, in perception, a remote as well as a proximate object of the mind. Every system which does this is necessarily a representative system. The doctrine which treats the perception of matter analytically does this; therefore the analytic or psychological doctrine is identical with the representative theory. Both hold that the perceptive process involves two objects—an immediate and a mediate; and nothing more is required to establish their perfect identity. The analysis of the fact which we call the perception of matter, is unquestionably the groundwork and pervading principle of the theory of a representative perception, whatever form of expression this scheme may at any time have assumed.

Secondly, Did Dr Reid go to work analytically in his treatment of the perception of matter? Undoubtedly he did. He followed the ordinary psychological practice. He regarded the *datum* as divisible into perception and matter. The perception he held to be an act, if not a modification, of our minds: the matter, he regarded as something which existed out of the mind and irrespective of all perception. Right or wrong, he resolved, or conceived that he had resolved, the perception of matter into its constituent elements—these being a mental operation on the one hand, and a material existence on the other. In short, however ambiguous many of Dr Reid's principles may be, there can be no doubt that he founded his doctrine of perception on an analysis of the given fact with which he had to deal. He says, indeed, but little about this analysis, so completely does he take it for granted. He accepted, as a thing of course, the notorious distinction between the perception of matter and matter itself:

and, in doing so, he merely followed the example of all preceding psychologists.

These two points being established, —*first*, that the theory of representationism necessarily arises out of an analysis of the perception of matter; and *secondly*, that Reid analysed or accepted the analysis of this fact,—it follows as a necessary consequence, that Reid, so far from having overthrown the representative theory, was himself a representationist. His analysis gave him more than he bargained for. He wished to obtain only one, that is, only a proximate object in perception; but his analysis necessarily gave him two: it gave him a remote as well as a proximate object. The mental mode or operation which he calls the perception of matter, and which he distinguishes from matter itself, this, in his philosophy, is the proximate object of consciousness, and is precisely equivalent to the species, phantasms, and representations of the older psychology; the real existence, matter itself, which he distinguishes from the perception of it, this is the remote object of the mind, and is precisely equivalent to the mediate or represented object of the older psychology. He and the representationists, moreover, agree in holding that the latter is the object of belief rather than of knowledge.

The merits of Dr Reid, then, as a reformer of philosophy, amount in our opinion to this:—he was among the first* to say and to write that the representative theory of perception was false and erroneous, and was the fountainhead of scepticism and idealism. But this admission of his merits must be accompanied by the qualification that he adopted, as the basis of his philosophy, a principle which rendered nugatory all his protestations. It is of no use to disclaim a conclusion if we accept the premises which inevitably lead to it. Dr Reid

* Among the first. He was not the first. Berkeley had preceded him in denouncing univocally the whole theory of representationism. The reason why Berkeley got the credit of this is, because his performance is even more explicit and his promise. He made no phrase about refuting the theory—he simply Reid said the business—but Berkeley did it. The two greatest and table blunders in the whole history of philosophy are probably Reid's that Berkeley was a representationist, and that he was an idealist; under the word *idealist*, one who denies the existence of a real external universe. On every page of his writings, it is obvious that Berkeley was neither the one nor the other, even in the remotest degree.

disclaimed the representative theory, but he embraced its premises, and thus he virtually ratified the conclusions of the very system which he clamorously denounced. In his language, he is opposed to representationism, but in his doctrine, he lends it the strongest support, by accepting as the foundation of his philosophy an analysis of the perception of matter.

In regard to the *second* end which Dr Reid is supposed to have overtaken,—the establishment of a doctrine of intuitive as opposed to a doctrine of representative perception, it is unnecessary to say much. If we have proved him to be a representationist, he cannot be held to be an intuitionist. Indeed, a doctrine of intuitive perception is a sheer impossibility upon his principles. A doctrine of intuition implies that the mind in perceiving matter has only one, namely, a proximate object. But the analysis of the perception of matter always yields as its result, a remote as well as a proximate object. The proximate object is the perception—the remote object is the reality. And thus the analysis of the given fact necessarily renders abortive every endeavour to construct a doctrine of intuitive perception. The attempt *must* end in representationism. The only basis for a doctrine of intuitive perception which will never give way, is a resolute forbearance from all analysis of the fact. Do not tamper with it, and you are safe.

Such is the judgment which we are reluctantly compelled to pronounce on the philosophy of Dr Reid in reference to its two cardinal claims—the refutation of the ideal theory, and the establishment of a truer doctrine—a doctrine of intuitive perception. In neither of these undertakings do we think that he has succeeded, and we have exhibited the grounds of our opinion. We do not blame him for this: he simply missed his way at the outset. Representationism could not possibly be avoided, neither could intuitionism be possibly fallen in with, on the analytic road which he took.

But we have not yet done with the consideration of the psychological or analytic doctrine of perception. We

proceed to examine the entanglements in which reason gets involved when she accepts the perception of matter not in its natural and indissoluble unity, but as analysed by philosophers into a mental and a material factor. We have still an eye to Dr Reid. He came to the rescue of reason—how did it fare with him in the struggle?

The analysis so often referred to affords a starting point, as has been shown, to representationism: it is also the tap-root of scepticism and idealism. These four things hang together in an inevitable sequence. Scepticism and idealism dog representationism, and representationism dogs the analysis of the perception of matter, just as obstinately as substance is dogged by shadow. More explicitly stated, the order in which they move is this:—The analysis divides the perception of matter into perception and matter—two separate things. Upon this, representationism declares, that the perception is the proximate and that the matter is the remote object of the mind. Then scepticism declares, that the existence of the matter which has been separated from the perception is problematical, because it is not the direct object of consciousness, and is consequently hypothetical. And, last of all, idealism takes up the ball and declares, that this hypothetical matter is not only problematical, but that it is non-existent. These are the perplexities which rise up to embarrass reason whenever she is weak enough to accept from philosophers their analysis of the perception of matter. They are only the just punishment of her infatuated facility. But what has Reid done to extricate reason from her embarrassments?

We must remember that Reid commenced with analysis, and that consequently he embraced representationism,—in its spirit, if not positively in its letter. But how did he evade the fangs of scepticism and idealism—to say nothing of destroying—these slenth-hounds which on this road were sure to be down upon his track the moment they got wind of him? We put the question in a less figurative form,—When scepticism

and idealism doubted or denied the independent existence of matter, how did Reid vindicate it? He faced about and appealed boldly to our instinctive and irresistible *belief* in its independent existence.

The crisis of the strife centres in this appeal. In itself, the appeal is perfectly competent and legitimate. But it may be met, on the part of the sceptic and idealist, by two modes of tactic. The one tactic is weak, and gives an easy triumph to Dr Reid: the other is more formidable, and, in our opinion, lays him prostrate.

The first Sceptical Tactic. In answer to Dr Reid's appeal, the sceptic or idealist may say, "Doubtless we have a belief in the independent existence of matter; but this belief is not to be trusted. It is an insufficient guarantee for that which it avouches. It does not follow that a thing is true because we instinctively believe it to be true. It does not follow that matter exists because we cannot but believe it to exist. You must prove its existence by a better argument than mere belief."—This mode of meeting the appeal we hold to be pure trifling. We join issue with Dr Reid in maintaining that our nature is not rooted in delusion, and that the primitive convictions of common sense must be accepted as infallible. If the sceptic admits that we *have* a natural belief in the independent existence of matter, there is an end to him: Dr Reid's victory is secure. This first tactic is a feeble and mistaken manœuvre.

The Second Sceptical Tactic. This position is not so easily turned. The stronghold of the sceptic and idealist is this: they deny the primitive belief to which Dr Reid appeals to be *the fact*. It is not true, they say, that any man believes in the independent existence of matter. And this is perfectly obvious the moment that it is explained. Matter in its *independent* existence, matter *per se*, is matter disengaged in thought from all perception of it present or remembered. Now, does any man believe in the existence of such matter? Unquestionably not. No man by any possibility can. What the matter is

which man really believes in shall be explained when we come to speak of the metaphysical solution of the problem—perhaps sooner. Meanwhile we remark that Dr Reid's appeal to the conviction of common sense in favour of the existence of matter *per se*, is rebutted, and in our opinion triumphantly, by the denial on the part of scepticism and idealism that any such belief exists. Scepticism and idealism not only deny the independent existence of matter, but they deny that any man believes in the independent existence of matter. And in this denial they are most indubitably right. For observe what such a belief requires as its condition. A man must disengage in thought, a tree, for instance, from the thought of all perception of it, and then he must believe in its existence thus disengaged. If he has not disengaged, in his mind, the tree from its perception, (from its present perception, if the tree be before him—from its remembered perception, if it be not before him,) he cannot believe in the existence of the tree disengaged from its perception; for the tree is *not* disengaged from its perception. But unless he believes in the existence of the tree disengaged from its perception, he does not believe in the independent existence of the tree,—in the existence of the tree *per se*. Now, can the mind by any effort effect this disengagement? The thing is an absolute impossibility. The condition on which the belief hinges cannot be purified, and consequently the belief itself cannot be entertained.

People have, then, *no belief* in the independent existence of matter—that is, in the existence of matter entirely denuded of perception. This point being proved, what becomes of Dr Reid's appeal to *this belief* in support of matter's independent existence? It has not only no force; it has no meaning. This second tactic is invincible. Scepticism and idealism are perfectly in the right when they refuse to accept as the guarantee of independent matter a belief which itself has no manner of existence. How can they be vanquished by an appeal to a nonentity?

A question may here be raised. If

the belief in question be not the fact, what has hitherto prevented scepticism from putting a final extinguisher on Reid's appeal by *proving* that no such belief exists? A very sufficient reason has prevented scepticism from doing this—from explicitly extinguishing the appeal. There is a division of labour in speculation as well as in other pursuits. It is the sceptic's business simply to deny the existence of the belief: it is no part of his business to exhibit the grounds of his denial. We have explained these grounds; but were the sceptic to do this, he would be travelling out of his vocation. Observe how the case stands. The reason why matter *per se* is not and cannot be believed in, is because it is impossible for thought to disengage matter from perception, and consequently it is impossible for thought to believe in the disengaged existence of matter. The matter to be believed in is not disengaged from the perception, consequently it cannot be believed to be disengaged from the perception. But unless it be believed to be disengaged from the perception, it cannot be believed to exist *per se*. In short, as we have already said, the impossibility of complying with the *condition* of the belief is the ground on which the sceptic denies the *existence* of the belief. But the sceptic is himself debarred from producing these grounds. Why? Because their exhibition would be tantamount to a rejection of the principle which he has *accepted* at the hands of the orthodox and dogmatic psychologist. That principle is the analysis so often spoken of—the separation, namely, of the perception of matter into perception and matter *per se*. The sceptic accepts this analysis. His business is simply to *accept*, not to discover or scrutinise principles. Having accepted the analysis, he then denies that any belief attaches to the existence of matter *per se*. In this he is quite right. But he cannot, consistently with his calling, exhibit the ground of his denial; for this ground is, as we have shown, the impossibility of performing the analysis,—of effecting the requisite disengagement. But the sceptic has accepted the analysis,

has admitted the disengagement. He therefore cannot now retract: and he has no wish to retract. His special mission—his only object is to confound the principle which he has accepted by means of the reaction of its consequence. The inevitable consequence which ensues when the analysis of the perception of matter is admitted is the extinction of all belief in the existence of matter. The analysis gives us a kind of matter to believe in to which no belief corresponds. The sceptic is content with pronouncing this to be the fact without going into its reason. It is not his business to correct, by a direct exposure, the error of the principle which the dogmatist lays down, and which he accepts. The analysis is the psychologist's affair; let *him* look to it. Were the sceptic to make it his, he would emerge from the sceptical crisis, and pass into a new stage of speculation. He, indeed, subverts it indirectly by a *reductio ad absurdum*. But he does not *say* that he subverts it—he leaves the orthodox proposer of the principle to find that out.

Reid totally misconceived the nature of scepticism and idealism in their bearings on this problem. He regarded them as habits of thought—as dispositions of mind peculiar to certain individuals of vexatious character and unsound principles, instead of viewing them as catholic eras in the development of all genuine speculative thinking. In his eyes they were subjective crotchets limited to some, and not objective crises common to all, who think. He made *personal* matters of them—a thing not to be endured. For instance, in dealing with Hume, he conceived that the scepticism which confronted him in the pages of that great genius, was *Hume's* scepticism, and was not the scepticism of human nature at large,—was not his own scepticism just as much as it was Hume's. *His* soul, so he thought, was free from the obnoxious flaw, merely because *his* anatomy, shallower than Hume's, refused to lay it bare. With such views it was impossible for Reid to eliminate scepticism and idealism from philosophy. These foes are the foes of each man's own house and heart, and

nothing can be made of them if we attack them in the person of another. Ultimately and fairly to get rid of them, a man must first of all thoroughly digest them, and take them up into the vital circulation of his own reason. The only way of putting them back is by carrying them forward.

From having never properly secreted scepticism and idealism in his own mind, Reid fell into the commission of one of the gravest errors of which a philosopher can be guilty. He falsified the fact in regard to our primitive beliefs—a thing which the obnoxious systems against which he was fighting never did. He conceived that scepticism and idealism called in question a fact which was countenanced by a natural belief; accordingly, he confronted their denial with the allegation that the disputed fact—the existence of matter *per se*—was guaranteed by a primitive conviction of our nature. But this fact receives no support from any such source. There is no belief in the whole repository of the mind which can be fitted on to the existence of matter denuded of all perception. Therefore, in maintaining the contrary, Reid falsified the fact in regard to our primitive convictions—in regard to those principles of common sense which he professed to follow as his guide. This was a serious slip. The rash step which he here took plunged him into a much deeper error than that of the sceptic or idealist. They err* in common with him in accepting as their starting-point the analysis of the perception of matter. He errs, by himself, in maintaining that there is a belief where no belief exists.

But do not scepticism and idealism doubt matter's existence *altogether*, or deny to it *any* kind of existence? Certainly they do; and in harmony with the principle from which they start they must do this. The *only* kind of matter which the analysis of the perception of matter yields, is matter *per se*. The existence of such matter is, as we have shewn, alto-

gether uncountenanced either by consciousness or belief. But there is no other kind of matter in the field. We must therefore either believe in the existence of matter *per se*, or we must believe in the existence of *no* matter whatever. We do not, and we cannot believe in the existence of matter *per se*; therefore, we cannot believe in the existence of matter at all. This is not satisfactory, but it is closely consequential.

But why not, it may be said—why not cut the knot, and set the question at rest, by admitting at once that every man *does*, popularly speaking, believe in the existence of matter, and that he practically walks in the light of that belief during every moment of his life? This observation tempts us into a digression, and we shall yield to the temptation. The problem of perception admits of being treated in *three* several ways: *first*, we may ignore it altogether,—we may refuse to entertain it at all; or, *secondly*, we may discuss it in the manner just proposed—we may lay it down as gospel that every man does believe in the existence of matter, and acts at all times upon this conviction, and we may expatiate diffusely over these smooth truths; or, *thirdly*, we may follow and contemplate the subtle and often perplexed windings which reason takes in working her way through the problem—a problem which, though apparently clearer than the noontday sun, is really darker than the mysteries of Erebus. In short, we may *speculate* the problem. In grappling with it, we may trust ourselves to the mighty current of *thinking*, with all its whirling eddies,—certain that if our thinking be genuine objective thinking, which deals with nothing but *ascertained* facts—it will bring us at last into the haven of truth. We now propose to consider which of these modes of treating the problem is the best; we shall begin by making a few remarks upon the *second*, for it was this which brought us to a stand, and seduced us into the present digression.

* *They err*.—This, however, can scarcely be called an error. It is the business of the sceptic at least to accept the principles generally recognised, and to develop their conclusions, however absurd or revolting. If the principles are false to begin with, that is no fault of his, but of those at whose hands he received them.

It is, no doubt, perfectly true, that we all believe in the existence of matter, and that we all act up to this belief. But surely that statement is not a thing to be put into a book and sold. It is not even a thing which one man is entitled to tell *gratuitously* to another man who knows it just as well as he does. It must be admitted upon a moment's reflection, that to communicate such information is to trifle with people's patience in an intolerable degree, is to trespass most abominably upon public or upon private indulgence. What, then, shall we say, when we find this kind of truth, not only gravely imparted, but vehemently reiterated and enforced by scientific men, as it is in the pages of Dr Reid and other celebrated expounders of the philosophy of the human mind? We shall only say, that the economy of science is less understood than that of commerce; and that while material articles, such as air and sunshine, which are accessible to all, are for that reason excluded from the market of trade, many intellectual wares, which are at least equally accessible, are most preposterously permitted to have a place in the market of science. Such wares are the instinctive principles of Dr Reid. To inform a man that the material universe exists, and that he believes in its existence, is to take for granted that he is an idiot.

The circumstance which led the philosophers of Common Sense to traffic in this kind of article, was perhaps the notion that truths had a value in communication in proportion to their importance to mankind. But that is a most mistaken idea. The most important truths have absolutely no value in communication. The truth that "each of us exists"—the truth that "each of us is the same person to-day that he was yesterday," the truth that "a material universe exists, and that we believe in its existence,"—all these are most important truths—most important things to know. It is difficult to see how we could get on without this knowledge. Yet they are not worth one straw in communication. And why not? Just for the same reason that atmospheric air, though absolutely indispensable to our

existence, has no value whatever in exchange—this reason being that we can get, and have already got, both the air and the truths, in unlimited abundance for nothing,—and thanks to no man. Why give a man what he has already got to his heart's content—why teach him what he already knows even to repletion?

It is not its importance, then, which confers upon truth its value in communication. In other words, it is a most superfluous civility for one man to impart truth to another, solely because it happens to be important. If the important truth be already perfectly well known to the recipient, and if the impartor of it is aware that the recipient knows it just as well as he does,—“thank you for nothing” is, we think, the mildest reply that could be made in the circumstances. The fact is, that the value of truth is measured by precisely the same standard which determines the value of wealth. This standard is in neither case the importance of the article,—it is always its difficulty of attainment,—its cost of production. Has labour been expended on its formation or acquisition; then the article, if a material commodity, has a value in exchange—if a truth, it has a value in communication. Has no labour been bestowed upon it, and has Nature herself furnished it to every human being in overflowing abundance, then the thing is altogether destitute of exchange-value—whether it be an article of matter or of mind. No man can, without impertinence, transmit or convey such a commodity to his neighbour.

If this be the law on the subject, (and we conceive that it must be so ruled) it settles the question as to the *second* mode of dealing with the problem of perception. It establishes the point that this method of treating the problem is not to be permitted. It is *tabooed* by the very nature of things. Air and sunshine are excellent and most important articles, but they are not things to carry to market in bottles,—because no labour is required to produce them, and because they are the gratuitous and abundant property of every living soul. In the same way, the existence

of a material universe — and the fact that we believe in its existence—these are most important truths ; but they are not things to take to market in books, and for a like reason. They are important things to *know*, but they are not important things to *tell*. We conceive, in short, that Nature, by rendering these and similar truths unreservedly patent to the whole human race, has affixed to them her own contraband, — interdicting their communication ; and that Dr Reid, in making them the staple of his publications, was fighting against an eternal law. He undertook to teach the world certain truths connected with perception, which by his own admission the world already knew just as well as he did—and which required no labour for their production. This way of going to work with any problem, is certainly not the best. These remarks settle, we think, the general pretensions of the philosophy of Common Sense. In justice, however, to this philosophy, we must not omit to mention, that Sir William Hamilton has adduced the evidence of no less than one hundred and six witnesses, whose testimony goes to establish that it is a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεῖ*—a perpetual possession, “ a joy for ever.”

The *first* and *third* modes of dealing with our problem remain to be considered. The first mode ignores the problem altogether, it refuses to have any thing to do with it. Perhaps this mode is the best of the three. We will not say that it is not: it is at any rate preferable to the second. But once admit that philosophy is a legitimate occupation, and this mode must be set aside, for it is a negation of all philosophy. Every thing depends upon this admission. But the admission is, we conceive, a point which has been already, and long ago decided. Men must and will philosophise. That being the case, the only alternative left is, that we should discuss the highest problem of philosophy in the terms of the *third* mode proposed. We have called this the speculative method—which means nothing more than that we should expend upon the investigation the uttermost toil and application of thought; and that we should estimate

the truths which we arrive at, not by the scale of their importance, but by the scale of their difficulty of attainment, — of their cost of production. *Labour*, we repeat it, is the standard which measures the value of truth, as well as the value of wealth.

A still more cogent argument in favour of the strictly speculative treatment of the problem is this. The problem of perception may be said to be a *reversed* problem. What are the means in every other problem, are in *this* problem the end—and what is the end in every other problem, is in this problem the means. In every other problem the solution of the problem is the end desiderated : the means are the thinking requisite for its solution. But here the case is inverted. In *our* problem the desiderated solution is the means, the end is the development, or, we should rather say, the creation of speculative thought—a kind of thought different altogether from ordinary popular thinking. “ Oh! then,” some one will perhaps exclaim, “ after all, the whole question about perception resolves it into a *mere gymnastic* of the mind.” Good sir—do you know what you are saying? Do *you* think that the mind itself is any thing except a mere gymnastic of the mind. If you do—you are most deplorably mistaken. Most assuredly the mind only is what the mind *does*. The existence of thought is the exercise of thought. Now if this be true, there is the strongest possible reason for treating the problem after a purely speculative fashion. The problem and its desired solution—these are only the means which enable a new species of thinking, (and that the very highest,) viz. speculative thinking, to deploy into existence. This deployment is the end. But how can this end be attained if we check the speculative evolution in its first movements, by throwing ourselves into the arms of the *apparently* Common Sense convictions of Dr Reid? We use the word “*apparently*,” because, in reference to this problem, the *apparently* Common Sense convictions of Dr Reid, are not the *really* Common Sense convictions of mankind. These latter can only be got at through the severest discipline of speculation.

Our final answer, then, to the question which led us into this digression is this: -- It is quite true that the material world exists: it is quite true that we believe in this existence, and always act in conformity with our faith. Whole books may be written in confirmation of these truths. They may be published and paraded in a manner which apparently settles the entire problem of perception. And yet this is not the right way to go to work. It settles nothing but what all men, women, and children have already settled. The truths thus formally substantiated were produced without an effort — every one has already got from Nature at least as much of them as he cares to have; and therefore, whatever their importance may be, they cannot, with any sort of propriety, be made the subjects of conveyance from man to man. We must either leave the problem altogether alone, (a thing, however, which we should have thought of sooner,) or we must adopt the speculative treatment. The argument, moreover, contained in the preceding paragraph, appears to render this treatment imperative; and accordingly we now return to it, after our somewhat lengthened digression.

We must take up the thread of our discourse at the point where we dropped it. The crisis to which the discussion had conducted us was this; that the existence of matter could not be believed in *at all*. The psychological analysis necessarily lands us in this conclusion: for the psychological analysis gives us, for matter, nothing but matter *per se*. But matter *per se* is what no man does or can believe in. We are reluctant to reiterate the proof; but it is this: to believe in the existence of matter *per se* is to believe in the existence of matter liberated from perception; but we cannot believe in the existence of matter liberated from perception, for no power of thinking will liberate matter from perception; therefore, we cannot believe in the existence of matter *per se*. This argument admits of being exhibited in a still more forcible form. We commence with an illustration. If a man believes that a thing exists as one thing, he cannot believe that this same thing exists as another

thing. For instance, if a man believes that a tree exists as a tree, he cannot believe that it exists as a house. Apply this to the subject in hand. If a man believes that matter exists as a thing *not* disengaged from perception, he cannot believe that it exists as a thing *disengaged* from perception. Now, there cannot be a doubt that the *only* kind of matter in which man believes is matter *not* disengaged from perception. He therefore cannot believe in matter *disengaged* from perception. His mind is already preoccupied by the belief that matter is *this one thing*, and, therefore, he cannot believe that it is *that other thing*. His faith is, in this instance, forestalled, just as much as his faith is forestalled from believing that a tree is a house, when he already believes that it is a tree.

There are two very good reasons, then, why we cannot believe in the existence of matter at all, if we accept as our starting point the psychological analysis. This analysis gives us, for matter, matter *per se*. But matter *per se* cannot be believed in; 1st, because the condition on which the belief depends cannot be complied with; and, 2dly, because the matter which we *already* believe in is something quite different from matter *per se*. In trying to believe in the existence of matter *per se*, we always find that we are believing in the existence of *something else*, namely, in the existence of matter *cum perceptione*. But it is not to the psychological analysis that we are indebted for this matter, which is something else than matter *per se*. The psychological analysis does its best to annihilate it. It gives us nothing but matter *per se*, — a thing which neither is nor can be believed in. We are thus prevented from believing in the existence of *any* kind of matter. In a word, the psychological analysis of the perception of matter necessarily converts all those who embrace it into sceptics or idealists.

In this predicament what shall we do? Shall we abandon the analysis as a treacherous principle, or shall we, with Dr Reid, make one more stand in its defence? In order that the analysis may have fair play we shall give it another chance, by quoting Mr Stewart's exposition of Reid's doctrine, which must be regarded as a perfectly

faithful representation:—"Dr Reid," says Mr Stewart, "was the first person who had courage to lay completely aside all the common *hypothetical* language concerning perception, and to exhibit the *difficulty*, in all its magnitude, by a plain *statement of the fact*. To what, then, it may be asked, does this statement amount? Merely to this; that the mind is so formed that certain impressions produced on our organs of sense, by external objects, are *followed* by corresponding sensations, and that these sensations, (which have no more resemblance to the qualities of matter, than the words of a language have to the things they denote,) are *followed* by a perception of the existence and qualities of the bodies by which the impressions are made;—that all the steps of this process are equally incomprehensible."* There are at least two points which are well worthy of being attended to in this quotation. *First*, Mr Stewart says that Reid "exhibited the difficulty of the problem of perception, in all its magnitude, by a plain statement of fact." What does that mean? It means this; that Reid stated, indeed, the fact correctly—namely, *that* external objects give rise to sensations and perceptions, but that still his statement did not penetrate to the heart of the business, but, by his own admission, left the difficulty undiminished. What difficulty? The difficulty as to *how* external objects give rise to sensations and perceptions. Reid did not undertake to settle that point—a wise declinature, in the estimation of Mr Stewart. Now Mr Stewart, understanding, as he did, the philosophy of causation, ought to have known that every difficulty as to *how* one thing gives rise to another, is purely a difficulty of the mind's creation, and not of nature's making, and is, therefore, no difficulty at all. Let us explain this,—a man says he knows *that* fire explodes gunpowder; but he does not know *how* or by what means it does this. Suppose, then, he finds out the means, he is still just where he was; he must again ask *how* or by what means these discovered means explode the gunpowder; and so on *ad infinitum*. Now

the mind may quibble with itself for ever, and *make* what difficulties it pleases in this way; but there is no *real* difficulty in the case. In considering any sequence, we always know the *how* or the means as soon as we know the *that* or the fact. These means may be more proximate or more remote means, but they are invariably given either proximally or remotely along with and in the fact. As soon as we know *that* fire explodes gunpowder, we know *how* fire explodes gunpowder,—for fire is itself the means which explodes gunpowder,—the *how* by which it is ignited. In the same way, *if* we knew that matter gave rise to perception, there would be no difficulty as to *how* it did so. Matter would be itself the means which gave rise to perception. We conceive, therefore, that Mr Stewart did not consider what he was saying when he affirmed that Reid's plain statement of facts exhibited the *difficulty* in all its magnitude. If Reid's statement *be* a statement of fact, all difficulty vanishes,—the question of perception is relieved from every species of perplexity. If it *be* the fact that perception is consequent on the presence of matter, Reid must be admitted to have explained, to the satisfaction of all mankind, *how* perception is brought about. Matter is itself the means by which it is brought about.

Secondly, then—Is it the fact that matter gives rise to perception? That is the question. Is it the fact that these two things stand to each other in the relation of antecedent and consequent? Reid's "plain statement of fact," as reported by Mr Stewart, maintains that they do. Reid lays it down as a fact, that perceptions *follow* sensations, that sensations *follow* certain impressions made on our organs of sense by external objects, which stand first in the series. The sequence, then, is this—1st, Real external objects; 2d, Impressions made on our organs of sense; 3d, Sensations; 4th, Perceptions. It will simplify the discussion if we leave out of account Nos. 2 and 3, limiting ourselves to the statement that real objects precede perceptions. This is declared to be a fact—of course an *ob-*

* *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* Part I. ch. i.

served fact; for a fact can with no sort of propriety be called a fact, unless some person or other has *observed* it. Reid "laid completely aside all the common *hypothetical* language concerning perception." His plain statement (so says Mr Stewart) contains nothing but facts—facts established, of course, by observation. It is a fact of observation then, according to Reid, that real objects precede perceptions; that perceptions follow when real objects are present. Now, when a man proclaims as fact such a sequence as this, what must he first of all have done? He must have observed the antecedent *before* it was followed by the consequent; he must have observed the cause out of combination with the effect; otherwise his statement is a pure hypothesis or fiction. For instance, when a man says that a shower of rain (No. 1), is followed by a refreshed vegetation (No. 2), he must have observed both No. 1 and No. 2, and he must have observed them as two separate things. Had he never observed any thing but No. 2 (the refreshed vegetation), he might form what conjectures he pleased in regard to its antecedent, but he never could lay it down as an *observed fact*, that this antecedent was a shower of rain. In the same way, when a man affirms it to be a fact of observation (as Dr Reid does, according to Stewart) that material objects are *followed* by perceptions, it is absolutely necessary for the credit of his statement that he should have observed this to be the case; that he should have observed material objects before they were followed by perceptions; that he should have observed the antecedent separate from the consequent: otherwise his statement, instead of being complimented as a plain statement of fact, must be condemned as a tortuous statement of hypothesis. Unless he has observed No. 1 and No. 2 in sequence, he is not entitled to declare that this is an observed sequence. Now, did Reid, or did any man ever observe matter anterior to his perception of it? Had Reid a faculty which enabled him to catch matter before it had passed into perception? Did he ever observe it, as Hudibras says, "undressed?" Mr Stewart implies that he had such a faculty. But the notion is preposterous.

No man can observe matter prior to his perception of it; for his observation of it presupposes his perception of it. Our observation of matter begins absolutely with the perception of it. Observation always gives the perception of matter as the *first* term in the series, and not matter itself. To pretend (as Reid and Stewart do) that observation can go behind perception, and lay hold of matter before it has given rise to perception—this is too ludicrous a doctrine to be even mentioned; and we should not have alluded to it, but for the countenance which it has received from the two great apostles of common sense.

This last bold attempt, then, on the part of Reid and Stewart (for Stewart adopts the doctrine which he reports) to prop their tottering analysis on direct observation and experience, must be pronounced a failure. Reid's "plain statement of fact" is not a *true* statement of *observed* fact; it is a vicious statement of *conjectured* fact. Observation depones to the existence of the perception of matter as the first *datum* with which it has to deal, but it depones to the existence of nothing anterior to this.

But will not abstract thinking bear out the analysis by yielding to us matter *per se* as a legitimate inference of reason? No; it will do nothing of the kind. To make good this inference, observe what abstract thinking must do. It must bring under the notice of the mind matter *per se* (No. 1) as something which is *not* the perception of it (No. 2): but whenever thought tries to bring No. 1 under the notice of the mind, it is No. 2 (or the perception of matter) which invariably comes. We may ring for No. 1, but No. 2 always answers the bell. We may labour to construe a tree *per se* to the mind, but what we always *do* construe to the mind is the perception of a tree. What we want is No. 1, but what we always get is No. 2. To unravel the thing explicitly—the manner in which we impose upon ourselves is this:—As explanatory of the perceptive process, we construe to our minds *two number twos*, and one of these we call No. 1. For example, we have the perception of a tree (No. 2); we wish to think the tree itself (No. 1) as that which gives

rise to the perception. But this No. 1 is merely No. 2 over again. It is thought of as the perception of a tree, *i. e.* as No. 2. We *call* it the tree itself, or No. 1; but we *think* it as the perception of the tree, or as No. 2. The first or explanatory term (the matter *per se*) is merely a repetition in thought (though called by a different name) of the second term—the term to be explained—viz. the perception of matter. Abstract thinking, then, equally with direct observation, refuses to lend any support to the analysis; for a thing cannot be said to be analysed when it is merely multiplied or repeated, which is all that abstract thinking does in regard to the perception of matter. The matter *per se*, which abstract thinking supposes that it separates from the perception of matter, is merely an iteration of the perception of matter.

Our conclusion therefore is, that the analysis of the perception of matter into the two things, perception and matter (the ordinary psychological principle), must, on all accounts, be abandoned. It is both treacherous and impracticable.

Before proceeding to consider the metaphysical solution of the problem, we shall gather up into a few sentences the reasonings which in the preceding discussion are diffused over a considerable surface. The ordinary, or psychological doctrine of perception, reposes upon an analysis of the perception of matter into two separate things,—a modification of our minds (the one thing) consequent on the presence of matter *per se*, which is the other thing. This analysis inevitably leads to a theory of representative perception, because it yields as its result a proximate and a remote object. It is the essence of representationism to recognise both of these as instrumental in perception. But representationism leads to scepticism—for it is possible that the remote or real object (matter *per se*), not being an object of consciousness, may not be instrumental in the process. Scepticism doubts its instrumentality, and, doubting its instrumentality, it, of course, doubts its existence; for not being an object of consciousness, its existence is only postulated in order to account for something which is an object of con-

sciousness, viz. perception. If, therefore, we doubt that matter has any hand in bringing about perception, we, of course, doubt the existence of matter. This scepticism does. Idealism denies its instrumentality and existence. In these circumstances what does Dr Reid do? He admits that matter *per se* is not an object of consciousness; but he endeavours to save its existence by an appeal to our natural and irresistible belief in its existence. But scepticism and idealism doubt and deny the existence of matter *per se*, not merely because it is no object of consciousness, but, moreover, because it is no object of belief. And in this they are perfectly right. It is no object of belief. Dr Reid's appeal, therefore, goes for nothing. He has put into the witness-box a nonentity. And scepticism and idealism are at any rate for the present reprieved. But do not scepticism and idealism go still further in their denial—do they not extend it from a denial in the existence of matter *per se*, to a denial in the existence of matter altogether? Yes, and they must do this. They can only deal with the matter which the psychological analysis affords. The only kind of matter which the psychological analysis affords is matter *per se*, and it affords this as all matter whatsoever. Therefore, in denying the existence of matter *per se*, scepticism and idealism must deny the existence of matter out and out. This, then, is the legitimate *terminus* to which the accepted analysis conducts us. We are all, as we at present stand, either sceptics or idealists, every man of us. Shall the analysis, then, be given up? Not if it can be substantiated by any good plea: for *truth* must be accepted, be the consequences what they may. Can the analysis, then, be made good either by observation or by reasoning,—the only competent authorities, now that belief has been declared *hors de combat*? Stewart says that Reid made it good by means of direct observation; but the claim is too ridiculous to be listened to for a single instant. We have also shown that reasoning is incompetent to make out and support the analysis; and therefore our conclusion is, that it falls to the ground as a thing altogether impracticable as well as false, and

that the attempt to re-establish it ought never, on any account, to be renewed.

We have dwelt so long on the exposition of the psychological or analytic solution of the problem of perception, that we have but little space to spare for the discussion of the metaphysical doctrine. We shall unfold it as briefly as we can.

The principle of the metaphysical doctrine is precisely the opposite of the principle of the psychological doctrine. The one attempts an analysis; the other forbears from all analysis of the given fact—the perception of matter. And why does metaphysic make no attempt to dissect this fact? Simply because the thing cannot be done. The fact yields not to the solvent of thought: it yields not to the solvent of observation: it yields not to the solvent of belief, for man has no belief in the existence of matter from which perception (present and remembered) has been withdrawn. An impotence of the mind does indeed apparently resolve the supposed synthesis: but essential thinking exposes the imposition, restores the divided elements to their pristine integrity, and extinguishes the theory which would explain the *datum* by means of the concurrence of a subjective or mental, and an objective or material factor. The convicted weakness of psychology is thus the root which gives strength to metaphysic. The failure of psychology affords to metaphysic a foundation of adamant. And perhaps no better or more comprehensive description of the object of metaphysical or speculative philosophy could be given than this,—that it is a science which exists, and has at all times existed, chiefly for the purpose of exposing the vanity and confounding the pretensions of what is called the “science of the human mind.” The turning-round of thought from psychology to metaphysic is the true interpretation of the Platonic conversion of the soul from ignorance to knowledge—from mere opinion to certainty and satisfaction: in other words, from a discipline in which the thinking is only *apparent*, to a discipline in which the thinking is *real*:

Ordinary observation does not reveal to us the real, but only the apparent revolutions of the celestial orbs. We must call astronomy to our aid if we would reach the truth. In the same way, ordinary or psychological thinking may show us the apparent movements of thought—but it is powerless to decipher the real figures described in that mightier than planetary scheme. Metaphysic alone can teach us to read aright the intellectual skies. Psychology regards the universe of thought from the Ptolemaic point of view, making man, as this system made the earth, the centre of the whole: metaphysic regards it from the Copernican point of view, making God, as this scheme makes the sun, the regulating principle of all. The difference is as great between “the science of the human mind” and metaphysic, as it is between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican astronomy, and it is very much of the same kind.

But the opposition between psychology and metaphysic, which we would at present confine ourselves to the consideration of, is this:—the psychological blindness consists in supposing that the analysis so often referred to is practicable, and has been made out: the metaphysical insight consists in seeing that the analysis is null and impracticable. The superiority of metaphysic, then, does not consist in doing, or in attempting more than psychology. It consists in seeing that psychology proposes to execute the impossible, (a thing which psychology does not herself see, but persists in attempting;) and it consists, moreover, in refraining from this audacious attempt, and in adopting a humbler, a less adventurous, and a more circumspect method. Metaphysic (viewed in its ideal character) aims at nothing but what it can fully overtake. It is quite a mistake to imagine that this science proposes to carry a man beyond the length of his tether. The psychologist, indeed, launches the mind into imaginary spheres; but metaphysic binds it down to the fact, and there sternly bids it to abide. *That* is the profession of the metaphysician, considered in his beau-ideal. *That*, too, is the practice (making allowance for the infirmities incident to humanity,

and which prevent the ideal from ever being perfectly realised)—the practice of all the true astronomers of thought, from Plato down to Schelling and Hegel. If these philosophers accomplish more than the psychologist, it is only because they attempt much less.

In taking up the problem of perception, all that metaphysic demands is the *whole* given fact. That is her only postulate. And it is undoubtedly a stipulation which she is justly entitled to make. Now, what is, in this case, the *whole* given fact? When we perceive an object, what is the whole given fact before us? In stating it, we must not consult elegance of expression: the whole given fact is this,—“We apprehend the perception of an object.” The fact before us is comprehended wholly in that statement, but in nothing short of it. Now, does metaphysic give no countenance to an analysis of this fact? That is a new question—a question on which we have not yet touched. Observe,—the fact which metaphysic declares to be absolutely unsusceptible of analysis is “the perception of matter.” But the fact which we are now considering is a totally different fact: it is *our apprehension of the perception of matter*—and it does not follow that metaphysic will also declare this fact to be ultimate and indecomposable. Were metaphysic to do this, it would reduce us to the condition of subjective or egoistic idealism. But metaphysic is not so absurd. It denies the divisibility of the one fact; but it does itself divide the other. And it is perfectly competent for metaphysic to do this, inasmuch as “our apprehension of the perception of matter” is a different fact from “the perception of matter itself.” The former is, in the estimation of metaphysic, susceptible of analysis—the latter is not. Metaphysic thus escapes the imputation of leading us into subjective idealism. This will become more apparent as we proceed.

“Our apprehension of the perception of matter,”—this, then, is the whole given fact with which metaphysic has to deal. And this fact metaphysic proceeds to analyse into a subjective and an objective factor—

giving to the human mind that part of the *datum* which belongs to the human mind, and withholding from the human mind that part of the *datum* to which it has no proper or exclusive claim. But at what point in the *datum* does metaphysic insert the dissecting knife, or introduce the solvent which is to effect the proposed dualisation? At a very different point from that at which psychology insinuates her “ineffectual fire.” Psychology cuts down between perception and matter, making the former subjective and the latter objective. Metaphysic cuts down between “our apprehension”—and “the perception of matter;” making the latter, “the perception of matter,” totally objective, and the former, “our apprehension,” alone subjective. Admitting, then, that the total fact we have to deal with is this, “our apprehension of the perception of matter”—the difference of treatment which this fact experiences at the hand of psychology and metaphysic is this:—they both divide the fact; but psychology divides it as follows:—“Our apprehension of the perception of”—that is the subjective part of the *datum*—the part that belongs to the human mind;—“Matter *per se*” is the objective part of the *datum*, the part of the *datum* which exists independently of the human mind. Metaphysic divides it at a different point, “our apprehension of:” this, according to metaphysic, is the subjective part of the process—it is all which can with any propriety be attributed to the human mind:—“the perception of matter,” this is the objective part of the *datum*—the part of it which exists independently of the human mind—and to the possession of which the human mind has no proper claim—no title at all.

Before explaining what the grounds are which authorise metaphysic in making a division so different from the psychological division of the fact which they both discuss, we shall make a few remarks for the purpose of extirpating, if possible, any lingering prejudice which may still lurk in the reader's mind in favour of the psychological partition.

According to metaphysic, the perception of matter is not the whole

given fact with which we have to deal in working out this problem—(it is not the whole given fact; for, as we have said, our apprehension of, or participation in, the perception of matter—this is the whole given fact);—but the perception of matter is the *whole objective* part of the given fact. But it will, perhaps, be asked—Are there not here two given facts? Does not the perception of matter imply two data? Is not the perception one given fact, and is not the matter itself another given fact—and are not these two facts perfectly distinct from one another? No: it is the false analysis of psychologists which we have already exposed that deceives us. But there is another circumstance which, perhaps, contributes more than any thing else to assist and perpetuate our delusion. This is the construction of language. We shall take this opportunity to put the student of philosophy upon his guard against its misleading tendency.

People imagine that because two (or rather three) words are employed to denote the fact, (the perception of matter,) that therefore there are two separate facts and thoughts corresponding to these separate words. But it is a great mistake to suppose that the analysis of facts and thoughts necessarily runs parallel with the analysis of sounds. Man, as Homer says, is *μεροψ*, or a word-divider; and he often carries this propensity so far as to divide words where there is no corresponding division of thoughts or of things. This is a very convenient practice, in so far as the ordinary business of life is concerned: for it saves much circumlocution, much expenditure of sound. But it runs the risk of making great havoc with scientific thinking; and there cannot be a doubt that it has helped to confirm psychology in its worst errors, by leading the unwary thinker to suppose that he has got before him a complete fact or thought, when he has merely got before him a complete word. There are whole words which, taken by themselves, have no thoughts or things corresponding to them, any more than there are thoughts and things corresponding to each of the separate syllables of which these words are composed. The words "perception" and "matter"

are cases in point. These words have no meaning,—they have neither facts nor thoughts corresponding to them, when taken out of correlation to each other. The word "perception" must be supplemented (mentally at least) by the words "of matter," before it has any kind of sense—before it denotes any thing that exists; and in like manner the word "matter" must be mentally supplemented by the words "perception of," before it has any kind of sense, or denotes any real existence. The psychologist would think it absurd if any one were to maintain that there is one separate existence in nature corresponding to the syllable *mat*-, and another separate existence corresponding to the syllable *ter*—the component syllables of the word "matter." In the estimation of the metaphysician, it is just as ridiculous to suppose that there is an existing fact or modification in us corresponding to the three syllables *perception*, and a fact or existence in nature corresponding to the two syllables *matter*. The word "perception" is merely part of a word which, for convenience' sake, is allowed to represent the whole word; and so is the word "matter." The word "perception-of-matter" is always the one total word—the word to the mind,—and the existence which this word denotes is a totally objective existence.

But in these remarks we are reiterating (we hope, however, that we are also enforcing) our previous arguments. No power of the mind can divide into two facts, or two existences, or two thoughts, that one prominent fact which stands forth in its integrity as the perception-of-matter. Despite, then, the misleading construction of language—despite the plausible artifices of psychology, we must just accept this fact as we find it,—that is, we must accept it indissoluble and entire, and we must keep it indissoluble and entire. We have seen what psychology brought us to by tampering with it, under the pretence of a spurious, because impracticable analysis.

We proceed to exhibit the grounds upon which the metaphysician claims for the perception of matter a totally objective existence. The question may be stated thus: Where are we to place

this *datum*? in our minds or out of our minds? We cannot place part of it in our own minds, and part of it out of our minds, for it has been proved to be not subject to partition. Wherever we place it, then, there must we place it whole and undivided. Has the perception of matter, then, its proper location in the human mind, or has it not? Does its existence depend upon our existence, or has it a being altogether independent of us?

Now that, and that alone, is the point to decide which our natural belief should be appealed to; but Dr Reid did not see this. His appeal to the conviction of common sense was premature. He appealed to this belief without allowing scepticism and idealism to run their full course; without allowing them to confound the psychological analysis, and thus bring us back to a better condition by compelling us to accept the fact, not as given in the spurious analysis of man, but as given in the eternal synthesis of God. The consequence was, that Reid's appeal came to naught. Instead of interrogating our belief as to the objective existence of the perception of matter, (the proper question,) the question which he brought under its notice was the objective existence of matter *per se*—matter *minus* perception. Now, matter *per se*, or *minus* perception, is a thing which no belief will countenance. Reid, however, could not admit this. Having appealed to the belief, he was compelled to distort its evidence in his own favour, and to force it, in spite of itself, to bear testimony to the fact which he wished it to establish. Thus Dr Reid's appeal not only came to naught, but being premature, it drove him, as has been said and shown, to falsify the primitive convictions of our nature. Scepticism must indeed be terrible, when it could thus hurry an honest man into a philosophical falsehood.

The question, then, which we have to refer to our natural belief, and abide the answer whatever it may be, is this:—Is the perception of matter (taken in its integrity, as it must be taken,) is it a modification of the human mind, or is it not? We answer unhesitatingly for ourselves, that *our* belief is, that it is not. This "confession of faith" saves us from

the imputation of subjective idealism, and we care not what other kind of idealism we are charged with. We can think of no sort of evidence to prove that the perception of matter is a modification of the human mind, or that the human mind is its proper and exclusive abode: and all our belief sets in towards the opposite conclusion. Our primitive conviction, when we do nothing to pervert it, is that the perception of matter is not, either wholly, or in part, a condition of the human soul; is not bounded in any direction by the narrow limits of our intellectual span: but that it "dwells apart," a mighty and independent system, a city fitted up and upheld by the everlasting God. Who told us that we were placed in a world composed of matter, which gives rise to our subsequent internal perceptions of it, and not that we were let down at once into a universe composed of external perceptions of matter, that were there beforehand and from all eternity—and in which we, the creatures of a day, are merely allowed to participate by the gracious Power to whom they really appertain? We, perversely philosophising, told ourselves the former of these alternatives; but our better nature, the convictions that we have received from God himself, assure us that the latter of them is the truth. The latter is by far the simpler, as well as by far the sublimer doctrine. But it is not on the authority either of its simplicity or its sublimity, that we venture to propound it—it is on account of its perfect consonance, both with the primitive convictions of our unsophisticated common sense, and with the more delicate and complex evidence of our speculative reason.

When a man consults his own nature, in an impartial spirit, he inevitably finds that his genuine belief in the existence of matter is not a belief in the independent existence of matter *per se*—but is a belief in the independent existence of the perception of matter which he is for the time participating in. The very last thing which he naturally believes in, is, that the perception is a state of his own mind, and that the matter is something different from it, and exists apart in *natura rerum*. He

may say that he believes this, but he never does really believe it. At any rate, he believes in the *first* place that they exist *together*, wherever they exist. The perception which a man has of a sheet of paper, does not come before him as something distinct from the sheet of paper itself. The two are identical: they are indivisible: they are not two, but one. The only question then is, whether the perception of a sheet of paper (taken as it must be in its indissoluble totality) is a state of the man's own mind—or is no such state. And, in settlement of this question, there cannot be a doubt that he believes in the *second* place, that the perception of a sheet of paper is not a modification of his own mind, but is an objective thing which exists altogether independent of him, and one which would still exist, although he, and all other created beings were annihilated. All that he believes to be his (or subjective) is *his participation in the perception of this object*. In a word, it is the perception of matter, and not matter *per se*, which is the *kind* of matter, in the independent and permanent existence of which man rests and reposes his belief. There is no truth or satisfaction to be found in any other doctrine.

This metaphysical theory of perception is a doctrine of pure intuitionism: it steers clear of all the perplexities of representationism; for it gives us in perception only one—that is, only a proximate object: this object is the perception of matter,—and this is one indivisible object. It is not, and cannot be, split into a proximate and a remote object. The doctrine, therefore, is proof against all the cavils of scepticism. We may add, that the entire objectivity of this *datum* (which the metaphysical doctrine proclaims) makes it proof against the imputation of idealism,—at least of every species of absurd or objectionable idealism.

But what are these objective perceptions of matter, and to whom do they belong? This question leads us to speak of the circumstance which renders the metaphysical doctrine of perception so truly valuable. This doctrine is valuable chiefly on account of the indestructible foundation which

it affords to the *à priori* argument in favour of the existence of God. The substance of the argument is this,—matter is the perception of matter. The perception of matter does not belong to man; it is no state of the human mind,—man merely participates in it. But it must belong to some mind,—for perceptions without an intelligence in which they inhere are inconceivable and contradictory. They must therefore be the property of the Divine mind; states of the everlasting intellect; *ideas* of the Lord and Ruler of all things, and which come before us as *realities*,—so forcibly do they contrast themselves with the evanescent and irregular ideas of our feeble understandings. We must, however, beware, above all things, of regarding these Divine ideas as *mere* ideas. An idea, as usually understood, is that from which all reality has been abstracted; but the perception of matter is a Divine idea, from which the reality has not been abstracted, and from which it cannot be abstracted.

But what, it will be asked—what becomes of the senses if this doctrine be admitted? *What* is their use and office? Just the same as before,—only with this difference, that whereas the psychological doctrine teaches that the exercise of the senses is the condition upon which we are permitted to apprehend objective material things—the metaphysical doctrine teaches that the exercise of the senses is the condition upon which we are permitted to apprehend or participate in the objective perception of material things. There is no real difficulty in the question just raised; and therefore, with this explanatory hint, we leave it, our space being exhausted.

Anticipations of this doctrine are to be found in the writings of every great metaphysician—of every man that ever speculated. It is announced in the speculations of Malebranche—still more explicitly in those of Berkeley; but though it forms the substance of their systems, from foundation-stone to pinnacle, it is not proclaimed with sufficiently unequivocal distinctness by either of these two great philosophers. Malebranche made the perception of matter totally objective, and vested the perception in the Divine mind, as we do. But he erred in this

respect : having made the perception of matter altogether objective, he analysed it in its objectivity into perception (*idée*) and matter *per se*. We should rather say that he attempted to do this : and of course he failed, for the thing, as we have shown, is absolutely impossible. Berkeley made no such attempt. He regarded the perception of matter as not only totally objective, but as absolutely indivisible ; and therefore we are disposed to regard him as the greatest metaphysician of his own country—(we do not mean Ireland ; but England, Scotland, and Ireland)—at the very least.

When this elaborate edition of Reid's works shall be completed—shall have received its last consummate po-

lish from the hand of its accomplished editor—we promise to review the many important topics (partly philosophical and partly physiological) which Sir William Hamilton has discussed in a manner which is worthy of his own great reputation, and which renders all compliment superfluous. We are assured that the philosophical public is waiting with anxious impatience for the completion of these discussions. In the mean time, we heartily recommend the volume to the student of philosophy as one of the most important works which our higher literature contains, and as one from which he will derive equal gratification and instruction, whether he agrees with its contents or not.

NOTE in reference to an Article in our last Number, and to PROFESSOR WILSON'S Letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, dated 30th June.

MESSRS BLACKWOOD regret to find that some observations regarding the University of Edinburgh, contained in an article in their last Number, should have occasioned feelings of pain and disapprobation in one of their earliest and best supporters, Professor Wilson, of whose connexion with the Magazine they are justly proud, and whose friendship they hope ever to retain undiminished.

These observations did not at the time appear to them in the aspect in which they now see that they may be regarded. They were fully assured of the meaning and motives of the writer of the article in question, and conscious themselves of the deepest respect and admiration for the University of Edinburgh.

They are now, however, sensible that the passage referred to was liable to objections which they know had not occurred to the writer of the article, but which they, as the parties who have all along been responsible for the management of the Magazine, ought to have seen and obviated.

They deeply regret that through this error upon their part Professor Wilson should have felt it necessary to disclaim what had thus inadvertently been allowed to appear in their pages.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

Vol. LXII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET;
AND 37, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

infernal tampering with the currency will be the ruin of every mother's son of us!"—and here Bob, in a fit of indignant enthusiasm, commenced a vivid harangue upon the principles of contraction and expansion, bullion, the metallic standard, and the bank reserves, which no doubt was extremely sound, but which I shall not recapitulate to the reader.

"That's all very well, Bob," said I—"very good in theory, but we should confine ourselves at present to practice. The main question seems to me to be this. How are we to get out of our present fix? I presume you are not at present afflicted with a remarkable plethora of cash?"

"Every farthing I have in the world is locked up in a falling line."

"Any debts?"

"Not many; but quite enough to make me meditate a temporary retirement to Boulogne."

"I believe you are better off than I am. I not only owe money, but am terribly bothered about some bills."

"That's awkward. Would it not be advisable to bolt?"

"I don't think so. You used to tell me, Bob, that credit was the next best thing to capital. Now, I don't despair of redeeming my capital yet, if I can only keep up my credit."

"Right, undoubtedly, as you generally are. Do you know, Dunshunner, you deserve credit for your notions on political economy. But how is that to be done? Every body is realising; the banks won't discount; and when your bills become due, they will be, to a dead certainty, protested."

"Well—and what then?"

"*Squalor carceris*, etcetera."

"Hum—an unpleasant alternative, certainly. Come, Bob! put your wits to work. You used to be a capital hand for devices, and there must be some way or other of steering clear. Time is all we want."

"Ay, to be sure—time is the great thing. It would be very unpleasant to look out on the world through a grating during the summer months!"

"I perspire at the bare idea!"

"Not a soul in town—all your friends away in the Highlands boating, or fishing, or shooting grouse—

and you pent up in a stifling apartment of eight feet square, with nobody to talk to save the turnkey, and no prospect from the window, except a deserted gooseberry stall!"

"O Bob, don't talk in that way! You make me perfectly miserable."

"And all this for a ministerial currency crotchet? 'Pon my soul, it's too bad! I wish those fellows in Parliament——"

"Well? Go on."

"By Jove! I've an idea at last!"

"You don't say so! My dear Bob—out with it!"

"Dunshunner, are you a man of pluck?"

"I should think I am."

"And ready to go the whole hog, if required?"

"The entire animal."

"Then I'll tell you what it is—the elections will be on immediately—and, by St Andrew, we'll put you up for Parliament!"

"Me!"

"You. Why not? There are hundreds of men there quite as hard up, and not half so clever as yourself."

"And what good would that do me?"

"Don't you see? You need not care a farthing about your debts then, for the personal liberty of a member of the House of Commons is sacred. You can fire away right and left at the currency; and who knows, if you play your cards well, but you may get a comfortable place?"

"Well, you *are* a genius, Bob! But then, what sort of principles should I profess?"

"That is a matter which requires consideration. What are your own feelings on the subject?"

"Perfect indifference. I am pledged to no party, and am free to exercise my independent judgment."

"Of course, of course! We shall take care to stick all that into the address; but you must positively come forward with some kind of tangible political views. The currency will do for one point, but as to the others I see a difficulty."

"Suppose I were to start as a Peelite?"

"Something may be said in favour of that view; but, on the whole, I should rather say not. That party

may not look up for some little time, and then the currency is a stumbling-block in the way. No, Dunshunner, I do not think, upon my honour, that it would be wise for you to commit yourself in that quarter at the present moment."

"Suppose I try the Protectionist dodge? One might come it very strong against the foreigners, and in favour of native industry. Eh, Bob? What do you say to that? It is an advantage to act with gentlemen."

"True; but at the same time, I see many objections. The principles of the country party are not yet thoroughly understood by the people, and I should like to have you start with at least popularity on your side."

"Radical, then? What do you think of Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and separation of Church and State?"

"I am clear against that. These views are not popular with the Electors, and even the mob would entertain a strong suspicion that you were humbugging them."

"What, then, on earth am I to do?"

"I will tell you. Come out as a pure and transparent Whig. In the present position of parties, it is at least a safe course to pursue, and it is always the readiest step to the possession of the loaves and the fishes."

"Bob, I don't like the Whigs!"

"No more do I. They are a bad lot; but they are *in*, and that is every thing. Yes, Augustus," continued Bob solemnly, "there is nothing else for it. You must start as a pure Whig, upon the Revolution principles of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight."

"It would be a great relief to my mind, Bob, if you would tell me what those principles really are?"

"I have not the remotest idea; but we have plenty time to look them up."

"Then, I suppose I must swallow the Dutchman and the Massacre of Glencoe?"

"Yes, and the Darien business into the bargain. These are the principles of your party, and of course you are bound to subscribe."

"Well! you know best; but I'd rather do any thing else."

"Pooh! never fear; you shall Whiggery will agree remarkably well. That matter, then, we may consider as settled. The next point to be thought of is the constituency."

"Ay, to be sure! what place am I to start for? I have got no interest, and if I had any, there are no nomination burghs in Scotland."

"Aren't there? That's all you know, my fine fellow! Hark ye, Dunshunner, more than half of the Scottish burghs are at this moment filled by nominees!"

"You amaze me, Bob! The thing is impossible! The Reform Bill, that great charter of our liberties——"

"Bravo! There spoke the Whig! The Reform Bill, you think, put an end to nomination? It did nothing of the kind, it merely transferred it. Did you ever hear of such things as *Clique*s?"

"I have. But they are tremendously unpopular."

"Nevertheless, they hold the returning power. There is a *Clique* in almost every town throughout Scotland, which leads the electors as quietly, but as surely, as the blind-man is conducted by his dog. These are modelled on the true Venetian principles of secrecy and terrorism. They control the whole constituency, put in the member, and in return monopolise the whole patronage of the place. If you have the *Clique* with you, you are almost sure of your election; if not, except in the larger towns, you have not a shadow of success. Now, what I want to impress upon you is this, that wherever you go, be sure that you communicate with the *Clique*."

"But how am I to find it out?"

"That is not always an easy matter, for nobody will acknowledge that they belong to it. However, the thing is not impossible, and we shall certainly make the experiment. Come, then, I suppose you agree with me, that it is hopeless to attempt the larger towns?"

"Clearly. So far as I see, they are all provided already with candidates."

"And you may add, *Cliques*, Dunshunner. Well, then, let us search

among the smaller places. What would you think of a dash at the Stirling District of Burghs?"

"Why, there are at least half-a-dozen candidates in the field."

"True, that would naturally lessen your chance. Depend upon it, some one of them has already found the key to the Clique. But there's the Dreepdaily District with nobody standing for it, except the Honourable Paul Pozzlethwaite; and I question whether he knows himself the nature or the texture of his politics. Really, Dunshunner, that's the very place for you; and if we look sharp after it, I bet the long odds that you will carry it in a canter."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do indeed; and the sooner you start the better. Let me see. I know Provost Binkie of Dreepdaily. He is a Railway bird, was an original Glenmutchkin shareholder, and fortunately sold out at a premium. He is a capital man to begin with, and I think will be favourable to you: besides, Dreepdaily is an old Whig burgh. I am not so sure of Kittleweem. It is a shade more respectable than Dreepdaily, and has always been rather Conservative. The third burgh, Dronthielaw, is a nest of Radicalism; but I think it may be won over, if we open the public-houses."

"But, about expenses, Bob—won't it be a serious matter?"

"Why, you must lay your account with spending some five or six hundred pounds upon the nail; and I advise you to sell stock to that amount at least. The remainder, should it cost you more, can stand over."

"Bob, five or six hundred pounds is a very serious sum!"

"Granted—but then look at the honour and the immunity you will enjoy. Recollect that yours is an awkward predicament. If you don't get into Parliament, I see nothing for it but a stoppage."

"That's true enough. Well—hang it, then, I will start!"

"There's a brave fellow! I should not in the least wonder to see you in the Cabinet yet. The sooner you set about preparing your address the better."

"What! without seeing Provost Binkie?"

"To be sure. What is the use of wading when you can plunge at once into deep water? Besides, let me tell you that you are a great deal more likely to get credit when it is understood that you are an actual candidate."

"There is something in that too. But I say, Bob—you really must help me with the address. I am a bad hand at these things, and shall never be able to tickle up the electors without your assistance."

"I'll do all I can. Just ring for a little sherry and water, and we'll set to work. I make no doubt that, between us, we can polish off a plausible placard."

Two hours afterwards, I forwarded, through the post-office, a missive, addressed to the editor of the Dreepdaily Patriot, with the following document enclosed. I am rather proud of it, as a manifesto of my political principles.

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE UNITED DISTRICT OF BURGHs OF DREEPDAILY, DROUTHIELAW, AND KITTLEWEEM.

"GENTLEMEN,—I am induced, by a requisition, to which are appended the signatures of a large majority of your influential and patriotic body, to offer myself as a candidate for the high honour of your representation in the ensuing session of Parliament. Had I consulted my own inclination, I should have preferred the leisure of retirement and the pursuit of those studies so congenial to my taste, to the more stormy and agitating arena of politics. But a deep sense of public duty compels me to respond to your call.

"My views upon most subjects are so well known to many of you, that a lengthened explanation of them would probably be superfluous. Still, however, it may be right and proper for me to explain generally what they are.

"My principles are based upon the great and glorious Revolution settlement of 1688, which, by abolishing, or at least superseding, hereditary right, intrusted the guardianship of the crown to an enlightened oligarchy for the protection of an unparticipating people. That oligarchy is now

most ably represented by her Majesty's present Ministers, to whom, unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly, except upon a very few matters, I give in my adhesion so long as they shall continue in office.

"Opposed to faction and an enemy to misrule, I am yet friendly to many changes of a sweeping and organic character. Without relaxing the ties which at present bind together church and state in harmonious coalition and union, I would gradually confiscate the revenues of the one for the increasing necessities of the other. I never would become a party to an attack upon the House of Peers, so long as it remains subservient to the will of the Commons; nor would I alter or extend the franchise, except from cause shown, and the declared and universal wish of the non-electors.

"I highly approve of the policy which has been pursued towards Ireland, and of further concessions to a deep-rooted system of agitation. I approve of increased endowments to that much neglected country; and I applaud that generosity which relieves it from all participation in the common burdens of the state. Such a line of policy cannot fail to elevate the moral tone, and to develop the internal resources of Ireland; and I never wish to see the day when the Scotsman and the Irishman may, in so far as taxation is concerned, be placed upon an equal footing. It appears to me a highly equitable adjustment that the savings of the first should be appropriated for the wants of the second.

"I am in favour of the centralising system, which, by drafting away the wealth and talent of the provinces, must augment the importance of London. I am strongly opposed to the maintenance of any local or Scottish institutions, which can merely serve to foster a spirit of decayed nationality; and I am of opinion that all boards and offices should be transferred to England, with the exception of those connected with the Dreepdaily district, which it is the bounden duty of the legislature to protect and preserve.

"I am a friend to the spread of education, but hostile to any system by means of which religion, especially Protestantism, may be taught.

"I am a supporter of free trade in all its branches. I cannot see any reason for the protection of native industry, and am ready to support any fundamental measure by means of which articles of foreign manufacture may be brought to compete in the home market with our own, without restriction and without reciprocity. It has always appeared to me that our imports are of far greater importance than our exports. I think that any lowering of price which may be the result of such a commercial policy, will be more than adequately compensated by a coercive measure which shall compel the artisan to augment the period of his labour. I am against any short hours' bill, and am of opinion that infant labour should be stringently and universally enforced.

"With regard to the currency, I feel that I may safely leave that matter in the hands of her Majesty's present Ministers, who have never shown any indisposition to oppose themselves to the popular wish.

"These, gentlemen, are my sentiments; and I think that, upon consideration, you will find them such as may entitle me to your cordial support. I need not say how highly I shall value the trust, or how zealously I shall endeavour to promote your local interests. These, probably, can be best advanced by a cautious regard to my own.

"On any other topics I shall be happy to give you the fullest and most satisfactory explanation. I shall merely add, as a summary of my opinions, that while ready on the one hand to coerce labour, so as to stimulate internal industry to the utmost, and to add largely to the amount of our population; I am, upon the other, a friend to the liberty of the subject, and to the promotion of such genial and sanatory measures as suit the tendency of our enlightened age, the diffusion of universal philanthropy, and the spread of popular opinion. I remain, GENTLEMEN, with the deepest respect, your very obedient and humble servant,

“AUGUSTUS REGINALD DUNSHUNNER.

St Mirren's House,

June, 1847."

The editor of the Dreepdaily Patriot, wisely considering that this adver-

tisement was the mere prelude to many more, was kind enough to dedicate a leading article to an exposition of my past services. I am not a vain man; so that I shall not here reprint the panegyric passed upon myself, or the ovation which my friend foresaw. Indeed, I am so far from vain, that I really began to think, while perusing the columns of the Patriot, that I had somewhat foolishly shut my eyes hitherto to the greatness of that talent, and the brilliancy of those

parts which were now proclaimed to the world. Yes; it was quite clear that I had hitherto been concealing my candle under a bushel—that I was cut out by nature for a legislator—and that I was the very man for the Dreepdaily electors. Under this conviction, I started upon my canvass, munimented with letters of introduction from M^cCorkindale, who, much against his inclination, was compelled to remain at home.

CHAPTER II.

Dreepdaily is a beautiful little town, embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills which have such a winning way with the clouds that the summits are seldom visible. Dreepdaily, if situated in Arabia, would be deemed a Paradise. All round it the vegetation is long, and lithe, and luxuriant; the trees keep their verdure late; and the rush of the nettles is amazing.

How the inhabitants contrive to live, is to me a matter of mystery. There is no particular trade or calling exercised in the place—no busy hum of artisans, or clanking of hammer or machinery. Round the suburbs, indeed, there are rows of mean-looking cottages, each with its strapping lass in the national short gown at the door, from the interior of which resounds the boom of the weaver's shuttle. There is also one factory at a little distance; but when you reach the town itself, all is supereminently silent. In fine weather, crowds of urchins of both sexes are seen sunning themselves on the quaint-looking flights of steps by which the doors, usually on the second story, are approached; and as you survey the swarms of bare-legged and flaxen-haired infantry, you cannot help wondering in your heart what has become of the adult population. It is only towards evening that the seniors appear. Then you may find them either congregated on the bridge discussing politics and polemics, or lounging in the little square in affectionate vicinity to the public-house, or leaning over the windows in their shirt-sleeves, in the tranquil enjoyment of a pipe. In short, the cares and the bustle of the world, even in

this railroad age, seem to have fallen lightly on the pacific burghers of Dreepdaily. According to their own account, the town was once a peculiar favourite of royalty. It boasts of a charter from King David the First, and there is an old ruin in the neighbourhood which is said to have been a palace of that redoubted monarch. It may be so, for there is no accounting for constitutions; but had I been King David, I certainly should have preferred a place where the younger branches of the family would have been less liable to the accident of catarrh.

Dreepdaily, in the olden time, was among the closest of all the burghs. Its representation had a fixed price, which was always rigorously exacted and punctually paid; and for half a year thereafter, the corporation made merry thereon. The Reform Bill, therefore, was by no means popular in the council. A number of discontented Radicals and of small householders, who hitherto had been excluded from participation in the good things of the state, now got upon the roll, and seemed determined for a time to carry matters with a high hand, and to return a member of their own. And doubtless they would have succeeded, had not the same spirit been abroad in the sister burghs of Dronthielaw and Kittleweem, which, for some especial reason or other, known doubtless to Lord John Russell, but utterly unintelligible to the rest of mankind, were, though situated in different counties, associated with Dreepdaily in the return of their future member. Each of these places had a separate interest, and started a separate man;

so that, amidst this conflict of Liberalism, the old member for Dreepdally, a Conservative, again slipped into his place. The consequence was, that the three burghs were involved in a desperate feud.

In these days there lived in Dreepdally one Laurence Linklater, more commonly known by the name of Tod Lowrie, who exercised the respectable functions of a writer and a messenger-at-arms. Lowrie was a remarkably acute individual, of the Gilbert Glossin school, by no means scrupulous in his dealings, but of singular plausibility and courage. He had started in life as a Radical, but finding that that line did not pay well, he had prudently sub sided into a Whig, and in that capacity had acquired a sort of local notoriety. He had contrived, moreover, to gain a tolerable footing in Drouthielaw, and in the course of time became intimately acquainted with the circumstances of its inhabitants, and under the plea of agency had contrived to worm the greater part of their title-deeds into his keeping.

It then occurred to Lowrie, that, notwithstanding the discordant situation of the burghs, something might be done to effect a union under his own especial chieftainship. Not that he cared in his heart one farthing about the representation—Tyrians and Trojans were in reality the same to him—but he saw that the gain of these burghs would be of immense advantage to his party, and he determined that the advantage should be balanced by a corresponding profit to himself. Accordingly, he began quietly to look to the state of the neglected register; lodged objections to all claims given in by parties upon whom he could not depend; smuggled a sufficient number of his own clients and adherents upon the roll, and in the course of three years, was able to intimate to an eminent Whig partisan, that he, Laurence Linklater, held in his own hands the representation of the Dreepdally Burghs, could turn the election either way he pleased, and was open to reasonable terms.

The result was, that Mr. Linklater was promoted to a very lucrative county office, and moreover, that the whole patronage of the district was thereafter observed to flow through

the Laurentian channel. Of course all those who could claim title or kindred with Lowrie were provided for in the first instance; but there were stray crabs still going, and in no one case could even a gangership be obtained without the adhesion of an additional vote. Either the applicant must be ready to sell his independence, or, if that were done already, to pervert the politics of a relative. A Whig member was returned at the next election by an immense majority; and for some time Linklater reigned supreme in the government of Dreepdally and Drouthielaw.

But death, which spares no governors, knocked at the door of Linklater. A surfeit of partanship, after the triumphant termination of a law-suit, threw the burghs into a state of anarchy. Lowrie was gathered unto his fathers, and there was no one to reign in his stead.

At least there was no apparent ruler. Every one observed, that the stream of patronage and of local jobbing still flowed on as copiously as before, but nobody could discover by what hands it was now directed. Suspicion fastened its eyes for some time upon Prevost Binkie; but the vehement denials of that gentleman, though not in themselves conclusive, at last gained credence from the fact that a situation which he had solicited from Government for his nephew was given to another person. A wild rumour began to circulate of the existence of a secret junta. Each man regarded his neighbour with intense suspicion and distrust, because, for any thing he knew, that neighbour might be a member of the terrible tribunal, by means of which all the affairs of the community were regulated, and a single ill-timed word might absolutely prove his ruin. Such, indeed, in one instance was the case. In an evil hour for himself, an independent town-councillor thought fit to denounce the Clique, as an unconstitutional and tyrannical body, and to table a motion for an inquiry as to its nature, members, and proceedings. So strong was the general alarm that he could not even find a second. But the matter did not stop there. The real meddler had drawn upon himself the vengeance of a remorse-

less foe. His business began to fall off; rumours of the most malignant description were circulated regarding his character; two of his relatives who held situations were dismissed without warning and without apology; his credit was assailed in every quarter; and in less than six months after he had made that most unfortunate harangue, the name of Thomas Gritt, baker in Dreepdaily, was seen to figure in the Gazette. So fell Gritt a martyr, and if any one mourned for him, it was in secret, and the profoundest awe.

Such was the political state of matters, at the time when I rode down the principal street of Dreepdaily. I need hardly say that I did not know a single soul in the burgh; in that respect, indeed, there was entire reciprocity on both sides, for the requisition referred to in my address was a felicitous fiction by M'Corkindale. I stopped before a substantial bluff-looking house, the lower part of which was occupied as a shop, and a scroll above informed me that the proprietor was Walter Binkie, grocer.

A short squat man, with an oleaginous face and remarkably bushy eyebrows, was in the act of weighing out a pennyworth of "sweeties" to a little girl as I entered.

"Is the Provost of Dreepdaily within?" asked I.

"I'ee warrant he's that," was the reply; "Hae, my dear, there's a sugar almond t'ye into the bargain. Gae your wans hame noo, and tell your mither that I've some grand new tea. Weel, sir, what was you wanting?"

"I wish particularly to speak to the Provost."

"Weel then, speak awa'," and he straightway squatted himself before his ledger.

"I beg your pardon, sir! Have I really the honour of addressing—"

"Walter Binkie, the Provost of this burgh. But if ye come on Council matters, ye're laug ahint the hour. I'm just steppin' up to denner, and I never do business after that."

"But perhaps you will allow me—"

"I will allow nae man, sir, to interrupt my leisure. If ye're wanting ony thing, gang to the Town Clerk."

"Permit me one moment—my name is Dunshunner."

"Eh, what!" cried the Provost, bounding from his stool, "speak lower or the lad will hear ye. Are ye the gentleman that's stannin' for the burrows?"

"The same."

"Lord-sake! what for did ye no say that afore? Jims! I say, Jims! Look after the shop! Come this way, sir, up the stair, and take care ye dinna stumble on that toom cask o' saut."

I followed the Provost up a kind of corkscrew stair, until we emerged upon a landing-place in his own proper domicile. We entered the dining room. It was showily furnished; with an enormous urn of paper roses in the grate, two stuffed parroquets upon the mantel-piece, a flamingo coloured carpet, enormous worsted bell-pulls, and a couple of portraits by some peripatetic follower of Vandyke, one of them representing the Provost in his civic costume, and the other bearing some likeness to a fat female in a turban, with a Cairngorm brooch about the size of a platter on her breast, and no want of carmine on the space dedicated to the cheeks.

The Provost locked the door, and then clapped his ear to the key-hole. He next approached the window, drew down the blinds so as effectually to prevent any opposite scrutiny, and motioned me to a seat.

"And so ye're Mr Dunshunner?" said he. "Oh man, but I've been wearyin' to see you!"

"Indeed! you flatter me very much."

"Nae flattery, Mr Dunshunner—nane! I'm a plain honest man, that's a', and naeboddy can say that Wattie Binkie has blawn in their lug. And sae ye're comin' forrard for the burrows? It's a bauld thing, sir—a bauld thing, and a great honour ye seek. No that I think ye winna do honour to it, but it's a great trust for sae young a man; a heavy responsibility, as a body may say, to hang upon a callant's shouthers."

"I hope, Mr Binkie, that my future conduct may show that I can at least act up to my professions."

"Nae doubt, sir—I'm no misdoubtin' ye, and to say the truth ye

profess weel. I've read yer address, sir, and I like yer principles—they're the stench auld Whig anes — keep a' we can to ourselves, and haud a gude grup. But wha's bringing ye forward? Wha signed yer requisition? No the Kittlaween folk, I hope?—That wad be a sair thing against ye."

"Why, no — certainly not. The fact is, Mr Binkie, that I have not seen the requisition. Its contents were communicated by a third party, on whom I have the most perfect reliance; and, as I understood there was some delicacy in the matter, I did not think it proper to insist upon a sight of the signatures."

The Provost gave a long whistle.

"I see it noo!" he said, "I see it! I ken't there was something gaun on forbye the common. Ye're a lucky man, Mr Dunshunner, and ye're election is as sure as won. Ye've been spoken to by them ye ken o'!"

"Upon my word—I do not understand—"

"Ay—ay! Ye're richt to be cautious. Weel I wat they are kittle cattle to ride the water on. But wha was't, sir,—wha was't? Ye needna be feared of me. I ken how to keep a secret."

"Really, Mr Binkie, except through a third party, as I have told you already, I have had no communication with any one."

"Weel — they are close — there's nae denyin' that. But ye surely maun hae some inkling o' the men—Them that's ahint the screen, ye ken?"

"Indeed, I have not. But stay — if you allude to the Clique——"

"Wheest, sir, wheest!" cried the Provost in an agitated tone of voice. "Gudesake, tak care what ye say—ye dinna ken wha may hear ye. Ye hae spoken a word that I havena heard this mony a day without shaking in my shoon. Ay speak ceevily o' the deil — ye dinna ken how weel ye may be acquaint!"

"Surely, sir, there can be no harm in mentioning the——"

"No under that name, Mr Dunshunner — no under that name, and no here. I wadna ca' them that on the tap of Ben-Nevis without a grace. Ay — and sae THEY are wi' ye, are they? Weel, they are a queer set!"

"You know the parties then, Mr Binkie?"

"I ken nae mair aboot them than I ken whaur to find the caverns o' the east wind. Whether they are three or thretty or a hunder surpasses my knowledge, but they hae got the secret o' the fern seed and walk about invisable. It is a'thegether a great mystery, but doubtless ye will obtain a glimpse. In the mean time, since ye come from that quarter, I am bound to obey."

"You are very kind, I am sure, Mr Binkie. May I ask then your opinion of matters as they stand at present?"

"Our present member, Mr Whistle-rigg, will no stand again. He's got some place or ither up in London; and, my certie, he's worked weel for it! There's naeboddy else stannin' forbye that man Pozzlethaite, and he disna-verra weel ken what he is himsel'. If it's a' richt yonder," continued the Provost, jerking his thumb over his left shoulder, "ye're as gude as elected."

As it would have been extremely impolitic for me under present circumstances to have disclaimed all connection with a body which exercised an influence so marked and decided, I allowed Provost Binkie to remain under the illusion that I was the chosen candidate of the Clique. In fact I had made up my mind that I should become so at any cost, so soon as it vouchsafed to disclose itself and appear before my longing eyes. I therefore launched at once into practical details, in the discussion of which the Provost exhibited both shrewdness and good-will. He professed his readiness at once to become chairman of my committee, drew out a list of the most influential persons in the burgh to whom I ought immediately to apply, and gave me much information regarding the politics of the other places. From what he said, I gathered that, with the aid of the Clique, I was sure of Dreepdailie and Dronthelaw — as to the electors of Kittlaween, they were, in his opinion, "a wheem dirt," whom it would be useless to consult, and hopeless to conciliate. I certainly had no previous idea that the bulk of the electors had so little to say in the choice of their own

representative. When I ventured to hint at the remote possibility of a revolt, the Provost indignantly exclaimed—

“They daurna, sir — they daurna for the lives of them do it! Set them up indeed! Let me see ony man that wad venture to vote against the Town Council and the — and *them*, and I’ll make a clean sweep of him out of Dreepdaily!”

Nothing in short could have been more satisfactory than this statement.

Whilst we were conversing together, I heard of a sudden a jingling in the next apartment, as if some very aged and decrepid harpsichord were being exorcised into the unusual effort of a tune. I glanced inquiringly to the door, but the Provost took no notice of my look. In a little time, however, there was a short preliminary cough, and a female voice of considerable compass took up the following strain. I remember the words not more from their singularity, than from the introduction to which they were the prelude:—

“ I heard a wee bird singing clear,
In the tight, tight month o’ June—
‘ What garr’d ye buy when stocks were high,
And sell when shares were down ?
‘ Gin ye hae play’d me fause, my love,
In simmer ‘mang the rain ;
When siller’s scant and scarce at Yule
I’ll pay ye back again !
‘ O bonny were the Midland Halves,
When credit was sae free !—
But was betide the Southron loon
That sold thae Halves to me ! ’ ’

I declare, upon the word of a Railway Director, that I was never more taken aback in my life. Attached as I have been from youth to the Scottish ballad poetry, I never yet had heard a ditty of this peculiar stamp, which struck me as a happy combination of tender fancy with the sterner realities of the Exchange. Provost Binkie smiled as he remarked my amazement.

“ It’s only my daughter Maggie, Mr Dunshunner,” he said. “ Fuir thing! It’s little she has here to amuse her, and sae she whiles writes thae kind o’ sangs hersel’. She’s

weel up to the railroads, for ye ken I was an auld Glenmutchkin holder.”

“ Indeed! Was that song Miss Binkie’s own composition?” asked I, with considerable interest.

“ Atweel it is that, and mair too. Maggie, haud your skirling!—ye’re interrupting me and the gentleman.”

“ I beg, on no account, Mr Binkie, that I may be allowed to interfere with your daughter’s amusement. Indeed it is full time that I were betaking myself to the hotel, unless you will honour me so far as to introduce me to Miss Binkie.”

“ Deil a bit o’ you gangs to the hotel to-night!” replied the hospitable Provost. “ You bide where you are to denner and bed, and we’ll hae a comfortable crack over matters in the evening. Maggie! come ben, lass, and speak to Mr Dunshunner.”

Miss Binkie, who I am strongly of opinion was all the while conscious of the presence of a stranger, now entered from the adjoining room. She was really a pretty girl; tall, with lively sparkling eyes and a profusion of dark hair, which she wore in the somewhat exploded shape of ringlets. I was not prepared for such an apparition, and I daresay blushed as I paid my compliments.

Margaret Binkie, however, had no sort of *mauvaise honte* about her. She had received her final polish in a Glasgow boarding-school, and did decide credit to the seminary in which the operation had been performed. At all events she was the reverse of shy, for in less than a quarter of an hour we were rattling away as though we had been acquainted from childhood; and, to say the truth, I found myself getting into something like a strong flirtation. Old Binkie grinned a delighted smile, and went out to superintend the decanting of a bottle of port.

I need not, I think, expatiate upon the dinner which followed. The hotch-potch was unexceptionable, the salmon curdy, and the lamb roasted without a fault; and if the red-armed Hebe who attended was somewhat awkward in her motions, she was at least zealous to a degree. The Provost got into high feather, and kept plying me perpetually with wine. When the cloth was removed, he

drank with all formality to my success; and as Margaret Binkie, with a laugh, did me honour to the toast, I could not do less than indulge in a little flight of fancy as I proposed the ladies, and, in connexion with them, the Flower of Drepdailly—a sentiment which was acknowledged with a blush.

After Miss Binkie retired, the Provost grew more and more convivial. He would not enter into business, but regaled me with numerous anecdotes of his past exploits, and of the lives and conversation of his compatriots in the Town Council—some of whom appeared, from his description, to be very facetious individuals indeed. More particularly, he dwelt upon the good qualities and importance of a certain Mr Thomas Gills, better known to his friends and kinsfolk by the sobriquet of Toddy Tam, and recommended me by all means to cultivate the acquaintance of that personage. But, however otherwise loquacious, nothing would persuade the Provost to launch out upon the subject of the Clique. He really seemed to entertain as profound a terror of that body as ever Huguenot did of the Inquisition, and he cut me short at last by ejaculating—

“See nae mair on’t, Mr Dunshunner—see nae mair on’t! It’s ill talking on thae things. Ye dinna ken what the Clique is, nor whaur it is. But this I ken, that they are every where and a’ about us; they hear every thing that passes in this house, and I whiles suspect that Mysie, the servant lass, is naething else than an o’ them in petticoats!”

More than this I could not elicit. After we had finished a considerable quantum of port, we adjourned to the drawing-room, and, tea over, Miss Binkie sang to me several of her own songs, whilst the Provost snored upon the sofa. Both the songs and the singer were clever, the situation was interesting, and, somehow or other, I found my fingers more than once in contact with Maggie’s, as I turned over the leaves of the music.

At last the Provost rose, with a stertoracious grunt. I thought this might be the signal for retiring to rest; but such were not the habits of Drepdailly. Salt herrings and finnan haddock were produced along with the hot water and accompaniments; and I presume it was rather late before my host conducted me to my chamber. If I dreamed at all that night, it must have been of Margaret Binkie.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, whilst dressing, I heard a blithe voice carolling on the stair. It was the orison of Margaret Binkie as she descended to the breakfast-room. I listened and caught the following verses:—

“O hand away frae me,” she said,

“I pray you let me be!

Has ye the shares ye held, my lord,

What time ye courted me?”

“Tis woman’s weird to love and pine,

And man’s is to forget:

Hold you the shares, Lord James,” she said,

“Or has ye sold them yet?”

“My York Extensions, bought at par,

I sold at seven pence pram—

And, O my heart is sair to think

I had nae mair of them!”

“That is really a remarkable girl!” thought I, as I stropped my razor. “Such genius, such animation, and

such a thorough knowledge of the market! She would make a splendid wife for a railway-director.”

“Come away, Mr Dunshunner,” said the Provost, as I entered the parlour. “I hope ye are yawp, for ye have a lang day’s work before ye.”

“I am sure it would be an agreeable one, sir, if accompanied with such sweet music as I heard this morning. Pardon me, Miss Binkie, but you really are a perfect Sappho.”

“You are too good, I am sure, Mr Dunshunner. Will you take tea or coffee?”

“Maggie,” said the Provost, “I mean put a stop to that skirling—it’s well enough for the night, but the morning is the time for business. Mr Dunshunner, I’ve been thinking over this job of ours, and here is a bit listie of the maist influential persons in Drepdailly, that you must positively see this day. They wad be affluents

if they kenned ye were here without calling on them. Noo, mark me,—I dinna just say that ony o' them is the folk ye ken o', but it's no ava unlikely; sae ye maun even use yer ain discretion. Tak an auld man's word for it, and aye put your best fit foremost."

I acquiesced in the justice of the suggestion, although I was really unconscionous which foot deserved the precedence. The Provost continued—

"Just ae word mair. Promising is a cheap thing, and ye needna be vera sparing of it. If ony body speaks to ye about a gangership, or a place in the Customs or the Post-office, just gie ye a bit wink, tak out your note-book, and make a mark wi' the keelavine pen. It aye looks weel, and gangs as far as a downright promise. Deny or refuse naebody. Let them think that ye can do every thing wi' the ministry; and if there should happen to be a whaup in the rape, let them even find it out theirsells. Tell them that ye stand up for Dreepdaily, and its auld charter, and the Whig constitution, and liberal principles. Maist feck o' them disna ken what liberal principles is, but they like the word. I whiles think that liberal principles means saying muckle and doing naething, but you needna tell them that. The Whigs are lang-headed chieills, and they hae had the sense to claim a' the liberality to themsells, ever since the days o' the Reform Bill."

Such and such-like were the valuable maxims which Provost Binkie instilled into my mind during the progress of breakfast. I must say they made a strong impression upon me; and any candidate who may hereafter come forward for the representation of a Scottish burgh, on principles similar to my own, would do well to peruse and remember them.

At length I rose to go.

"Do I carry your good wishes along with me, Miss Binkie, on my canvass?"

"Most cordially, Mr Dunshunner; I shall be perfectly miserable until I learn your success. I can assure you of my support, and earnestly wish I was an elector."

"Enviably would be the Member of Parliament who could represent so charming a constituency!"

"Oh, Mr Dunshunner!"

Directed by the Provost's list, I set forth in search of my constituency. The first elector whose shop I entered was a draper of the name of M'Auslan. I found him in the midst of his tartans.

"Mr M'Auslan, I presume?"

"Ay," was the curt response.

"Allow me to introduce myself, sir. My name is Dunshunner."

"Oh."

"You are probably aware, sir, that I am a candidate for the representation of these burghs?"

"Ay."

"I hope and trust, Mr M'Auslan, that my principles are such as meet with your approbation?"

"Maybe."

"I am a friend, sir, to civil and religious liberty,—to Dreepdaily and its charter,—to the old Whig constitution of 1688,—and to the true interests of the people."

"Weel?"

"Confound the fellow!" thought I, "was there ever such an insensate block? I must bring him to the point at once. Mr M'Auslan," I continued in a very insinuating tone, "such being my sentiments, may I venture to calculate on your support?"

"There's twa words to that bargain," replied M'Auslan, departing from monosyllables.

"Any further explanation that may be required, I am sure, will readily—"

"It's nae use."

"How?" said I, a good deal alarmed. "Is it possible you are already pledged?"

"No."

"Then what objection——"

"I made nane. I see ye dinna ken us here. The pear's no ripe yet."

"What pear?" asked I, astonished at this horticultural allusion.

"Hark ye," said M'Auslan, looking stealthily around him, and for the first time exhibiting some marks of intelligence in his features—"Hark ye, —hae ye seen Toddy Tam yet?"

"Mr Gills? Not yet. I am just going to wait upon him; but Provost Binkie has promised me his support."

"Wha cares for Provost Binkie! Gang to Toddy Tam."

Not one other word could I extract from the oracular M'Auslan; so, like a pilgrim, I turned my face towards

Mecca, and sallied forth in quest of this all-important personage. On my way, however, I entered the house of another voter, one Shanks, a member of the Town Council, from whom I received equally unsatisfactory replies. He, like M'Auslan, pointed steadily towards Toddy Tam. Now, who and what was the individual who, by the common consent of his townsmen, had earned so honourable an epithet?

Mr Thomas Gills had at one time been a clerk in the office of the departed Linklater. His function was not strictly legal, nor confined to the copying of processes: it had a broader and wider scope, and was exercised in a more congenial manner. In short, Mr Gills was a kind of provider for the establishment. His duties were to hunt out business; which he achieved to a miracle by frequenting every possible public-house, and wringing from them, amidst their cups, the stories of the wrongs of his compotators. Wo to the wight who sate down for an afternoon's conviviality with Toddy Tam! Before the mixing of the fourth tumbler, the ingenious Gills was sure to elicit some hardship or grievance, for which benignant Themis could give redress; and rare, indeed, was the occurrence of the evening on which he did not capture some additional clients. He would even go the length of treating his victim, when inordinately shy, until the fatal mandate was given, and retraction utterly impossible.

Such decided business talents, of course, were not overlooked by the sagacious Laurence Linklater. Gills enjoyed a large salary, the greater moiety of which he consumed in alcoholic experiments; and shortly before the decease of his patron, he was promoted to the lucrative and easy office of some county registrarship. He now began to cultivate conviviality for its own especial sake. It was no longer dangerous to drink with him; for though, from habit, he continued to poke into grievances, he never, on the following morning, pursued the subject further. But what was most remarkable about Toddy Tam was, his independence. He never truckled to dictation from any quarter; but, whilst Binkie and the rest were in fear and terror of the Clique, he openly de-

fied that body, and dared them to do their worst. He was the only man in Dreepdaily who ventured to say that Tom Gritts was right in the motion he had made, and he further added, that if he, Thomas Gills, had been in the Town Council, the worthy and patriotic baker should not have wanted a seconder. This was considered a very daring speech, and one likely to draw down the vengeance of the unrelenting junta: but the thunder slept in the cloud, and Mr Gills enjoyed himself as before.

I found him in his back parlour, in company with a very rosy individual. Although it was not yet noon, a case-bottle and glasses were on the table, and the whole apartment stunk abominably with the fumes of whisky.

"Sit in, Mr Dunshunner, sit in!" said Toddy Tam, in a tone of great cordiality, after I had effected my introduction. "Ye'll no hae had your morning yet? Lass, bring in a clean glass for the gentleman."

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr Gills. I really never do—"

"Hoots—nonsense! Ye maun be neighbour-like, ye ken—we a' expect it at Dreepdaily." And so saying, Toddy Tam poured me out a full glass of spirits. I had as lieve have swallowed ink, but I was forced to constrain myself and bolt it.

"Ay, and so ye are coming round to us as a candidate, are ye? What d'ye think o' that, Mr Thamson—hae ye read Mr Dunshunner's address?"

The rubicund individual chuckled, leered, and rose to go, but Toddy Tam laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"Sit ye down, man," he said; "I've naething to say to Mr Dunshunner that the hail world may not hear, nor him to me neither, I hope."

"Certainly not," said I; "and I really should feel it as a great obligation if Mr Thomson would be kind enough to remain."

"That's right, lad!" shouted Gills. "Nae hole-and-corner work for me! A' fair and abune board, and the deil fly away with the Clique!"

Had Thomson been an ordinary man, he probably would have grown pale at this daring objurgation: as it was, he fidgetted in his chair, and his face became a shade more crimson.

"Weel, now," continued Toddy

Tam, "let us hear what Mr Dunshunner has got to say for himsel'. There's naething like hearing opinions before we put ony questions."

Thus adjured, I went through the whole of my political confession of faith, laying, of course, due stress upon the great and glorious Revolution of 1688, and my devotion to the cause of liberality. Toddy Tam and his companion heard me to the end without interruption.

"Gude—sae far gude, Mr Dunshunner," said Gills. "I see little to object to in your general principles; but for a' that I'm no going to pledge mysel until I ken mair o' ye. I hope, sir, that ye're using nae underhand influence—that there has been nae communings with the Clique, a body that I perfectly abominate? Dreepdaily shall never be made a pocket burrow, so long as Thomas Gills has any influence in it."

I assured Mr Gills, what was the naked truth, that I had no knowledge whatever of the Clique.

"Ye see, Mr Dunshunner," continued Toddy Tam, "we are a gey and independent sort of people here, and we want to be independently represented. My gude friend, Mr Thomson here, can tell you that I have had a sair fecht against secret influence, and I am amaist feared that some men like the Provost owe me a grudge for it. He's a pawkie loon, the Provost, and kens brawly how to play his cards."

"He's a' that!" ejaculated Thomson.

"But I dinna care a snuff of tobacco for the haill of the Town Council, or the Clique. Give me a man of perfeck independence, and I'll support him. I voted for the last member sair against my conscience, for he was put up by the Clique, and never came near us: but I hope better things frae you, Mr Dunshunner, if you should happen to be returned. Mind, I don't say that I am going to support ye—I maun think about it; but if ye are a good man and a true, and no a nominee, I dare say that both my gude freend Thomson, and mysel, will no object to lend you a helping-hand."

This was all I could extract from Toddy Tam, and, though favourable, it was far from being satisfactory. There was a want, from some cause or another, of that cordial support which

I had been led to anticipate; and I almost felt half inclined to abandon the enterprise altogether. However, after having issued my address, this would have looked like cowardice. I therefore diligently prosecuted my canvass, and contrived, in the course of the day, to encounter a great portion of the electors. Very few pledged themselves. Some surly independents refused point-blank, alleging that they did not intend to vote at all: others declined to promise, until they should know how Toddy Tam and other magnates were likely to go. My only pledges were from the sworn retainers of the Provost.

"Well, Mr Dunshunner, what success?" cried Miss Margaret Binkie, as I returned rather jaded from my circuit. "I hope you have found all the Dreepdaily people quite favourable?"

"Why no, Miss Binkie, not quite so much so as I could desire. Your townsmen here seem uncommonly slow in making up their minds to any thing."

"Oh, that is always their way. I have heard Papa say that the same thing took place at last election, and that nobody declared for Mr Whistle-rigg until the very evening before the nomination. So you see you must not lose heart."

"If my visit to Dreepdaily should have no other result, Miss Binkie, I shall always esteem it one of the most fortunate passages of my life, since it has given me the privilege of your acquaintance."

"Oh, Mr Dunshunner! How can you speak so? I am afraid you are a great flatterer!" replied Miss Binkie, pulling at the same time a sprig of geranium to pieces. "But you look tired—pray take a glass of wine."

"By no means, Miss Binkie. A word from you is a sufficient cordial. Happy geranium!" said I picking up the petals.

Now I know very well that all this sort of thing is wrong, and that a man has no business to begin flirtations if he cannot see his way to the end of them. At the same time I hold the individual who dislikes flirtations to be a fool, and sometimes they are utterly irresistible.

"Now, Mr Dunshunner, I do beg you won't! Pray sit down on the sofa, for I am sure you are tired, and

if you like to listen I shall sing you a little ballad I have composed to-day."

"I would rather hear you sing than an angel," said I; "but, pray do not debar me the privilege of standing by your side."

"Just as you please;" and Margaret began to rattle away on the harpsichord.

"O whaur hae ye been, Augustus, my son?
O whaur hae ye been, my winsome young man?"

I have been to the voters — mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' canvassing, and faim wad lay me down.

"O whaur are your plumpers, Augustus, my son?"

O whaur are your split voters, my winsome young man?

They are sold to the Clique — Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' canvassing, and faim wad lay me down.

"O I fear ye are cheated, Augustus, my son,
O I fear ye are done for, my winsome young man!"

"I have been to my true love —"

I could stand this no longer.

"Charming, cruel girl!" cried I dropping on one knee, — "why will you thus sport with my feelings? Where else should I seek for my true love but here?"

I don't know what might have been the sequel of the scene, had not my good genius, in the shape of Mysie the servant girl, at this moment burst into the apartment. Miss Binkie with great presence of mind dropped her handkerchief, which afforded me an excellent excuse for recovering my erect position.

Mysie was the bearer of a billet, addressed to myself, and marked "private and particular." I opened it and read as follows.

"Sir — Some of those who are well disposed towards you have arranged to meet this night, and are desirous of a private interview at which full and mutual explanations may be given. It may be right to mention to you that the question of the *currency* will form the basis of any political arrangement; and it is expected that you will then be prepared to state explicitly your views with regard to *bullion*. Something more

than pledges upon this subject will be required.

"As this meeting will be a strictly private one, the utmost secrecy must be observed. Be on the bridge at eleven o'clock this night, and you will be conducted to the appointed place. Do not fail as you value your own interest. Yours, &c.

"SHELL OUT."

"Who brought this letter, Mysie?" said I, considerably flustered at its contents.

"A laddie. He said there was no answer, and ran awa'."

"No bad news, I hope, Mr Dunshunner?" said Margaret timidly.

I looked at Miss Binkie. Her eye was still sparkling, and her cheek flushed. She evidently was annoyed at the interruption, and expected a renewal of the conversation. But I felt that I had gone quite far enough, if not a little beyond the line of prudence. It is easy to make a declaration, but remarkably difficult to back out of it; and I began to think that, upon the whole, I had been a little too precipitate. On the plea, therefore, of business, I emerged into the open air; and, during a walk of a couple of miles, held secret communing with myself.

"Here you are again, Dunshunner, my fine fellow, putting your foot into it as usual! If it had not been for the arrival of the servant, you would have been an engaged man at this moment, and saddled with a father-in-law in the shape of a vender of molasses. Besides, it is my private opinion that you don't care sixpence about the girl. But it is the old story. This is the third time since Christmas that you have been on the point of committing matrimony, and if you don't look sharp after yourself, you will be sold an especial bargain! Now, frankly and fairly, do you not acknowledge yourself to be an idiot?"

I did. Men are generally very candid and open in their confessions to themselves; and the glaring absurdity of my conduct was admitted without any hesitation. I resolved to mend my ways accordingly, and to eschew for the future all tête-à-têtes with the too fascinating Maggie Binkie. That point disposed of, I returned to the mysterious missive. To say the truth,

I did not much like it. Had these been the days of Burking, I should have entertained some slight personal apprehension; but as there was no such danger, I regarded it either as a hoax, or as some electioneering *ruse*, the purpose of which I could not fathom. However, as it is never wise to throw away any chance, I determined to keep the appointment; and, if a meeting really were held, to give the best explanations in my power to my correspondent, Mr Shell Out, and his friends. In this mood of mind I returned to the Provost's dwelling.

The dinner that day was not so joyous as before. Old Binkie questioned me very closely as to the result of my visits, and seemed chagrined that Toddy Tam had not been more definite in his promises of support.

"Ye maun hae Tam," said the Provost. "He disna like the Clique—I hope naeboddy's listening—nor the Clique him; but he stands weel wi' the Independents, and the Seceders will go wi' him to a man. We canna afford to lose Gills. I'll send ower for him, and see if we canna talk him into reason. Haith, though, we'll need mair whisky, for Tam requires an unco deal of slockening!"

Tam, however, proved to be from home, and therefore the Provost and I were left to our accustomed duet. He complained grievously of my abstemiousness, which for divers reasons I thought it prudent to observe. An extra tumbler might again have made Miss Binkie a cherub in my eyes.

I am afraid that the young lady thought me a very changeable person. When the Provost fell asleep, she allowed the conversation to languish, until it reached that awful degree of pause which usually precedes the popping of the question. But this time I was on my guard, and held out with heroic stubbornness. I did not even launch out upon the subject of poetry, which Maggie rather cleverly introduced; for there is a decided affinity between the gay science and the tender passion, and it is difficult to preserve indifference when quoting from the "Loves of the Angels." I thought it safer to try metaphysics. It is not easy to extract an amorous avowal, even by implication, from a discourse upon the theory of con-

sciousness; and I flatter myself that Kant, if he could have heard me that evening, would have returned home with some novel lights upon the subject. Miss Binkie seemed to think that I might have selected a more congenial theme; for she presently exhibited symptoms of pettishness, took up a book, and applied herself diligently to the perusal of a popular treatise upon knitting.

Shortly afterwards, the Provost awoke, and his daughter took occasion to retire. She held out her hand to me with rather a reproachful look, but, though sorely tempted, I did not indulge in a squeeze.

"That's a fine lassie—a very fine lassie!" remarked the Provost, as he severed a Welch rabbit into twain. "Ye are no a family man yet, Mr Dunshunner, and ye maybe canna comprehend what a comfort she has been to me. I'm auld now, and a thocht failing; but it is a great relief to me to ken that, when I am in my grave, Maggie winna be tocherless. I've laid up a braw nest-egg for her ower at the bank yonder."

I of course coincided in the praise of Miss Binkie, but showed so little curiosity as to the contents of the indicated egg, that the Provost thought proper to enlighten me, and hinted at eight thousand pounds. It is my positive belief that the worthy man expected an immediate proposal: if so, he was pretty egregiously mistaken. I could not, however, afford, at this particular crisis, to offend him, and accordingly stuck to generals. As the hour of meeting was approaching, I thought it necessary to acquaint him with the message I had received, in order to account for my exit at so unseasonable a time.

"It's verra odd,"—said the Provost,— "very odd! A' Dreepdaily should be in their beds by this time; and I canna think there could be a meeting without me hearing of it. It's just the reverse o' constitutional to keep folk trailing aboot the toun at this time o' nicht, and the brig is a queer place for a tryst."

"You do not surely apprehend, Mr Binkie, that there is any danger?"

"No just that, but you'll no be the waur o' a rung. Ony gait, I'll send to Saunders Caup, the toun-officer, to

be on the look-out. If ony body offers to harm ye, be sure ye cry out, and Saunders will be up in a crack. He's asstieve as steel, and an auld Waterloo man."

As a considerable number of years has elapsed since the last great European conflict, I confess that my confi-

dence in the capabilities of Mr Caup, as an ally, was inferior to my belief in his prowess. I therefore declined the proposal, but accepted the weapon; and, after a valedictory tumbler with my host, emerged into the darkened street.

CHAPTER IV.

Francis Osbaldistone, when he encountered the famous Rob Roy by night, was in all probability, notwithstanding Sir Walter's assertion to the contrary, in a very tolerable state of trepidation. At least I know that I was, as I neared the bridge of Dreepdaily. It was a nasty night of wind and rain, and not a soul was stirring in the street—the surface of which did little credit to the industry of the paving department, judging from the number of dubs in which I found involuntary accommodation. As I floundered along through the mire, I breathed any thing but benedictions on the mysterious Shell Out, who was the cause of my midnight wandering.

Just as I reached the bridge, beneath which the river was roaring rather uncomfortably, a ragged-looking figure started out from an entry. A solitary lamp, suspended from above, gave me a full view of this personage, who resembled an animated scarecrow.

He stared me full in the face, and then muttered, with a wink and a leer,—

"Was ye seekin' for ony body the nicht? Eh wow, man, but it's cauld!"

"Who may you be, my friend?" said I, edging off from my unpromising acquaintance.

"Wha may I be?" replied the other: "that's a gude ane! Gosh, d'ye no ken me? Aun Geordie Dowie, the town bauldy, that's as weel kent as the Provost hissell."

To say the truth, Geordie was a very truculent-looking character to be an innocent. However, bauldies are usually harmless.

"And what have you got to say to me, Geordie?"

"If ye're the man I think ye are,
And ye're name begins wi' a D,
Just tak ye tae yer soople shanks,
And tramp along wi' me,"

quavered the idiot, who, like many others, had a natural turn for poetry.

"And where are we going to, Geordie, my man?" said I in a soothing voice.

"Ye'll find that when we get there," replied the bauldy.

"Hey the bonnie gill-stoup!
Ho the bonnie gill-stoup!
Gie me walth o' barley bree,
And leeze me on the gill-stoup!"

"But you can at least tell me who sent you here, Geordie?" said I, anxious for further information before intrusting myself to such erratic guidance.

He of the gill-stoups lifted up his voice and sang—

"Cam' ye by Tweedside,
Or cam' ye by Flodden?
Met ye the deil
On the braes o' Culloden?"

"Threeimps o' darkness
I saw in a neuk,
Riving the red-coats,
And roasting the Deuk.

"Quo' ane o' them—' Geordie,
Gae down to the brig,
I'm yaup for my supper,
And fetch us a Whig."

"Ha! ha! ha! Hoo d'ye like that, my man? Queer freends ye've gotten noo, and ye'll need a lang spune to sup kail wi' them. But come awa'. I canna stand here the haill nicht listening to your havers."

Although the hint conveyed by Mr Dowie's ingenious verses was rather of an alarming nature, I made up my mind at once to run all risks and follow him. Geordie strode on, selecting apparently the most unfrequented lanes, and making, as I anxiously observed, for a remote part of the suburbs. Nor was his voice silent during our progress, for he kept regaling me with a series of snatches, which,

being for the most part of a supernatural and diabolical tendency, did not much contribute towards the restoration of my equanimity. At length he paused before a small house, the access to which was by a downward flight of steps.

"Ay—this is the place!" he muttered. "I ken it weel. It's no just bad the whusky that they sell, but they needna put sae muckle water intil't."

So saying, he descended the stair. I followed. There was no light in the passage, but the baldy went forward, stumbling and groping in the dark. I saw a bright ray streaming through a crevice, and three distinct knocks were given.

"Come in, whaever ye are!" said a bluff voice; and I entered a low apartment, in which the candles looked yellow through a fog of tobacco-smoke. Three men were seated at a deal table, covered with the implements of national conviviality; and to my intense astonishment none of the three were strangers to me. I at once recognised the features of the taciturn M'Auslan, the wary Shanks, and the independent Mr Thomas Gills.

"There's the man ye wanted," said Georgie Dowie, slapping me familiarly on the shoulder.—"Whaur's the dram ye promised me?"

"In Campbelltown my luvie was born,
Her mither in Glen Turrit!
But Ferintosh is the place for me,
For that's the strangest speerit!"

"Haud yer claverin' tongue, ye common village!" said Toddy Tam. "Wad ye bring in the neebourhood on us? M'Auslan, gi'e the body his dram, and then see him out of the door. We manna be interfered wi' in our cracks."

M'Auslan obeyed. A large glass of alcohol was given to my guide, who swallowed it with a sigh of pleasure.

"Eh, man! that's gude and strang! It's no ilka whusky that'll mak Georgie Dowie pech. Fair fa' yer face, my bonny M'Auslan! could you no just gi'e us anither?"

"Pit him out!" said the remorseless Gills. "It's just extraordinar how fond the creature is o' drink!"

and Georgie was forcibly ejected, after an ineffectual clutch at the bottle.

"Sit ye down, Mr Dunshunner," said Toddy Tam, addressing himself to me; "sit ye down, and mix yoursel' a tumbler. I daresay now ye was a little surprised at the note ye got this morning, eh?"

"Why, certainly, Mr Gills, I did not anticipate the pleasure——"

"Ay, I kenned ye wad wonder at it. But ilka place has it's ain way o' doing business, and this is ours—quiet and cozy, ye see. Ise warrant, too, ye thoct M'Auslan a queer ane because he wadna speak out?"

I laughed dubiously towards M'Auslan, who responded with the austere of possible grins.

"And Shanks, too," continued Toddy Tam; "Shanks wadna speak out neither. They're auld-farrant hands baith o' them, Mr Dunshunner, and they didna like to promise ony thing without me. We three aye gang thegither."

"I hope, then, Mr Gills, that I may calculate upon your support and that of your friends. My views upon the currency——"

"Ay! that's speaking out at ance. Hoo muckle?"

"Ay! hoo muckle?" interposed M'Auslan, with a glistening eye.

"I really do not understand you, gentlemen."

"Troth, then, ye're slow at the up-tak," remarked Gills, after a meaning pause. "I see we maun be clear and concese. Hark ye, Mr Dunshunner,—wha do ye think we are?"

"Three most respectable gentlemen, for whom I have the highest possible regard."

"Hoots!—nonsense! D'yenoken?"

"No," was my puzzled response.

"Weel, then," said Toddy Tam, advancing his lips to my ear, and pouring forth an alcoholic whisper—"we three can do mair than ye think o'.—It's huz that is rure *CLIQUE*!"

I recoiled in perfect amazement, and gazed in succession upon the countenances of the three compatriots. Yes—there could be no doubt about it—I was in the presence of the tremendous junta of Dreepdaily; the veil of Isis had been lifted up, and the principal figure upon the pedestal was the magnanimous and indepen-

dent Gills. Always a worshipper of genius, I began to entertain a feeling little short of veneration towards Toddy Tam. The admirable manner in which he had contrived to conceal his real power from the public—his assumed indignation and horror of the Clique—and his hold over all classes of the electors, demonstrated him at once to be a consummate master of the political art. Machiavelli could not have devised a subtler stratagem than Gills.

"That's just the plain truth o' the matter," observed Shanks, who had hitherto remained silent. "We three is the Clique, and we hae the representation o' the burrow in our hands. Now, to speak to the point, if we put our names down on your Committee, you carry the election, and we're ready to come to an understanding upon fair and liberal grounds."

And we did come to an understanding upon grounds which might be justly characterised as fair on the one side, and certainly liberal on the other. There was of course some little discussion as to the lengths I was expected to go in financial matters; and it was even hinted that, with regard to bullion, the Honourable Mr Pozzlethwaite might possibly entertain as enlarged views as myself. However, we fortunately succeeded in adjusting all our differences. I not only promised to give the weight of my name to a bill, but exhibited, upon the spot, a draft which met with the cordial approbation of my friends, and which indeed was so satisfactory, that they did not offer to return it.

"That's a' right then," said Toddy Tam, inserting the last-mentioned document in a greasy pocket-book. "Our names go down on your Committee, and the election is as gude as won!"

An eldritch laugh at a little window, which communicated with the street, at this moment electrified the speaker. There was a glimpse of a human face seen through the dingy pane.

A loud oath burst from the lips of Toddy Thomas.

"Some deevil has been watching us!" he cried. "Rin, M'Auslan, rin for your life, and grip him afore he can turn the corner! I wad not for a thooesand pund that this nicht's wark were to get wind!"

M'Auslan rushed, as desired; but all his efforts were ineffectual. The fugitive, whoever he was, had very prudently dived into the darkness, and the draper returned without his victim.

"What is to be done?" said I. "It strikes me, gentlemen, that this may turn out to be a very unpleasant business."

"Nae fears — nae fears!" said Toddy Tam, looking, however, the reverse of comfortable. "It will hae been some callant trying to fley us, that's a'. But, mind ye—no a word o' this to ony living human being, and aboon a' to Provost Binkie. I've keepit him for four years in the dark, and it never wad do to show the cat the road to the kirk!"

I acquiesced in the precautionary arrangement, and we parted; Toddy Tam and his friends having, by this time, disposed of all the surplus fluid. It was very late before I reached the Provost's dwelling.

I suppose that next morning I had overslept myself; for, when I awoke, I heard Miss Binkie in full operation at the piano. This time, however, she was not singing alone, for a male voice was audible in conjunction with hers.

"It would be an amazing consolation to me if somebody would carry off that girl!" thought I, as I proceeded with my toilet. "I made a deuced fool of myself to her yesterday; and, to say the truth, I don't very well know how to look her in the face!"

However, there was no help for it, so I proceeded down stairs. The first individual I recognised in the breakfast parlour was M'Corkindale. He was engaged in singing, along with Miss Binkie, some idiotical catch about a couple of albino mice.

"Bob!" cried I, "my dear Bob, I am delighted to see you;—what on earth has brought you here?"

"A gig and a foundered mare," replied the matter-of-fact M'Corkindale. "The fact is, that I was anxious to hear about your canvass; and, as there was nothing to do in Glasgow—by the way, Dunshunner, the banks have put on the screw again—I resolved to satisfy my own curiosity in person. I arrived this morning, and Miss Binkie has been kind enough to ask me to stay breakfast."

"I am sure both papa and I are

always happy to see Mr M'Corkindale," said Margaret, impressively.

"I am afraid," said I, "that I have interrupted your music: I did not know, M'Corkindale, that you were so eminent a performer."

"I hold with Aristotle," replied Bob modestly, "that music and political economy are at the head of all the sciences. But it is very seldom that one can meet with so accomplished a partner as Miss Binkie."

"Oh, ho!" thought I. But here the entrance of the Provost diverted the conversation, and we all sat down to breakfast. Old Binkie was evidently dying to know the result of my interview on the previous evening, but I was determined to keep him in the dark. Bob fed like an ogre, and made prodigious efforts to be polite.

After breakfast, on the pretext of business we went out for a walk. The economist lighted his cigar.

"Snug quarters these, Dunshunner, at the Provost's."

"Very. But, Bob, things are looking rather well here. I had a negotiation last night which has as good as settled the business."

"I am very glad to hear it.—Nice girl, Miss Binkie; very pretty eyes, and a good foot and ankle."

"An unexceptionable instep. What do you think!—I have actually discovered the Clique at last."

"You don't say so! Do you think old Binkie has saved money?"

"I am sure he has. I look upon Dreepdaily as pretty safe now; and I propose going over this afternoon to Drouthielaw. What would you recommend?"

"I think you are quite right; but somebody should stay here to look after your interests. There is no depending upon these fellows. I'll tell you what—while you are at Drouthielaw I shall remain here, and occupy your quarters. The Committee will require some man of business to drill them in, and I don't care if I spare you the time."

I highly applauded this generous resolution; at the same time I was not altogether blind to the motive. Bob, though an excellent fellow in the main, did not usually sacrifice himself to his friends; and I began to suspect that Maggie Binkie—with whom, by the way, he had some pre-

vious acquaintance—was somehow or other connected with his enthusiasm. As matters stood, I of course entertained no objection: on the contrary, I thought it no breach of confidence to repeat the history of the nest-egg.

Bob pricked up his ears.

"Indeed!" said he; "that is a fair figure as times go; and, to judge from appearances, the stock in trade must be valuable."

"Cargoes of sugar," said I, "oceans of rum, and no end whatever of molasses!"

"A very creditable chairman, indeed, for your Committee, Dunshunner," replied Bob. "Then I presume you agree that I should stay here, whilst you prosecute your canvass?"

I assented, and we returned to the house. In the course of the forenoon the list of my Committee was published, and, to the great joy of the Provost, the names of Thomas Gill, Alexander M'Auslap, and Simon Shanks appeared. He could not, for the life of him, understand how they had all come forward so readily. A meeting of my friends was afterwards held, at which I delivered a short harangue upon the constitution of 1688, which seemed to give general satisfaction; and before I left the room, I had the pleasure of seeing the Committee organised, with Bob officiating as secretary. It was the opinion of every one that Pozzlethwaite had not a chance. I then partook of a light luncheon, and after bidding farewell to Miss Binkie, who, on the whole, seemed to take matters very coolly, I drove off for Drouthielaw. I need not relate my adventures in that respectable burgh. They were devoid of any thing like interest, and not quite so satisfactory in their result as I could have wished. However, the name of Gills was known even at that distance, and his views had considerable weight with some of the religious denominations. So far as I was concerned, I had no sinecure of it. It cost me three nights' hard drinking to conciliate the leaders of the Anabaptists, and at least three more before the chiefs of the Antinomians would surrender. As to the Old Light gentry, I gave them up in despair, for I could not hope to have survived the consequences of so serious a conflict,

CHAPTER V.

Parliament was at length dissolved; the new writs were issued, and the day of nomination fixed for the Dreepdaily burghs. For a time it appeared to myself, and indeed to almost every one else, that my return was perfectly secure. Provost Binkie was in great glory, and the faces of the unknown Clique were positively radiant with satisfaction. But a storm was brewing in another quarter, upon which we had not previously calculated.

The Honourable Mr Pozzlethwaite, my opponent, had fixed his headquarters in Drouthielaw, and to all appearance was making very little progress in Dreepdaily. Indeed, in no sense of the word could Pozzlethwaite be said to be popular. He was a middle-aged man, as blind as a bat, and, in order to cure the defect, he ornamented his visage with an immense pair of green spectacles, which, it may be easily conceived, did not add to the beauty of his appearance. In speech he was slow and verbose, in manner awkward, in matter almost wholly unintelligible. He professed principles which he said were precisely the same as those advocated by the late Jeremy Bentham; and certainly, if he was correct in this, I do not regret that my parents omitted to bring me up at the feet of the utilitarian Gamaliel. In short, Paul was prosy to a degree, had not an atom of animation in his whole composition, and could no more have carried a crowd along with him than he could have supported Atlas upon his shoulders. A portion, however, of philosophic weavers, and a certain section of the Seceders had declared in his favour; and, moreover, it was just possible that he might gain the suffrages of some of the Conservatives. Kittleweem, the Tory burgh, had hitherto preserved the appearance of strict neutrality. I had attempted to address the electors of that place, but I found that the hatred of Dreepdaily and of its Clique was more powerful than my eloquence; and, somehow or other, the benighted savages did not comprehend the merits of the Revolution Settlement of 1688, and were as violently national as the Celtic

race before the invention of trows. Kittleweem had equipped half a regiment for Prince Charles in the Forty-five, and still piqued itself on its staunch Episcopacy. A Whig, therefore, could hardly expect to be popular in such a den of prejudice. By the advice of M'Corkindale, I abstained from any further efforts, which might possibly have tended to exasperate the electors, and left Kittleweem to itself, in the hope that it would maintain an armed neutrality.

And so it probably might have done, but for an unexpected occurrence. Two days before the nomination, a new candidate appeared on the field. Sholto Douglas was the representative of one of the oldest branches of his distinguished name, and the race to which he more immediately belonged had ever been foremost in the ranks of Scottish chivalry and patriotism. In fact, no family had suffered more from their attachment to the cause of legitimacy than the Douglasses of Inveriachan. Forfeiture after forfeiture had cut down their broad lands to a narrow estate, and but for an unexpected Indian legacy, the present heir would have been marching as a subaltern in a foot regiment. But a large importation of rupees had infused new life and spirit into the bosom of Sholto Douglas. Young, eager, and enthusiastic, he determined to rescue himself from obscurity; and the present state of the Dreepdaily burghs appeared to offer a most tempting opportunity. Douglas was, of course, Conservative to the backbone; but, more than that, he openly proclaimed himself a friend of the people, and a supporter of the rights of labour.

"Confound the fellow!" said Bob M'Corkindale to me, the morning after Sholto's address had been placarded through the burghs, "who would have thought of an attack of this kind from such a quarter. Have you seen his manifesto, Dunshunner?"

"Yes—here it is in the Patriot. The editor, however, gives him it soundly in the leading article. I like his dogmatic style and wholesale denunciation of the Tories."

"I'll tell you what it is, though—I look upon this as any thing but a joke. Douglas is evidently not a man to stand upon old aristocratic pretensions. He has got the right sow by the ear this time, and, had he started a little earlier, might have roused the national spirit to a very unpleasant pitch. You observe what he says about Scotland, the neglect of her local interests, and the manner in which she has been treated, with reference to Ireland?"

"I do. And you will be pleased to recollect that but for yourself, something of the same kind would have appeared in my address."

"If you mean that as a reproach, Dunshunner, you are wrong. How was it possible to have started you as a Whig upon patriotic principles?"

"Well—that's true enough. At the same time, I cannot help wishing that we had said a word or two about the interests to the north of the Tweed."

"What is done cannot be undone. We must now stick by the Revolution settlement."

"Do you know, Bob, I think we have given them quite enough of that same settlement already. Those fellows at Kittleweem laughed in my face the last time that I talked about it, and I am rather afraid that it won't go down on the hustings."

"Try the sanatory condition of the towns, then, and universal conciliation to Ireland," replied the Economist. "I have given orders to hire two hundred Paddies, who have come over for the harvest, at a shilling a-head, and of course you may depend upon their voices, and also their shillelahs, if needful. I think we should have a row. It would be a great matter to make Douglas unpopular; and, with a movement of my little finger, I could turn out a whole legion of navigators."

"No, Bob, you had better not. It is just possible they might make a mistake, and shy brickbats at the wrong candidate. It will be safer, I think, to leave the mob to itself: at the same time, we shall not be the worse for the Tipperary demonstration. And how looks the canvass?"

"Tolerably well, but not perfectly secure. The Clique has done its very best, but at the same time there is

undeniably a growing feeling against it. Many people grumble about its dominion, and are fools enough to say that they have a right to think for themselves."

"Could you not circulate a report that Pozzlethwaite is the man of the Clique?"

"The idea is ingenious, but I fear it would hardly work. Dreepdaily is well known to be the head-quarters of the confederation, and the name of Provost Binkie is inseparably connected with it."

"By the way, M'Corkindale, it struck me that you looked rather sweet upon Miss Binkie last evening."

"I did. In fact I popped the question," replied Robert calmly.

"Indeed! Were you accepted?"

"Conditionally. If we gain the election she becomes Mrs M'Corkindale—if we lose, I suppose I shall have to return to Glasgow in a state of celibacy."

"A curious contract, certainly! Well, Bob, since your success is involved in mine, we must fight a desperate battle."

"I wish, though, that Mr Sholto Douglas had been kind enough to keep out of the way," observed M'Corkindale.

The morning of the day appointed for the nomination dawned upon the people of Dreepdaily with more than usual splendour. For once, there was no mist upon the surrounding hills, and the sky was clear as sapphire. I rose early to study my speech, which had received the finishing touches from M'Corkindale on the evening before; and I flatter myself it was as pretty a piece of Whig rhetoric as ever was spouted from a hustings. Toddy Tam, indeed, had objected, upon seeing a draft, that "there was nae banes intil it;" but the political economist was considered by the committee a superior authority on such subjects to Gills. After having carefully conned it over, I went down stairs, where the whole party were already assembled. A large blue and yellow flag, with the inscription, "DUNSHUNNER AND THE GOOD CAUSE!" was hung out from the window, to the intense delight of a gang of urchins, who testified to the popularity of the candidate by ceaseless vociferation to "poor out." The

wall opposite, however, bore some memoranda of an opposite tendency, for I could see some large placards, newly pasted up, on which the words, "ELECTORS OF DREEPDAILY! YOU ARE SOLD BY THE CLIQUE!" were conspicuous in enormous capitals. I heard, too, something like a ballad chanted, in which my name seemed to be coupled, irreverently, with that of the independent Gills.

Provost Binkie—who, in common with the rest of the company, wore upon his bosom an enormous blue and buff cockade, prepared by the fair hands of his daughter—saluted me with great cordiality. I ought to observe that the Provost had been kept as much as possible in the dark regarding the actual results of the canvass. He was to propose me, and it was thought that his nerves would be more steady if he came forward under the positive conviction of success.

"This is a great day, Mr Dunshunner—a grand day for Dreepdaily," he said. "A day, if I may sae speak, o' triumph and rejoicing! The news o' this will rin frae one end o' the land to the ither—for the e'en o' a' Scotland is fixed on Dreepdaily, and the stench auld Whig principles is sure to prevail, even like a mighty river that rins down in spate to the sea!"

I justly concluded that this figure of speech formed part of the address to the electors which for the two last days had been simmering in the brain of the worthy magistrate, along with the fumes of the potations he had imbibed, as incentives to the extraordinary effort. Of course I took care to appear to participate in his enthusiasm. My mind, however, was very far from being thoroughly at ease.

As twelve o'clock, which was the hour of nomination, drew near, there was a great muster at my committee-room. The band of the Independent Tee-totallers, who to a man were in my interest, was in attendance. They had been well primed with ginger cordial, and were obstreperous to a gratifying degree.

Toddy Tam came up to me with a face of the colour of carnation.

"I think it richt to tell ye, Mr Dunshunner, that there will be a bit

o' a bleeze ower yonder at the hustings. The Kittleweem folk hae come through in squads, and Lord Hartside's tenantry have marched in a body, wi' Sholto Douglas's colours flying."

"And the Drouthielaw fellows—what has become of them?"

"Od, they're no wi' us either—they're just savage at the Clique! Gudesake, Mr Dunshunner, tak tent, and dinna say a word aboot huz. I intend myself to denounce the body, and may be that will do us gude."

I highly approved of Mr Gills' determination, and as the time had now come, we formed in column, and marched towards the hustings with the tee-total band in front, playing a very lugubrious imitation of "Glorious Apollo."

The other candidates had already taken their places. The moment I was visible to the audience, I was assailed by a volley of yells, among which, cries of "Down wi' the Clique!"—"Wha bought them?"—"Nae nominees!"—"We've had enouch o' the Whigs!" etcetera, were distinctly audible. This was not at all the kind of reception I had bargained for;—however, there was nothing for it but to put on a smiling face, and I reciprocated courtesies as well as I could with both of my honourable opponents.

During the reading of the writ and the Bribery Act, there was a deal of joking, which I presume was intended to be good-humoured. At the same time there could be no doubt that it was distinctly personal. I heard my name associated with epithets of any thing but an endearing description, and, to say the truth, if choice had been granted, I would far rather have been at Jericho than in the front of the hustings at Dreepdaily. A man must be, indeed, intrepid, and conscious of a good cause, who can oppose himself without blenching to the objurgation of an excited mob.

The Honourable Paul Pozzlethwaite, on account of his having been the earliest candidate in the field, was first proposed by a town-councillor of Drouthielaw. This part of the ceremony appeared to excite

but little interest, the hooting and cheering being pretty equally distributed.

It was now our turn.

"Gang forrard, Provost, and be sure ye speak out!" said Toddy Tam; and Mr Binkie advanced accordingly.

Thereupon such a row commenced as I never had witnessed before. Yelling is a faint word to express the sounds of that storm of extraordinary wrath which descended upon the head of the devoted Provost. "Clique! Clique!" resounded on every side, and myriads of eyes, ferocious as those of the wild-cat, were bent scowlingly on my worthy proposer. In vain did he gesticulate—in vain implore. The voice of Demosthenes—nay, the deep bass of Stentor himself—could not have been heard amidst that infernal uproar; so that, after working his arms for a time like the limbs of a telegraph, and exerting himself until he became absolutely swart in the face, Binkie was fain to give it up, and retired amidst a whirlwind of abuse.

"May the deil fly awa' wi' the hail pack o' them!" said he, almost blubbing with excitement and indignation. "Wha wad ever hae thoct to have seen the like o' this? and huz, too, that gied them the Reform Bill! Try your hand at them, Tam, for my heart's amaisht broken!"

The bluff independent character of Mr Gills, and his reputed purity from all taint of the Clique, operated considerably in his favour. He advanced amidst general cheering, and cries of "Noo for Toddy Tam!" "Let's hear Mr Gills!" and the like; and as he tossed his hat aside and clenched his brawny fist, he really looked the incarnation of a sturdy and independent elector. His style, too, was decidedly popular—

"Listen tae me!" he said, "and let thae brawlin', braggin', bletherin' idiwits frae Drouthielaw haud their lang claverin' tongues, and no keep rowtin' like a herd o' senseless nowte! (Great cheering from Dreepdaily and Kittleweem—considerable disapprobation from Drouthielaw.) I ken them weel, the auld haverils! (cheers.) But you, my freends, that I have dwalt wi' for twenty years, is it possible that ye can believe for one

moment that I wad submit to be dictated to by a Clique? (Cries of "no! no!" "It's no you, Tam!" and confusion.) No me? I dinna thank ye for that! Wull ony man daur to say to my face, that I ever colleagued wi' a pack that wad buy and sell the hail of us as readily as ye can deal wi' sheep's-heads in the public market? (Laughter.) Div ye think that if Mr Dunshunner was ony way mixed up wi' that gang, I wad be here this day tae second him? Div ye think—"

Here Mr Gills met with a singular interruption. A remarkable figure attired in a red coat and cocked-hat, at one time probably the property of a civic officer, and who had been observed for some time bobbing about in front of the hustings, was now elevated upon the shoulders of a yeoman, and displayed to the delighted spectators the features of Geordie Dowie.

"Ay, Toddy Tam, are ye there, man?" cried Geordie with a malignant grin. "What was you and the Clique doin' at Nanse Finlayson's on Friday nicht?"

"What was it, Geordie? What was it?" cried a hundred voices.

"Am I to be interrupted by a natural?" cried Gills, looking, however, considerably flushed in the face.

"What hae ye dune wi' the notes, Tam, that the lang chield up by there gied ye? And whaur's your freends, Shanks and M'Auslan? See that ye steek to the window neist time, na man!" cried Geordie with demoniac ferocity.

This was quite enough for the mob, who seldom require any excuse for a display of their hereditary privileges. A perfect hurricane of hissing and of yelling arose, and Gills, though he fought like a hero, was at last forced to retire from the contest. Had Geordie Dowie's windpipe been within his grasp at that moment, I would not have insured for any amount the life of the perfidious spy.

Sholto Douglas was proposed and seconded amidst great cheering, and then Pozzlethwaite rose to speak. I do not very well recollect what he said, for I had quite enough to do in thinking about myself, and the Honourable Paul would have conferred a material obligation upon me, if he had

talked for an hour longer. At length my turn came.

"Electors of Dreepdaily!"—

That was the whole of my speech, at least the whole of it that was audible to any one human being. Humboldt, if I recollect right, talks in one of his travels of having somewhere encountered a mountain composed of millions of entangled snakes, whose hissing might have equalled that of the transformed legions of Pandemonium. I wish Humboldt, for the sake of scientific comparison, could have been upon the hustings that day! Certain I am, that the sibilation did not leave my ears for a fortnight afterwards, and even now, in my slumbers, I am haunted by a wilderness of asps! However, at the urgent entreaty of M'Corkindale, I went on for about ten minutes, though I was quivering in every limb, and as pale as a ghost; and in order that the public might not lose the benefit of my sentiments, I concluded by handing a copy of my speech, interlarded with fictitious cheers, to the reporter for the Dreepdaily Patriot. That document may still be seen by the curious in the columns of that impartial newspaper.

I will state this for Sholto Douglas, that he behaved like a perfect gentleman. There was in his speech no triumph over the discomfiture which the other candidates had received; on the contrary, he rather rebuked the audience for not having listened to us with greater patience. He then went on with his oration. I need hardly say it was a national one, and it was most enthusiastically cheered.

All that I need mention about the show of hands is, that it was not by any means hollow in my favour.

That afternoon we were not quite so lively in the Committee-room as usual. The serenity of Messrs Gills, M'Auslan, and Shanks,—and, perhaps, I may add of myself—was a good deal shaken by the intelligence that a broadside with the tempting title of "*Full and Particular Account of an interview between the Clique and Mr Dunshunner, held at Nanse Finlayson's Tavern, on Friday last, and how they came to terms. By an Eye-witness,*" was circulating like wildfire through the streets. To have been beaten by a Douglas was nothing,

but to have been so artfully entrapped by a bauldy!

Provost Binkie, too, was dull and dissatisfied. The reception he had met with in his native town was no doubt a severe mortification, but the feeling that he had been used as a catspaw and implement of the Clique, was, I suspected, uppermost in his mind. Poor man! We had great difficulty that evening in bringing him to his sixth tumbler.

Even M'Corkindale was hipped. I own I was surprised at this, for I knew of old the indefatigable spirit and keen energy of my friend, and I thought that with such a stake as he had in the contest, he would even have redoubled his exertions. Such, however, was not the case.

I pass over the proceedings at the poll. From a very early hour it became perfectly evident that my chance was utterly gone; and, indeed, had it been possible, I should have left Dreepdaily before the close. At four o'clock the numbers stood thus:—

	DREEP-DAILY.	DROUTHIE-LAW.	KITTLE-WEEN.
DOUGLAS,	94	63	192
POZZLETHWAITE,	59	73	21
DUNSHUNNER,	72	19	7

Majority for DOUGLAS, 196.

We had an awful scene in the Committee-room. Gills, who had been drinking all day, shed copious floods of tears; Shanks was disconsolate; and M'Auslan refused to be comforted. Of course I gave the usual pledge, that on the very first opportunity I should come forward again to reassert the independence of the burghs, now infamously sacrificed to a Conservative; but the cheering at this announcement was of the very faintest description, and I doubt whether any one believed me. Two hours afterwards I was miles away from Dreepdaily.

I have since had letters from that place, which inform me that the Clique is utterly discomfited; that for some days the component members of it might be seen wandering through the streets, and pouring their husky sorrows into the ears of every stray listener whom they could find, until they became a positive nuisance.

My best champion, however, was the Editor of the Patriot. That noble and dauntless individual continued for weeks afterwards to pour forth Jeremiads upon my defeat, and stigmatised my opponents and their supporters as knaves, miscreants, and nincompoops. I was, he maintained, the victim of a base conspiracy, and the degraded town of Dreepdaily would never be able thereafter to rear its polluted head in the Royal Convention of Burghs.

Whilst these things were going on in Dreepdaily, I was closeted with M'Corkindale in Glasgow.

"So, then, you have lost your election," said he.

"And you have lost your wife."

"Neither of the two accidents appear to me irreparable," replied Robert.

"How so? Do you still think of Miss Binkie?"

"By no means. I made some little inquiry the day before the election, and discovered that a certain nest-egg was enormously exaggerated, if not altogether fictitious."

"Well, Bob, there is certainly nobody like yourself for getting information."

"I do my best. May I inquire into the nature of your future movements?"

"I have not yet made up my mind. These election matters put every thing else out of one's head. Let me see—August is approaching, and I half promised the Captain of M'Alcohol to spend a few weeks with him at his shooting-quarters."

"Are you aware, Dunshunner, that one of your bills falls due at the Gorbals Bank upon Tuesday next?"

"Mercy upon me, Bob! I had forgotten all about it."

I did not go to the Highlands after all. The fatigue and exertion we had undergone rendered it quite indispensable that my friend Robert and I should relax a little. Accordingly we have both embarked for a short run upon the Continent.

Boulogne-sur-Mer.
12th August 1847.

THE CRUSADE OF THE CHILDREN.

SOME years ago, while the pastoral charge of the little Saxon village of Grönstetten, from some neglect in the proper authorities, remained vacant, that neighbourhood was visited by a strange religious epidemic. It had formerly, indeed, been one of the most cheerful places; standing together, house by house, in the midst of a large, well cultivated plain, on which the fields, scarcely marked out from one another save by neighbourly tokens, stretched with their green level to the side of the woods, only varied by the different colours of the several crops. The little old church, surrounded by a few spreading trees, stood at the end of the village on some higher ground, raising its gilded steeple into the blue air, so that it always seemed to be touched by an evening sun. Neither wall nor fence was to be seen, and the surrounding level looked like the single farm of a brotherhood; the peasants, noticing of a fine Sunday afternoon how the season had advanced their wheat or flax, appeared to a stranger almost as much interested in one patch as in another. Various games and exercises went on amongst the young men and boys after work and school hours, on the piece of common near the churchyard, while the young maidens and the old people with their children stood by. Nowhere were holidays, occasions of marriage, and old festival traditions more fondly kept; in every house at Christmas, while snow was on the ground and on the bare woods, the window shone so brightly against the icicles hanging from the roof, as the Christmas-tree, with its prettily-adorned branches, was lighted up; and the whole united family surprised each other with carefully prepared gifts. Then at Easter time, when spring was bursting out of trees and earth, and the birds beginning to sing again, you might have seen with what joy the children rolled their coloured paschal eggs along the grass, parents entering into their feelings with smiles. It was a serious business for

them to dress and water the graves under the church wall, wreathing the small head-stones with garlands of fresh wild-flowers, gathered about the ruins of the old castle, which rose on a neighbouring height. Nor did many evenings ever pass that there was not some meeting of the young people in one of the village houses, where the girls brought their spindles, or pieces of cloth to make a bed-cover for the dame; while the youths stood by to seize the opportunity for sundry advances of rustic courtship. All this gaiety was by no means inconsistent with the industry in which this resembled other villages of the district; and as little did it result from any want of earnestness and serious thought in matters of religion, or in the attendance upon those services to which the church in due season called every one. For it was while the venerable old pastor lived, that this state of things lasted at Grönstetten. The good man himself diffused by his presence among them, as well as by his precepts, a spirit not only of devotion, but of cheerfulness; nor would he have failed, in case of any causeless absence from church, or on occasion of a breach of morality, to visit, and faithfully reprove the offender. Even after his death, when the services were only occasionally performed by strangers, the change of feeling in the village would not have occurred, but for some other circumstances; doubtless the people themselves possessed sufficient independence and ground of faith to pursue their lives according to the true temper of rational men, had none interfered with them.

But, about this time, there came frequently to Grönstetten several preachers of a new and almost unknown sect, and of a cast altogether different from what the people had been accustomed to. These persons considered that in time past at Grönstetten all had been in a manner spiritually dead; that men there, indeed, were as good as asleep to all eternal realities, or were at best dreamers of false peace. Not only

did they, in their ferrid addresses, exaggerate the vileness of human nature, and set it against itself, but the idea of goodness placed by them before the mind, seemed one wholly different from its own direction of progress, if not altogether unattainable. Many simple natural affections were by them almost represented as sinful, while they looked upon the customary diversions in the light of unholy levities, and upon the old holiday practices as traditions quite heathenish. In short, the heaven to which they pointed so mystically, appeared to consist in an utter contrast to all conceptions which were ever formed on earth, to every joy which had been felt by men, even in their moments of purest contact with each other and nature; the reward of some great sacrifice and toil, which were to be undergone. There was much talk of strange, unutterable changes to take place on the earth, for which preparation was to be made; and the new preachers exulted in the interpretation of prophecies, which they fancied could be understood beforehand, in making men uneasy at thought of an outward coming of the Lord, of wars, and destruction, which would make the world worse than ever it had been. Their meeting-house, opened in an old barn, was at first frequented chiefly by women, since the men and older people had a natural dislike to innovation; but eventually the very newness of the doctrine began to gain ground for it, and the fact of its being so distinct from that of the late pastor, only tended to reflect upon his memory. There is, certainly, something in our nature, by which those things most opposed to it, as in a kind of fascination at times lay hold of it; so in hateful dreams or ghost-fears. Especially if the soul be not regularly furnished with supplies of healthy and cheerful enlightenment; and thus it was that this kind of unearthly religion, imported by men of zeal for the most part sincere, and also assisted by sympathy with other places in the neighbourhood, exerted so much influence at the village of Grönstetten. The first symptom of this was exhibited in a certain secret discomfort at home, a sense of divi-

sion between persons of the same household, which made them look strangely and wonderingly on each other. It seemed, indeed, to be a principal and favourite object of the new-comers to gain over the female members; they aimed their chief blow at the family sacredness, alleging the words, "I am come to set the husband against the wife, the son against the father, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." People came to feel nature also as discordant with themselves; the very grass and trees, and the quietness of the air, seemed to many not so good as before; the mute, inanimate things appeared almost as so many tempting wiles of a hidden power which was below, working through all, and meaning man evil. One would have thought, as they stood listlessly at their doors of an evening, looking beyond into the distance, that they would have taken up staff or scrip and set out on pilgrimage, had they but known where to go, or what to do. After all, however, this state of matters wore itself out, and gradually returned to something like the former; nor would any one have been the worse, rather, in truth, a little wiser, upon the eventual settlement of a new pastor at Grönstetten. Only, indeed, that a few who had not joined in the late feeling, and who had previously been united to their neighbours by intercourse, had for the time seemed to be excluded from their better sympathies, became more worldly, and were inclined to scoff at holy things. As in all cases of extremes, the bad had grown more addicted to vice, none stretching out to them a better hand; and it was long ere a reviving sense of brotherhood did much to raise them higher.

Still the most peculiar feature of this excitement was, that, as if its impulse must extend through every class, the younger people latterly showed signs of a religious emotion, yet stronger and more remarkable than in those less subject to impressions from their years. What they saw and heard in others had sunk into the children's minds, which brooded upon it as if upon the sense of some dispeace, and contradiction at the heart of domestic forms; as if to their

clearer instinct various inconsistencies in the practice of life, nay in the parental relations, had been revealed; yet for which the true remedy had been by them misconceived. This appeared with many of them partly in the shape of impatience to go forth into the world, a weariness when the sun light, shining into the cottage, stole from chair to chair, and the clock ticked monotonously against the wall. Something that was to be done and suffered seemed to lie far without; the object of their lives and souls, from which friends, parents, with their daily earth-customs, were tyrannically withholding them. But chiefly, perhaps, from ill-judged dealing with this vague desire, was it frequently betrayed in enthusiastic words, in a sort of unaccountable ecstacy, in trances which some reckoned prophetic. Instead of the life-like, careless, childish games, and little quaint devices, which formerly enlivened the house or open air, they gathered together praying, as if for the fulfilment of an unspeakable distant longing; they went up the street, or across the fields, singing devout hymns. One or another at home would stand up by the table, unabashed by the presence of elder people, and speak from the seeming influence of some internal communication, mystical, half-articulate words, and piously-sounding reproofs or exhortations. It was in vain to chide or chastise them; trustful obedience, humility, content with home, simple duties, cheerful playfulness, were during this interval gone. Parents expected every day to see the childish train assemble and depart from the village on some rapture-wandering; and they were careful every night to lock the doors, and see their family in bed.

None had watched throughout the course of this remarkable visitation, more unaffected by its power than the steadfast, intelligent old Wendel, schoolmaster of Grönstetten; but, especially, he observed its effect upon his own peculiar charge with no small measure of careful anxiety. One fine afternoon, towards the end of school-time, he dismissed the children from their tasks, and gathering them around his seat near the open

casements, intimated his intention of relating to them a story from true history, as was occasionally his custom. The old dame his wife, and his daughter, were seated behind him with their work; and the venerable gray-haired man looked cheerfully on the crowd of sober young faces in front, as if he would have diffused somewhat of the spirit of childhood again from his own experience into their innocence. A book from which he had been reading at mid-day lay upon his little desk. Far beyond, out in the upper air shown through the window, a golden sunlight came over the cool green woods, and fell upon the gray towers of the old ruined castle of Grönstetten.

"Children," said he, "yonder old castle takes us back in thought to the time of which I would speak. You must know, that in the old time things were very different from what they are now, although the same green earth and blue air enclosed between them men and children who were at heart the same as ourselves. However, the world was then in great darkness and ignorance: there were no books for children, nor pictures such as you have here to show you what is in other countries; nor were there any schools except for churchmen. The good Heavenly Father, who is always teaching men, doth it by degrees; and for a long time it was only the priests and learned clerks who knew any thing of what God had been doing with the world. This knowledge remained chiefly in their heads; but when the help of strong arms against unbelievers was needed, the time came in which warriors and people also were partly let into the secret. The heart of all Christendom was stirred with the thought that pilgrims were denied access to the place where such great matters had been transacted, and that the holy ground of our Saviour's burial was in the keeping of infidels, as if once more the stone which had been rolled away was put back, and Christ were buried again. Warriors and workmen, having now a part, as it were, in the Church, set out in multitudes to rescue Jerusalem. It was then, too, that the Lord of Grönstetten left his castle, seeking to expiate

many a crime he had committed by travelling so many leagues, and striking so many blows. All this was, no doubt, calculated to teach those who went, and those to whom they afterwards returned, not to place their heaven on earth, nor to make up for concerns of the soul by bodily things; when they found, *there* also, enemies of flesh and blood, and after all the sepulchre empty. Long after this, when the enthusiasm of men about the Holy Land was beginning to fail, and they were looking for the road to Heaven in other ways, the lingering spirit which had once led them forth, seemed to descend in a simpler and purer way into the hearts of children. You may be sure that to Them at home, where all lessons and thoughts were learnt out of the shape of visible things, the sight of those brilliant pageants ever passing towards the East—the tales of pilgrims who came from thence—had been to them as a longing dream. The natural feeling of the young is like that of a heaven near to them—of a holy delight to be at once gained, and without conception of the long, difficult way between, or even of the real entrance to it. The firmament which lies overhead appears to descend upon the very earth at a distance, and all visions and radiant things to issue from an everlasting morning source that is attainable. They know not how, in reality, the natural world is rounded upon itself, so that over every particular spot a continual morn, noon, evening, and night are indeed breaking, and that only in this same station should the life of each individual be best carried out, not leaving it, but accepting there every quiet degree of heaven. At this period of which I speak it became more and more the fashion of the Church, and of those who made pictures or images for shrines, to represent the Saviour as a young child in the arms of Mary his mother. For priests and grown men, the patron was *Madonna*; whereas Jesus seemed to have himself become again a little Child, appealing finally to the hearts of children. When the Holy City and its land were relapsing once more into the hands of Moslems, many beheld visions and dreams of the Virgin, who, with a sad and pleading face, held out

her son, or appeared to be vainly attempting to approach his grave. In France, Italy, and the south of our own German land, children and young people, as if without conference between each other, began very generally to imitate that desire which was already passing away from older persons. They took vows, and banded themselves together to deliver the Holy Land from bondage; nor were there wanting monks and priests who encouraged this emotion, proclaiming that God had chosen the weak things of this earth to confound the strong; and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings would perfect praise. Sometimes you might have seen parents, who in their ignorance partook of this enthusiasm, yoking their oxen to rude carts, and, with their children seated on their household goods, leaving home to find out the Holy Land; and at every city which they came in sight of, the children would shout joyfully, asking if that were Jerusalem. But in one part of Germany at least those vague wishes were drawn out at last into action by the mysterious visits of one, attired like a palmer, with staff and scallop-shell, who passed from house to house, declaring the Divine call. At his voice, the group playing merrily by the wayside was changed into a throng of serious figures: fathers and mothers who returned from church or market found that this strange wayfarer, during their absence, had stood at their hearth. In their longing to be concerned in some behest more pure and worthy than those which were enjoined by earthly friends, the young regarded all common tasks as trivial; they forgot their own childhood in this phantom-Christ who seemed to call them away. The trees and roofs of home!—what were they to the spires and palms of that Jerusalem? And they looked upon the old people as foolish utterly. To the parents, truly this loss of love between them and those they had nourished was very dreadful—this Heaven, that would alienate and draw away their offspring into it, yet had no reference to their own hopes and wishes! In our times, the wise father knows how better to deal with such inexperienced dreams, which indeed are now rather more apt to represent this living world

too brightly than to scorn it for spiritual objects; he suffers the boy to take time and find out the reality. But in those days heaven and earth were confounded; they knew not with what words or means to disprove these fancies; there was no world of books wherein the young soul might spend its superfluous thought and distinguish facts from ideas. Thus had they recourse only to outward watchfulness; to locking doors, and separating the children from their companions, whereby the more proud and wilful were but more confirmed. They waited for escape, and got away even by making holes in the walls; issuing forth from home as to a festival procession, which, swelling by degrees to many thousands, was heard passing by the villages, and on toward the East. The eldest was not more than eighteen, while numbers there were of far tenderer years, who, singing as they went, travelled under guidance only of the sky, as each morning it lightened up with radiance, and marked some especial valley or mountain-path as the last verge of a golden Orient. From towns or castles they held apart, sustained merely by the fruits of the earth, or by the gifts of solitary peasants, who rejoiced to offer food to the holy pilgrimage, while at the same time they carefully shut in their own children until it was long out of sight. But as the country grew around them more waste and desert, as they traversed wide, lonely, and barren plains, deep forests, or toilsome hills, the case became different. Some, scattered from the rest, lost their way; others, from weariness and hunger alone, dropped down and died—boys and girls, who in that hour only remembered the bitterness of their mothers' hearts for their loss. Still the main body continued to press forward, encouraged by some bolder spirits amongst them, or by the steadfast, confiding faith of others; for it was the youngest often who seemed to be filled with such patient constancy, so ineffable a sense of Divine aid, that they would scarce have hesitated to cross the deep river on foot, or to throw themselves from the loftiest precipices. Ever and anon, beyond some rude ascent, the broad level of the earth would stretch before them to the silvery horizon, so bright, so green, so

beautiful, that methought it was the border of a holier country. Or when the rainbow suddenly spanned the distance with its vivid arch, those who were foremost appeared to the last already to be entering through its gate of triumph into a land of glorious colours, of celestial transfiguration. Then would the stragglers press on in haste to make up with them, but only in time to mix with the crowd which now stood shivering and confused in the shadow of that cloud from which the meteor had passed away. Nevertheless, who could doubt but that the land which they sought, which had been attained by so many multitudes before, truly existed? Were not all these things but signs of its being—tokens that beckoned onward, or difficulties they were to conquer? And when at length the hearts of the children, hitherto sustained by fellow-feeling and the deep excitement of their imagination, did sink down utterly before these hardships, ignorance of their way—when they had begun to think wistfully each of his own home, with its little daily tasks—then there appeared mysteriously, to guide them, the form of that unknown palmer who had first called them forth. It boots not to follow, step by step, their after wanderings—the further evils which befel them—by what weary ways, by what disappointments, and what incitements they were encountered, until—still led by that strange messenger, whether man, or fiend, or angel—they reached the coasts of the sea. For there, indeed, was the dream of those children bitterly dispelled; there they found a city where men spoke and thought only of buying and selling—where they lived to get gold. Thither, in truth, there came many barks from the East—from that region which had appeared to the children full only of thoughts and sacred mysteries; but the vessels were laden with silks and spices for the rich and noble at home. And, alas! lamentable was the fate of the young pilgrims, falling into the avaricious hands of those, who perchance had heard of their childish visions to draw them thus forth into their power. Because they had nothing else but their beloved gold to exchange for the costly products of the East, those merchants did not scruple even to send to Moors and

Saracens for slaves these poor youthful victims who had so delivered themselves up. The ships were filled with many Christian children, who were thus borne by the wind and sea, as it were, into a region of utter doubt and evil—having cause almost to regard all old beliefs as falsehood, and all men as pitiless and unfriendly. It is sad, my children, to think how true these things were; that so many fair young maidens, who had been their fathers' and mothers' pride, were forced to brook the will of Turkish lords, growing up forgetful of that faith, which became to them as an early, foolish vision; that so many once happy boys should wear away their lives in bondage beneath that very air which they had fancied holier than their own. Yet these had all issued forth in joyous expectation, filled with the hope of heaven. For so it is always on this earth, that happiness and goodness are really to be derived for us human beings through the commonest things. Not far away, nor in any thing which we cannot easily do, but nearer and nearer every day to home, and what we are concerned with, is the Joy, the Peace which glimmers out of every living thing. When you hear of God and heaven, you ought not to think of these as having any meaning separated from direct, unhesitating, simple life—since God is in every growing leaf about us, no less than in the sky; and there is a part of heaven revealed in each right action of this day, in each smile of approval from your parents, and in all temperate earthly joys. Had these unhappy children continued but at home, believing like children that what was good for those older than they was good for themselves also,—looking through their parents at life and death, the necessities of home would have ever drawn round them a line of certainty, sufficient even amidst that unfavourable ancient time. But as it was, they were plunged all at once into a state of complete helplessness, where yesterday had no connexion with to-day's work, where there was nothing to remind them of their former selves, only that their wish to wander forth to fairer scenes was now exchanged for a sick heart-longing after Home, in which many pined away. However, there was One of the captive youths at

Tunis to whom this Thought of the spot he had so foolishly left became gradually a sort of nourishment and support, as it grew more clear and fond. Even after his religious belief, for want of the due confirmation, had almost died away, or yielded to his Moorish master's commands, yet the recollection of childish years came in its place, growing and strengthening the more the longer his captivity endured. In his master's train did this youth visit first Mecca, which followers of the Prophet consider holy, and finally also Jerusalem itself. In the latter place, which, so many years before, he and his companions had ignorantly set out to reach, he now was struck with painful wonder, both at all things there, and at himself. Nothing more beautiful or holy was there here than elsewhere. The fields, the woods, and the hut where he was born were, in his mind, fairer far than this pale, scattered city, with its deep, dark valleys of tombs, into which the gray Desert crept. Almost a scorn of all beliefs flashed upon him as he saw the dusty pilgrims prostrate around a piece of silent stone in the church of the Sepulchre, while the turbaned faces of the Moslem sneered behind. Only there still abode in his heart *one* deep holy Thought, which seemed alone to contain many others unknown—the thought of that one place on earth which had been the source to him of pure feelings, and where he had once been so near to some different beginning of life. It appeared to him that *it* indeed was worthy to make a pilgrimage to, and that, if he could again return thither, he should from it behold the true opening into things which were at present to him dead and unintelligible. The last hope of his better nature had, as it were, passed unnoticed over his head, and now shone far behind, instead of in the airy future; and thus he remembered how, long ago, on their childish adventure, he had seen with misgiving the Eastern morning sun before them renew its splendour over again in the West.

“At last, accordingly, this same wanderer did escape from thralldom, and come back to his native Germany. On reaching the place where his father's little hut had stood, by the side of the clear forest stream, which he

remembered well, yet he found it gone, to the very threshold-post. The clear stream ran past still under the old tree roots, and the entrance into the wood was there; but nothing remained of the dwelling whence he had stolen forth in the early morning to join the children's march, before its blue smoke had risen up over the forest top against the sky. There arose within him clearly, as he stood in a bitter trance, every little circumstance of the household;—what his father and his mother were; the common and quiet joy, without words, which he knew not till then had been hidden in sleep, and in meal-times, and in trifling acts; the happiness which he now felt would have grown daily out of helping them in their declining years. Yet these had been forsaken for a dream, excited perchance by evening radiance on the hills, by bright skies seen through the trees, by distant sounds, the very delight of which was lost when home was left. He stood close at hand, and, notwithstanding, the whole was more irrecoverable than ever—the open air came down to the foundations, and was spread across the chamber floor. The late dead forest was now putting forth its green buds—the grass was verdant with the spring—flowers were blossoming in it—birds were singing—and all nature was warmly bursting up again into full life after winter. The bells of the convent near rang loudly for the vesper-service, as it was Easter-day, the festival of Resurrection; and when the wanderer turned round the forest, he beheld village children rolling on the grass their coloured Paschal eggs. In these many years the unhappy departure of him and his companions had been forgotten. All were rejoicing because of some nameless cheer. But at the door of one cottage there sat an old pair upon a wooden bench, enjoying the warm evening air, and gazing at the children—while a young maiden, their daughter, stood behind in the doorway, her fair hair tinged with the golden light. These good people accosted the wanderer kindly, for they saw that his features were darkened by hotter suns; and it seemed to them that perhaps he was a pilgrim and had been in the East. Their greeting was in accord-

ance with the custom at that season of Easter, and they said, 'Peace be with you—Christ is risen,' expecting the usual answer—'Yea, he is risen indeed.' But the wanderer stared blankly upon them and the young girl, wondering, in truth, as all the events of his past life came fast upon his mind, and as he recollected the old feelings with which he had set out from home. For a deep mystery of Home appeared at that moment to be revealed to him; he almost understood why it was vain, and had been to him vain, to seek abroad for that which all the while was nearest of all things to the soul. Yet, on the other hand, the old people were much surprised, when he told them that night of his wanderings, how it was that he who had visited the Sepulchre itself, did not perceive there best that the Saviour was risen. And it could perhaps only be thoroughly apprehended by the returned pilgrim himself, when once more there arose for him a home on the spot where his father's cottage had stood, and when it was shared with him by that fair young maiden whose countenance had first again restored to him the conception of life which he had lost. For then it was that, in the fulfilment of common simple necessities, in unquestioning intercourse with natural things, and in gradual progress to the holy grave, he felt truly how the pure and complete hope of happiness proceeds out of the bosom of human life; how the desire of goodness must be drawn out of real experience; and how enthusiasm disproportioned to its object is dangerous and false. It was thus, my children," said the old schoolmaster, looking round them all in succession, "that one of the children who sought the Holy Land far off, was taught to seek it near at hand; and that perhaps many knights and pilgrims of the Crusade may have found it on their return. And the mistakes of that period are doubtless capable of their benefit to us.

"It is now with us no longer a formal, but a spiritual system of things; the heavenly good, the communion of God with man, are no more confined to particular places and signs, nor, on the other hand, to singular acts and language. Christ hath made all things, yea, the very commonest, holy

to us and sacramental, if we only strive to apprehend their deep inward meaning. It is the religion of The Homely, — of Him who as a child in Bethlehem concerned himself with little household matters as they befell; and thus prepared himself for being about his Greater Father's business in the Temple. Duty extends her mighty, solemn chain unbrokenly from the lowest to the highest: nay, the least insect in the grass performs a behest that is not to be contemned. This was one chief lesson of The Great Master's earthly life, — and in his Resurrection from death, also, taught he his disciples not to limit his presence to any one form of things, but to look for it in all: when they found the Grave empty, and yet in an ordinary figure, or in a passenger by the way, they suddenly recognised their Lord, and He seemed to break out of every thing that was around them. There is nothing now in itself common or unclean, nothing in itself that contains a peculiar sacred virtue; but that which is next and nearest ourselves is capable, by inexpressible degrees, of all good, having been framed by God Himself. So often we seek far off

what would have come to us and been ours, had we but sat still, waiting, acting with a simple heart. We mark out to us high deeds, we would fain search out somewhat great and painful to accomplish, — as if there were not small matters enough, and pleasant ones, — ay, and the most difficult, toilsome ones too, with their secret crowns and garlands of reward, — all bounded within the poorest threshold! — Now, my little youths and maidens, having listened so gravely to the old man's discourse, go like children and play yourselves homeward: there, and here you have need of all reverence, obedience, and thoughtfulness."

Whether or not old Wendel's hearers appreciated the particulars of his lesson, we are not aware; but from the excitement in the village having after that taken a decided turn, we may suppose that, on the whole, it was not without its use there and round about the place. And so, if more perfectly expressed, and when rightly and fully understood, the doctrine implied by this and numberless similar facts in human history might be in many another community.

TAXIDERMY IN ROME.

IN turning over the voluminous records of our travels abroad, we pause more particularly at those passages of our journals which relate to the study of Natural History. In these occur frequent references to agreeable pedestrian rambles undertaken alone, or in the company of unaffected friends, in France and Switzerland, Italy and its islands: of whole days spent, and twilight at last surprising us still bending over the unexplored treasures of unexhausted museums. Of Paris winters cheerfully passed in the *enceinte* of the class-rooms of the Sorbonne; of pleasant occasions in which our ears refused to take cognisance of the sound of town clocks and dinner bells, while our eyes were so agreeably forgetting themselves amid the profusion and variety of southern fish and bird markets. On this, if on any portion of our by-gone life, we

look back with sadness indeed, but with a sadness unembittered by regrets; our only sorrow here being, that we knew not earlier in life those studies of which it may be pre-eminently said, that while they "delight abroad they hinder not at home." Happy indeed are the children who dream of butterflies, and wise the parents who encourage theirs to intertwine objects of natural history with their earliest associations! Not only has this charming study a strong tendency to confirm the health, to embellish the mind, and to improve the moral character of those who pursue it;

"Pour le bien savourer, c'est trop peu que des sens ;

Il faut une âme pure et des goûts innocens ;"

it is likewise a strong bond of union between man and man—where shall we find such another? Hounds and horses

may connect, indeed, a greater number, but if one of the field breaks his neck, who cares? "he should have been better mounted,"* or else, "he could not ride;"—but ours is a gentler and a kindlier community. Where else exists that unanimity to which this body may justly lay claim? Not in the professions, where law detracts, medicine dislikes, and the church does not always hold the truth in charity; nor yet amidst mankind in general, for philosophers misquote, scholars revile, merchants monopolise, courtiers traduce, statesmen deceive: but here no conflicting interests, nor uncharitable surmises, no morbid sensibility, nor false and narrow views of life, arise to estrange those whom Linnæus and Cuvier have once united in fellowship. Constant, cheerful, unaffected, and sincere, the happy members of our *coterie*, every where, and in all ranks alike, show an instinctive tact in making each other out, and once friends continue so for life. We speak from long and intimate acquaintance with many naturalists: to some, courteous reader, we purpose, with your consent, hereafter to introduce you. Our object meanwhile is, to set before you now two humble foreigners of the gentler sex, who have passed their whole lives in the study and practice of taxidermy. Real and zealous enthusiasts are Annetta Cadet and her mother, who, in order to surprise in their haunts, and study before they embalm them, the various inhabitants of the *Campagna* about Rome, think nothing of braving any amount of heat, fatigue, and inconvenience; and such adepts are they in this art, that when stuffed, their birds, beasts, and reptiles seem to have received new life at their hands, and to be about to spring from the ground or to leave their perches, and glide out of sight. When, therefore, you shall have

examined the out-doors† antiquities, (and unless you would reconstruct the Forum for the thousandth time on some original plan of your own, or were to go mare's-nest hunting amidst the ruins with certain German *Barbatuli*,—the Bunsenists of a season—ten days will be more than sufficient,) we charge you not to fail calling at No. 23, Via della Vite, where, if you should possess any lurking propensities for natural history, they are sure to be elicited. As to your first reception, if this should be of a somewhat abnormal kind, why, so was ours;—for Cadet and her mother are certainly originals: but that you should not be disconcerted, and in order to prepare you for the personal appearance, as well as the unusual qualities of our friends, we transcribe the memorandum of our own introduction to them. Prince Musignano, whose birds they mounted, professor Metaxa, who sent rare insects for them to determine, and W— who affirmed, (*par parenthèse*,) that no one could stuff birds like them but himself, had all preconised their accomplishments to us; so one morning, with a note-book full of queries, and a bottle full of insects, we descended the *Scalinata*, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a cord pulled from above, while a female voice demanded, *more solito*, "*chi c'è?*" On answering, that our visit was to the *Signore* who prepared insects, the voice said, "Come up, go in at the door to the right, and we will join you as soon as we have made ourselves tidy." Obeying this Little-red-riding-hood invitation, we entered the reception room, and began to amuse ourselves with a survey of a score or two of queer-looking pictures, (for the most part without frames,) with which the walls were adorned; strange landscapes were there, and allegorical subjects, treated with an equal per-

* "Gentlemen," said a quondam acquaintance of ours, rising to return thanks to a party of fox-hunters who had proposed his health—"I thank you all for drinking my health, and E. for speaking as he has just done of my riding. You all know that a younger son has not much choice in horse-flesh; but should it please Providence to take my elder brother, you would see me differently mounted, and I might then, perhaps, be able to do something more worthy of your commendation; so allow me to propose in return for your kindness, '*The chances of the chase.*'"

† Out-doors—because, as we have said in *Birboniana*, it would take years to explore the numismatic and other treasures of the museums.

versity. On one that first caught our eye, a waning moon, resting on the grass with its horns upwards, formed a couch for Diana and Endymion; from this we had turned to a naked nymph with a pretty face, and a torso half hidden under a cataract of dishevelled tresses, "not penitent enough for a Magdalen," thought we, when mother and daughter entering together, "*Ecco la mia madre*," said the girl pointing to the picture in question. "Come?" asked we, "that your mother?" "Certainly, it was painted by my own father, six months after their marriage; she was then as you see, *una bella giovane assai*." "Was your father, then, a painter by profession?" "Not originally," interposed the old dame: "he was designed for a missionary by his patron, who brought him over from his native country, San Domingo, when a boy; but the old man dying shortly afterwards, the Propaganda undertook to complete the youth's education with the same view. As, however, he chose to think that painting, not preaching, was his calling, and as an attachment had sprung up between us, and I preferred passing my life with him rather than with Santa Ursula and her virgins, to whom my friends would have dedicated me, we determined to take our own case into our own hands, married without asking permission, and then, to support ourselves, I turned my attention to Taxidermy, and he to the Fine Arts. Thus we managed to subsist till Annetta was nine years old, when I lost him." "And I," interposed Annetta, "gained a score of old botany books, and these beautiful paintings; I wonder no one comes to propose for me." "*E pazzo quella ragazza!*" said the mother; and, to judge by her appearance and attire alone, she might have been so. Her descent sufficiently accounted for her woolly hair; but in addition to its negro texture, it was untended and neglected, being mixed with bits of feather and other extraneous elements. She was swathed from head to foot in coarse soiled dimity; in

one hand she was holding a half stuffed hawk, in the other a sponge, dipped in some arsenical solution to preserve it. Our eyes had never rested upon so wild, so plain, so apparently hopeless a slattern; but these unpromising appearances were soon forgotten, and amply made amends for by the intelligence of her remarks, and the sprightliness of her conversation; and we know,

"Before such merits all objections fly, Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick six feet high."

The *officina* was a curious place, and worthy of its mistress. It was something between a shambles, a museum, and a tanyard, and exhaled in consequence the mixed effluvia of decomposing flesh, alcohol, tannin, and the oil of petroleum. In one corner stood a large tawny dog, stuffed, and fixed to a board, with a new pair of eyes in his head, and his mouth well furnished with grinders. "*Era molto vecchio questo cane*," going up to introduce him to our notice, and patting his back affectionately: "his sockets have not had such eyes in them for many a day, nor his jaws such teeth. I have strengthened his legs with wire, and restored the proper curl to the tail; nothing further is now lacking but some tufts of hair to cover these bare patches on his haunches, when his master will at once recognise unaltered the favourite of fourteen years ago." "And whence the supplies necessary for your purpose?" "From this," replied she, drawing out from under the table a skin of the same tawny colour, "*Eccola*," and then pinching off with her tweezers a small tuft from the supplementary hide, and gumming over with a camel's hair brush, a bare spot, she proceeded to cover it. "And what's your remedy here?" said we, laying our hand upon a large duck,* whose glossy grass-green neck had lost much of its plumage, especially at the base, where it is wont to be encircled with a cravat of white feathers. "By robbing others of the same family: for I always think a bird, while he lacks any of his feathers, is looking reproachfully at

* *Anas Boschiar.*

me, and if a parrot could find tongue it might say,

'Tis cruel to look ragged now I'm dead ;
Annetta, give my tail a little red.'

But here are my stores ;" and, touching a spring, the door of a small room opened, and revealed unstuffed skins of all sorts, dangling from strings like *Fantoccini* near the *Sapienza*, at Christmas-time. "Yonder is a bird, Annetta, that shot across our path yesterday in the villa Borghese ; was he not then a foreigner of distinction escaped from the prince's aviary ?"—"No ; a Campagna bird, but rare ;" and she proceeded to display his lapis-lazuli wings, which shone like burnished armour, and were set off by a brilliant edging of black feathers, as polished as jet, while the back was a rich dark brown, and the neck and breast light azure. "Oh ! stuff us one of these birds, pray !"—"Non dubitate, one shall be on his perch expecting you when you return to Rome in November."—"And we must have, too, that beautiful neighbour of his who wears a short silk spencer over his back and shoulders, and a full-breasted waistcoat of buff."—"The Alcedo Hispidus : he shall be ready too ; they call him hereabouts, 'Martin the Fisher.'"

We took leave for the time, but frequently returned to the workshop. On one occasion, we asked Cadet how she attained such skill in taxidermy ? "Our art," she replied, "like yours, consists mainly in observation, and therefore it must needs come slowly. In fact it has taken my mother and myself fifteen years to learn the natural instincts, habits, and attitudes of the birds and beasts of the Roman Fauna ; every summer we visit their haunts, and bring back such specimens as we may catch, or as the peasants, who all know us, may bring. Thus, we return ever richly laden, sometimes with the carcass of an eagle, or it may be of an African *Phenicopterus* ; or, failing in such large game, we are tolerably sure of porcupines, fine snakes, a nest of vipers, specimens of our three several kinds of tortoises, and different species of land crabs ; to say nothing of the Tarantulas, Scholias, and Hippobosques, which I pin round my bonnet, or pop into spirits of wine. As to stuffing,—

the witnessing how some, who call themselves naturalists, stuff birds, has been long as a beacon to me ! They really seem to forget, that it is one thing to prepare a goose for the spit, and another to fill his skin for the museum ; they cram whatever they have in hand, as *Fuocista Beppo* crams a sky-rocket to repletion. Few take the natural shape as a model for the embalmed body. In such hands, sparrows become linnets, owls appear to have died of apoplexy, kestrel eyes shine in *Civetta's* sockets, and the jackdaw has a pupil like the vulture. Then in grouping, they make *all* to look straight forward, as if, when a hawk has swooped upon a teal, his eyes did not turn downwards in the direction of his victim, or those of the poor teal upwards, in the direction of the expected blow ; *he* too, should be represented as striving to extend his neck beyond the drooping screen of the other's impenetrable wing. Then birds of prey should not perch like barn-door fowls, nor a parrot divide his toes before and behind unequally ; yet some taxidermists there are, who consider these things *trifles* !" "Well, sir, what do you think of my daughter's stuffing ?" said the old woman. "Why, that she stuffs beautifully, but the smell of those old hides in the corner makes me sick." Whereupon they both laughed out at our affection. "A doctor, and made sick !" said they, and they laughed again. "Have you heard of the Brazilian consul's lion ?" interrogated the daughter, endeavouring to make us forget our sickness by exciting our curiosity. "No ; nor even that he had a lion." "Oh, tell the story to the Signor Dottore, mother !" said the girl ; "I can't for laughing." Upon which the old woman, summoning to her aid a ludicrously solemn look, prefaced the anecdote by supposing "We must know the Brazilian consul ?"—"Not even by name."—"In that case we were to understand that he was by nature a man of great tenderness of character, but had once been chafed into an act of extraordinary ferocity, killing with his own hand, during the last year of his consulate, (but unfortunately, like Ulysses, without a witness,) a lordly lion : as there was

no embalmer on the spot, he simply flayed his victim, and preserved the skin with spice till his return last year, when the wish naturally arose to have the lion mounted after the most approved models, in order that the dimensions of the body and the respective length of tusks, tail, and claws, might appear to the best advantage, making it very evident that this had been a lion that none but Hercules or a Brazilian consul would have ventured to cope with. On making inquiries for an accomplished embalmer, our diplomatist unfortunately stumbles upon a Frenchman—a gentleman of rare accomplishments, as they all are, perfectly versed, by his own account, in that ancient Egyptian art in all its branches; this man, on seeing the skin, takes care duly to appreciate the courage of the consul in killing so immense a beast, whom he promises forthwith to restore to his pristine dimensions and fierceness of physiognomy; his adroitness is rewarded by *carte blanche*, to purchase any amount of spices and cotton he may require, and his *honoraire* is fixed at fifty *scudi* on the completion of the job. Hoping to increase the family satisfaction by showing them the lion once again on his legs, without their previously witnessing the steps by which this was to be effected, he requests that in the interval no one would visit the workshop. "Mind you make him big enough," says the Consul, signing the contract. "*Laissez-moi faire*," rejoins the other. After three weeks' mystery, the artist sends for his employer, who, speedily obeying the summons, finds the exhibition-room arranged for a surprise, and the Frenchman in anticipation of an assured triumph, rubbing his hands before a curtain, on the other side of which is the object of this visit. "*Hortense, levez la toile!*" says the Frenchman, giving the word of command. Hortense does as he is bid; up goes the curtain, and the Consul beholds his old friend, not only with a new face but with a new body: whereat, astounded and aghast,— "That's not *my* lion, sir," says the Brazilian. "How, sir, not *your* lion; whose lion then?—you are

facetious." "*I* facetious, sir," roars the impatient lion-killer, "and what should make *me* facetious?" "I have the honour to tell you, sir, that this is your lion," says the Frenchman chafing in his turn. "And I have the *honour* to tell you, then," reiterated the other, "that you never *saw* a lion." When the Consular family assembled, it was worse still; the children laughed in his face, and the lady said, "that but for his mane and colour she should not have guessed what animal he personated." It was a family misfortune. "Why did you trust a *Frenchman* with it?" asked his affectionate spouse: "you recollect that Alfieri calls them a nation of Charlatans, whose origin is *mud*,* and that all he ever learned of them was, to be silent when they spoke." "But what's to be done now?" demands the disconsolate man. "Send for the little women who understand stuffing, and take their advice." "So we went," continued the old woman, and were personally introduced to this lion." "*Ah! che Leone!*" interrupted the daughter, laughing at the recollection of the quizzical beast. "A lion indeed!" said the mother laughing, but less boisterously than her daughter. "What a king of the forest!" said the girl, going off again into inextinguishable merriment: "mother, do you remember his eyes sunk in his head as if he had died of a decline, his chest pinched in to correspond, his belly bulging out like the pouch of an opossum, with all her family at home, his mouth twisted into a sardonic grin, his teeth like some old dowager, one row overlapping the other, his cheeks inflated as if his stomach was in his mouth, and then the position of one of his fore-legs, evidently copied from that of the old bronze horse on the Capitol, while his tail wound three times and a half round its own tip!" "*Basta, basta!*" said the old woman, "he was a queer lion, and looked easy enough to kill if you could only keep your gravity while you attacked him." "And what said the Consul?" asked we, laughing with them. "The Consul *cospetto* again and again, and was for knocking him off his legs at

* In allusion to the ancient name of Paris, "*Lutetia*,"—from *lutum*, *mud*.

once, and then giving him to us to re-arrange. 'You and your daughter,' said he, 'will take him home and do what you can for me;' but we told him plainly, that to expect a new birth, after such a miscarriage as this, was only to indulge a vain hope, sure to issue in new disappointment. Why, the very tail would have taken us a fortnight to uncurl and make a *lion's* tail of it; the ears were quite past redemption; the *bustle* might have been removed from behind, and the wadding placed in front, where it was wanted; but the hide itself was corrugated into plaits that nothing could have removed. '*Cospetto!*' said the Consul, *poveretto*, who had nothing else to say—'and am I thus to lose my lion, the only lion I ever killed, and such a fine lion too!' and then he fell to abusing the Frenchman. 'I can't keep him here to show my friends,' pursued he; 'for it is obvious, if I do, that instead of admiring my courage, they will only ridicule me, and perhaps betray me into the hands of that rogue *Pinelli* as a fit subject for his caricature.' We could not say they would not; so we recommended him, upon the whole, as the best thing under the misfortune, to re-consult the French artist. '*Scelaro porco!*' consult him about a lion? why the commonest daub on a *Trattoria* sign-board gives a better idea of the noble animal than this.'" "It is difficult to stuff a lion," said the girl, half apologetically: "one cost me a fortnight's hard work to prepare." "Yes," added the mother eagerly—"yes, but he looked like a lion, he did." Then turning to us, "Well, sir, at last, as we could not help the Consul, he was obliged to have recourse to this Frenchman again, who admitted that the bulk of the animal was in the wrong place, and *une idée trop large*, and removed some of it accordingly. With respect to the hind-quarters, he cleverly got rid of this difficulty, by inserting three-quarters of the noble beast into a den, formed in a recess of the drawing-room, and hung with a profusion of green paper, representing bushes falling across its mouth, while beyond them protruded the head and open jaws of the lord of the forest, as reconnoitring the ground previous to a sally upon the guests;

and there, doubtless, he is still exhibiting." Well did Cadet herself avoid the errors she thus ridiculed. We possess one of her animated groups, of which the subject is an eagle killing a snake, and the execution is so true to nature, and so beautifully disposed for effect as to render improvement impossible: from some such original did the Locrian and Girgenti mints copy one of their finest reverses, and Virgil and Ariosto their lively descriptions. Our bird, which lay, a month before, an unsightly mass of blood-stained feathers, broken-winged, on the ground, when he came into our possession, *stuffed*, looked not only alive but in action. The talon which supported the body seemed to grasp the perch beneath it so tightly, as to convey a very lively impression both of his prehensile powers and of his weight; round the other, (embracing it as in a vice,) writhed the body of a large snake; the eagle's neck was erect, his head slightly bent, his wonderfully expressive eye glancing downwards, his hooked beak opening and disclosing the tongue slightly raised; the scant feathers round the olfactory fissures up; the snake hissing, his head elevated, and darting upwards, to anticipate the lacerating blow:

"*Hic sinuosa volumina verrat,
Arrectisque horret squammis, et sibilat ore,
Arduus insurgens; illa hand minus urget
adunco,
Luctantem rostro.*"

The delusion as to the substance and weight of the bird was perfect. At first we doubted being able to lift him without considerable effort. On making the attempt, however, we find him light as a Nola jar. A glorious bird is the eagle, well worthy the attention and regard bestowed on him in ancient times by prophet, priest, and poet; but had they been silent, we should have learned the veneration in which he was popularly held by the frequent recurrence of his image—whether incised on Egyptian obelisk, chiselled by Grecian hands on ornamented casque, guarding the tombs of heroes, grasping the thunderbolts of colossal Joves, perched on Latin standards, carrying off young Gany-

medes to wait, *invitâ Junone*, ont he gods above*—or bearing aloft, on consecrated coin, some most religious and gracious *Augusta* to Glory and to Olympus!

One day, meeting the elder Cadet in the street returning alone from the bird-market—a very unusual occurrence, for they generally hunted in couples—we asked after the daughter, and hearing she was *ammalata assai*, and wanted one of our little pills to set her to rights, turned in with the mother, and found the young *naturalista* reclining on an ill-stuffed *bergère*, with a large Coluber coiled round her temples, and a half-prepared Hoopœ in her hand. In the same apartment were a vulture picking an old shoe to pieces under the belly of an Esquimaux dog, and some little land-tortoises nibbling away at a large lettuce in the middle of the floor. Our inquiries were somewhat embarrassed by the unusual circumstances of our patient, particularly by the presence of the snake, which now began to untwist. "See! he has recognised his master," said the dame: "or perhaps has raised his head with a view of taking part in the consultation." We had seen snakes entwining the lovely brow of Medusa, in marble, cameo, and intaglio—and painted snakes in clusters hissing in the hair of the Eumenides—but a living snake wound round living temples we had never seen till to-day. "Come, sir, you are only the *snake* to Esculapius; and though I am not ungrateful for what you have done in refreshing my hot forehead with your cool skin, now the *doctor* is come, *bon giorno!*" and, removing him like a turban from her head, she placed him in a box at her side. This was, then, that Epidaurian Coluber which we had so frequently seen in marble effigy wound round the consultation case of the God of Physic,† and not to be viewed by us alive for the first time without interest. "Mother," said the younger Cadet,

brightening up when she perceived this, "bring our snake-boxes, and let us show them all to the *dottore*." In less than five minutes the cases were before us. The first contained a mother blind-worm and her viviparous family of ten offspring, not two inches long, while she stretched to about twelve. A Coluber *Natrix* inhabited the second. "He is a great favourite with children in *Sardinia*," said Cadet, "twisting himself round their arms, and sucking milk from their mouths; but if these supplies fail, he feeds on frogs and fish. His flesh is a sovereign remedy, say our doctors, in skin diseases; and they also say—but you know best how true this may be—that one of the late Dukes of Bavaria became a father by merely eating fowls that had been fattened on them." A Coluber *Austriacus* followed—a rare snake, and chiefly remarkable for his pleasant herbaceous smell, very unlike what proceeded from a neighbouring box, holding a Coluber *Viperinus*, who secretes, when irritated, a yellow fluid of intense fœtor, like the mixed stinks from *asa-fœtida* and rotten eggs. The specimen in this box was large. It had vomited, we were told, two frogs the day after its capture; and on cutting open another of the same species, Annetta had seen a living toad creep, Jonas-like, from the paunch, and make the best of three legs to escape, the fourth being already disposed of, and digested in the body of the serpent. The solitary Coluber *Atro-virens* passed next in review. She gave him a character for preferring good cheer to the best company, *ex gr.*—Out of two taken last week, one only survived; the other devoured his friend in the night, and next morning they found his enormously distended body dilated almost to transparency, and palpitating under the feeble movement of the victim, doubled up in his inside, but not yet dead. Being very exclusive, some call him "*il miorlodo*;" others, from

* "*Invitâ que Jovi nectar Junone ministrat.*"—OVID.

† Divine honours were first paid to this snake in Rome on occasion of a great pestilence which prevailed during the consulate of Q. Fabius and J. Brutus. His form, rudely sculptured, and much water-worn, is still to be made out on the side of a stone barque, stranded in a Tiber-washed garden belonging to a convent of Franciscans, which convent, rich in Christian as well as these Pagan relics, possesses the complete osteology of two of the Apostles.

the beauty of his colour, "*il bello*." When about to moult, his wonted vivacity changes to moroseness. Like a mad dog, he will snap at every thing. Perhaps the loss of all his beauty, which then takes place, may account for such peevishness. A glaucomatous state of the eye always precedes by some days the moult, which is accomplished by the skin cracking from the jaws, and afterwards being reflected over the head and shoulders, till by degrees the snake skins himself alive, leaving his old investment turned completely inside out. As gross a feeder as an alderman, he more frequently recovers from a surfeit, perhaps because, though a glutton, he will not touch wine.

Snakes are not so plentiful about Rome as farther south. Terracina in particular swarms with them, as did its ancient predecessor *Amyclæ*, which was once nearly depopulated by them. Their chief haunt hereabouts is two miles beyond the Porta Salara, at a place called *Serpentina*, on the opposite side of the Tiber, and nearly in front of the embouchure of the *Cre-mara*. At last we come to the family viper box, which perhaps we "would like to peep into with our gloves on?" "*Per Carità*, no," said we seizing the naturalist's hand—"on no account—a bite would be no joke!" Cadet laughed, observing that curiosity should not be balked by timidity for a trifle.—"A trifle! had she ever been bitten, then?" "*Come? sicuro ogni anno*." It was of familiar occurrence: the part would swell, be stiff and sore for a couple of days, but that was all. Fontana found that it required four large and very angry vipers to kill a dog—of course it must require as many to kill a man. As to the Egyptian Queen's death being caused by a viper's bite, that question having been properly *ventilata* (*ventillata*) by Professor Lancisci, might be considered as set at rest. One viper could not kill one person, much less three; and we might remember that Cleopatra's memorable asp is said to have bitten two maids of honour, *Nesera* and *Carmione*, before it came to her turn, by which time the poison must have been expended and the viper's

tooth dry. "Two things," added she, "I have noted about vipers; one regards the parturient viper, and is to the effect that, a prisoner, she never survives her confinement many days; long before the *quarante jours y compris l'accouchement** are over, she has ceased to be a mother and a viper. The other regards her progeny, and is this; that young viperlings come into the world in full maturity of malice, offering to bite as soon as their mouths are open, and flying at each other when they have no other society to attack. We have five varieties in Rome." "Is the viper deaf, Cadet?" "You should read the experiments of Peter Manni, a great friend of ours who tames snakes; these will completely satisfy your curiosity on this point:" and she fetched us the work of Manni, in which he gives a curious account of the influence exercised upon several varieties of the species by the sound of a pianoforte, and afterwards goes on to relate the effects produced upon the same serpents by electricity and light. "The Viper," says he, "was impassive to the second of these agents, suffering a lighted candle to be brought close to his eyes before he turned away his head; of the harmless snakes, *Coluber Esculapius* came up to look at a lighted torch, but, finding it too strong for him, gnashed his teeth and bolted; *Coluber Elaphis* bore the heat of a lighted candle in his mouth with apparent indifference; but the *Coluber Atrovirens* flew at it in a passion, snapping and biting while he struggled to retreat; he also appeared most distressed under the application of slight electric shocks, from which indeed all the snakes suffered, and the smaller ones died."

The action of some poisons upon snakes is similar to that on our own economy. For instance, on administering half a grain of strychnine to a full-grown *Coluber Atrovirens*, four minutes elapsed before any change was visible. During this period the snake moved in the hand with his usual vivacity; the flesh then began to grow rigid under the finger; and in half a minute, the whole body, with the exception of three inches of

* See the *Affiche* of the *Parisian Sage Femme*; *passim*.

coil, was seized with a tetanic spasm—the beautiful imbrication of the scales was dislocated by the violence of the muscular action, and the sleek round cylinder of the body was hardened into knots and reduced to half its former bulk. Reviving for a few seconds, the snake started, opened its jaws, but immediately afterwards became stiff and motionless except at the tail, which continued to exhibit feeble contractile action for about twenty minutes. After death, the body, losing its unnatural rigidity, became unnaturally supple, seemed without a spine, and might be doubled upon itself like a ribbon. In two cases which we witnessed of individuals poisoned by strychnine, similar tetanic phenomena were observed. Corrosive sublimate and prussic acid do not appear to act on snakes either with such violence or rapidity as on warm-blooded animals; for a dose of three grains of the former, and several drops of the latter, (Majendie's,) remained inactive for a quarter of an hour; then, two grains of arsenic being added, the snake suddenly raised his head half a foot from the ground, remained motionless as in a trance, for a minute, then fell back quite dead. We are not proud of these experiments, nor do we intend to repeat such; but having been guilty of them, the recital of the results can do no harm.

What various and even opposite qualities, owing to the supposed versatility of his character, have been ever attributed to the serpent! Viewed as fancy dictated, under different phases, men were not content to ascribe to

him their vices only, but must also attribute to him most of their moral excellencies: wisdom, prudence, vigilance, fortitude and sobriety were all his; he was symbolical of the divine nature, of eternity, and of youth. Long before *viper broth* was used in medicine, the Coluber was at Hygeia's side by the fountain of health, and was twined round the stick of Esculapius, at once silent and expeditious in his motion. Harpocrates favoured, and Mercury the Olympic messenger employed him as his deputy; though victim on one occasion to the archery of Apollo, the god of verse found something in his

———“winding ’bout
Of linked structure long drawn out,”

so akin to poetry, (particularly to the kind called epic,) that he took an additional cognomen (Pythius) out of compliment to him; whilst Alexander and Augustus, those worthy descendants of Jove (whom he is said to have befriended in his amours), stamped his image on their coins, and assumed it as their crest. So far we behold him in favour both with gods and men: but opinions vary, applause is inconstant; and accordingly we equally find him charged with envy, hatred, malice, hypocrisy, ingratitude, cruelty, and almost every other vice. He is also accused of devastating towns, of usurping islands,* of impeding armies,† of destroying priests at the altar, and it is certain that he lent his name to heresy, and permitted the great Heresiarch to assume his form in order to beguile Eve.

* Colubraria insula maris Balearinci colubris scatens, vulg. Dragonera.

† Vide *Aulus Gellius*, lib. vi.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF OIL PAINTING.*

IN the prosecution of an object, it often happens that the means employed lead unexpectedly to results of immeasurably more importance than the end originally proposed; and that, while the ostensible end may turn out to be a failure or of doubtful benefit, some real good, some lasting advantage, shall be brought out by the exercise of the ability, energy, and faithfulness of the agents employed.

The mind can scarcely work on given materials without making some discovery. In this sense did Socrates adopt the line of Hesiod—

“Employ thyself in any thing rather than stand idle.”

We are of those who would doubt the advantages proposed by the Commission of the Fine Arts. If it were likely to lead to a permanent patronage for *great works*, it would be a boon indeed; but if it be the cause of only a temporary excitement, holding out a promise which it has no means of fulfilling, encouraging talent, and making it unprofitable, turning it from the line in which it is wanted, to that in which it is not likely to be sought after, the artists will have little reason in the end to be thankful for the establishing of this Commission. The competition which it proposes is not altogether wholesome: it is sicklied over from the beginning with the fear and jealousy of a class. The tried hands of an academy abstain from a contest which may take away from them the honour (in the world's eye) which has been exclusively appropriated to them; and the new aspirants work at too probable a loss, scarcely hoping that their labours will be adopted or rewarded: while in that absence of a higher competition, the public, and possibly the Commission itself, expect inferiority; and if these *great pictures*, great in dimensions as in attempt, are not purchased by the public, there can be little hope that any private dwellings will contain them. If the object be

to adorn the Houses of Parliament with pictures, it would be far better to select from the painters we have, and give them their work to do, than to raise up a host of artists, nine-tenths of whom must sink under a hopeless lack of employment; for there is not a general taste for the particular style which it is the object of the Commission to promote, nor can there well be in a country where there are so few public edifices of importance and of public resort, and so few palaces capable of containing works of great size. Indeed the art of decoration is with us quite of another character, and one little adapted for the display of great works. There is paint in profusion, and of a dazzling splendour,—we do not mean to speak slightly of this architectural adjunct;—but there is little room for the *sobriety* of great art; and be it remembered, that art, to be great, must have in it a certain sobriety, awe, and majesty, that does not quite accord with our style of decoration. We require a kind of furniture decoration. We doubt if in our Houses of Parliament and palaces, much room will be spared to what is so facetiously termed “High Art.” Nor can we expect to be always building Houses of Parliament; and, therefore, too soon the magniloquent patronage must come to an end. Domesticity is the habit of modern life, (for even our club-houses are of that character, and assume the appearance of a home;) and, for such habits, easel pictures will ever have the greatest charm. Nor would it be correct to deny to them a very wide scope in the field of art. We doubt if we can recur to any extensive patronage for frescoes; and their great cost must exclude them from our churches, which we are more desirous of multiplying than of ornamenting. Nor can we wonder at this; for, whereas the churches and all public buildings in Italy, were and are open at all times, and the great works they contain are to be seen every day, and at every

* *Materials for a History of Oil Painting.* By C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A.

hour of the day, with us it is a great thing to have them open once or twice in the week, for an hour and a half at a time. So that we fear the Commission for the promotion of the Fine Arts are, as far as we can judge of their ostensible object, in a labyrinth, from which if they find an exit, they will not have enlarged their prospect, and will have to congratulate themselves, at best, on being where they were when they entered it.

We do not here express a doubt as to the advantage of our having a Commission of the Fine Arts. We only doubt their judgment in the exclusiveness of their aim, and the largeness of their implied promises.

But if there be a suspicion of failure in the ostensible object, in some of its working the greatest benefit will have been conferred upon modern art. A more judicious or more fortunate choice could not have been made, than that made in the appointment of the Secretary to the Commission. Much as the world has reason to regret that this appointment has for a long, too long a period, been a sore let and hindrance to Mr Eastlake in the practice of his art, — the conscientious view he has taken of the duties of his office, and his entire faithfulness in discharging them, have led to results of a most beneficial character, — beneficial to artists, and to the arts as a perpetuity. His highly valuable work, though with the most modest title, "*Materials for a History of Oil Painting*," is the real boon, and will be the lasting proof of his faithful service. Considering the sacrifice with which a work of so much labour, thought, and research must have been achieved, we hope the Commissioners are empowered to reward his energy, ability, and fidelity, according to their merits, and according to the sacrifice.

Mr Eastlake, justly judging it to be of the first importance, in whatever schemes might be entertained for the promotion of the Fine Arts, to secure to the artist the best materials, and the approved methods of the best times, and to give him as complete a knowledge of the history of the art he professes as might be obtained,

undertook to search out and examine records with the greatest care, leaving as little to conjecture as possible. He could not dictate to the mind, but he might be able to put means into the hands of genius; the more perfect the instruments, the greater would be the freedom, and, what is of no small importance, the more durable would be the works. The first step in this direction was evidently towards a knowledge of what had been done, and had been universally admired and approved: — to discover first, if possible, what was the method and what were the technical means in the hands of Titian and Correggio, of Rubens and most of the Flemish painters.

Aware of the discussions and disputes concerning the invention of Van Eyck, he found it necessary to trace the progress of art from its earliest records to the date of the supposed discoverer of painting in oil—or rather discoverers, Hubert and John Van Eyck, in 1410. The conclusion to which the documentary evidence led him was this, that:—

"The technical improvements which Van Eyck introduced were unquestionably great; but the mere materials employed by him may have differed little, if at all, from those which had been long familiar. The application of oil painting to figures, and such other objects as (with rare exceptions) had before been executed only in *tempera*, was a consequence of an improvement in the vehicle." "It is apparent, that much has been attributed to John Van Eyck, which was really the invention of Hubert; and both may have been indebted to earlier painters for the elements of their improved process."

The very early use of oil in painting need not here be discussed, though it was necessary to go into much detail in forming a history of the art, which was the object of Mr Eastlake. Perhaps, the earliest in our practice will be found to have been in England, and may have been the legacy of art bequeathed at the departure of the Romans. It did not commence in Italy. "The use of resinous solutions combined in various proportions with oil, as a medium or vehicle for the colours, was an early

technical characteristic of the northern schools, and merits attention here accordingly."

It is the opinion of the author of "Materials for a History," &c., that the Van Eycks did not so much invent as improve; it was therefore most desirable to ascertain what was previously ready to their hands to be improved. And as to the improvement, that was perhaps really less than has been supposed, the application being the novelty. Oleo-resinous varnishes had before been in use, even from a very early period; but the admixture of these with the pigments was the great step in advance, and it may be inferred that the method of rendering these oleo-resinous vehicles colourless, or nearly so, was the great invention of John Van Eyck.

Drying oil was well known to the ancients, that is, before the Christian era. "Dioscorides, whose works were familiar to medieval writers on medicine, is supposed to have lived in the age of Augustus. He mentions two drying oils; walnut-oil and poppy-oil. The principal materials employed in modern oil painting were at least ready for the artist, and waited only for a Van Eyck,—in the age of Ludius* and the painters of Pompeii."

We will not attempt further to pursue the history of oil painting to the time of the Van Eycks; suffice it to say, that a recipe of Theophilus, a monk of the twelfth century, furnishes materials—an oleo-resinous vehicle generally used after the time of Van Eyck—and that the improvement by

Van Eyck was the substituting amber for the sandarach of Theophilus. The work of Theophilus has recently appeared, translated by Mr Hendrie from the Latin, and forms a very valuable addition to the painter's library, as well as to that of the curious and scientific in general. The artist will find in Mr Hendrie's preface, the information he will be most desirous to possess. He strongly insists upon amber varnish as being the real vehicle or discovery of Van Eyck, and lays much stress upon a certain distilled oil as a diluent. He says:—

"Amber varnish, and probably other thick oil varnishes, would be equally benefitted, thinned with this distilled oil. It dries without a pellicle when mixed with colours. Colours used for finishing a picture, such as in the light for solid painting, or glazing for colour and shadows, are rendered very pure and without the slightest appearance of askin, although it may be plentifully used. It dries much more slowly than any other distilled oil, and hence its great value, as it allows the artist as much time as he requires, in order to blend his colours and finish his work. In conjunction with amber varnish, it forms a vehicle which leaves nothing to be desired, and which doubtless was the vehicle of Van Eyck, and in many instances of the Venetian masters, and of Correggio; the different modes of painting necessarily producing the varied appearances of the different schools and masters."

This promises the remedy for the

* We venture to throw out a conjecture respecting this Ludius, (by the bye, there were two of that name,) as an attempt to throw some light upon a passage in the "Sirmio" of Catullus, which has puzzled and led the commentators into very far-fetched explanations. The lines are—

"Salve, O venusta Sirmio! atque hero gaude:
Gaudete, vosque, *Ludii lacus undæ*:
Ridete, quidquid est domi cachinnorum."

I have adopted the word *Ludii*, because it is so in some editions given. Catullus, returning from his profitless expedition into Asia Minor, addresses his home (his villa) with the affectionate address of a weary and longing traveller. He speaks of his home delights, his accustomed bed,—and then terminates with the above lines. What were the "*Ludii lacus undæ*?" May it not allude to the pictures painted on the walls of his villa; and very probably by this *Ludius*—for the word *domi* would seem to indicate something within his dwelling, and this idea answers accurately to the sort of pictures which Pliny represents Ludius to have painted. Though Catullus is said to have died in his forty-sixth year, B.C. 40, and Augustus, A.D. 14, it is very possible that Ludius, who is said to have lived in the time of Augustus, may have ornamented with his pictures the villa of Catullus. We offer this conjecture for no more than it is worth—it may be at least as probable as many others which have been made.

disease, as it were, of vehicles, the not drying from the bottom, which will delight every artist, if he finds it a practical truth. We confess, we somewhat fear the sanguine temperament of the translator of Theophilus, and should have preferred some proof to the bare assertion that the picture by John Bellini, in the National Gallery, was painted in amber varnish. Nor can we quite trust his translation of the recipe for making this amber varnish. We were startled with this account of 1 lb litharge to 1 lb linseed oil and 4 ounces of amber—is he correct in translating *spigelhors* litharge? It should be rosin. With regard to the value of amber varnish, Mr Eastlake quite agrees with Mr Hendrie. Another important improvement of the Van Eycks was the substitution of calcined white copperas for litharge. In a note, Mr Eastlake gives the information that on experiment it has been proved that oil does not take up any portion of the copperas, which nevertheless renders it very drying and hard, but that oil does take up sugar of lead. It should be added, however, that he does not think lead so prejudicial to colours as some have thought it to be.

The value of Mr Eastlake's book chiefly consists in the documentary evidence which is now brought to bear upon the question of vehicles; and doubtless, that which is subsequent to the time of Van Eyck is by far the most valuable. Evidence is produced not only of oils in use, and the methods of purifying them, but of varnishes, and recipes for making them, likewise of the colours used. There is yet, however, much untold with regard to the Italian practice, concerning which Mr Eastlake proposes to treat in a second volume. Yet, with regard to the Italian methods, we are not left without some important knowledge, which, however, must be considered as offered rather incidentally; for the Italians having modified, and in some respects much varied the vehicle they derived from the Flemish masters, their methods were again partially adopted by the latter; so that the methods of these two great schools of art could not be kept entirely separate.

To those much acquainted with art,

it will be thought of the utmost importance to obtain any recipes of the time of Rubens and Vandyke. Such we are in possession of—contained in a manuscript in the British Museum—of which we may expect the publication entire. It may be interesting to give some account of this MS. and its author. The manuscript is entitled "*Pictoria, Sculptura, Tinctoria, et quæsub alternarum artium spectantia, in Lingua Latinâ, Gallicâ, Italicâ, Germanicâ conscripta, a Petro Paulo Rubens, Vandyke, Somers, Greenberry, Jansen, &c. — Fo. xix. A.D. 1620; T. de Mayerne.*" Theodore Mayerne, the author, was born at Geneva, 1573. "He selected the medical profession; and after studying at Montpellier and Paris, accompanied Henri Duc de Rohan to Germany and Italy. On his return he opened a school, in which he delivered lectures to students in surgery and medicine. This proceeding, and the innovation, as it then appears to have been, of employing mineral specifics in the healing art, excited a spirit of opposition which led to a public resolution, emanating from the faculty at Paris, in which his practice was condemned. His reputation rapidly increased from this period. He had before been appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to Henry IV. In 1611, James I. invited him to England, and appointed him his first physician. De Mayerne enjoyed the same title under Charles I. He died at Chelsea, leaving a large fortune, 1655."

"Dallaway, in his annotations on Walpole, after noticing the influence of De Mayerne's medical practice on the modern pharmacopœia, remarks that 'his application of chemistry to the composition of pigments, and which he liberally communicated to the painters who enjoyed the royal patronage,—to Rubens, Vandyke, and Pelitot—tended most essentially to the promotion of the art. From his experiments were discovered the principal colours to be used for enamelling, and the means of vitrifying them. Rubens painted his portrait; certainly one of the finest now extant. It originally ornamented the Arundel collection: was then at Dr Mead's, Lord Besborough's, and is

now (1826) at Cleveland House.' . . A monarch who was so fond of painting as Charles I., was fortunate in having the assistance of a person who combined a love of art with a scientific knowledge applicable to its mechanical operations. It is not surprising that such an amateur as De Mayerne should enjoy the confidence of the first painters of his time; or that in return for the useful hints which he was sometimes enabled to give them, they should freely open to him the results of their practical knowledge. Such communications, registered at the time by an intelligent observer, threw considerable light on the state of painting at one of its most brilliant periods, and tend especially to illustrate the habits of the Flemish and Dutch schools."

De Mayerne records the use of sand in purifying oils, as a communication from Mytens, painter to Charles I., *before the arrival of Vandyke*. "Coming from such a source," says Mr Eastlake, "it may be classed among the processes which were familiar to the Flemish and Dutch painters."

The works of the Flemish and Dutch painters are undoubtedly those which the artists of the present day would desire to be the tests of vehicles and of colours. They can scarcely have, therefore, a more valuable document than this manuscript of De Mayerne, the friend of Vandyke. From this source there is much information with regard to colours. It has always been supposed that Rubens in particular was lavish in the use of Naples yellow. It was largely used by the Italian painters; but it is omitted in the list of colours of the Dutch and Flemish. Many yellows, which in oil alone will not stand, are, it seems, durable if protected by an oleo-resinous medium. After enumerating many other yellows, Mr Eastlake remarks—"There was, however, one substance, viz. gamboge, now undeservedly fallen into disuse in oil painting, which is superior to most, if not to all, of those above named; the colouring matter united with its resinous portion, which renders it more durable in oil painting, may be easily freed from mere gum. De Mayerne, it would seem on good

grounds, pronounces in its favour; and his speculations respecting the best mode of using it are confirmed by modern authorities. Gamboge, he observes, furnishes a beautiful yellow, constant, unfading, and that works freely."

We are not surprised to see another pigment commended; we have long used it, but believe it is unknown as a colour by the artists of the present day, though, we suspect, sold by colour-makers for common work as a cheap brown. It is common coal. De Mayerne says, "The shadows of flesh are well rendered by pit-coal, which should not be burned." It is also recommended by Van Mander, and by Norgate, "whose directions for oil painting correspond in all outward particulars with the Flemish methods." In some experiments recorded by Sir Joshua Reynolds—there are the words "Gamboge and oil—but no colour remains;" yet it should be observed that where it is protected it is most durable. We believe the Aloes Cavallino, spoken of in terms of commendation by Leonardo da Vinci, to be an excellent transparent colour—and well calculated to give great richness to browns and to greens. It is certainly very interesting to know the colours actually used by the best masters of by-gone days,—but we must not forget that modern science may greatly have improved many, and produced others, and has surer grounds to pronounce on their permanency. Mr Field, in his Chromatography, has rendered a very great service to art.

It is not only the varnish, or rather the gums which compose the varnishes, that should be considered with great attention, in reviewing this subject,—but the great stress which seems to have been universally laid upon the necessity of purifying the oils. And this necessity is insisted upon from the earliest times. Even after all the precaution and pains taken to purify oils, there will be a tendency to turn yellow upon the surface. Rubens, in a letter, speaks of this, and gives orders for his pictures, which were packed freshly painted, to be exposed to the sun. And this practice of exposure to the sun seems to have been adopted generally in Italy, as well as else-

where, not only for the purpose of drying the paint more readily, but for the freeing the surface from the yellowing of the oil, the deleterious portion of which is thus taken up by the atmosphere and the heat of the sun.

We have unhesitatingly exposed the surfaces of freshly painted pictures not only to the sun, but to all weathers,—and that not for a few hours but for weeks—and always with advantage. There is another method also which will be found equally beneficial. When the surface is greasy, and will not take water from the sponge, it may be truly conjectured that this deleterious quality of the oil has exuded. We always remove it by sand and water—the coarser the sand the better; the finer, being more silicious, is more likely to cut. But we must observe that even though the picture be not fairly dry, excepting under very rough usage, the paint will not be at all removed. Even after this cleansing, the oil will still, for a considerable time, throw up this greasy product. We remove it, therefore, again and again until, after a week or ten days' trial, we find the surface free from grease; and we are strongly inclined to think the colours undergo no change when this clearance has been once well effected. In a letter from Mrs Merrifield, she strongly recommends this exposure of pictures to the sun and atmosphere; and says it was universally practised. This should not, however, prevent the previous purification of the oils; for there is no writer upon the subject that does not insist upon this. Mr Eastlake's book furnishes recipes of all ages. Frequent washings with water, to which a little salt is added, and fine sand to take down the impurities of the oil, may be safely recommended. In describing the process taught by the Gesuats, friends of Perugino, the Padre Gesuato adds, "Observe, that wherever you find oil mentioned, this purified oil is meant."

It would appear that the pigments were, formerly as now, ground only in oil; the vermex was added to the colour, by drops, when on the palette; so that, should the new, or recovered old vehicles, if such they be, come into general use, it will not be neces-

sary to discard the supply of oil colours from the shops of our colour-makers. The colours in tubes, which happily have superseded the bladders, will still be in general request. Northcote thought it a great advantage to the old Italian masters that they were under the necessity of making most of their colours themselves. This, certainly, was not the case in the earlier times; for the monks, who were every thing—physicians, painters, chemists, &c.—were not only the patrons and dealers, but were makers of the colours also. We cannot quite agree with Northcote. The only objection we have to offer to the present system of tube colours is as regards their cost; for, considering the value of the materials, the cost of putting them up seems very exorbitant. This is of little consequence, indeed, in painting easel pictures of no great size; but if we are to proceed on the large scale, which the Commission for the Fine Arts encourages, it would become a matter of some consideration. It has been supposed that the first colour-shop in London was set up by a servant of Sir Godfrey Kneller's; but there is reason to believe, from some incidental remarks, that the trade existed in De Mayerne's time. Some painters of great eminence had their favourite colour-makers, employed, probably, by themselves exclusively. In a letter, Titian regrets the death of the man who prepared his white,—and De Mayerne says of Vandyke, "He spoke to me of an exquisite white, compared with which the finest whitelead appears gray, which he says is known to M. Rubens. Also of a man who dissolved amber without carbonising it, so that the solution was pale yellow, transparent." We learn from this that there were then colour-makers and varnish-makers, and also that the brilliant white of Rubens may not always have been whitelead.

There seems to have been in the fourteenth century a kind of painting practised in England which much attracted the notice of foreigners. It was of water-colours on cloth—"on closely woven linen saturated with gum water. This, when dry, is stretched on the floor over coarse woollen frieze cloths; and the artists,

walking over the linen with clean feet, proceed to design and colour historical figures and other subjects. And because the linen is laid quite flat on the woollen cloths, the water-colours do not flow and spread, but remain where they are placed, the moisture sinking through into the woollen cloths underneath, which absorb it. In like manner, the outlines of the brush remain defined, for the gum in the linen prevents the spreading of such lines. Yet, after this linen is painted, its thinness is no more obscured than if it was not painted at all, as the colours have no body." This does not at all resemble the kind of tempera painting in use in Flanders to imitate tapestry; for it is noticed as peculiar to England by a native of Flanders. May not this method be again, with some advantage, restored for the getting in the subjects of large pictures? The cloth so painted might easily be put on other cloth prepared with a ground.

The subject of grounds is not omitted: it is one of importance; and the artist will do well to study Mr Eastlake's book, if he would have a ground that might suit his after-work. All grounds made with glues are bad—they not only crack, but change the colours. M. Merimée accurately examined the grounds of some of Titian's pictures—and found starch and paste. It is supposed that grounds in which red-lead and umber have been used darken all the pigments.

The Venetians usually preferred painting on cloth, and not unfrequently chose the finest. There was a canvass used in Italy, and chiefly by the Bolognese school, which gives much richness, its peculiar texture being seen even through tolerably thick paint—the threads are in squares, and rather coarse. We are surprised that such is not to be met with in our shops. We have often endeavoured to obtain it without

success. On canvass of this kind some painters, and among them Guercino, contrived greatly to raise the lights—so that as seen side-ways they appear to bulge. We are not aware how this was done.

We take some credit to ourselves for having in the pages of *Maga*, so long ago as June 1839—promoted an inquiry into the nature of the vehicles used by the old masters. And this we did, knowing that we should incur some odium and contemptuous disapprobation at the hands of artists, too many of whom were jealous of any supposed superiority in their great predecessors, and were generally satisfied with the meguilp, (mastic varnish, beat up with drying oil,) which had, nevertheless, been proved so deceitful from the first days of its adoption. The readiness with which it was made, the facility of working which it offered, and its immediate brilliancy, were temptations too great to be resisted. The too common use of this vehicle, we confess, led us too far in a contrary direction—to set ourselves against all varnishes whatever; and we laid, perhaps, too much stress upon the authority of Tingry, who speaks strongly against the admixture* of varnishes with oil; and, with this bias, we reviewed, in *Maga*, M. Merimée's work, in which, certainly with mistranslations of the Latin of Theophilus, as well as of Italian quotations, he insisted upon the use principally of copal, though without any distrust of mastic.

The difference between the texture of old paint, that is of the good age, both Italian and Flemish, and that which modern practice had exhibited, was too manifest to be overlooked; and we never could bring ourselves to believe that the meguilp in use, by itself, ever had or ever would produce that solid brilliancy or *substantial* transparency which was and is the great charm in the genuine works of the

* "Some of the English painters," says Tingry, "too anxious to receive the fruits of their composition, neglect this precaution, (preserving the colours in newly painted pictures before they are varnished, by covering them with white of egg.) Several artists even paint in varnish, and *apply it with their colours*. This precipitate method gives brilliancy to their compositions at the very moment of their being finished; but their lustre is temporary and of short duration. It renders it impossible for them to clean their paintings, which are, besides, liable to crack and lose their colour. In a word, it is not uncommon to see an artist survive his own works."

good old time of the art. And we believe still that all experience is against it, and that the era of its adoption is marked in the history of art by the visible deterioration in the quality of the painted surfaces. Bad as we conceive the use of mastic always to have been, it was not, until comparatively modern times, employed in the most injurious manner. The Flemish and Italian recipes incorporated it with the oil, together, generally, with other substances, by heat, and not, according to the subsequent modern practice, merely dissolved in turpentine and added to the oil. Of all varnishes mastic is the softest, most liable to decomposition, most readily affected by atmospheric changes, having no protection or medium of incorporation, being merely liquified with turpentine, which, evaporating, leaves the mastic to the injuries of air and moisture. Oil varnishes are, however, of another character, and we are converted to their use by historic evidence, and authorities which cannot be doubted. We do not assert that the exact recipes and formulæ for the compositions of the true oleo-resinous vehicles are not now in possession of the public. We are inclined to think they are; but, as we are promised by Mr Eastlake another volume, chiefly upon the Italian practice, which, too, we presume to think was the best, we in some degree force ourselves to suspend our judgment, resting our hope for what is to come upon the undeniable value of what has been already given us.

When we formerly treated of this subject, we mentioned the great reliance we placed upon the results of the accurate research and experiments of a friend, P. Rainier, Esq., M.D. of the Albany. It is greatly to be regretted that, at his death, his papers were not properly collected and arranged for use; they are, it is to be feared, lost. We well remember his assertion, that the paint of the old masters invariably vitrified by fire. In proof, he scraped off some paint from an old picture, (it was in the shadow part of back-ground, and not very thick, and where there was not, apparently, any white-lead.) He laid it on some platina, and subjected it to the heat of the blow-pipe.

The oil first exploded, and the paint was vitrified. Hence originated the borax medium—a remarkable property of which was its capability of being used with water as a diluent or with oil,—thus being a kind of union of the earlier temperas and the oil medium. This borax-glass vehicle was certainly a discovery, or rediscovery, as he was inclined to think it, of our highly valued friend, P. Rainier. We say re-discovery, remembering his playful assumption of a motto, “*Veterem revocavit artem.*” He was probably led to this use of a glass composed of borax, by the vitrification of the pigments; and we still suspect that, in some of the old Italian recipes, glass, with borax as an ingredient, will be found. “*A peculiar kind of Venetian glass,*” says Mr Eastlake, “used, when pulverised, as a dryer, contained a considerable portion of lead; and if it acted chemically, may have derived its siccative quality from that ingredient.” The question here naturally suggests itself, Why was a peculiar glass used for this purpose, when it was perfectly well known that lead of itself would have been sufficient? Again, in page 358, from the Mayerne MS., as quoting the authority of Mytens; “This oil (mancop) does not dry of itself easily, but it is usually ground with Venetian glass, and thus exposed to the sun in a glass bottle. This should be shaken every four days for three or four weeks: it should then be carefully decanted for use, leaving the sediment with the glass.” It is a question if the glass was here solely used to facilitate the sediment.

Vitrification would not depend upon the introduction of glass only,—calcined bones, which, it is now known, were much used in vehicles, will produce the same result. In a note, page 345, Mr Eastlake says that he requested Mr Marris Dimsdale to analyse a fragment of a picture by Cariani of Bergamo, (a contemporary and scholar, or imitator of Giorgione;)—the result being, that “one portion ran fairly into a vitrified state. Hypothetically,” adds Mr Dimsdale, “I should say it had burned bones in it.” And again, “Every colour mixed with phosphate of lime, (calcined bones,) vitrifies when exposed to strong heat. As Venetian pigments vitrify, might

not phosphate of lime have been used as a dryer?"

We cannot but suspect any medium under which the pigments will not vitrify. The publication of Mr Eastlake's most important and valuable volume, rather strengthens our reliance upon the various communications made to us by Mr Rainier. For instance, many years ago, we used, at his recommendation, sandarach, dissolved in spike oil, and then mixed with the oil heated. It may not be amiss here, as sandarach is now so strongly recommended, and shown at least to have formed a part of one of the precious vehicles, to state the result of its use some twenty years ago. A picture we then painted with it, is still without a crack, extremely hard, and though by no means well painted, is good in texture, and resembles in the quality of the pigments very much that of the old schools. Though for some years shut up in a portfolio, the colours do not appear to have undergone any change.

Although it will not probably be found that borax was used in the good recipes by name, it may have been in the Venetian glass—at all events, though we are now rather in search of what *was* in use, than what may be useful and good in itself, as it were *de novo*, it may be worth while to remember the double facility it offers of use with oil or water, both or either; and it may be added that the experience of some years shows nothing against it and much in its favour. We have thought it to be a preservative of colours. In our review of M. Merimée, we threw out a conjecture that it might have been the Gummi Fornis in the recipe of Theophilus—and which M. Merimée believed to be copal. But we are quite convinced of our error by the arguments—we might say proofs—adduced by Mrs Merrifield, contained in a note, in her admirable and most useful volume, "Cennino Cennini." That it was sandarach there can be no doubt; and we were in consequence induced to try the making the vehicle according to the recipe of Theophilus, and perfectly succeeded. It has a pleasant lustre, not that somewhat disagreeable shine which is often visible in pictures painted with copal.

For the quality of sandarach Mrs Merrifield quotes Raffael Borghini, from his "Reposo"—"If you would have your varnish very brilliant, use much sandarach."

Mr Eastlake has shown that Mrs Merrifield was not quite so fortunate in her remark against M. Merimée's conjecture that the "Gummi Fornis" was copal. "As that is brought from America, it could not possibly have been known to Theophilus, who lived between three and four hundred years previous to the discovery of that country." The name copal, as that of Brazil, is not indigenous to America. Both that gum and dye were African, and transferred to the similar productions of the New World. It is curious that a distinction made between "vernice," and "vernice liquida" should be the means of ascertaining the gum given in the recipe of Theophilus which M. Merimée believed to be copal. Vernice was the name of sandarach, and was in common use in its dry state, as pounce, but when made into a varnish with oil, it was called vernice liquida.

To those who delight in etymologies, it will afford amusement to learn that the word varnish is with much reason conjectured to be derived from the name of a daughter of one of the Ptolemies, celebrated for her amber-coloured hair,—the heroine of the poem of Callimachus of which we have only the translation by Catullus, the "Coma Berenices." Eustathius, the commentator on Homer of the twelfth century, states that amber (*ἡλεκτρον*) in his day was called *Βερανίση*. Salmasius spells it *Βερενικη*. "Even during the classic ages of Greece β represented ϕ in certain dialects." Veronica, in the Lucca M.S., (eighth century,) more than once occurs among the ingredients of varnishes. "And it is remarkable," adds Mr Eastlake, "that in the copies of the same recipes in the Mappæ Clavicula (twelfth century) the word is spelt in the genitive—Verenicis and Vernaicis," and thus we come by very legitimate derivation to the English word varnish. Sandarach, however, becoming in process of time the common substitute for amber, took the name: and to distinguish this oleo-resinous varnish

from that of the real amber, the latter is called "Vernice liquida gentile." The "Mappæ Clavicula," spoken of above, is a very curious publication, in the last No. of the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxii. part 1. of a MS. treatise on the preparation of pigments during the middle ages. Speaking of the vernice liquida, Mr Eastlake says:—

"The amber varnish had been adopted in its stead by the early Flemish painters, and though often represented by * copal, had never been entirely laid aside; it had even returned to the north from Italy in the hands of Gentileschi. Rembrandt, from motives of economy, may have employed the scarcely less durable common "vernix" or sandarac oil varnish; and for certain effects may have reckoned on its tint. Either this, or the rapidly drying Venice amber before described, was in all probability used by him freely."

Mr Eastlake thinks that the darkness of the vehicle had been allowed to increase (and the darker the thicker it would be) with the darkness of the colour employed. That this was the case, we might conjecture, not only from the works of Rembrandt, but we think it may be so seen in some of the back-grounds of Correggio. "The influence of the colour of the vehicle on the quantity and depth of shadow is indeed plainly to be traced in the general style of oil painting, as compared with tempera and other methods." In a note on this passage we are told that "Sandrart relates, it is to be hoped on no good authority, that Rubens induced Jordaens to paint some works in tempera for tapestries, in the hope that his rival, by being accustomed to the light style of colouring suitable to tempera, might lose his characteristic force in oil. The biographer even adds that the scheme answered."

Now we make this quotation, which is not creditable to Sandrart, to remove if we may its sting: for who would wish this moral stigma to rest upon the character of so great a man as Rubens? We have no doubt the

advice was conscientiously given, and with a true accurate judgment of the powers of Jordaens. We can easily imagine that the heavy handling, the somewhat muddy loading of the colour in every part of the pictures of Jordaens, must have been offensive to Rubens, who so delighted in the freer, fresher, and more variable colouring and handling. And such is the judgment which the present day passes upon Jordaens, to the depreciation of his works, and in vindication of the advice of Rubens.

As both amber and sandarac had a tendency to darken the colours, "a lighter treatment," Mr Eastlake adds, "has rarely been successful without a modification of the vehicle itself." In treating more fully of the Italian methods, we shall probably have many recipes for this purpose. We are, however, in possession of a recipe of this kind described by Armenini of Faenza about the middle of the sixteenth century, as used by Correggio and Parmigiano. His authorities, he informs us, for so designating it were the immediate scholars of those masters; and he states that he had himself witnessed its general use throughout Lombardy by the best painters. His description is as follows. "Some took clear fir turpentine, dissolved it in a pipkin on a very moderate fire; when it was dissolved, they added an equal quantity of petroleum, (naptha,) throwing it in immediately on removing the liquified turpentine." A long note is appended upon this varnish or 'olio d'abbezzo,' with a very interesting note by an Italian writer of the present century, who attributes the preservation of Correggio's pictures to its use. He adds also his own experience. Having applied this varnish to four old pictures, he proceeds:—

"After an interval of more than thirty years, those pictures have not only retained their freshness, but it seems that the colours, and especially the whites, have become more agreeable to the eye, exhibiting, not indeed the lustre of glass, but a clearness like that of a recently painted picture,

* Van Stry asserted that copal was constantly used by Cuypp—his pictures are remarkably hard.

and without yellowing in the least. I also applied the varnish on the head of an Academy figure, painted by me about five-and-twenty years since. On the rest of the figure I made experiments with other varnishes and glazings. This head surpasses all the other portions in a very striking manner; it appears freshly painted, and still moist with oil, retaining its tints perfectly. The coat of varnish is extremely thin, yet, on gently washing the surface, it has not suffered. The lustre is uniform; it is not the gloss of enamel or glass, but precisely that degree of shine which is most desirable in a picture."

Mr Eastlake enters upon a dissertation on the Italian and Flemish modes of painting, discriminating the transparency by glazing, and the transparency by preserving the light grounds. The ground does not appear throughout the pictures of Correggio, universally so in those of Rubens and most of the Flemish and Dutch schools. Both methods have their peculiar value. We should be sorry to see the substantial richness of Correggio, with his pearly grays seen under a body of transparent colouring, exchanged even for the free first sketchy getting in of the subject by Rubens. On this part of the subject it is scarcely wise to give a decided opinion. Every artist will adapt either method to his own power, his own conceptions, and intentions. Rembrandt struck out a method strictly belonging to neither system, with a partial use of each. He would be unwise who would attempt to limit the power of the palette—we speak here only of its materials.

At the end of the volume are extracts from the notes of Sir Joshua Reynolds. They are extremely interesting, both from their examples of success, and warnings by failure. We cannot help reflecting, on reading these notes, upon the great importance of

such a work as Mr Eastlake's. Had Sir Joshua Reynolds been in possession of such a volume, how many of his pictures, now perished and perishing, would have been preserved for immortality! and how much better might even the best have been by the certainty of means which would have been within his reach! and we should not have had to regret, as we often do in looking at some of his best pictures, that somewhat heavy labouring after a brilliancy and a power not always compatible, and perhaps not then attainable, which shows that his mind was thoroughly imbued with a full sense of the excellency of the great masters, but that he wanted such a work as the learning, the research, and discriminating judgment of Mr Eastlake now offers for the study and practice of every professor of the art. To these notes are added some interesting remarks by our author upon the effects of the recipes with which the pictures were painted, as they are now visible in the works themselves.

This book could not have appeared at a more fit time. The English school is becoming of too great importance to waste any of its powers any longer in the perishing and weak materials of our various megillips; and the German school may be arrested by it in their backward progress to the old, quaint, dry method which the old masters themselves quitted as soon as the improvements of the Van Eycks, and the modifications of those improvements by their successors, established upon a basis for immortality painting in oil.

We must forbear, lest our readers may be wearied with the name of varnish, and may think we resemble that unfortunate painter, who, bewildering his wits upon the subject, became deranged, and varnished his clothes with turpentine varnish, and went in this state shining through the streets.

LE PREMIER PAS.

THERE appears to be something pedantical in criticising a popular proverb—something vexatious in calling in question the sort of ancestral wisdom it is supposed to contain—in disputing a truth, which has been formalised and accepted by the general assent and perpetual iteration, at all hours of the day, by all sorts of talkers. Besides, who knows not that a proverb is not a logical statement? It is always a one-sided view of the matter, so that the most opposite of proverbs may be equally true; it gains its currency, and its very force and pungency, by a bold exclusion at once of all that qualification, and exception, and limitation, which your exact thinkers require. We will not, therefore, enter into any profane or captious dispute of one of the most current of the whole family of proverbs, that which assigns so great a value to the *premier pas*, to the first step, in any enterprise or career of life, so that this once accomplished, all the rest is easy, all the rest is done, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. We will not criticise, nor qualify, nor except; only this we will say, that many a first step has been made that led nowhere,—to nothing; that a multitude of professional and other aspirants would allow, if they reflected on it a moment, that they had, all their lives long, at certain intervals, been making first steps, and never made any other. More glory, doubtless, is due to them for having overcome so many successive difficulties. Whilst, on the other hand, many who have advanced to eminence in their chosen career, would find it hard to distinguish, in that gradual progress which toil and talent had together commanded, any one first step, or stride, which set them going on their prosperous path, any step a jot more extraordinary than the rest, or that did more towards the completion of the journey than the first step one makes in walking from Edinburgh to Leith. They would have as much difficulty in describing the *premier pas* which started them on the road to fortune,

as many a good Christian, well brought up from youth to manhood, would feel if called upon to answer a Whitfield or a Wesley, as to the precise day and hour of his conversion. The truth is, we apprehend, that in this popular proverb, two several matters are confused together under one name, thus giving to it a greater force than it should legitimately possess; the *premier pas* not only signifies that first step one takes on any of the high roads which conduct to wealth or honours, but under the same title is also included, we suspect, those startling turns and tricks of fortune, on which no human wit can calculate, and which raise a man suddenly into some new and unexpected position in the world. All kinds of fortunate starting points are mingled together in one view, and under one title; and thus, the *first step* becomes magnified into half the journey, as indeed it is sometimes the whole of it.

For instance—a Meinherr Tettenborn was passing the weary, half-employed hours at a merchant's desk, kicking his heels, probably, on one of those tall uneasy stools which, with strange mockery of disproportion, raise the lowest functionary to the highest footing, but which nevertheless contribute to preserve the due distinctions of society, by inflicting all possible discomfort on the elevated sinner. Perhaps there was some association of ideas between the military profession, and the equestrian position he occasionally found it convenient to assume; however that may be, Meinherr Tettenborn suddenly be-thought him, that he would bestride a high-trotting horse instead of his tall black stool. He threw away the pen for the sword. At this time all Europe was up in arms against Napoleon; so that, although he entered the service of the Emperor of Russia, he was still but enlisting in the common cause, in which his own Germany was more interested than any other country. He entered, as may be supposed, in the lowest rank of officers; and, as cornet, or with some

such title, you may picture him at the head of a small troop of horse, despatched for forage or some ordinary service of the like kind. As he was thus conducting his little troop, he spied "something black" lying in a field by the side of the road. He cantered up to it. The something black was nothing less than a small park of artillery, sixteen guns, which the enemy had left behind them, perhaps in some false alarm, or for want of horses to draw them, but apparently for the very purpose of being captured by Meinherr Tettenborn. He ordered up his little troop, harnessed their horses to the guns, and rode back triumphant to the camp. The Emperor himself was present. News was speedily brought him of the capture of a park of artillery, and the illustrious victor was introduced. Many questions were not asked of the how, or the when, or the where; the guns happened to be particularly welcome; the Emperor took from his own neck the order of the Iron Cross, and suspended it round the neck of the fortunate young soldier, greeting him, at the same time, with the title of General Tettenborn! The general was a brave man, was equal to his new position, captured other guns in another manner, and rose, we will not venture to say how high in the Imperial service.

Now this very anecdote we have heard cited as an example, illustrating the proverb, *ce n'est que le premier pas*, &c. Yet this finding something black lying quietly in the green fields, which proved to be a park of artillery waiting to be captured, cannot certainly be set down amongst the early steps of a military career, is not known amongst the means or stages of promotion, but is manifestly one of those joyous caprices which Fortune occasionally indulges in, for the express purpose, we presume, that castle-building in the air may never go quite out of fashion.

In a very amusing collection of anecdotes, entitled, *Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne, par le Comte A. de la Garde*, there is a good story told of one of these capricious visitations of Fortune, which came,—where

Fortune does not often play her more amiable tricks,—to a miserable poet, releasing him at once from poverty and his jaded muse. We regret to be obliged to tell the story from memory. We ought to have preserved the book, if only out of gratitude—for it was the most pleasant travelling companion, the best fellowship for a diligence or a steam-boat, we remember to have encountered. But the market price of the small paper-bound volumes (such was the shape in which it came to us) was so little—it being one of those editions which the journalists on the Continent often print to distribute gratis to the subscribers to their journal—that no pains were taken to preserve it. Very absurd! We print books so cheap, that the book loses half its value: it is bought and not read; or read once, and thrown aside, or destroyed.

Poor Dubois was one of that unhappy class, which we are given to understand is dying out of Europe, (we hope for the sake of suffering humanity that this is true); of that class, which we in England used to call Grub Street poets. He *flourished* at the time of the Empire, and had been flourishing during the whole of the eventful period that preceded the elevation of Napoleon. Poor Dubois had alternately applauded and satirised all parties, and written songs for all sentiments; but had extracted very little either of praise or pocket-money from any of the reigning powers, whether republican or imperial. He was quite in despair. Still young in years, but with worn-out rhymes, he was lamenting one day to his sister his melancholy and hopeless fate. This damsel was in the service of Pauline the sister of Napoleon. "Write me a sonnet," said she, "about Pauline, and about beauty, and let me try what I can do." A beautiful sonnet, and a sonnet about beauty, are two very different things. Dubois made nothing of his task, but did it out of hand: his sister took the sonnet with her.

It was not long before she had an opportunity, in her capacity of *femme de chambre*, of speaking to Pauline about her brother the poet. She

produced her sonnet about beauty. Pauline did not exactly read it; no one but the writer, and a few afflicted friends, and those heroic souls who do things to say they have done them, ever do read sonnets; but she glanced her eye down the rhymes, and saw her own name in harmonious connexion with some very sweet epithets. Therefore she asked what she could do for the poet — what it was he wanted? Alas! every thing! was the prompt and candid reply, — some little post, some modest appointment.

Now it happened that Fouché at that time was doing his best to conciliate the fair Pauline, who, with or without reason, had shown a little humour against the minister of police. He had frequently entreated her to make use of his power in favour of any of her friends. "Well," said the good-natured Pauline, "this Fouché is always plaguing me to ask for something; give me my desk."

A lady's pen upon the smooth vellum—you know how fleetly it runs, and what pretty exaggeration of phrase must necessarily flow from it. The style, the very elegance of the note, demands it. Dubois was in an instant, and most charmingly, converted into a man of neglected genius and unmerited distress. What was the happy turn of expression is lost to us for ever; but as Fouché read the note, he understood that there was a man of talent to be assisted, and, what was still more to the purpose, an opportunity of showing his gallantry to Pauline.

The next day the minister rode forth in state accompanied by four mounted *gens-d'armes*. Following the address which had been given him, he found himself in one of the least inviting parts of Paris, far better known to his own myrmidons of police than to himself. But, arrived before the enormous pile of building, which was said to enclose our poet amidst its swarm of tenants, he made vain inquiries for Monsieur Dubois. At last an old crone came to his assistance: she remembered him; she had washed for him, and had never been paid. If you do not wish to be forgotten by all the world, take care

there is some one living to whom you are in debt.

Meanwhile Dubois, from his aerial habitation, had heard his own name pronounced, and looking out at window caught sight of the *gens-d'armes*. For which of his satires or libels he was to undergo the honour of prosecution, he could not divine; but that his poetical effusions were at last to bring him into hapless notoriety, was the only conclusion he could arrive at. That he was still perfectly safe, inasmuch as write what he would nobody read, was the last idea likely to suggest itself to the poet. He would have rushed down stairs, but steps were heard ascending. So much furniture as a cupboard may stand for, the bare walls of his solitary room did not display. There was nothing for it but to leap into what he called his bed, and hide beneath the blankets, always presuming they were long enough to cover both extremities at once. The minister, undeterred by the difficulties of the ascent, and animated by his gallantry towards Pauline, continued to mount, and at length entered the poet's retreat. Great are the eccentricities of genius, and lamentable the resources of pride and poverty, thought Fouché, as he gently drew the blankets down, and discovered the dismayed Dubois. Some conciliatory words soon relieved him of his terror. The awful visit of the minister of police had terminated—could it be credited!—in an invitation to breakfast with him next morning.

Judge if he failed in his appointment; judge if he was not surprised beyond all measure of astonishment, when the minister politely asked him whether he would accept so trifling a post as that of Commissaire-général of Police of the Isle of Elba, with we know not how many hundreds of francs per annum, with half-a-year's salary in advance, and all travelling expenses paid. The little condition was added that he must quit Paris directly, for the post had been too long vacant, and there were reasons which demanded his immediate presence at Elba. How he contrived to accept with any gravity, without a

broad grin upon his face, can never be known. He would certainly have bounded to the ceiling; but by good fortune, or happy instinct, he had convulsively clasped his chair with both hands, and so anchored himself to the ground.

Off he started the very next day, happier than Sancho Panza, to the government of his island; for his post virtually constituted him the governor of Elba. Nor was the stream of his good fortune half exhausted. For immediately on his arrival he was appealed to for a decision, between two rich and rival capitalists, both desirous of undertaking to work certain mines lately discovered in the island. One offered him a large share in the future profits; the other a large sum of ready money. Our governor decided for the ready money.

When a gallant man renders a service, he does not run and proclaim it immediately. Fouché allowed a few days to transpire before he waited on Pauline. He then alluded to the appointment he had made; he hoped she was content with the manner in which he had provided for her client, Dubois.

"Dubois! Dubois!" said the lady, "I know of no Dubois."

The whole affair had entirely escaped her memory. Fouché assisted in recalling it.

"Oh, true!" she said, "the brother of my chambermaid; well, did you give him any little employment? What did you make of him?"

Fouché saw his error, bit his lips, and let the subject pass.

That very evening a messenger was despatched to recall Dubois—and home he came; but "with money in both pockets"—a little capital of solid francs. Poet as he was, the man had sense; he did not spend, but invested it, and the revenue enabled him to assume the life and bearing of a gentleman. We leave him prospering, and to prosper.

It is said, that Fouché did all he could to keep this story secret. But Pauline discovered the truth, and was malicious enough to disclose it to Napoleon, who more than once jested his minister on his governor of Elba.

There is a sort of *premier pas* known, we believe, amongst gamesters—at least trusted to very implicitly, we remember, amongst schoolboy gamesters—that which commences a run of good luck. When the cards, or the dice, have been cruelly against us, if the tide *once* turn, it will flow steadily for some time in its new and happier direction. In the palace of a certain Russian prince, whose name of course it is impossible to remember, for it is one of those names you do not think of attempting to pronounce even to yourself—you *look at it* merely, and use it as the Chinese their more learned combinations of characters, where they pass at once from the visible sign to the idea, without any intermediate oral stage. In the palace of this prince, you are surprised to see in the most splendid of its splendid suite of apartments, suspended behind a glass case—a set of harness!—common harness for a couple of coach horses, such as you may see in any gentleman's stable. Of course, it attracts more attention than all the pictures, and statues, and marble tables with their porphyry vases and gold clocks.

"The thing you know is neither rich nor rare, But wonder how the devil it got there!"

You inquire, and are told the following story.

The Prince of ———— was one night led into deep and desperate play. He had staked estate after estate, and lost them; he had staked his plate, his pictures, his jewels, the furniture of his house, and lost them; his mansion itself, and lost it. The luck would not turn. His carriage and horses had been long waiting for him at the door, he staked them and lost! He had nothing more; he threw up the window, and leant out of it in utter despair. There stood his carriage and horses, the subject of his last wager. He had now nothing left. Yes! There was the *harness*! Nothing had been said of the harness. The carriage and the horses were lost, but not the harness. His opponent agreed to this interpretation of the wager. They played for the harness. He won! They played for the carriage and horses,—he won. They played for the palace, for the plate, the pictures, the furniture,—he won. They played for

estate after estate,—he still won. He won all back again, and rose from that table the same rich man he had sat down to it. Had he not good reason to suspend that harness in his very best saloon?

There is such a thing as a *first step* most fortunately *adverse*, in whose failure there is salvation. There are some well-known instances where wealthy young noblemen have been rescued from the pernicious habit of gaming by a first loss, which, though it partly crippled them, sent them back from what might otherwise have proved the road to utter ruin. When a man would tamper with any species of vice, a happy misadventure, thoroughly disgusting him with his experiment, is the most precious lesson he can receive. In the collection of anecdotes we have before alluded to, there was one of this kind which struck us very forcibly. It is an admirable instance of the *biter bit*; but here the young man who wished to be *nibbling* at roguery, (who in this instance happens also to be a Russian nobleman,) got so excellent and so salutary a lesson, that we almost forgive the old and consummate rogue who gave it.

The first Congress of Vienna had collected together all manner of Jew and Gentile—all who could in any way contribute to pleasure, which seemed the great object of the assembly; for balls, fêtes, concerts, parties of every description were following in endless succession; till one fine morning news came that the lion was loose again. Napoleon had broke from Elba—and every one scampered to his own home. Amongst the rest was a clever Jew and a rich, who, being very magnificently appparelled, and having that to lend which many desired to borrow, had found no difficulty in edging himself amongst the grandees of the society. This man wore upon his finger a superb diamond ring. The Count of ———— was struck with admiration at it, and as a matter of pure curiosity, inquired what might be the value of so magnificent a stone. The Hebrew gentleman, with the most charming candour in the world, confessed it was *not* a stone—it was merely an imitation. A real diamond of the same magnitude, he said, would

indeed be of great value, but this, although a very clever imitation, and as such highly prized by himself, was nothing better than paste. The Count requested to look at it closer, to take it in his hand and examine it; he flattered himself that he knew something of precious stones; he protested that it was a real diamond. The Hebrew smiled a courteous denial. The Count grew interested in the question, and asked permission to show it to a friend. This was granted without hesitation, and the Count carried the ring to a jeweller, whose opinion upon such a matter he knew must be decisive. Was it a diamond or not? It *was* a diamond, said the jeweller, and of the very purest water. Had he any doubt of it? None at all. Would he purchase it? Why—humph—he could not pretend to give the full value for such a stone—it might lie on his hands for some time—he would give 80,000 rubles for it. You will give 80,000 rubles for this ring? I will, said the jeweller. At that moment, the spirit of covetousness and of trickery entered into the soul of the young nobleman. Back he went to his Hebrew acquaintance, whom he found seated at the whist table. Restoring him the ring, he said that he was more persuaded than ever that it was a real diamond, and that he would give him 50,000 rubles for it on the spot. (A pretty profit, he thought, of 30,000 rubles.) The Jew, quietly replacing the ring on his finger, protested he would by no means rob the gentleman, as he knew that it was *not* a diamond. The Count urged the matter. At length, after much insistence on the one part, and reluctance on the other, the proprietor of the ring appealed to his partners in the game of whist. “You see, gentleman,” said he, “how it is—the Count is so confident in his connoisseurship that he insists upon giving me 50,000 rubles for my ring, which I declare to be paste.” “And I declare it to be a diamond,” said the Count, “and, taking all risk upon myself, will give you 50,000 rubles for it.” The bargain was concluded, and the ring and the money changed hands.

The Count flew to the jeweller. “Here is the ring—let me have the 80,000 rubles.” “For this! Pooh! it

is paste—not worth so many sous—worth nothing.”

The Jew had *two* rings exactly alike, with the little difference, that in the one was a real stone, in the other an imitation. By dexterously changing the one for the other, he had contrived to give this beneficial lesson to the young nobleman, which, it is to be hoped, prevented him, for ever after, from entering the list with sharpers, or trying by unworthy means to overreach his neighbours.

But to return to what is more generally alluded to as the *premier pas*—that first success which starts the aspirant on his road to fortune or to fame. It is the barrister and the physician who, amongst all professional men, have most frequently to record some happy chance or adventure that came to the aid of their skill, knowledge, and industry; and of the first brief, or of the first patient, the history is not unfrequently told with singular delight. The story we have to tell, and to which the above remarks

and anecdotes may be considered by the reader, if he will, as a sort of pre-*amble*, regards the *first patient* of one who, commencing under great difficulties, rose ultimately to the head of his profession. It belongs to both those classes which, we observed in the commencement, are often mingled indiscriminately together. It has in it something of the marvellous, and yet afforded but a fair opening to genuine talent; it was a first step which the fairies presided over, and yet it was a step on the firm earth, and the first of a series which only true genius and worth could have completed. We are fortunate here in having the words before us of the French author from whom we quote, and we have but to render the anecdote—biography, or romance, whichever it may be—in whatever of the lively style of M. Felix Tournachon our pen can catch, or, under the necessity we are to abridge, we can hope to transfer to our pages.

THE FIRST PATIENT.

... He was not then the great doctor that you know him now. At that time he was neither officer of the Legion of Honour, nor professor of the Faculty of Paris. Hardly was he known to some few companions of his studies. The horses that drew his carriage were not then born; the pole of his landau was flourishing green in the forest.

He had obtained his title of physician, and lived in a poor garret—as one says—as if there were any garrets that are rich; and to accomplish this miserable result, to have his painted bedstead, his table of sham mahogany, two chairs wretchedly stuffed, and his books—what efforts had it not cost him!

He was so poor!

Have you ever known any of these indefatigable young students, born in the humblest ranks, who spend upon their arid labour their ten, their twenty best years of life, without a thought or a care for the pleasures of their age or the passing day?—youthful stoics who march with firm step, and alone,

towards an end which, alas! all do not attain!

You have wept at that old drama, that old eternal scene which is recounted every day—yet not so old, it is renewed also every day—the bare chamber, no better than a loft—the truckle-bed—the broken pitcher—the heap of straw—the sentimental lithographer will not forget the guttering candle stuck into the neck of a bottle. Thus much for the accessories, then for the persons of the scene; a workman, the father who expects to die in the hospital—his four children—always four—who have not broken their fast that day—and the mother is lying-in with her fifth—and it is winter, for these poor people choose winter always for their lying-in.

Oh! all this is very true and piteous—I weep with you at the cry of those suffering children—at the sobs of their mother. Yet there is another poverty which you know not, which it is never intended that you should know. A silent poverty that goes dressed in its black coat, polished, it

is true, where polish should not come, and with a slaty hue—produced by the frequent application of ink to its threadbare surface. It is a courageous poverty which resists all aid—even from that fictitious fund, a debt—which dresses itself as you would dress, if your coat were ten years old—which invites no sympathy—which may be seen in the sombre evening stopping a moment before the baker's shop, or the wired windows of the money-changer, but passing on again without a sigh heard. Oh, this poverty in a black coat! And then it enters into its cold and solitary chamber, without even the sad consolation of weeping with another. No Lady Bountiful comes here. In the picture just now described, she would be seen in the background, entering in at the door, her servant behind loaded with raiment and provisions. What should she here? What brings you here, madam? Who could have sent you here? We are rich! If we were poor should we not sell these books?—all these books are ours; madam, we want nothing. Carry your amiable charity elsewhere.

Our young doctor had installed himself in the fifth floor of that historic street, *La Cloître-Saint-Mery*,—a quarter of the town, poor, disinherited, sad as himself. Where else, indeed, could he have carried his mutilated furniture,—which in other quarters would have only excited distrust? There was he waiting for fortune—not, be it understood, in his bed, but following science laboriously, uninterruptedly. His life was so retired—so modest—so silent, that hardly was he known in the house. On the day of his arrival, he had said to the porter, or rather portress, “Madam, I am a doctor—if any one should want me.” This was all the publicity of the new doctor—his sole announcement, his only advertisement. As his fellow lodgers could gather nothing of him to gratify or excite curiosity—as his unfrequented door was always strictly closed, they soon ceased to concern themselves about him. His name even was forgotten; they simply called him *the doctor*—and with this title our readers also must be contented, unless their own ingenuity

should enable them to discover another.

One night our doctor heard unaccustomed noises in the house, doors slamming, people walking to and fro. Presently some one knocked at his door—verily at *his* door. What was it? Was the patient come at last—that first patient, so anxiously expected? He was dressed in an instant.

“The Countess is dying!” some one cried through the door. “Come directly!”

He was at her bedside in a minute.

The Countess! Such was the title given in derision to precisely the poorest and most miserable old woman in the house. She had been at one period of her life in the service of a noble family as *femme-de-chambre*; and as a woman who had seen something of the great world, she held unqualified strangers at a certain distance, and, to use a common phrase, kept herself to herself. This had procured her the ill-will and ill-opinion of several other old crones inhabiting the same house, who made her the subject of their perpetual scandal. Without doubt, she had poisoned her last master, and could not look a Christian in the face; or at very least she had robbed him. Did you ask for proofs? She had a treasure stitched into a mattress. But she was nearly dying with hunger? Yes—the niggard! She starved herself, she could not spend her treasure.

Monstrous inventions! The poverty of the Countess, as they called her in mockery, was complete. Niggard she was, and had good reason to be so, in order to subsist on the little annuity she had contrived, in the days of her service, to scrape together. For the rest, as we have no wish to disguise the truth, the Countess was by no means an amiable person—bitter and selfish, hostile to all the world, as venomous as her detractors, and without pity for others, as those so often are who have suffered much themselves.

She was now stretched motionless on her bed. The old crones had come about her less from humanity than to discover the secrets of her *den*, the access to which she had hitherto strictly defended. She held in her left hand a small packet wrapped up

in half a pocket-handkerchief, which she clutched convulsively. It was the *tredsure*, they all exclaimed.

Her case was a grave one—a congestion of the brain. The doctor bled her, and then wrote his prescription—his first! The bleeding brought the Countess to herself. When she heard him tell one of the bystanders to go to the chemist and get the potion,—

"Potion!" she exclaimed, laying hold of the paper, "I want no potion—I am not ill. Do you think I have money to pay for your drugs? Go away!—all of you—go!"

She crumpled the prescription in her hand, and was about to throw it on the floor, when something in the paper apparently arrested her. She read the prescription, and, turning to the doctor with a manner quite changed and subdued, asked how much it would cost? She then opened the little packet she had held till then so jealously in her hand. All the old crones stretched forward. A few franc-pieces and some great sous were all the *treasure* it contained.

That first client, so long looked for, was come at last. Our doctor had his patient—that first patient whom one pets and caresses, to whom one is nurse as well as physician. No uncertain diagnostics *there*—no retarded visits, no hasty prescriptions. If this one die, it is verily his fault. He devoted himself, body and soul, to the old woman. Certainly the fees would not be very brilliant, nor would the cure spread his reputation very widely. He thought not of this—but save her he must! He absolutely loved this unamiable Countess. He assembled the *ban et arrière-ban* of science, and armed himself *cap-à-pie* in knowledge for her defence.

The object of all this solicitude received his attentions, however, with an increasing ill-humour, for each fresh medicine made a fresh demand upon her purse. "How long will this last?" she said one day; "I must go out—I have no more money—I must go out this very day."

"Do not disturb yourself," began the Doctor.

"Not disturb myself!" she interrupted; "easy to say! Instead of giving me these drinks and draughts,

give me something that will put a little strength into me—for I must go out."

"Listen to me! remain tranquil a few days"—She turned round from him with impatience.

"To leave your chamber now would be to expose your life. Give me but four days; and if you have no more money, I will charge myself with the medicines."

"You!" cried the Countess, looking up with astonishment.

"And why not me?" said the young Doctor. "You shall return it to me some time—when you will."

"You! who have not often a dinner for yourself!"

"Who says that?" asked the Doctor, blushing involuntarily.

"All the house says it."

"Miserable stuff!" he replied; "will you accept what I offer? If I promise, you may be sure I can perform."

The old woman looked at him with surprise, and at length consented to accept his offer and take his remedies.

The young Doctor hastened to his chamber, shut fast the door, and looked round him, with his arms folded—"What is there here," said he, "that I can sell?"

What he found to sell I do not know. Enough that he supplied the Countess with a sum sufficient to procure her the necessary medicines, and to relieve her from care as to the wants of life for some short time. The case proceeded favourably.

At night, as he was returning from one of those solitary walks in which he was accustomed to exhale his sadness, and also to gather fresh resolution for the struggle he had undertaken with destiny, and was slowly mounting the long, dark, dilapidated staircase that led up to that fifth floor on which he resided, he stumbled over some obstacle, and, on looking closer, found it was the body of a woman lying outstretched upon the stairs. It was the Countess. In spite of solicitations and her own promise, she had gone out; but her strength had failed her. She had fallen, and now lay insensible.

Our young Doctor, braving all malicious interpretations, carried her to his own room, which was the nearest place of refuge, and there, by the aid

of some cordials he administered, restored her to her senses. She opened her eyes, looked around her, and understanding in whose room she was, she said, with a scrutinising air, "You are miserably lodged here." It was the only observation his amiable patient made, and she repeated it several times—"You must be miserably off." Even when she had returned to her own room, and he had left her for the night, she still said nothing but—"You are miserably lodged!"

The next morning, when the Doctor visited his patient—and you may be sure his visit was an early one—to his surprise, she was on foot, with sleeves tucked up, sweeping, dusting, and *putting to rights* her little abode. He was astonished. The shock which she had received the day before, instead of injuring her, had apparently aided in her restoration. She was quite gay.

"You are resolved to kill yourself, then?" said the Doctor.

"I was never better in my life," she answered,

"Do not be too confident," was his reply. "You must keep your room two or three days; and this time," he added, with a smile, "I shall keep guard over you myself."

The Countess consented with a most childlike docility. She would do what he pleased; only yesterday she was obliged to go out—it was absolutely necessary. There was so much gentleness in her altered manner, that the Doctor was disposed to regard this as an alarming symptom in her case.

However, it was not so. Her health, day by day, improved, and the relation between the patient and her medical attendant became more amicable. She proposed, by way of some return, to assist him in his bachelor housekeeping. It would give her no trouble. An hour in the morning, when he was at his lectures, some of which he still followed; and then she could cook, and she could mend. These offers the young Doctor declined with a sort of alarm. Who but himself could readjust those habiliments, whose strong and whose weak points he so very well knew? What needle could, on this ground, be half so skilful as his own? And cooking! Cook-

ing with him! Cook what? On what? In what? It was in vain that the Countess insisted; he would hear of no such thing. He kept his poverty veiled—it was his sacred territory.

Some few days after the Countess's health might be said to be quite re-established, our young Doctor, on entering his room, was surprised to see a letter lying on his table. Correspondence, for the mere sake of letter-writing, he had quite foregone as a pure waste of time; and he had no relatives who interested themselves in his fate, or who could have any thing to communicate. Nevertheless, there the letter was, addressed duly to himself. He looked at it with an uncomfortable foreboding, assured that it must bring him some new care, or report some strange disaster.

He sat down, and tore open the envelope. He bounded from his seat again with surprise—the letter enclosed fifteen notes of the Bank of France! It is no fairy tale, but simple history; fifteen good notes of one thousand francs each.

Inside the envelope was written:—"This treasure belongs to you as your property. Use it without scruple. The hand that transmits it does but accomplish a legitimate restitution. May the gifts of Fortune conduct you to the Temple of Happiness!" There was no signature.

"Why, it is a dream, a hallucination. Am I growing light-headed?" said the Doctor. But no—it was no dream; there they were—before him—on the little table—those fifteen miraculous pieces of paper. He turned his head away from them; but when he looked again, there they were—in the same place—in the same order—motionless. I leave you to guess his agitation and his many mingled emotions. From whom could this god-send have come? He read and re-read, and turned the letter in every direction. He racked his brain to no purpose to discover his anonymous benefactor. He knew, and was known to, scarcely any one. He strode about his chamber—as well as he could stride in it—inventing the wildest suppositions, which were rejected as soon as made. Suddenly he stopped—struck his forehead as a new thought occurred to him—"Bah!" he

cried; "absurd!—impossible!—and yet—"

In a moment he was at the door of the Countess. He paused a moment before he knocked. There was from the landing-place a window at right angles to that of the old woman's apartment; and if her window-curtain happened to be drawn aside, which, however, was rarely the case, it was easy to see from it into her room. On the present occasion, not only was the curtain drawn aside, but her window was open, and the Doctor could see this fairy, accused of lavishing bank-notes of a thousand francs, kneeling before a wretched stove, striving with her feeble breath to rekindle a few bits of charcoal, on which there stood some indescribable culinary vessel, containing an odious sort of porridge, at once her dinner and her breakfast!

The Doctor shook his head—it could not be the Countess. Yet, completely to satisfy himself, he entered. She gave him her ordinary welcome, neither more nor less—talked, as usual, of her former masters, of the dreadful price of bread, and the wicked scandal of her neighbours. But what most completely set all suspicion at rest was the manner in which she spoke of the debt which she owed him. "I cannot yet repay you what you advanced for my medicines," she said, with all the natural embarrassment of an honest debtor speaking to a creditor. "You will be wanting it, perhaps. Now don't be angry at what I say—one is always in want of one's little money. In a few days I will try and give you at least something on account."

"No," said the Doctor, when he was alone: "I can make nothing of it. Away with all guesses!" He resolved to profit by the good fortune, be the giver whom it might. And he hoped so to manage matters, that if, at a future day, an opportunity for its restoration should occur, he should be able to avail himself of it.

He was soon installed in a more convenient apartment, better furnished, and supplied, above all, with a more abundant library. The young Doctor was radiant with hope. Yet he did not quit his old quarter of the town. It need not be said that he took formal leave of his first patient the Countess.

From this time every thing prospered with him. As it generally happens, the first difficulty conquered, every thing succeeded to his wish. It is the first turn of the wheel which costs so much; once out of the rut, and the carriage rolls. By degrees a little circle of clients was formed, which augmented necessarily every day. His name began to spread. Even from his old residence, where he led so solitary a life, the reputation had followed him of a severe and laborious student, and the cure of the Countess was a known proof of his skill.

Like the generality of the profession, he now divided his day into two portions; the morning he devoted to his visits, the afternoon to the reception of his patients. Returning to his home one day a little before the accustomed hour, he perceived a crowd of persons collected in the street through which he was passing. Perhaps some accident had happened, and his presence might be useful. He made his way, therefore, through the crowd. Yet he nowhere discovered any object which could have collected it. He was merely surrounded on every side by groups engaged in earnest yet subdued conversation. The greater part were women, and both men and women were generally of a mature age, and of that sort of physiognomy which one can only describe as *odd-faces* ready made for the pencil of the caricaturist. The Doctor, who had no idle time, was about to make his escape, when a general movement took place in the crowd, and he found himself borne along irresistibly with the rest through a large door, which it seemed had just opened, into a spacious hall or amphitheatre. At the upper end was a stage; on the stage a large, strangely-fashioned wheel was placed; and by the side of the wheel stood a little child, dressed in a sky-blue tunic, with a red girdle round its waist, its hair curled and lying upon its shoulders, and a bandage across its eyes. The wheel and the child formed together a sort of mythological representation of Fortune. They were drawing the lottery.

After amusing himself for some time with the novelty of the spectacle, the Doctor began to make serious efforts to extricate himself. As he was

threading his way through the crowd, and looking this way and that to detect the easiest mode of egress, he saw, underneath a small gallery at the side of the amphitheatre, in a place which seemed to be reserved for the more favoured or more constant worshippers in that temple of Fortune, a face, the last he should have expected to find there. It was no other than the Countess. She was seated there with all the gravity in the world, inclining with a courteous attention to an old man with gray hairs and smooth brown coat, who was very deferentially addressing her.

Having disengaged himself from the throng, and returned to his own house, this appearance of the Countess recurred very forcibly to his mind. "After all," thought he, "it *was* the Countess!—it was none but she who sent those notes." The enigma was solved. He had made his fortune in the lottery, and without knowing it. He determined to visit his old patient the next morning.

That very evening, however, he was waited on by the same old gentleman in brown coat and gray hairs, who was seen speaking to her at the lottery. He came with a rueful face, requesting him to visit immediately Madame —, giving the Countess her right name, which it is now too late in our story to introduce. Whatever may have been the case at some previous time, the wheel of Fortune had that day bitterly disappointed her hopes. She had been carried home insensible. The Doctor hastened to her. It was too late. She had been again attacked by a congestion of the brain, which this time had proved fatal.

There appeared no hopes of a complete solution of the enigma.

"Ah!" said the same old gentleman, as he stood moralising by his side, "the same luck never comes *twice*—she should have tried other numbers."

The Doctor saw immediately that the old gentleman had been in the confidence of the deceased. He questioned him. There was a look of significance, which betrayed plainly that *he knew all*. He was in fact one of those who earn their subsistence by writing letters for those who are deficient in the skill of penmanship or epistolary composition. He had written *the very*

letter itself; to his pen was owing that sort of *copy-book* phrase, "May the gifts of Fortune conduct to the Temple of Happiness!" The Doctor had in truth, as he often said when alluding to the subject, made his fortune in the lottery.

We wish we could leave the story here, and let the reader suppose that gratitude alone had induced the old woman to act so generous a part. But the whole truth should be honestly told. There was a mixture of superstition in the case. It was *his number* that had won the prize, and she considered it, as expressed in the letter which accompanied the notes, in the light of his property. In all countries where a lottery has been long established, the strangest superstitions grow up concerning what are called lucky numbers. In Italy, where this manner of increasing the public revenue is still resorted to, not only is any number which has presented itself under peculiar circumstances sure to be propitious, but there is a well-known book, of acknowledged authority we believe, containing a list of words, with a special number attached to each word, by the aid of which you can convert into a lucky number any extraordinary event which has occurred to you. Let any thing happen of public or private interest—let any thing have been dreamt, or even talked of that was at all surprising, you have only to look in this dictionary for the word which may be supposed to contain the essence of the matter; as, for instance, fire, death, birth—and the number that is opposite that word will assuredly win your fortune. When the Countess first saw the prescription of the young Doctor, she was going to throw it angrily on the floor; but her eye was suddenly riveted by the *numbers* in it—the numbers of the grains and *ozs.* in the cabalistic writing—and she felt assured that in these lucky numbers her fortune was made. The first stake she played she played for *him*; and, singularly enough, she won! But, as the old gentleman in the brown coat observed, the virtue of the prescription was exhausted. She should have sought for numbers from some other quarter; the second trial she made ended in a severe loss, and was the immediate occasion of her death.

COULTER'S CRUISE.*

ANOTHER book of adventure in the island-studded Pacific. The vast tract of water that rolls its billows from Australia to America, from Japan to Peru, offers a wide field to the wanderer; and a library might be written, free from repetition and monotony, concerning the lands it washes, and the countless nations dwelling upon its shores. Nevertheless, we should have had more relish for this book had it reached us a few months earlier. Dr Coulter, who returned from ploughing the ocean so far back as 1836, would have done wisely to have published the record of his cruise somewhat sooner than in July 1847. A short half-year would have made all the difference, by giving him the start in point of time of a dangerous competitor, recently and laudatorily noticed in the pages of *Maga*. After the pungent and admirably written narrative of that accomplished able seaman, Herman Melville, few books of the same class but must appear flat and unprofitable. The order of things should have been reversed. *OMOO* would have found readers at any time, and although twenty publishers had combined with fifty authors to deluge the public with the Pacific Ocean during the five previous years. We are not quite so sure that Dr Coulter's book will be largely perused, treading thus closely upon the heels of Mr Melville. Not that the ground gone over is the same, or the book without interest. On reading the title-page we were assailed by an idea which we would gladly have seen realised on further perusal. One sometimes—rarely, it is true—meets with characters in works of fiction so skilfully drawn, so true to nature, so impregnated with an odour of reality, as to impress us with the conviction that they have actually lived, moved, and had being, and passed through

the adventures set down for them by their creator. It is the case with many of the personages in Scott's novels. We should highly enjoy hearing any one assert, that there never existed such persons as Jeanie Deans and Edie Ochiltree; that Caleb Balderstone was an imaginary servitor, or Dugald Dalgetty the mythical man-at-arms of a poet's fancy. We would pitch the lie into the teeth of the incredulous idiot, and with a single tap on the scone send him skirling and skeltering down the staircase. And, to pass from great things to small, we avouch that the gaunt and diverting man of medicine of whom frequent and honourable mention is made in the pages of *Omoo*, did inspire us with a notion of his reality, of which, up to the present time of writing, we have been unable wholly to divest ourselves. When we first took up Dr Coulter's narrative of adventure in America and the Southern Seas, it was with the hope, almost with the expectation, that the original Dr Longghost, encouraged by his former shipmate's example, had temporarily exchanged scalpel for goosequill, and indited an account of the dangers he had run since his affectionate parting with Typee on the pleasant shores of Tahiti. We were disappointed. To say nothing of diversity of dates, and other circumstances, rendering identity improbable, Longghost of the "*Julia*" would have written, we are well assured, a far quainter and more spicy book than that lately launched by Coulter of the "*Stratford*." It would have been of fuller flavour, and also more elegant, the result of the goblin mediciner's wild seafaring life, grafted on his old Lucullian reminiscences, on the shadowy *souvenir* of those happy days when he fed on salmis, and flirted with duchesses, long, long before he

* *Adventures on the Western Coast of South America, &c.* By JOHN COULTER, M.D. London: 1847.

dreamed of cruising after whales, and sharing the filthy inconveniences of little Jule's detestable fore-castle. It would have been, to the narrative of John Coulter, M.D., as ripe Falernian or racy hock, to ale of some strength but middling flavour, where there is no stint of malt, but which has been somewhat spoiled in the brew. We are quite certain that the tales of Caffrarian lion-hunts, with which Longghost cheered the dull watches of the night, and beguiled the Julia's mariners of their wonder, were of very different kidney to the pig-and-nigger-killing narratives of Mr Coulter. Of this, we repeat, we are morally certain; but as we like, unnecessary though it be, to have our convictions confirmed through the medium of our optics, we now summon Doctor Longghost to commence, the very instant this number of the *Magazine* reaches his hands—and reach them it assuredly will, though his present abode be in farthest Ind or frozen Greenland—a detailed and *bona fide* history of his Life and Adventures, from the day he chipped the shell up to that upon which he shall send to press the last sheet of his valuable autobiography. And we pledge ourselves to bestow upon his book what Aaron Bang calls an amber immortalisation, by embalming it in a review; treating him tenderly, as one we dearly cherish.

Neither pleasant recollections of Omoo, nor equally agreeable anticipations of Longghost's lucubrations, shall prevent our doing full justice to Coulter. Mr Melville made a charming book out of most slender materials. What had he to write about? Literally next to nothing. The fag-end of a cruise, and a few weeks' residence on an island, whose aspect, inhabitants, and all pertaining to it, had already been minutely and well described by Kotzebue and other voyagers. But he has found more to say that is worth reading, about what he saw in his very limited sphere of observation, than Dr Coulter has concerning his extensive voyages and travels "on the Western Coast of South America, and the interior of California, including a narrative of incidents at the Kingsmill Islands, New

Ireland, New Britain, New Guinea, and other islands in the Pacific Ocean." And with respect to the manner of saying it, the Yankee has it hollow. Dr Coulter's style is careless, often feeble, and defaced by grammatical errors, so glaring that one marvels they escaped correction at the very printers' hands. It says much, therefore, for the fertility of the subject, for the novelty and curiosity of the scenes visited and incidents encountered by the adventurous doctor of medicine, that his book, although devoid of the graces of composition, is upon the whole both instructive and amusing.

To understand the desultory to-and-fro nature of Dr Coulter's cruise, it is necessary to read his preface, where he gives some general information concerning the singular and precarious commerce known as the Pacific Trade. This is carried on between the ports on the western coast of North and South America, the Pacific Islands, and the coasts of China, and is very lucrative, but often dangerous. The articles of trade and barter are exceedingly various. Europe contributes wines, brandy, hardware, and sundry manufactured goods; California sends deals, corn, and furs; the various islands furnish arrow-root, oil, pearls, dyewoods, tortoiseshell, &c. The ships engaged in the traffic, and which are of many sizes and countries, are usually owned, wholly or in part, by the captain or supercargo, and consequently, wholly unfettered in their course, they wander from port to port, according to the caprice of the hour, or the chances of an advantageous market. For protection against pirates, and against the attacks of the fierce and savage tribes with whom they frequently come in collision, they are well armed and manned. The precaution is no idle one, nor could it possibly be dispensed with. "Few of these trading vessels ever return with their cargoes to the coast of the Americas, China, the Sandwich Islands, or Australia, without having frequent fights with the savages; and there are some of them, who have reckless captains and crews on board, that never can end a trad-

ing transaction with the natives without a row."

Whether reckless or not, fighting appears to be an every-day sport with the warlike pearl-seekers of the Pacific—one which the meekest and most amiable navigators cannot avoid sharing in. We infer this compelled pugnacity from Dr Coulter's adventures when sailing in the *Hound*, a smart brigantine commanded by the gallant Captain Trainer. For although the doctor started as surgeon to the ship *Stratford*, and finally returned to England in her, he was long an absentee from her state room, and cruising on board the *Hound*. It happened thus. With a degree of thoughtlessness hardly pardonable in one of his profession, he made a practice of sleeping on deck, even when season and climate rendered such an exposed bed-place highly insalubrious. The consequence was a severe attack of rheumatism, and on making the coast of California he was fain to land, and take up his abode in a Roman Catholic Mission-house. The ship was ready for sea, bound to the far west for whales; but the doctor was by no means in a like state of preparation, and the captain, seeing his crippled condition, urged him to remain on shore. Captain Lock was a sort of amateur medico, who prided himself on his Esculapian skill, and, although sorry to lose his surgeon's society, he evidently rather chuckled at the idea of having an opportunity to exercise his accomplishments. So Doctor Coulter allowed himself to be persuaded, and making an appointment to meet the *Stratford*, *Deo volente*, at Tahiti in the month of November, he remained under the care of the Spanish *padre* at the Mission, much to his own satisfaction, but probably not quite so much to that of any unlucky mariner upon whose fractured limb or diseased body Captain Lock may subsequently have found it necessary to practise. And even the doctor, although the motion of the ship was agony to his aching bones, and the rough service she was proceeding on would hardly have suited one in his crippled state, must surely have experienced some regret in thus deserting the whaler, from whose decks he had witnessed

so many gallant contests with the oleaginous monster of the deep. Whaling is indeed a glorious sport, as far superior to your salmon fishing and fox hunting, as those diversions are to bobbing for gudgeon and chasing rats with a terrier. And whilst the excitement it occasions must, we apprehend, be the strongest possible to be known, short of that of the battle-field, it has the advantage of being much less dangerous than it looks. The ideas suggested to a landsman by the description of an attack on a whale, are those of extreme peril to all engaged in it, a peril from which the chances against their escaping alive are at least ten to one. A few hardy fellows pull up to a creature that looks like a small island on the surface of the sea, and one sweep of whose tail or flukes is sufficient to knock their frail bark into splinters; they dash their harpoons into his huge flanks, and submit to be towed through the waves by the maddened monster at a rate that makes the water boil round their bows. Such is the power of the fish, that if he came in contact with a ship, during his headlong course, his weight and impetus would stave in her sides. Sometimes he runs straightforward; at others in circles, with irregular rapidity. Still the boat sticks to him, until the smart of his hurt subsiding, or through fatigue, he slackens his speed, enabling his enemies to approach and to pierce him with fresh wounds. At last, when the waters around are reddened with his blood, comes the death-flurry. "Stern all!" The boats stand clear, and the fish disappears in the cloud of spray that he dashes up in his dying agonies. His flukes quiver, he plunges heavily, and all is over. Perhaps, and this frequently happens, in the course of the contest a boat has been cut in two, or so far damaged as to fill and sink. But the crew are seldom lost. They support themselves by aid of the oars, until their comrades pick them up. Whaling seamen are paid by shares in the profits of the voyage, which arrangement of course contributes to render them zealous and daring.

Such are the scenes described

in the early part of Dr Coulter's book, some of them with tolerable spirit. The whale captured, next comes the cutting in and boiling out of the blubber—the former a laborious and often a dangerous process, the latter, anything but an odoriferous one. The death of a whale is the signal for the arrival of a host of sharks—blue, brown, and shovel-nosed—all eager to make a meal off the defunct leviathan. "We were all day surrounded with sea-fowl of various kinds—haglets, peterels, &c.—picking up floating particles of blubber as it passed astern, and vast numbers of large blue sharks that kept continually plunging on the fish, and rendered it very unsafe for the man to go down and point the hook into the hole cut for it; indeed we were frequently obliged to jerk him up off the whale out of their way by the aid of the rope round him for that purpose." The carcass and head on board, the fires are lighted, the kettle boils, and the ship speeds merrily on her course—the crew reckoning their share of gain, and listening anxiously for the welcome sound of "There he blows!"—the look-out man's usual cry on sighting a whale.

When he left the Stratford, Dr Coulter bade adieu to the grand sea-sport of whale-catching, in which he had taken the passive part of a spectator. But his hand, if unskilled to hurl the harpoon, was familiar with rifle and fowling-piece. Both of these, with an ample supply of lead, powder, and shot, his kind friend, Captain Lock, left with him at the mission of Yerba Buena, literally Good Grass, a Californian town in the bay of St Francisco. And as soon as pure air, repose, and the use of the Temescal, or hot-air bath, had restored the doctor's health, he scoured his fire-arms and made ready for the chase. A looker-on at sea, on terra firma he proved himself a perfect Nimrod. From that day forward nothing that wore fur or feather could escape his sure eye and steady hand. From the quail to the swan, from the frightened squirrel to the formidable grisly bear, all birds and beasts felt his power, and fell before his unerring rifle. Nor had he long to wait for opportunities of distributing his bullets with fatal effect

amongst foes whose form was human, although in customs and civilisation they were but one degree above the brutes of the forest. After some months' stay in California, taken up chiefly with hunting and fishing excursions, but of which the doctor, anxious to get to sea again, gives but a brief account, he began to consider how he should best reach his rendezvous at Tahiti. He had plenty of time before him; but the whaling season on the west coast of America being at an end, he could hardly expect a westward bound English or American ship to touch at St Francisco for a considerable time to come. He had some notion of proceeding by a coasting vessel to a more southerly port, when one morning a fine brigantine hove in sight under a cloud of snow-white sail, and came to an anchor in the bay. Upon going on board, he recognised an old acquaintance in the captain of the Hound, whom he had formerly met—the doctor has been a great rover—at a seaport in Chili. Captain Trainer was trading along the coast, buying furs; had come into port for fresh water and repairs; was off for a cruise in the Indian archipelago; and calculated on winding it up by a visit to the Society Islands. The prospect of variety and adventure held out by such a voyage exactly chimed in with the doctor's undecided and erratic mood, as its projected termination did with his promise to rejoin his ship at Tahiti; so, without more ado, he made terms with his friend Trainer, and took up a passenger's berth on board the Hound.

The schooner answering to this canine appellation was a rakish, fast-sailing craft of two hundred tons burden, fitted out expressly for the Pacific trade. She carried four small carronades and a long nine-pounder, a sufficiency of small arms, and a smart crew of sixteen hands. Boarding-nettings she had, too, ready to be triced up in case of need; and altogether she had no occasion to dread any enemy she was at all likely to meet. Her captain was an Englishman born, frank and fearless, and a thorough sailor. Dr Coulter represents him as a kind-hearted and humane man, desirous to trade fairly and amicably with the savages, and not,

after the fashion of many desperado skippers in those latitudes, to clench his bargains by blows and bloodshed. This admitted, it must be confessed that the captain was unfortunate; for during the time Dr Coulter sailed with him, we find him continually at loggerheads with the natives. For the most part, however, the strife was brought on by the treachery and robber-like propensities of the latter, who, whilst trading with their European customers, seldom neglect an opportunity of boarding their ships and cutting their throats. As soon as a vessel comes to anchor they surround it with their canoes, and show great anxiety to get on board, especially the women, whom many vessels admit, but whom Captain Trainer managed to keep off by tabooing his ship. The vice and immorality prevalent in most of the Pacific Islands is carried to a frightful pitch, doubtless greatly encouraged by the example of the reckless and dissolute mariners. Any stimulus of that kind was unnecessary to barbarians originally cruel, treacherous, and licentious in a very high degree. Cannibalism is prevalent amongst them. At Drummond's Island, one of the Kingsmill group, the first land where the Hound made any stay after leaving St Francisco, Dr Coulter had abundant proof of this. Except upon the coast, where the disgust shown by Europeans had rendered them ashamed of it, or at least anxious to conceal it, the natives did not deny the practice. Some of the men wore necklaces composed of the bones of human feet and hands, which clattered at each motion of the body. And other human bones were to be seen in their houses. They eat only strangers and enemies taken in battle; and as the occasional cutting off of a boat's crew or straggling watering party from a European ship is insufficient to keep their larders supplied, they get up constant wars with the natives of other islands. Amongst themselves, too, they are very quarrelsome. Dr Coulter, when at Drummond's Island, was present at a grand council, where, after a certain amount of singing, stamping, and speech-making, the warriors came from words to blows, and one of them was killed by a spear-thrust. To satisfy the

honour and appease the wrath of his followers and partisans, a peace-offering was necessary. It consisted of six fighting cocks, with which and with the corpse of their chief the warriors took their departure, perfectly satisfied. Cock-fighting is a sport to which most of the Pacific tribes are passionately addicted.

When the Kingsmill savages had got all they could out of Captain Trainer, and trade was over, and the ship about to depart, they came out in their true colours. Previously they had been amiable and affable enough, contenting themselves with small pilferings, and with robbing Dr Coulter, whose curiosity took him on shore, of his clothes, which they replaced with a fish-skin cap and a war-mat. They now showed hostile intentions—attacked a boat, killed one of the crew, and then made an open attack on the schooner with a whole fleet of armed canoes. A shower of grape played havoc amongst them, and sank or cap-sized several of their craft; but they still persevered in their advance, and clung to the vessel's sides and to the boarding-nettings until repelled by cutlass and pistol. Thus began and ended most of the quarrels with the natives, who, usually the aggressors, were invariably defeated, but not without hard fighting and some loss on the part of the assailed. Captain Trainer, however, was not always quite blameless in the provocation of quarrels, which always terminated in heavy loss to the misguided savages. At New Hanover a foolish jest, which his experience of the people he had to deal with ought to have prevented him from indulging in, was cause of much bloodshed, and nearly occasioned the loss of the vessel and destruction of the crew. Trade had gone on merrily and amicably for several days, when Trainer expressed a desire for a remarkable necklace of shells and teeth worn by one of the chiefs. The wearer was willing, and a bargain struck. The necklace was tightly knotted, and the purchaser proposed to cut it. By way of a joke, "instead of cutting the cord, which he held in one hand, he raised the knife in a threatening manner as if about to stab the man." Practical jokes are always foolish and in bad taste,—*Jew*

de mains, jeu de vilains, as the French proverb says;—and the results of this one were very serious. "The native took instant alarm, thought the captain was in earnest, made a spring clear of him, which broke his necklace, and plunged overboard. A few natives on deck at the time followed his example." A fierce fight, in which several of the schooner's crew were wounded, and a large number of the islanders killed, was the consequence of this thoughtless act. And scarcely had the assailants been repelled when the vessel was found to be on fire, ignited gun and pistol wadding having fallen through an open hatch amongst inflammable dunnage. By great exertion the flames were overcome, and the Hound sailed from the inlet where these unpleasant occurrences had taken place.

From Dr Coulter's account, the islands of the Pacific are the scene of continual acts of injustice, oppression, and insubordination. It constantly happens that seamen, seduced by the prospect of a sensual and idle life, and weary of hard work and uncertain pay on board traders and whalers, desert their ships and settle amongst the savages. Sometimes they are driven to this by ill-usage from their captains, often fierce and hard-hearted men. When a vessel becomes short-handed, it is a common practice to inveigle Indians on board; and if fair promises are insufficient to induce them to serve as sailors, to take them away by force. At Tacames, in Colombia, Dr Coulter fell in with a Californian who had served for some time on board an American ship. Jack, so his Yankee shipmates had christened him, had gone on board, in company with another of his tribe, to sell furs, and had not been allowed to go ashore again. His companion died of grief and ill-treatment on the coast of Japan, and Jack, when his services were no longer needed, was left at Tacames, two or three thousand miles from his native land. He belonged to a wandering tribe who lived by bartering furs for powder, tobacco, and other Indian necessities, and, as an experienced and intrepid hunter, was invaluable to Dr Coulter. The account of their expeditions in the South American forests is highly interesting, and we are will-

ing to believe unexaggerated, although some portions of the doctor's venatorial adventures and experiences, both in South America and elsewhere, do remind us a little of the marvels recorded in a diverting and apocryphal book put forth a few years ago by an ingenious nautical author. On the first day of their sortie, Jack and his employer, after passing unharmed through jungles peopled by gigantic monkeys of great boldness, who made various attempts to purloin their caps and guns, but did not otherwise molest them, reached a deep ravine, where the barking and howling of beasts were loud and incessant. Presently a wild horse dashed past them, pursued by a brace of tigers. The horse dropped from fatigue, the tigers sprang upon him, the ambushed hunters fired. The doctor's tiger was killed on the spot; "my shot, after passing through him, entered the horse's neck, and killed him also." Jack's aim had been less deadly; his beast was wounded, but still active and dangerous. Dr Coulter proposed giving him the contents of his second barrel, but the guide preferred to use his knife. The account of the hand-to-hand combat that ensued reminds us of those graphic records of bruising matches that occasionally grace the columns of the weekly newspapers. Pierce Egan himself could hardly recount the progress of a "mill" between the "Tip-ton Slasher and the Paddington Pet" in terser and more knowing style than that employed by John Coulter in narrating the set-to between Jack and the tiger. "Jack went boldly up to him; the infuriated animal grinned horribly and writhed rapidly about, throwing up a good deal of dust from the dry ground. One plunge of the knife—a roar; into him again—a hideous grin and a tumble about, some blood scattered on the ground; at him again—a miss stroke of the knife; try once more—both down and nearly covered with dust." Whereupon the bottle-holder felt strongly inclined to fire, but was deterred by fear of hitting his own man. "The tiger had now hold of either the Indian or his clothes, as both rolled together; yet the knife was busily at work. At last his arm was raised high up with the red dripping instrument; and after one more

angry plunge of it, the tiger turned on his back, his paws and whole frame quivering, and with an attempt at a ghastly grin he fell over on his side and died. Jack then stood up, covered with the animal's blood, and his first ejaculation was '*sa diablo*;' in English, 'one devil.'" A strong term, but scarcely misapplied to this plucky and hilarious tiger, whom we conclude, from his continual grinning, to have been a near relation of the laughing hyena. He died game, with a smile on his lips. Jack escaped punishment, barring "a faint bite on the shoulder, and a few tears of the paws on his arms," of which the hardy fellow made little account, but, after skinning the carrion, proceeded onward in triumph, through forests whose impervious foliage allowed no glimpse of the sky, where the sunbeams came with a mild green tint through the masses of impending leaves; down rivers fringed with lofty trees, whose branches were alive with parrots and kingfishers; where the monkey screamed, the tiger howled, and the disgusting alligator, coated with slime and mud, crawled lazily away at the paddle's splash. In this manner the brace of bold hunters reached the small town of Tolo; and whilst abiding there, intelligence came of one of those petty and partial revolutions so common in South American republics. A malcontent colonel and a few hundred men, unpaid by the needy government, were extorting their arrears by the strong hand from the towns upon the coast. They made a determined attack on Tolo, which had been hastily fortified, and was resolutely defended. The rebels were beaten off; and as they retreated, a party of cavalry came up, killed many, and made prisoners of the rest. Jack, whose shooting iron, as he styled his gun, had made itself heard with great effect during the siege, joined in pursuit, scrutinised the pockets of the fallen, and secured an amount of specie that filled his heart with joy. To complete his contentment, Dr Coulter interceded for him with the captain, who gave the poor fellow a free passage back to his own country.

The tigers and patriots of Colombia, ugly customers though they be, are far less formidable than the high-

waymen and grisly bears abounding in California. The robbers go about on horseback, well armed and provided with lassos, which they throw over the heads of their victims. The usual objects of their attack are travellers for trade or amusement—any one, in short, who carries saddlebags—and sometimes even the hunter, toiling his way to a seaport with a bundle of furs upon his back, is held worth despoiling of his hard-earned burden. But Californian hunters, cautious and keen-eyed, and deadly shots, seldom allow themselves to be surprised, or give up their plunder without a tussle. The doctor tells us of one fellow, a sort of Californian Natty Bumppo, with whom he passed some time, and who had defeated and slain with his own hand a gang of six robbers, making prize of their horses, arms, and accoutrements. In the woods and prairies of those wild districts, men become inured to hardship and danger of every kind. And to those who can dine by the bivouac fire and under the shade of the forest as cheerfully and heartily as in gilded halls and off polished mahogany, and who can sleep as soundly on fresh turf as in a luxurious feather-bed, California is a paradise, realising those happy hunting grounds to which the Indian warrior believes death a passage. The lakes and rivers abound with fish and wild fowl—trout and salmon, swans, geese, and ducks; the hazel-nut covers are alive with feathered game; the forests and mountains with buffalo, deer, hares, and innumerable other animals. Of beasts of prey, the principal are the jaguar or spotted leopard, the puma or American lion, and bears—black, brown, and grisly. These three specimens of the bruin family differ greatly in their habits and degree of ferocity. The black and brown bears are peaceable, well-behaved animals, whose principal occupation seems to consist in furnishing amusement for the hunters by their comical antics. At night they come round the fires; "but you need not trouble yourselves about a dozen of them, as, in most instances, they will let you alone, and keep a respectful distance, sitting on their haunches, scratching themselves with their fore-paws, wondering what brought you there, and taking a look

round to ascertain whether you have any spare meat left for their supper." The grisly bear is of far more formidable character. Swift of foot, very powerful, and of enormous size, he jumps on the back of the largest buffalo, and kills him with apparent ease. He walks out from behind a rock or thicket, drives the hunters from their fire, and, if they have not left him the materials of a hearty meal, follows them with alarming boldness and rapidity. Dr Coulter relates a running fight he had with one of them, who pursued him and his companion for nearly a mile, and fell only when he had received fifteen rifle-balls in his head and body. They do not always take so much shooting, one ball or two sometimes sufficing as a *quietus*; but this fellow was unusually large and tenacious of life. "The hunter said, when he buried his tomahawk in the skull of the brute, as he yet, though blind with the shot, kept upon his haunches—'I'm of opinion, grisly bear, you're the biggest and hardest critter of your kind to kill ever I shot at.'" The Indians cut off the claws of these beasts, and wear them on a string round their necks as trophies of bravery and prowess.

We have loitered on dry land, and deserted the Hound, whose vagabond course led her, after quitting the Kingsmill group, to the distant shores of New Ireland, one of the Australasian islands. Here the king of the country came on board—a tall, coal-black man of commanding appearance, a fine specimen of a savage, decorated with bones, shells, and red feathers. Some of his front teeth were dyed red—a Papuan custom which Dr Coulter assures us, and we readily believe, gives a demon-like finish to these ferocious barbarians. His majesty was accompanied by an Englishman, one Thomas Manners, who had been landed at his own request from a whale ship, and had passed ten years amongst the savages, to whom in manners and appearance he was considerably assimilated. He had married the king's daughter, was a great chief, and perfectly contented with his condition. There appear to be a vast number of these barbarised Europeans dwelling on the various islands of the Pacific, some amongst the savages,

over whom they usually exercise considerable authority, others alone, in isolated nooks, often with Indian wives and a numerous half-cast progeny. The doctor scarcely touched anywhere without meeting with one or more of these outcasts from civilisation, the adventures of most of whom would furnish abundant materials for a Robinsonade. Some of them, deserters from ships or runaway Australian convicts, kept out of the way; but others, bolder or having a clearer conscience, gladly served as interpreters, and supplied the voyagers with useful information. And on more than one occasion, the crew of the Hound found themselves engaged as allies in the civil wars of constant occurrence amongst the bellicose barbarians of the Pacific. Dr Coulter, especially, greatly distinguished himself as an amateur warrior. He is a most adventurous fellow, and assuredly made a mistake when he devoted himself to the study of the healing art, instead of to some more martial profession. His vocation was evidently to kill, not to cure. He does not inform us whether his rifle aided in repelling the various attacks on the Hound, but is less reserved concerning his achievements on shore, and at New Ireland fairly comes out in a military capacity, as a sort of British Auxiliary Legion to a scouting party of natives. The New Irishmen, emulous of their brethren in the old country, are for ever in hot water, squabbling amongst themselves, and keeping up a desultory border warfare, varied by an occasional pitched battle, as a natural sequel to which the slain are duly devoured by the victors, with or without such sauce as their savage cookery book, or, more properly speaking, their oral culinary traditions, may suggest. Dr Coulter was so fascinated by the beautiful scenery and strange customs of the island, and with the hospitable entertainment he found at the sign of the Three Skulls—an Indian council house from whose roof three tall poles arose, supporting human heads—that he resolved upon a lengthened excursion amongst these interesting aborigines, and committed himself, after putting on what he terms his go-ashore-among-savages suit, to the guidance of his friend

Rownaa, son and heir of the red-toothed monarch already described. He had not far to go to become acquainted with the comforts of the country. On reaching an outpost, he obtained a peep into a cannibal larder. A party of the enemy had attempted a surprise, had been discovered and repelled, with the loss of two of their number, who were forthwith trussed for the spit. The *modus operandi* was rather violent, as was manifest to the doctor when he looked into the canoe where the bodies lay, carefully covered up with leaves. "They had been fairly riddled with arrows and spears, and their skulls were beaten flat with clubs. The legs were amputated at the knees, hands off at the wrists, hair cut off the head, &c., preparatory to cooking them." The doctor made bold to express his disgust at this horrible sight, but the natives, by way of extenuation, gave him to understand that it was "eatee for eatee," and that if they fell into the hands of their enemies, they would be converted into collops and forthwith dined upon. Four of them had been captured that morning, and would soon, if not rescued, be in the hands of the cook. To save them from this unpleasant alternative, twenty men advanced stealthily into the hostile territory, accompanied by Rownaa and Dr Coulter. The doctor was curious to see the fun, and thought himself safest with his friend the prince. After a short march they fell in with the prisoners, guarded by forty or fifty savages; a sharp fight ensued, in which the doctor at first took no part, thinking, not without reason, that he had no right to take the lives of men who had done him no injury. At last, however, "a serious consideration for my personal safety, and the necessity for self-defence, compelled me to fire both barrels of my gun into the advancing crowd." The ice thus broken, the double-barrelled rifle spoke out boldly and decided the day—the doctor celebrating his triumph by a stentorian hurrah that completed the panic of the discomfited foe. And thenceforward he shot savages at a handsome allowance. The apologetic and deprecatory tone in which he records his exploits is amusing enough. He pleads expediency and necessity, and

tries to make it out justifiable homicide; whilst he evidently has a lurking consciousness that he need not have thrust himself into scenes and places where it became necessary or advisable to shed blood. To return to his ship, he had to coast the island, and to pass the territory of a tribe hostile to his friends. Canoes came out to assail those on which Dr Coulter and his allies were embarked. He was again compelled to smother humanity, prime, load, and fire as fast as he could; although "it grieved me afterwards to think I used such a death-dealing weapon with so much earnestness." Touching repentance! Compassionate Coulter! But "his dander was up," he says, and he thought no more, but acted. As anybody else would probably have done, on finding himself assailed by a flotilla of howling savages, with blood-coloured teeth, poisoned arrows, and a decided taste for the flesh of a wholesome white man. What business the doctor had in such a predicament, is altogether another question. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"

The New Irishmen have some queer customs. The night following the battle was passed by Dr Coulter at one of their outposts, where he was prevented sleeping by the strange torches kept burning in the house he lodged at. They consisted of long sticks, with a quantity of cocoa-nut fibre steeped in resin and twisted round the top. These were lighted, and held by naked men, who relieved each other. The idols worshipped by these heathens are of a peculiarly ludicrous description, ten feet high, made of polished wood, with arms akimbo, oyster shells for eyes, and red pegs for teeth. The expression of the face is one of grotesque laughter, irresistibly provocative of mirth in the beholder. In one respect the example of these savages might be followed with advantage by more civilised communities. Their cemeteries are invariably remote from their dwellings, in lonely and unfrequented spots.

The ship's company of the *Hound* had been long without seeing any but savage faces, and it was with much satisfaction that on entering a bay on the coast of Papua or New Guinea,

they perceived a brig riding at anchor. She hoisted the stars and stripes, and presently her captain paid a visit to the Hound. A Scotch Highlander by birth, his name Stewart, he was a daring and unscrupulous dog as ever fired a round of grape into a mob of South Sea savages. He had the reputation of a tolerably fair dealer, but some of his articles of traffic were extraordinary and disgusting. He was once at Cook's Straits, New Zealand, when there was a great fight amongst the tribes. A feast was to follow, and to save land-carriage, the cannibals freighted Stewart's ship with the provisions for their horrible banquet. "He took on board upwards of two hundred dead bodies, cut up and well packed, with eighteen or twenty chiefs, sailed round, delivered his cargo, and received in payment a large quantity of dressed flax, which he afterwards brought to Sydney and sold at a satisfactory price." After this, people looked askance at him, and held their noses when he passed; but Stewart jingled his dollars, and said it was no one's business but his own, admitting, however, that it was "a stinking cargo." Like the Roman emperor, he denied that good coin could carry an evil smell. "Another trifling affair," Dr Coulter writes, "blemished his character." Cargoes of ebony, neither more nor less; slaves bought in Australasia, and sold to the Dutch and Chinese. Human flesh, quick or dead, was a favourite article of commerce with this respectable Highlandman. In those remote regions, however, men cannot always pick their society, and Coulter and Trainer were glad enough to meet this dealer in dead and live stock, who was an old acquaintance of both of them. They went on board his vessel and dined with him, and it was agreed that the brig and schooners should keep together as long as circumstances permitted. After several days' profitable trading, chiefly in ambergris, tortoiseshell, pearls, and birds of Paradise, and which ended, wonderful to say, without a skirmish with the natives, they coasted along the north shore of the island, and came to an anchor in Gilvink's Bay, at its westernmost extremity, alongside the "Eternal Safety," a Chinese trading junk. According to

the custom of his countrymen in those seas, the Chinese skipper had told the Papuans all manner of lies about the Europeans, and had warned them against trading with them. Stewart discovered this by means of an old acquaintance, a Sandwich islander and expert cook, who gladly left the junk, where he received a larger allowance of rattan than he liked, to officiate in the caboose of the American brig. Once safe upon the Yankee's deck, Mr Sing vented his indignation against his late master in a volley of abuse, interspersed with comical and contemptuous gestures. The Chinaman actually danced with rage, and at last levelled a matchlock at the object of his fury; but on Stewart's opening a port, and disclosing the grim muzzle of a carronade, he suspended his warlike demonstrations. A supply of articles for barter with the natives was obtained from his junk, and the same afternoon a fresh breeze swept the European ships out of the bay.

The last place to which we shall accompany Dr Coulter is a district on the south coast of New Guinea, inhabited by the warlike and ferocious tribe of the Horraforas, who, at the period of his visit, lived happily under the paternal rule of King Connel the First. Terence Connel was a County Kerry boy, who had gone through many strange adventures in his own country and elsewhere. A deserter from a regiment of the line, he had served for some time under Captain Starlight's banner, and had distinguished himself by his intrepidity and zeal in house-burning, cattle-houghing, and other nocturnal amusements peculiar to the "first flower of the sea." After a couple of years of this praiseworthy career, he had been captured, tried, and transported to Australia. He escaped, with ten fellow-convicts, and, after various adventures, reached Papua. Nine of their number were slain by the Horraforas, who spared the two others and made them serve against a hostile tribe. Connel's companion was killed in a fight, but Connel greatly distinguished himself, and became head-chief, or king. Under his guidance and protection, we find Captain Trainer, four of his crew, and the indefatigable Coulter, wandering in the Horrafora territory, through mag-

nificent tropical scenery, where snakes abounded, rats were as big as ordinary cats, the mosquitos flew about in dense clouds, huge bats flapped their mirky wings beneath the branches of gigantic trees, and immense saucer-eyed owls glared from out the gloom. Hog-hunting was the principal sport here; but the Horraforas were at war, as usual, and Dr Coulter's services were again put in requisition. Fighting is the business of life with these savages, and with an Irish king at their head, their combative propensity was not likely to be weakened. They have scouts out continually, and but for this precaution, as Connel explained, "one tribe would break in on top of t'other, be murderin' man, woman, and child, and carrying off the rest to sell to the Chinese for slaves, all through divilment, or fair divarsion." To guard against surprise, the natives live in trees, amongst whose branches they construct commodious sleeping apartments. They ascend and descend by a notched pole, drawn up at night, and take their meals on the ground below.

The party from the schooner soon found they had got themselves into trouble, being cut off from their vessel by the Whitepaints, a race of savages thus named by Dr Coulter from their habit of disguising their dusky complexion with a ghastly coating of white. A battle was inevitable, and Connel disposed his forces with all the tact of an experienced general. About a thousand of the enemy were opposed to eight hundred and fifty Horraforas, but the latter had the Englishmen to help them, and especially Dr Coulter, who, with his terrible rifle, was a host in himself. The Whitepaints came on to within about four hundred yards of their foe, and halted, their chief still advancing and yelling defiance, in hopes of drawing the Horraforas from their cover on the verge of a forest. His appearance was any thing but prepossessing. He was "a giant of a man, hair and beard powdered with chalk, face painted black, and body white all over!" Connel implored his allies to render him a great service by picking off this ugly heathen, and inquired who was the best shot. Trainer named the doctor, who "had really no wish to pull a trigger, except

in actual self-defence." But Trainer and Connel pressed him to fire, and at last overcame his scruples. With charming modesty, he avoids naming himself as the man who made the huge Papuan magpie bite the dust. "Thus urged by Connel," he says, *one of our party* rested his gun on the lower branch of a tree, took deliberate aim, and fired!" This "one of our party" was of course the doctor, the sailors being armed with short muskets, incapable of carrying so far. The shot took effect. Whitepaint ceased his capering, "stood fixed and upright like a daubed statue," and "was about receiving another shot (from the doctor's second barrel, we presume) when he fell heavily forward and lay motionless." Whereupon the Whitepaints advanced, and the six Englishmen "set to work in real earnest" popping off the cannibals. And soon becoming "madly excited by the scene, we continued to load and fire as fast as we could, accompanying almost every shot or volley with a Hurra! nearly as wild as the savage yell." Dr Coulter had got rid of his scruples, and Trainer and the seamen appear never to have had any. The latter "were eager to run down the mound for the purpose of enjoying a bayoneting match; but Trainer would not permit such folly, and told them to amuse themselves firing at them from where we were, which they did with great perseverance." The unfortunate Whitepaints were totally defeated, their tribe cut up root and branch, their women taken to wife by the victors, and themselves slung upon poles like rabbits, and carried off to be buried, as Connel expressed it, in "the infernal stomachs" of their cannibal conquerors. The doctor and his companions being by no means anxious to witness the abominable feast, moved on with Connel, and, after a visit to the Whitepaint town, or rather rookery, the houses being built in trees, like those of the Horraforas, paddled down a river, through beautiful scenery, which Dr Coulter indicates, rather than describes. He is a poor hand at description, the worthy doctor, although evidently not devoid of a certain feeling for the glories of a tropical landscape. But he lacks words, and his attempts at a pen-and-

ink picture are painfully meagre and unsatisfactory. After shooting a rapid, where the river falls about fourteen feet, and down which the natives conducted their canoes with singular dexterity, the country became more open, and the mast-heads of the brig and schooner appeared in the distance. "Sail ho!" bellowed Trainer, rejoiced at the sight of his floating home. And in his exhilaration, he resolved to "take a rise" out of Stewart. Concealing himself and men in the bottom of the canoe, he gave the hint to

Connel, whose savage subjects forthwith set up a hideous war-whoop, which very nearly procured the incorrigible joker a volley of grape from his own ship. This final and unnecessary danger over, Dr Coulter, to his considerable satisfaction, once more found himself safely housed in the cabin of the Hound, relieved from all apprehension of becoming a corner dish at a cannibal dinner. In which snug quarters and comfortable security he will be found by those curious farther to pursue the thread of his adventures.

THREE MONTHS AT GAZA.

AFTER quitting the Arab chiefs,* Sidney rode slowly and silently towards the little town of Gaza. He was seized with a strange fit of melancholy, and this sudden revulsion of feeling proceeded from no perceptible cause. He cared very little about parting either with Aali or Sheikh Salem. Lascelles Hamilton was a much more amusing companion than either of the Moslems. But from some inexplicable train of thought, Sidney's mind was filled with fancies, which followed one another like the phantasms of a fever, and produced a depression of spirits alarming to himself. He was naturally so little addicted to low spirits, or melancholy, that he felt convinced the present fit must be the forerunner of some serious malady, and that the mysterious warning given him by Sheikh Salem, not to delay long at Gaza, arose from the sagacious Arab perceiving the traces of incipient fever marked on his forehead. At last he succeeded, by reproaching himself with his own pusillanimity, in rousing his mind, and directing his attention to the scenery around, and to the view of the town before him.

That view was well calculated to dispel blue devils. It was picturesque, gay, and luxuriantly green; and the contrast it offered to the parched desert behind, and the memory of the sandy fog of the Khamsin, made its contemplation a physical enjoyment. On each side of the lane along which the

travellers proceeded, a tall fence of cactus separated them from verdant plantations of mulberry trees, orchards, and gardens. The creaking of water wheels, and the splashing of the water from the revolving buckets, were sounds which, if not musical to the ear, were delightful to the sense of hearing, from the ideas of coolness and cleanliness they suggested. Those only who have wandered in the desert under a burning sun, or sailed for days and nights in a crowded Levantine caïck, can conceive the exquisite sensation that the sight of an old black bucket of fresh water conveys to the human soul. The sense of coolness indicated by the dark stain of constant immersion, and the liberality of wealth testified by the leaky stream flowing from the ill connected staves, have given many a traveller in the "gorgeous east" greater pleasure than he could have derived from an invitation to a banquet with Lucullus.

Beyond the wave of the corn fields, the verdure of the gardens, and the shade of the trees, rose the little city of Gaza, — a small and picturesque spot, with a few minarets and towers, and ruined walls rising above the houses. It crowns a moderate elevation, once occupied by a strong citadel, so well fortified by nature and art as to have merited emphatically the appellation of "the strong." It stands a monument of the glory of the Israelite warrior Sampson, and a

* See No. CCCLXXXI, page 21.

proof of the ease with which heroic valour, in a petty fortress commanded by a Persian eunuch, could arrest the progress of the Macedonian hero, Alexander the Great. At the entrance of the town our travellers stumbled over some ruins, which they were gravely informed marked the remains of the gateway from which Sampson had carried away the gates. Beside it, a small building with a low dome has been constructed by the Mohammedans, and is shown as the tomb of Sampson.

Before this tomb, a considerable number of people, and a guard of Albanian soldiers, was now stationed. They soon brought our travellers to a halt, and compelled them to dismount in order to undergo an examination as long and inquisitorial as that to which poor foreigners are subjected at the police office of Vienna. Their motives for visiting Gaza were inquired into, and particularly their connexion with the party they had just quitted. The result of the examination did not appear to be perfectly satisfactory, though Sidney told very frankly that Sheikh Salem and his son were of the party, truly declaring at the same time, that as they had crossed the desert disguised in female apparel, and surrounded by their own attendants, he had no knowledge of their presence until the party was joined by the Sheikh of Hebron that day. An Osmanlee secretary of the governor of Gaza, one of those Mamaluke custom-house officers, or revenue collectors of Mohammed Ali, to whom the statesmen of France looked for the foundation of an Arabic empire in Egypt and Syria, now made his appearance, to decide on the fate of the English spies, for such they were evidently considered.

After a second examination, it was decided that the party must undergo a quarantine of observation until their companions should arrive. It was in vain to oppose this decision; so Sidney, Lascelles Hamilton, and Achmet were marched through the middle of the town of Gaza, and lodged in a tower near the centre of the barracks, in order to preserve the place from the danger of contagion. Two Albanian soldiers were appointed

to act as guardians or sentinels to the prisoners, who were also allowed to hire a cook. The guards kept up a constant communication with their friends, and the cook walked himself to the market to make his purchases, so that the quarantine was very evidently rather a police than a sanitary measure.

The tower in which the travellers were lodged was within the circuit of the remains of a noble building, constructed by the templars, or the knights of St John, who long defended this bulwark of the kingdom of Jerusalem against the infidel soldans of Egypt. The first morning of quarantine was spent walking and smoking on the terraced roof of a large arched hall, once a dormitory, or a hospital of the Christian soldiery, now tenanted by a small body of irregular cavalry. As Mohammed Ali was, according to the established system of his Arabic empire, cheating them out of their pay, they were eager to hire their horses to our travellers for the journey to Jerusalem. Their captain, aspiring to the profits of a muleteer, contrasted with the fierce templar of Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, as the trading monarch, Mohammed Ali, forms an antithesis to the generous Saladin. The terrace overlooked a delightful country, and Sidney felt positively pleased that the restraint of quarantine compelled him to be idle. Before him was spread a rich cultivated plain, closely covered with olive trees, and bounded by a range of hills, crowned by the peak of Sampson's mount, rising prominent over the rest of the chain. The long waving branches of palm trees scattered about in every direction, the trains of loaded camels arriving and departing, and the active population in constant movement round the town, gave Gaza the air of a flourishing place.

But though Sidney found great pleasure in contemplating this scene, seated on his carpet, pipe in hand, and Achmet expressed in a variety of languages his delight at smoking the pipe of repose, after quitting the saddle of fatigue, neither the scene nor the repose appeared to produce a tranquillising effect on the mind of Mr Lascelles Hamilton. That gentle-

man displayed the extreme of impatience at his confinement, and spent hour after hour in vain exhortations to Sidney, to make some endeavours to be released from imprisonment. Failing with Sidney, he had even attempted to move Achmet. It was all useless: Sidney had not gazed on green trees, gardens, and human beings for some days, nor had Achmet smoked a pipe of repose since he had quitted the valley of the Nile; so the one could do nothing but contemplate, and the other nothing but smoke.

In the evening, the incessant volubility of Lascelles Hamilton awakened in Sidney a wish to take a stroll through the town. On proposing this walk to the Albanian guards, they immediately agreed to accompany the travellers, and suggested a visit to the Mosque, which had been a Christian church, and then a sojourn in the principal coffee-house in the bazar. The church, now converted into the principal mosque of Gaza, is said to have been constructed in the fifth century. It is well worth visiting, though there can be no doubt that the coffee-house has an air of much greater antiquity, if the marks of Decay's effacing fingers be a proof of age. The manner adopted by the quarantine of Gaza for exhibiting the enforcement of the sanatory regulations to the whole population, was an excellent illustration of the effects of the influence of public opinion in Turkey.

Next day was occupied in preparing for the journey to Jerusalem. Sidney had brought a letter from Cairo to a Christian Arab, named Elias es Shami, so called because he was a native of Sham el Keber, or the great city of Damascus. This worthy was the consular agent of some one of the European powers, but affected to be consul for all. His house was ornamented with five or six flag-staffs, and from these, on days of public rejoicing, the standards of England and France were displayed at the corners farthest apart. He declared himself, in his Damascene French, consul of all the powers, or, as he phrased it, "*Je suis moi, consul, de toutes les potences.*" And it really did not require this cer-

tificate to convince most of his visitors, that, like many of the trading consuls of the Levant, he was somewhat of a gallows bird. In the position in which he was placed, Sidney conceived this worthy consular agent might afford him some advice.

On arriving at the house with the flag-staffs, Achmet was sent in to present the letter. In spite of the quarantine, it was received and read by Elias of Sham without difficulty. But though the consul had no fear of plague before his eyes, he had a strong aversion to hold any intercourse with persons suspected of being spies by the officers of Mohammed Ali, and Ibrahim Pasha. He accordingly positively declined the visit of Sidney, and sent down his vice-consul, a tall youth with lantern jaws, to inform the travellers in the middle of the street, that Mr Elias of Sham, the British consul, could not recognise any traveller in Syria to be an Englishman, who did not wear the English dress on his body, and a round hat on his head. This communication was so completely in the classic style of English diplomacy in the Levant, that Hassan's axiom concerning the sanity of Elchees and Ambassadors, rushed to the recollection of Sidney, and he perceived that even trading consuls felt bound to put a touch of folly in their official communications to vouch for their diplomatic authority.

Rather amused than discomposed by this reception, Sidney bethought himself of another letter he possessed, to a Persian merchant named Ibrahim, and called by Turks Sishman. Fat Abraham pretended to be Persian consul, so it was proposed to try whether the Mohammedan had more of the trader, and less of the diplomat than his Christian colleague. As the quarantine regulations gave nobody any concern, it was determined to make this visit as imposing as possible. Achmet arranged the procession, and marched before the travellers as dragoman, himself preceded by two Albanian soldiers armed to the teeth; the cook and two more Albanians followed in the rear, and with the greatest dignity, the whole body moved through the bazaar to the shop of Fat Abraham.

Ibrahim Sishman was found seated in his counting-house. This counting-house, like most of the shops in a Turkish bazaar, bore a close resemblance to the lion's den at the zoological gardens, the grating in front being removed, and the floor raised about three feet above the mud of the narrow street; if the pathway between the dens of the traders in the bazaar of Gaza deserve to be dignified with the name of street. Fat Ibrahim had very little the look of a Persian; instead of possessing the genteel figure of that noble race, he was a squat fellow, with a large mouth, a tallow face, and two arms hanging down from his shoulders at six inches distance from his body, as if unable to approach nearer from some electrical influence. He was, however, by no means very fat, so that his nick-name of Fat Ibrahim was merely a distinctive epithet, borne as Europeans bear the name of Black, Brown, White, or Green, without their skin being of the colour of a dun cow, or a Brazilian parroquet. The Persian dealt largely in tobacco and coffee on his own account, and in various articles of other people's property, of which he exhibited specimens on the walls of his den, for besides being a consul he called himself a banker and general merchant.

He received Sidney and his companion with great affability, and as soon as they were seated like a couple of tailors on his shop floor, he plied them with pipes and coffee, and a stream of conversation which eclipsed the volubility of Mr Lascelles Hamilton in the desert. He was by no means deficient in wit, and talked of the scrape into which the travellers had fallen by their accidental intercourse with Sheikh Salem, as the public news of the bazar; while he induced them to recount their visit to his brother consul, the Shamite, whom he ridiculed as a booby, who always acted as a general merchant when he ought to act as a banker, and as a banker when he ought to act as a consul. The Persian concluded by telling Sidney, that he had now arrived at the right consular shop for protection. Persia and England were the best of friends, and as the Eng-

lish consul from Sham had been offering for French contracts, he hoped soon to display the flag of England in his own court-yard.

A week was drawing to its close, and our travellers were still retained in their state of quarantine at large. Sidney enjoyed himself walking about and visiting the bazar, but poor Mr Lascelles Hamilton began to be alarmed at the delay, and, strange to say, became thoughtful and silent. He affected great anxiety for the fate of the companions he had left behind, but Sidney suspected his melancholy arose from fear of losing his baggage. He declared too that it was of the greatest consequence for him to reach Jerusalem in the shortest space of time, and kept a small bundle constantly near him as if ready for a sudden start should the opportunity of escape present itself. The anxiety of Lascelles Hamilton had increased to a nervous pitch, when late one evening Ringlady and Campbell were suddenly ushered into the tower where our travellers were lodged. Their delay had been caused in part by the Khamisin wind, and in part by their sluggish movements.

Next morning, the whole party proceeded to pay Hafiz Bey, the governor of Gaza, a visit, and obtain his authority to quit his government. Hafiz Bey received them with great politeness, granted them every thing they asked, but invited them to ride out with him to see two robbers impaled, and meet a courier from Mohammed Ali with a small body of Bedouen cavalry. The invitation was equivalent to a command; so although none of the party had any curiosity to see the rare sight of an impalement executed by the express orders of Ibrahim Pasha on two Arab soldiers, who had stolen a few bushels of beans, still they were compelled to accept the offer without any appearance of dissatisfaction. Lascelles Hamilton alone attempted to excuse himself, and only joined the party when he perceived that his absence would render him an object of suspicion to the Bey. The governor mounted the whole party, and even Campbell, in spite of his aversion to equestrian exercise, felt tolerably at home when he perceived

that he could place himself on a quiet looking steed with a round well-padded cloth saddle.

The scene was well worthy seeing, though we must omit all description of the impalement, which our travellers refused to witness. Hafiz Bey had prepared a species of review, the fame of which he probably conceived might tend to make Lord Palmerston pause before he launched his thunders against Gaza. The meeting of the Bedoweens from Egypt with the Bedoweens of Gaza was accompanied by a sham fight, executed with considerable art, though consisting of little more than an extended combination of single combats. The captain of each troop rode forward, and when they had approached sufficiently near, one fired his carbine or pistol, and then galloped away; the other followed, and if he could gain on his adversary, chose his distance to return the fire. Each horseman in succession from both troops advanced, repeating the same manœuvre, but often describing circles in their flight or in their advance for the purpose of cutting off the boldest of their adversaries, who might have ventured too far in the eagerness of pursuit. It was only when this was successfully accomplished that any attempt was made to close and use the sabre, though even in these last and desperate encounters, the great object was rather to secure prisoners than to slay enemies. The lance was evidently regarded by both parties as a useless weapon. The meanest trooper of the desert was so completely master of this unwieldy weapon as to avoid or parry its thrust with perfect confidence, so that when Bedoween met Bedoween, lances were laid aside.

The mimic fight, however, continued longer, and was extended over a much greater space of ground than Hafiz Bey had contemplated. He evidently began to grow uneasy, a circumstance which our travellers attributed to the effect of the impalement on his nerves, though it really arose from the fear he began to entertain that his severity in punishing theft had wounded the sympathies of the Arabs. He accordingly despatched one of his own Kurds to request the Arab chiefs to draw nearer

to the infantry, and thus place themselves within the range of his artillery; and perhaps for the purpose of enforcing this order, he directed his Curdish horsemen to move towards the rear of the Bedoweens. The Arabs clearly disapproved of the movement, and disliked the orders, so without deigning to salute Hafiz Bey, both his own Arabs of Gaza and the new comers from Egypt suddenly set off at a gallop and soon disappeared among the hills towards the desert. An endeavour was made to treat this incident as a part of the review, but alarm soon seized both the spectators and the troops that remained, and the Bey was obliged to scamper back to Gaza as fast as possible, lest some treason should place another in possession of his government before his arrival.

In the evening, the Franks were again summoned to pay Hafiz Bey a visit, but neither Mr Lascelles Hamilton nor the accomplished Mohammed, the dragoman of Mr Ringley, could be found. Achmet too had fallen ill in the morning, so that the party had to present itself before the governor with diminished splendour. On their arrival at the divan, they beheld a Frank in an European dress seated beside Hafiz Bey, and a consular cavas standing near the door. Inquiries were soon made for Mr Lascelles Hamilton, and when the Frank on the sofa heard that he was nowhere to be found, he jumped up and made twenty inquiries one after the other in English, as strongly marked with a foreign accent as that of Mr Lascelles Hamilton, but by no means equal to it in choice of words or correctness of grammatical construction. The worthy stranger then informed the travellers that he was an agent of the British Consulate at Alexandria, sent to arrest Mr Lascelles Hamilton for a variety of offences committed under a variety of names.

The hue and cry was now raised, but no Mr Lascelles Hamilton was to be found, and it almost appeared difficult to produce any evidence that such a person had ever existed. Dozens of persons who had seen him that morning, and every morning he had spent at Gaza, became alarmed lest

they should be in some way compromised by a connexion with him, and stoutly denied that such a person had accompanied Sidney to Gaza. Sidney himself, amused with the events of the day, boasted to Campbell that he would achieve fame as a literary man by writing a novel in three volumes based on the adventures of a single day at Gaza. In the mean time, Ringlady became frantic on discovering, in the search for Lascelles Hamilton, that he had lost not only his pearl of dragomans, the accomplished Mohammed, but likewise the whole of his baggage, which the accomplished Mohammed had doubtless carried off by mistake. To increase the grief of the party at losing these two valuable companions, it appeared that the best part of the baggage of Sidney and Campbell had also disappeared, but whether with the Frank or the Musulman, it was impossible to say. The night was spent in vain endeavours to ascertain the direction in which the fugitives had fled. Hafiz Bey sent out horsemen on every road, who probably did not go very far from the fear of falling in with the Bedoweens. Achmet, however, who now began to recover from his attack of illness, declared, that all search would be useless, for he felt sure that his brother dragoman—the father of a jackass, as he politely termed him—had attempted to poison him in order to escape to the Arabs with the Frank Sheitan.

Day after day elapsed, and no tidings were heard either of the fugitives or the baggage. The deputy consul from Alexandria informed the travellers, that Mr Lascelles Hamilton had been the secretary of an English gentleman of fortune, and during his patron's absence from home, he had thought fit to decamp with numerous papers and a large sum of money. With this provision, he had been travelling over the Continent under a variety of names, and presenting himself at different places as a relation of various distinguished families, proving his identity by the letters and papers in his possession. He had escaped many times when even more closely pursued than at Gaza. A courier arriving for the Alexandrian, informed him at last, that Mohammed the pearl of dragomans had been seen on the

road to Egypt, beyond El Arish. As it now appeared that the quarry had doubled back, in order probably to escape by sea from Alexandria as the spot where his presence would be least suspected, the consular agent set off after his victim. It was something like a lap-dog pursuing a fox. Rumours of the Palmerstonian wars were now beginning to alarm the East, so that our travellers found themselves in a situation of considerable embarrassment.

The sudden departure of their baggage was more frequently deplored by the travellers than the loss of their companion's society. Part of their cash had been lodged in their trunks—a fact not unknown to the observant Mohammed—and their funds were now very low. Mr Ringlady had, however, a letter for Elias, of Sham, whom he considered to be the English consul; and though Sidney informed him of the reception he had met with on presenting a similar letter, he trusted to his elegant appearance and mellifluous voice for complete success in obtaining as much cash as he might require to continue his journey to Beyrout.

Ringlady and Campbell, in new paletots and black hats, proceeded to wait on the consul, banker, and general trader of Sham. That worthy, however, had already arrived at the conviction that a war between Turkey and Egypt, and between England and France, was inevitable, and that victory would as inevitably accompany the arms of Egypt and Gaul. His interest confirmed this conviction. As sometimes happens in the lax mercantile morality of the consular system in the Levant, he was the agent of two rival banking establishments, one supported by English, and the other by French funds. The English capitalists being far away, and unable to exercise any direct control over their funds, the Shamite considered it an excellent opportunity for confiscating their funds. He termed the confiscation an act of justice, for the English had intrusted him with their money though they knew that he was already the agent of a rival establishment, and the law declares that all acts contrary to the policy of trade are invalid. The consul illustrated his argument in the following words:—"I am a mule;

I hired my labour to the French, and they loaded me with money-bags. I worked, and worked, and worked. The English saw I could carry more, so they placed money-bags on my back, and cheated the French out of my labour. The burden is now heavy, and honour requires me to throw away the money-bags of the English." The mule accordingly proceeded to kick them off in the public road, but took care to place his own friends on the spot to pick them up.

He nevertheless received Ringlady and Campbell with great politeness, treated them to coffee and long pipes, and discoursed on the state of Palestine. He advised them to make the best of their way to Beyrout, informing them that the climate of Syria was peculiarly dangerous to English constitutions towards the commencement of the month of June. The most experienced physicians had predicted a great mortality of Franks during the ensuing summer, and Englishmen were observed to suffer most severely from Syrian fevers. Mr Ringlady now introduced the business of their visit in formal terms, but Campbell was so delighted with his new friend that he exclaimed, "Ye're a friendly soul, Signor Console Elias; but we're no feared for the climate; it's cash we want, and either Mr Ringlady or I can gie ye a circular note on a London bank, or a bill on a hoose in Beyrout." The face of Elias now assumed as profound a gravity as if he had been suddenly called upon to decide on the fate of Syria. After some reflexion he replied,—"Gentlemen, I regret to say that it is not in my power to advance you any money, as you have no letter of credit especially addressed to me. The letter I hold in my hand is only one of introduction." In vain circular notes were exhibited, and letters of credit on Beyrout; Elias was inexorable. After Mr Ringlady had explained at some length, and with great eloquence, every question of mercantile law, and every principle of social duty connected with their wants, the travellers were compelled to take their leave of their consular friend without obtaining a farthing of his coin.

The travellers now held a council to decide on their future movements. At

this council, it was decided that Ringlady and Campbell should set off next day for Jerusalem with the scanty supply of cash they possessed, and from the Holy City transmit a supply of money to Sidney. Sidney's funds were completely exhausted by the payments he was compelled to make to the Albanians and Turks, who considered his quarantine had given them a right to divide his purse. It was by no means prudent to dispute their impositions, lest a pretext for delay should arise out of the dispute, though, after paying all the claims brought against him, Sidney remained with only a few dollars in his possession. The detention of a few days more at Gaza he regarded with great indifference; and when he saw the elegant Mr Ringlady set off with his quarantine cook installed as dragoman, he could not resist quizzing the mellifluous lawyer on the diminished splendour of his equipage, and contrasting his present figure with the magnificent appearance of his train as it was marshalled by Mohammed the pearl of dragomans under the walls of the renowned city of Belbeis.

Sidney, as soon as his companions were departed, resolved to seek out a private habitation, and thus avoid the expense entailed on him by his residence in the tower he had hitherto occupied. To effect this, he called on his Persian friend Ibrahim Sishman, to secure his assistance in hiring a room. The Persian possessed a house in the immediate vicinity of his den in the bazaar, in which he occasionally lodged his correspondents when they visited Gaza, and generally used as a storehouse for his tobacco and coffee. His own dwelling and harem was situated in a distant quarter of the town. He now offered Sidney the use of the empty house, telling him he might occupy it as soon as he liked and quit it whenever he pleased. The offer was made with a degree of good will that showed it was not a mere compliment; so two hammals were set to work immediately to scrub the floors with soap and water, and Achmet was sent to get Sidney's scanty baggage removed to his new domicile.

While Sidney was detained at Gaza, he found himself compelled to pass a good deal of his time seated cross-

legged in Fat Abraham's den in the bazaar conversing, with his host and the customers who stopped before the spot, on the political and commercial news of Palestine. His host also generally passed part of the evening with him under the pretext of rational conversation, but more probably to avail himself of an opportunity of imbibing a tumbler of strong punch. From the Persian, however, Sidney learned a good deal concerning the state of Syria, and perceived the full meaning of the warning Sheikh Salem had given not to delay at Gaza.

The Moslem population of Syria and Palestine, particularly landed proprietors and hereditary Sheikhs, were universally dissatisfied with the avarice and extortion displayed by the enlightened and civilised government of Ibrahim Pasha and his father Mohammed Ali. And it was now well known that an extensive correspondence had been established by the Porte with all the influential chiefs, for the purpose of exciting the people to rebellion. The interference of Great Britain as an ally of Turkey was considered certain, and Sidney, to his astonishment, found all the intrigues of the Foreign Office and its restless secretary better known to a Persian tobaccoist at Gaza than to the British consuls in Egypt.

On the other hand, Ibrahim Sishman explained to him that the Christians were generally favourable to the Egyptian government. In his financial oppression Mohammed Ali had placed Christian and Moslem on perfect equality; but as the Moslem population was taxed with greater difficulty than the Christian, he found it advantageous to employ this last as spies on their neighbours, and preferred intrusting the financial administration to their care. By this means, they were rendered the partisans of Egypt, and as France was the ally of Mohammed Ali, they became the enemies of Turkey and England. Many of the Christians were now employed in watching the movements of the Moslem Sheikhs, and, to increase their estimation with Ibrahim Pasha, they acted as spies on every English traveller who visited Syria.

Ibrahim informed Sidney that the banker Elias had made a merit of re-

fusing to supply the Englishmen with funds at the divan of Hafiz Bey. But as Mohammed Ali had by his last courier renewed his orders to treat Englishmen with proper attention, Hafiz Bey had only laughed at his suspicions, and consequently the Persian had ventured to entertain Sidney as his guest, without incurring any suspicion of being engaged in political intrigues with England.

The first week of this strange life passed away very pleasantly; but, before the second was terminated, Sidney became tired of the waste of time; and as no news arrived from his companions who had preceded him to Jerusalem, he gave his host Ibrahim a bill on Beyrout, and made all his preparations for quitting Gaza.

In the morning, when he had sent out Achmet to hire horses, and was engaged in smoking what he hoped would be his last pipe at Gaza, an old slave belonging to the household of the Persian presented himself. Sidney stretched out his hand to receive the money for his bill, which he supposed Ibrahim had sent, not being able to bring it himself at that early hour; but, instead of a bag of money, the slave delivered to him a letter and a bunch of keys. Sidney, supposing there was some mistake, declined the letter and keys, and asked for his money. He could induce the slave to utter no words but "Read it." This was not the easiest task in the world, for Sidney was more familiar with the text of Makrisi than with the epistolary correspondence of modern traders. After some trouble he satisfied himself that the contents of the letter were nearly as follows:—

"Prince of my esteem! Sovereign of my respect! Milord, Beyzadé, and Khan!—To be a good man like thy servant Ibrahim, profiteth nothing in an evil hour. Thy host is compelled to fly to collect money for his friends. He is in thy debt, but he places all his wealth at thy disposal, and will arrange accounts at his return. Preserve his house and his fame as thou lovest righteousness!—Thy servant and friend, IBRAHIM SISHMAN."

From this epistle Sidney could only collect one fact with certainty, and that was, that his friend Ibrahim Sishman had decamped with the bill

on Beyrout, leaving him at Gaza without a dollar.

While he was meditating on this new misfortune, Achmet rushed into the room, exclaiming, with the greatest vehemence,—“They won't let us go! Are we slaves? Are we not Englishmen? Come to the Bey, Mr Sidney—come to the Bey.” As Sidney could extract nothing from Achmet but a rapid repetition of these words, nor conjecture what relationship existed between the Bey and the letter in his hand, to which Achmet pointed in a paroxysm of rage which choked his utterance, to the Bey he resolved to go. He marched off accordingly with the letter and the bunch of keys in his hand.

On arriving at the divan of Hafiz Bey, he found many of the principal inhabitants of Gaza already assembled; and he had no sooner saluted the Bey and the visitors, according to the formal ceremonial of Turkish etiquette, than the governor said, with great gravity—“Now, here is the Englishman, what have you to say?” Rodoan Aga, a fat old Mussulman, and one of the principal contractors for provisioning the troops of Mohammed Ali and the pilgrims of the Damascus Hadj in their passage through the Desert, opened the case.

Rodoan Aga said, that the much-esteemed Persian merchant Ibrahim of Hamadan, called Sishman, had been suddenly compelled to visit Damascus, in order to secure some money in danger of falling into the hands of the rebel sheikhs, and that he had left the Frank bazerguan, or merchant, in charge of his business and his magazines at Gaza. The keys of the magazines and the letter of instructions were in the hands of the Frank, and he, Rodoan, and several others present, held forders on the Frank both for the payment and the receipt of various sums of money and bales of goods. The letter written by Ibrahim to Sidney was now read before the divan, and each man offered his remarks on it. All agreed that Sidney was thereby named the lawful agent of Ibrahim, and that he could not refuse the trust confided to him.

In vain the Englishman declared he was no merchant, and explained that Ibrahim Sishman had decamp-

ed with his bill on Beyrout. In vain he solicited Hafiz Bey to give him the means of continuing his journey to Beyrout, where he possessed the means of paying every expense he might incur. In vain, too, he offered to give his claim on Ibrahim either to Hafiz Bey or to Rodoan. It was whispered about by his enemy the Consul Elias that he was agent of the British Government, sent to purchase provisions for an invading army; and Hafiz feared to allow him to depart until he received precise instructions on the subject from Ibrahim Pasha himself. He consequently recommended Sidney to wait a day or two for news from Ibrahim Sishman; and concerning his departure he replied only, “*Bahalum, we shall see.*”

The discussion at the divan of Hafiz Bey lasted all the morning. Rodoan Aga and the Moslems of Gaza retired to dine and take their mid-day nap, while Sidney retired to his room to meditate on his embarrassed position. Had he possessed a couple of horses, or money enough to purchase them, he would, without a moment's hesitation, have put his foot in the stirrup and left Gaza, its consuls, and its governor behind, and trusted to his good fortune for finding his way to Jerusalem. But his empty purse rendered every project of flight impossible. His wits being now sharpened by his misfortunes, he easily perceived that Rodoan Aga was in league with his host, Fat Abraham, and he had no doubt that the departure of the Persian was really connected with the political storm which threatened Syria. Even Hafiz Bey, he felt assured, possessed some knowledge of the intrigues of the Sublime Porte against Mohammed Ali's domination, and made use of this mercantile affair as a veil to other projects. The more Sidney reflected, the greater he saw his danger to be; and yet he was only the more convinced of his utter helplessness amidst the mesh of intrigues with which he was surrounded. He became seriously alarmed at his position, as soon as he saw that no exertions of his own could possibly improve it. He fell into a reverie on the doctrine of predestination in the East, which seemed to him, in his present situation, infinitely more

rational than it had ever appeared before. The moral and religious disposition of the Arabs and Turks began to appear to him as much the result of the air and climate as the plague itself; and there seemed as much danger of their affecting the intellects of a traveller who delayed too long within the sphere of their operation, as of the plague affecting his body.

His escape was really hopeless. No more travellers were likely to pass through Gaza during the summer, and Hafiz Bey was not likely to allow him to communicate either with Jerusalem, Beyrout, or Damascus. He threw himself on his sofa in despair, and remained plunged in a series of conjectures, each one more disagreeable than its predecessor.

Achmet, after placing his master's breakfast before him, had sallied out to the bazaar to collect news. In about an hour he returned, and found Sidney still overpowered with melancholy thoughts. "Mr Sidney! Mr Sidney! the coffee cold," shouted Achmet.

"Curse the coffee!" replied Sidney, whose mind naturally enough reverted to the magazine filled with coffee in the room below him, of which he had suddenly become the commission merchant. But he rose up to see how Achmet bore their mutual misfortune. To his astonishment, Achmet's black face was radiant with joy. Amazed at the change, for when he had last looked at Achmet he was in a furious passion at their detention, Sidney said—"Achmet, you seem pleased to stay at this accursed spot, Gaza!"

Achmet rejoined—"Me no pleased—me no help."

"Well then, Achmet, bring me some warm coffee, and let me hear what consoles you?"

Achmet soon appeared with a fresh supply of Mocha; and while Sidney was proceeding with breakfast, he seated himself near the door on his heels, as was his habit whenever he proposed holding a long conversation with his master.

To Sidney's question, "Now, Achmet, tell me what I must do?" Achmet replied—"You must keep Ibrahim's shop, Mr Sidney, to be sure;—you merchant, me slave—plenty of tobacco—all go very good." He then placed all the facts he had collected in

the bazaar before his master's mind, and unfolded his own thoughts in comments on them, concluding by declaring, that Sidney must act as the representative of Ibrahim Sishman in the shop in the bazaar, or submit to see some other person elected by the inhabitants of Gaza to act in his place, and perhaps starve in a strange land. As some consolation, Achmet assured his master that there could be no doubt that the affairs of Ibrahim were really in a prosperous way, and that in a very short time they would be able to collect money enough to pay the bill on Beyrout, and then they could turn over the administration of the trust committed to their charge to some other deputy. The picture Achmet drew of Sidney seated like a tailor in the den in the bazaar, doling out tobacco and coffee to the citizens of Gaza, was so comic, that, in spite of all his embarrassments, Sidney burst into a hearty laugh.

However Sidney might dislike being a tobacconist in Gaza, his good sense soon convinced him that Achmet had taken a very just view of his position. Willingly or unwillingly, fate had predestined him to keep Fat Abraham's shop. He felt, too, that if any thing must be done, the true mode is to do it as well as possible; and without any more hesitation he took up the bunch of keys and walked with Achmet to the shop, where he was soon seen seated, cross-legged, poring over the books and accounts of the Persian consul. In these researches Achmet afforded him valuable assistance; for without his aid even the simple mysteries of Arabic book-keeping might have remained an impenetrable labyrinth. Once engaged in mercantile business, Sidney paid the greatest attention to his charge, in the hope that he would thereby succeed in shortening the period of his compulsory residence at Gaza. Even Rodoan Aga was so delighted with his proceedings, that he advised him to settle down for life as a tobacconist.

Week after week now crept slowly away. No news arrived from Ringlady and Campbell. Ibrahim Sishman gave no signs of his existence; Hafiz Bey received no communications from Damascus; insurrections and disturbances were heard of in every

direction, and the names of Sheikh Salem and his ally the Sheikh of Hebron were mingled with reports of a general rebellion in Palestine.

In the mean time Sidney found the gains of Oriental commerce in its regular channel through the bazaar of Gaza very small indeed; and though he emulated the frugality of an Arab, he was unable to save the little sum required to attempt to escape. He was by the flight of Ibrahim suddenly burdened with the maintenance of his host's harem, and had discovered, to his utter consternation, that he was bound to maintain two wives and four children he had never seen. Every evening his matrimonial duties were brought to his recollection before he closed his shop by the accursed slave who presented him with the letter and the keys which had robbed him of his liberty. That slave came and demanded five piastres, or one shilling, for the maintenance of the harem next day; a few extra demands were made at stated periods; and Sidney was himself astonished to perceive that a household, consisting of eight or nine individuals, could live with apparent satisfaction on the trifling sum of one shilling per diem. The sum, however, moderate as it was, absorbed all the profits of the retail trade, and the more extended commercial transactions of the Persian were now interrupted by the disturbed state of the country.

In vain Sidney toiled to accumulate a sum large enough to pay his expenses to Beyrout; his savings were always swept away by some unavoidable payment. He at last began to despair, and fancy himself spell-bound on the verge of the Desert; and the sad alternative of being compelled to pass twelve years of his life as a tobaccoist at Gaza—one of his relatives having passed that period in the south of France—a *detenu* of Napoleon's tyranny—continually presented itself to his imagination, and ended by plunging him into a dangerous state of melancholy.

Determined at last to make a decisive effort to break his bonds, Sidney resolved to despatch Achmet to Damascus with a petition to Ibrahim Pasha; for he saw that without an order from that pasha there was very little chance of his getting away from

Gaza. Accordingly he made an application to Hafiz Bey, at his public divan, to allow Achmet to accompany the first courier he might despatch to Damascus; and at the same time he endeavoured to send letters to inform the English consuls at Damascus, Beyrout, and Alexandria of his unfortunate situation. Hafiz Bey did not venture to refuse his request; but a new difficulty now occurred. Sheikh Salem had assembled a considerable force in the mountains which bound the plain extending from Gaza to Jaffa, and kept the garrison of Gaza in such a state of alarm, that Hafiz Bey declined sending away any courier until he should hear that Ibrahim Pasha had reinforced the garrisons of Jerusalem and Jaffa.

It was now evident that Sidney's anxiety was injuring his health, and his condition excited the compassion of Rodoan Aga, who visited him every evening to console him. Finding his attempts to persuade Sidney to settle at Gaza vain, he one evening addressed him thus:—

"Thou art ill, and eager to quit us, Seid Aga?"

"If I fly to the desert, and take the lance of a Bedouwee, I will remain no longer at Gaza," was the reply.

"Thou desirest to return to England?"

"It is the country of my fathers—if I can escape from this spot, I will hasten thither."

"Dost thou not see, O Seid Aga! that Hafiz Bey feareth to let thee depart? He feareth that dog of a usurer, the consul from Sham, who placeth the arms of England over his door, and lendeth money under their shadow at eighteen per cent, and acts as a spy for the great Pasha."

"Hafiz may lose his head, and the usurer his money-bags, in the storm that is now gathering," said Sidney in his wrath.

"Thou hast said it," quoth Rodoan Aga with much satisfaction. "Now will I reveal to thee how thou canst escape in spite of the Bey and the usurer, and thou wilt aid us in England."

Sidney now listened eagerly to the plan of escape proposed by Rodoan. It was, to suggest that Sidney should send a letter to Sheikh Salem, con-

juring him to assist in furthering his escape from Gaza, in order that he might repair to Latakiah to embark in the fire-ship of the *Nemtsch*. "Doubt not," added the Aga, "that Salem will soon find means to accomplish thy wish. I will send one forthy letter in an hour." Saying this, Rodoo rose and shuffled out of the room.

It required no great stretch of sagacity for Sidney to perceive that the Turkish party at Gaza now expected to derive some advantage from his presence in England, and for that reason they favoured his escape. It was not his business to point out to them the errors of their intriguing policy, so he sat down to pen a letter to Sheikh Salem. Though short, it was not very easily written, and it was hardly terminated ere an old Arab entered his room, and said he was going to bring tobacco from Beit Mirsim for Rodoo Aga, and came to ask for a letter, or *teskereh*. Something in the sound of the voice was familiar to Sidney, and on scrutinising the person of his visitor, Sidney recollected that he was one of the guides who had attended them in crossing the desert. The letter was immediately consigned to his care, with an exhortation to deliver it as soon as possible into the hands of Sheikh Salem, and a good backhish as a weight to impress it on the memory.

In a few days the proceedings of Sheikh Salem threw all Gaza into a state of commotion. Rumours were spread that he had ventured to detain Osman Effendi, the brother-in-law of Hafiz Bey, and a large sum of money belonging to some of the principal inhabitants of the town. Early one morning, Sidney was summoned to the divan of the governor, by a Chiaous in full uniform. At this divan, all the civil and military authorities, and most of the principal inhabitants of Gaza were assembled, all looking particularly grave. After Sidney's entrance a long pause ensued, during which he had time to reconnoitre this provincial assembly of Arabs. Seated near Hafiz Bey, his eye fell on the figure of Hassan, the friend of Sheikh Salem, who had weighed the intellects of European

ambassadors in the well-poised balance of his own common sense. The sight of the Arabic philosopher cheered Sidney, who felt a conviction that he was now destined to escape from the meshes in which he had been entangled by the mad diplomacy of the trading consul of Gaza.

Hassan at length broke silence, addressing his words to Hafiz Bey, but making their import interesting to all the assembled Sheikhs and Agas. He announced himself as the envoy of Sheikh Salem of Nablous, and Sheikh Abderrahman of Hebron, sent to make a long list of complaints against Hafiz Bey and Osman Effendi; but he concluded by suggesting that means of composing all disputes might be found, if Hafiz Bey would compel the merchants of Gaza to undertake the administration of the affairs of Ibrahim of Hamadan, called *Sishman*, and release Seid Aga the English Beyzadé, who was violently detained at Gaza, under the pretext that he was a Frank *basergian* or usurer like the Christian consuls. The conclusion of Hassan's harangue was in the clear and precise style of common sense, and far removed from the misty sublimity of Frank diplomacy. His words were, "If Seid Aga, the English Beyzadé, has debts in Gaza, Sheikh Salem will pay them; if the English Beyzadé wants money, or horses, or camels, Sheikh Salem will furnish them; whatever obstacles oppose the immediate departure of the Beyzadé, Sheikh Salem will remove them; and whatever injury he may sustain, Sheikh Salem will most assuredly revenge it. On his head, and on mine, I avouch it."

In reply to this speech of Hassan, Hafiz Bey made one much longer and more formal. A long discussion ensued, which occupied the morning. In the evening it was resumed, and at last it was concluded by arrangement between Hassan and Hafiz Bey, in which these two worthy plenipotentiaries, like most European ambassadors, abandoned all consideration of the affairs of their allies, and settled that part of the matter in dispute, as much as possible to their mutual satisfaction. It was agreed

that Sheikh Salem should release Osman Effendi, and the money belonging to him and Hafiz Bey, and that Sidney should accompany Hassan, and quit Gaza at daylight next morning.

That evening Sidney gave twenty piastres to the slave from the harem, in order that his two wives and four children, with their slaves, might feel as much joy in getting quit of their Frank lord, as he did in obtaining a divorce from them. The keys of the shop and house, and the books, the tobacco, and the coffee of Ibrahim Sishman, were consigned to the care of Rodoan Aga; and Sidney and Achmet moved off that very night to the lodging of Hassan and his Arab attendants, in order to make sure of their powerful protection.

Long before daylight they were on horseback, and the rising sun was just gilding the humble minarets and the fragile buildings of Gaza, as Sidney turned to take his last look of the spot where he had spent nearly three months, seated crosslegged like a tailor, in its bazaar, acting the tobaccoist. It was already something like the idle vision of a morning dream, exquisitely real, but ridiculously improbable. It was impossible to take a last look of the place as the colouring of the scene changed rapidly under the rays of the rising sun, without a feeling of melancholy; so that it was not without an effort that Sidney turned his back for ever on Gaza. He recollected the deep depression of spirits that had affected him as he entered on a lovely evening; and he now quitted in a brilliant morning of a Syrian summer, with a feeling of softened melancholy, hoping that he left it a wiser man than he had entered its walls, and satisfied that he could never forget the experience he had acquired in the little

den he had so long occupied in its bazaar.

Sidney's subsequent adventures in Syria were not very varied. He soon learned that he was extremely fortunate in not accompanying Ringlady and Campbell to Jerusalem. He now heard for the first time that they had been murdered in an excursion to the pools of Solomon, before it had been in their power to obtain a single dollar to transmit to Gaza. Sheikh Salem, too, was prevented from meeting him on the road by other cares; but he sent a messenger with a purse, and a handsome sabre, which now adorns Sidney's library in Hyde Park Place. The messenger recommended Hassan to turn back from Jamne to the desolate walls of Askalon, where a boat would be found to convey Sidney to Latakiah. At Latakiah accordingly he arrived, and immediately embarked on board the Austrian steamer.

As he was never one of the devoted admirers of the simplicity of the administrative forms in the Ottoman Empire, nor even very enthusiastic in praise of the simple virtues of the Arabic race, we presume that he does not consider either the social or political condition of a nation in any way dependent on its commercial policy; for surely, if he thought Free Trade was destined to produce in Britain the effects it has produced in Turkey, he would not have supported it. We have heard him observe of Turkey, that in order to derive all the advantages conferred on the Ottoman Empire by the freedom of commerce, it is necessary for a native to emigrate, and become a foreigner. It is to be hoped we are not to be compelled to pursue the same course, ere we can enjoy all the fruits of our own legislation.

BYWAYS OF HISTORY.*

WE have sometimes been disposed to regard with extreme impatience the fragmentary manner in which history is now written amongst us. *Lives of the Queens—Lives of the Kings—Lives of our Statesmen—Lives of our Chancellors*—thus breaking up into detached and isolated figures the great and animated group which every age presents. If our writers cannot grapple—and it is indeed a herculean task—with the annals of a nation, why not give us at least some single period, a reign or epoch, in its unbroken entirety? If they cut up the old man of history into this multitude of pieces, into what kettle or cauldron will they throw him that will boil him into youth and unity again? The scattered members are all that will remain to us. But our impatience on this matter would be very fruitlessly expressed. Such is the mode, such the fashion in the gentle craft of authorship. It were better, perhaps, to submit at once with a good grace—take whatever is worth the having, come in what shape it will, and keep our own good-humour into the bargain.

Amongst these fragmentary sketches, few have pleased us more than the two small volumes that designate themselves as *Byways of History*. Indeed, without pretending to do so, and notwithstanding their desultory nature, they give a very fair picture of the great period of the middle ages of which they treat, in its darker as well as its brighter points of view. There is also more novelty in the anecdotes than could have been expected, considering how well gleaned a field the authoress has had to traverse; and there is a playfulness in the style which, to youthful readers especially, will be found very attractive, though it may not always be sufficiently pungent to stir the stiffer muscles that grow about the upper lip of a sexagenarian critic.

"Byways" in history there are, strictly speaking, none at all; least of

all can the peasant war in Germany, the principal subject of these volumes, be thought to lie amongst the secondary and less important transactions of the past. Whatever facts throw light upon the temper and modes of thinking of a bygone age, are of the very essence of history, though they may not immediately relate to crowned heads or official dignitaries. Yet, adopting the latitude of common speech, the title is significant enough. It is not the actions of kings and emperors, or the fate of nations and dynasties, that the fair historian undertakes to record; and as such a narrative is generally looked upon as the highway of history, she who diverges from it may be said to be traversing its byways. Only the byways, be it understood, may be the very roads which a good traveller would first and most industriously explore.

Ladies are said to hold it as one of their prerogatives to be a little unreasonable in their exactions, and a little self-contradictory in their sentiments. Our authoress appears, in one point, disposed to assert this prerogative of her sex. In ordinary cases, we know of nothing more impertinent than to appeal to the common process of litigious argumentation against these fair despots of society; but we doubt whether we should be acting even in the true spirit of gallantry, if we recognised any such prerogative in the domain of literature. It is open to any writer who thinks fit so to do, to disparage the present age by comparing it with olden times. It is also open to him, if he should be so minded, to show that these olden times, so much vaunted, were in fact far more culpable than ourselves, even in those points where we are guilty. But to none is it open—in the same book—to do both the one and the other; to disparage the present by comparison with the past, and then prove the past to have been ten times worse than the present. This is more than can reasonably fall to the share of any one author, or authoress.

* *Byways of History, from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century.* By Mrs PRACY SINNETT.

He cannot have it both ways. He cannot have the pleasure of putting the present age to shame by a contrast with the past, and the pleasure, almost as great, of exposing in their true colours the vices of a past that has been too indulgently surveyed.

But something of this license Mrs Sinnott seems disposed to take. At p. 37 we have to submit, with the rest of our contemporaries, to the following rebuke:—"When we hear it publicly proclaimed that it is a great thing for a young nobleman to postpone '*his pleasures*' for a week or two for the sake of performing a service to his country, we cannot but begin to doubt whether, in the education of our privileged classes, we have really improved much on the system of the '*dark ages*.' Then, at least, it was not thought that any class had a right to make '*its pleasures*' its chief consideration."

Indeed! Yet we are told in other parts that the landlords of those times not only made their pleasures their chief consideration, but wrung by violence the last groschen from the peasant's hand in order to procure them. At p. 55, vol. ii., after an account of the pleasures of the kings and nobles, we have the following description of the peasant:—"And what, then, was the condition of the people all this while? 'Look here upon this picture and on this!' All taxes and imposts fell, as a matter of course, on the lower orders; the humble citizen, the laborious peasant, had to toil and earn by the sweat of his brow, not his own daily bread, but the means of luxurious indulgence to his insolent masters; yet if the wild boar came tearing up his fields and vineyards, and the knight and his followers dashed after him with a troop of horsemen and dogs, he had no redress, and dared not even kill the beast, lest he should interfere with the pleasures of his lord. . . . New methods and pretences for extorting money from the people were devised every day."

It would be easy to multiply similar quotations. The landlords of ancient times, with whom it was plainly intimated we could bear no flattering comparison, are held up, we see, to complete reprobation.

The difference between the bad land-

lord of ancient and of modern times, (for we presume the good and the bad, the wheat and the tares, were sown together then as now,) we believe to be this. The modern bad landlord takes his rent—a rent obtained often by a ruinous competition for the soil—and thinks no more of the matter; thinks nothing of the tenant, whether he has offered a higher rent than he can well pay, or of the labourer, whether the wages he receives are sufficient to support him in health. The ancient bad landlord was a positive extortioner; he *did* look after his tenants or his serfs—to see if there was any thing more he could take from them; he looked into the roost for the last hen, and behind the barn-door for the last egg. When we censure the modern landlord for being an absentee, reckless of his tenantry, we in fact tacitly demand from him a higher strain of virtue than we exact from other wealthy classes, who are allowed to receive without inquiry, and expend without control, the utmost income which fortune and the laws have given them. He is at worst the "sluggard king," indifferent to a world of which he knows nothing, and absorbed only in the pursuit of his own pleasures. But the bad landlord of feudal times had the active vices of the robber and the tyrant.

Let no one study the middle ages in the hope—which some seem to entertain—of extracting from *them* the lesson peculiarly applicable to ourselves. The feudal times are utterly past. Some of their forms, or some shadow of their forms, may still linger amongst us; but their spirit is as utterly past as that which animated an Athenian democracy, or the court of the Great King. We must study our duty as citizens, as Christians, in the circumstances around us, in the eternal Writing before us: we shall gain nothing by the fantastic gloss, with its grotesque illuminations, which the middle ages supply. This turning and struggling towards the past is but the backward looking of those whom the current is still carrying down the stream: it were wiser to look before, and on either side of them; they will better see whither they are going. —

It will perhaps be thought that throughout these volumes the sympa-

thief of the authoress are a little too chameleon-like, — somewhat too mobile, and take their changeable hue from the immediate subject, or the last light thrown upon it. Now the knight, with his faith in God and his own right arm, his self-reliance, his daring and devotion, claims from the lady, as is most just, his meed of applause. But by-and-by she catches him upon his marauding expedition, the ruthless-spoiliator of the burgher, the contemptuous oppressor of the artisan; and she does not spare her censure. One moment she appears to join in the regret that the age of chivalry is gone! The next moment the same phrase rings differently, and when contemplating the oppressed condition of the peasantry, she rejoices that the age of chivalry is gone! In one part she makes honourable mention of the training the youthful nobleman received in the halls of the great, where he acted as page; but cannot, in another part, refrain from a little satire on this very system of training. "Noble young gentlemen," she says p. 32, "who would not to save their lives have employed themselves in any useful art or manufacture, had no objection to lay cloths, carry up dishes, wait at table, hold horses, and lead them to the stables; and noble young ladies did not disdain to perform many of the offices of a chambermaid at a hotel, for a knightly guest."

We note this versatility of feeling, but hardly for the purpose of blaming it; for indeed it is the peculiar characteristic of the middle ages thus to play with our sympathies. They present so many and such different phases, their institutions are capable of being viewed under such opposite lights, that it requires more care and watchfulness than is perhaps consistent with simple honesty of thought and feeling, to preserve one's self from these fluctuations of sentiment. One who yields unaffectedly to the genuine impressions which the history of this period produces, will find his *Oh* and his *Ha* breaking out in a very contradictory manner. That knight, with lance at rest which challenges the whole fighting world—whatever can be tilted at,—who would not be that knight? But the man cannot read;

and thinks an old woman can bewitch him by her spells, and that his priest, by some spell also, can absolve him. That monk, with folded arms over a heart so well folded too—who would not be that monk? But the man has mingled asceticism with his piety till he knows not which is which; and let a woman in her youth and beauty traverse his path, he crosses himself, as if not the angel of this world, but the demon of another had appeared before him. In looking at these phantasmagoria of the past, we must be content to see and to feel for the moment; there is no stereotyped expression of face with which we can regard the whole.

We have soon exhausted our critical cavils, and shall look at leisure through these volumes for some of those points which interested us during their perusal. Amongst the first things we had noted for quotation is an account of our old friend Götz von Berlichingen—him of the Iron Hand—which we somehow liked the better for there being no allusion to the drama of Goethe. Nobody whom the information could in the least interest, needed to be told that it was the hero of the drama whose real life and adventures he was getting acquainted with. We find, however, on re-perusal, that this account is too long to be extracted: we leave it untouched for those who peruse the work; and shall make our first quotation from the description of the Hansa Towns. Here is a curious passage, which shows that the mere collecting together in towns, and making some advance in the great art of money-getting, is no guarantee against superstitions as gross and ridiculous as any that haunt the hearth in his cottage.

"With the horrors of superstition in the punishment of witches and the like, most readers are familiar enough; and such as occur in the registers of these cities, have little to distinguish them from similar occurrences elsewhere. Sometimes, indeed, there is an entry somewhat more noteworthy; as, for instance, of the arrival of 'The Wandering Jew' at the Iron gate of the city of Munich. It appears, that this rather remarkable visitor was not allowed to enter the city, but he told those who went to see him that he had been seven times round the world,

and on being shown a picture of the Saviour, readily vouched for the likeness.

"Another entry concerns a certain wolf, who had committed terrible havoc, so that the country people, even at mid-day, were afraid to cross the fields; but a still greater consternation was created when the discovery was made that the wolf was no other than a certain deceased burgomaster of unhappy memory, who, as every body knew, had stood looking out of an upper window of his house to watch his own funeral. The night-watchman was ready to swear to his identity; and as, putting all things together, no doubt existed any longer in the mind of any reasonable person, the formidable wolf, when taken, instead of being disposed of in the usual manner, was hung on a high gallows, in a brown wig, and a long gray beard, by way of completing his likeness to the burgomaster."—(P. 95.)

Those who indulge in, or applaud practical jests, should read on farther in the same chapter (p. 102.) We heartily wish that the professors of this species of wit were every one of them conducted in his turn into the "Paradise" here described; of which it may be sufficient to intimate that "it was provided with a bench and a good store of rods."

On monastic institutions, Mrs. Sinnett has some very just and equitable remarks.

"Monasticism was a resolute attempt to subject the outward to the inward life; and through whatever devious paths it may have wandered, it set out from the true and high principle, that the spiritual and immortal man should attain dominion over the mere animal nature; and it grounded itself on the undeniable truth that the indulgence of the senses 'wars against the soul.' The objects it has in view are to us also true and holy, though we may differ as to the means of their attainment; yet even in these, the monks were not perhaps wholly wrong. Solitude and silence are unquestionably amongst the means of spiritual elevation; poverty is, in most instances, healthful to the soul, a means of obtaining a simplicity good for both body and mind; obedience is, beyond doubt, the school of patience, in which we best learn to combat our original sins of pride and self-will; but we have learned, from the experience of the Ascetics, a juster measure for these things, which, perhaps, *a priori*, we might not have been able to discover. They have tried the experiment for us; and now that its history is before us, it is easy to

determine that the attempt to rend asunder the two natures so wonderfully combined in us, to put asunder what God has joined, is one that cannot come to good. Solitude, though often beneficial to full minds and active intellects, is more than the vacuity of ignorance can support. Poverty, pushed as it was by the Ascetics to the excess of destitution, tends, it is to be feared, to blight both body and soul. Obedience, carried beyond reasonable limits, leads to abject meanness and hypocrisy, as the history of convents in general will abundantly show. Yet, after making whatever deductions we fairly can for their mistakes, we still find, in the history of these singular institutions, much that is worthy of our deepest study; and the more so, the more firmly we are convinced of the utter impossibility of their restoration."—(P. 114.)

Restoration! Restore the Heptarchy! as Canning on one occasion exclaimed. And yet we understand that of late there has been a gentle sigh, and some half-formed projects for the revival of monastic institutions. We hear from the preface to Maitland's "Essays on the Dark Ages," that a circular was issued by persons of no contemptible influence in the church, headed "Revival of Monastic and Conventual Institutions on a plan adapted to the exigencies of the reformed Catholic religion." As Mr Maitland says of the plan—it would be after all but "a playing at monkery." Where, we would ask, is their irrevocable vow? Where is the unchangeable fate, the civil death, that awaited the inmate of the monastic house? Where is the superstitious admiration of the crowd without? Where all those religious ideas that made renouncement of life so sacred and meritorious? And where, moreover, is that insecure and unprotected condition of a half-civilised age, which made the retreat of the monastery so precious to the wearied and wounded spirit? You are charmed with an oasis in the desert;—you must spread the desert first, if you would realise the charm. What are monastic walls to you,—who can take a lodging in Cheapside, and be as solitary, as undisturbed, as utterly forgotten as if the grave had closed upon you?

Viewed strictly as a portion of the past, and in relation to all the cir-

cumstances that gave origin and value to them, we confess we have a partiality for the old monasteries. Some of the popular censures which are still dealt upon them are founded upon erroneous ideas of the nature and purposes of such institutions. They are blamed repeatedly for their ignorance and their neglect of learning. They were not instituted for the preservation or advancement of learning. Originally they were not even ecclesiastical, but consisted of pious laymen, who wished to devote their souls to God, by drawing them out of the mire of their daily lives. Profane learning was more frequently regarded as a thing forbidden, than numbered amongst the objects which might engage their attention. "Solitude, labour, silence, and prayer—these were the elements of monastic life; and the question was not, how the monk might most effectually gather and diffuse learning, but—when, indeed, any question came to be raised—whether he might lawfully cultivate learning at all?"—(Maitland, p. 160.)

The charge of indolence, also—(the two epithets of "lazy and ignorant," generally go together, in the popular phraseology, when monks are spoken of)—is made without any discrimination, and bestowed as well upon bodies of men remarkable for their industrious and persevering cultivation of the soil, as upon the pampered and corrupted monastery. Amongst the rules of the Benedictines, labour figures conspicuously. In many cases it was the hard work of emigrants who first subdued the soil, that was performed by these sacred and secluded men. But, when an admiring world thought fit, in its sagacity, to reward a voluntary poverty by endowing and enriching it,—when the monastery became a wealthy landlord, with treasures of gold and silver in its coffers—then, as might be expected, labour declined,—then the monk grew lazy, and the description which Mrs Percy Sinnett quotes from an old author, was, no doubt, very generally applicable to him. "Every other minute he comes out of his cell—then goes in again—then comes out again to look if the sun is not near setting." The world behaved towards the monk as an old gentleman we remember to have read

of in some play, who, charmed with the temperance which his young friend had exhibited, rewarded it by putting his cellar of choice wines at his disposal. He was afterwards indignant at finding that the virtue of his protégé had not increased under his kind encouragement.

The remarks of Mrs P. Sinnett, which we have just quoted, on monastic life, usher in a very entertaining account of the origin and growth of the "Abbey of Altenberg." Here is a fragment of it:—

"The half-decayed mountain-castle, where the community was now established, was found to be in some respects unsuitable to its new destination; and the Abbot Berno, therefore, with the consent and assistance of the Counts of Berg, proposed to build a new convent down in the valley, where already, on a pleasant meadow-land, stood a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

"When the monks were called together to consider of the precise spot where the edifice should stand, it was found that they could by no means agree about it; some thought it should be built at the northern entrance of the valley, others that it should be at the foot of the castle-hill; others, again, that it should be immediately on the banks of the Dhun. In this dilemma, Abbot Berno, according to the narratives of the monks, proposed what seems a curious method of coming to a decision.

"Modern frivolity feels tempted to giggle when it hears that the animal always in especial favour with the monks was the ass. His simplicity of manners, humility of carriage, and usually taciturn habits;—the sign of the cross which he bears on his back—the manner in which he hangs his head, as the rules of most orders command the pious brethren themselves to do,—the patience with which he submits to discipline,—all this naturally recommended him to these devout recluses. They were even ready, it seems, to regard him as a kind of oracle in difficult cases.

"It was, we may recollect, not merely the spirit of monasticism, but the spirit of all those ages, to see in what we call trivial chances the ordination of a higher power. Do we not find, in the history of Nurnberg, that in the fourteenth century, two hundred years after the building of Altenberg convent, a worthy and respected burgher of that city, one Berthold Tucher, of the renowned family of that name, wishing to know whether it was the will of God that he should remain in the world and marry again, or take holy

vows and devote himself to the monastic life, did, after praying devoutly in the little chapel in his house, 'at the corner of the Milk Market, there where you turn into Dog Alley,' resolve to ascertain the Divine pleasure by the simple method of tossing up a halfpenny; three times did he toss it, and three times did it come up heads, and thereupon he accepted the oracle, and went directly and fetched himself a wife.

"Even so did the monks of Altenberg now resolve to devolve upon the ass the business which had proved too weighty for themselves. The highly-honoured Neddy was conducted accordingly to the gate of the castle, laden with the money to be expended for the building, and with the insignia of the convent, and then left to take whatever way might in his wisdom seem good to him.

"Slowly and deliberately did he pace down towards the valley, the monks following at a reverential distance. Now and then the sagacious animal stopped, and cropped a thistle, doubtless to give himself time for reflection, and occasionally he stood still and looked around, as if to consider the capabilities of the place. He went on till he entered a shady grove, that afforded a delicious refuge from the burning rays of the afternoon sun, and stopped where a bright rivulet, trickling from the Spechthard, and marking its course by a strip of the liveliest green, fell into the beautiful Dhun. The monks watched him with breathless expectation, for here they thought would be a delightful spot, and they dreaded lest he should go farther. The respectable animal, after due consideration, slowly stooped and tasted the water; and then, that he might omit no means of forming a correct judgment, began to try a little of the fragrant grass that grew in rich abundance on the bank. At length he lay down, and having apparently quite made up his mind, rolled over "heels upwards," and gave vent to his feelings in the trumpet tones of a loud and joyful bray. His sonorous voice was drowned in the exulting psalms of the monks—and on this, the loveliest spot of the whole valley, the sacred edifice was erected."

If the ass was a great favourite with the monk, it was still more so with the populace. With no other animal was so much of the rough humour of the middle ages associated. It might be worth consideration how far the introduction of the ass in certain religious or semi-religious festivals—as in the feast of the ass—has aided in investing him with that peculiar grave humour

which modern wits associate with him. *Appropos* of this feast of the ass, we may as well correct a general error which Robertson has led his readers into, when he describes it as "a festival in commemoration of the Virgin Mary's flight into Egypt." The Virgin Mary appears to have had nothing to do with it, and the ass from which the festival took its name was not that on which she fled into Egypt, but the ass of Balaam. We rely on the authority of Maitland, whose "Essays on the Dark Ages" we have before alluded to—a not very amiable writer, by the way, and far more acrimonious than the importance of his contributions to our knowledge entitles him to be, but evidently a very formidable antagonist to those who deal in loose and careless statements. "The *dramatis personæ* of this celebrated interlude," he tells us, "were miscellaneous enough. There were Jews and Gentiles, as the representatives of their several bodies—Moses and Aaron and the prophets—Virgilius Maro—Nebuchadnezzar—The Sibyl, &c. &c. Among them, however, was Balaam on his ass; and this (not, one would think, the most important or striking part of the show) seems to have suited the popular taste, and given the name to the whole performance and festival. I should have supposed, that Nebuchadnezzar's delivering over the three children to his armed men, and then burning them in a furnace made on purpose, in the middle of the church, would have been a more imposing part of the spectacle; but I pretend not to decide in matters of taste, and certainly Balaam's ass appears to have been the favourite. The plan of the piece seems to have been, that each of the persons was called out in his turn to sing or say something suitable to his character, and among others, 'Balaam ornatus, sedens super asinam,' having spurs on his heels, and holding the reins in his hands, struck and spurred his ass, and a youth holding a sword in his hand, barred his progress. Whereupon another youth, under the belly of the ass, and speaking for the abused animal, cries out, 'Why, &c., &c.'"—in the well-known terms of the colloquy.

"Indeed the ass," says the same

writer in a note, "seems to be always a favourite with the public, and to give the tone and title wherever he appears. In the twelfth century, an order of monks was formed whose humility (or at least their rule) did not permit them to ride on horseback. The public (I hope to the satisfaction of these humble men) entirely overlooked them, eclipsed as they were by the animals on which they rode, and called it *ordo Asinorum*."

There is an account here of "Prussia in the Old Times," which will be read with interest; the more so as we suspect it is a portion of history not very familiar to English readers. We mean the period from the conquest of Prussia, and its conversion to Christianity by the knights of the Teutonic Order, to the year 1526, when Albert, Grand-master of that order, made a treaty with Sigismund, king of Poland, with whom he had been at war, by which it was stipulated that Albert should hold the duchy as lay prince, doing homage—how times have changed!—to the king of Poland!

We shall devote our remaining space, however, to some extracts from Mrs P. Sinnett's account of the peasant war, the subject which occupies the whole of the second volume.

In every historical or biographical work which treats of the Reformation in Germany, there will be found a short, and only a short, notice of the peasant war, which broke out on the preaching of Luther, and of the fury of the anabaptists and others; and in every such notice the reader will find it uniformly stated that these disturbances and insurrections, though assuming a religious character, were in their origin substantially of a political or social nature, springing, in short, from the misery and destitution of the lower orders. But we do not know where the English reader will find this general statement so well verified, or so fully developed, as in the little work before us. In every part of Germany we see partial insurrections repeatedly taking place, all having the same unhappy origin; and our wonder is, not that the preaching of the Reformation should have communicated a new vitality to these insurrectionary movements, but that, after being allied with religious feeling, and religious emotion

and enthusiasm, they were not still more tremendous in their results.

Here is one of the earliest of these insurrections: it is a type of the class. The chapter is headed

"THE DRUMMER OF NIKLAUSHAUSEN."

"Franconia, (the greatest part of which is now included in the kingdom of Bavaria) was the smallest of the circles of the empire, though excelling them all in fertility, and most of them in beauty. The valley of the Main, which flows through it, is so rich in vineyards, that it has been said, it alone might furnish wine to all Germany; and the river also opens for it a communication with the Rhine, Holland, and the ocean, by which it might receive the produce of all other lands. Towards the north, where the hills of Thuringia and the Pine Mountains are less productive, its comparative barrenness is compensated by its riches in minerals and wood. It is, in short, as a German writer says, 'a beautiful and blessed land,'—yet here it was that the peasantry were suffering the greatest extremities of want and oppression, and here began the first of the series of revolts that preceded the great outbreak of 1525. It was in the year 1476 that a shepherd lad of Wurzburg, named Hans Boheim, but commonly known as Hans the Drummer, or the piper—for he was in the habit of playing on both instruments at weddings, church festivals, and such occasions—began to meditate on all he saw and heard,—'to see visions, and to dream dreams;' and one day—it was about the time of mid-Lent—there appeared to him no less a person than the 'Glorious Queen of Heaven' herself. The life he had hitherto led now appeared profane and sinful; he burned his drum in the presence of the people, and began to preach to them to repent of their sins, 'for the kingdom of heaven was at hand;' and he commanded them at the same time to lay aside all costly attire, cords of silk and silver, pointed-toed shoes and all manner of vanity. The people hearkened to the new prophet, and great numbers came every holiday flocking to Niklaushausen to hear him. Soon he enlarged his theme. 'The Blessed Virgin,' he said, 'had not only commanded him to preach the renunciation of all the pomps and vanities of the world, but likewise to announce the speedy abolition of all existing authorities; there should be no lords spiritual or temporal, neither prince nor pope, neither king nor kaiser; but all should be as brothers; that all taxes and tributes, tithes and dues, should be done away with; and wood and water, spring and meadow, be free to all men.'"

In reading this paragraph, one is at first struck with the superfluous incongruity of preaching against "costly attire and silk and silver cords" to the ragged and shoeless populace that formed the chief part of the drummer's audience. But a little reflection suggests that, in the first place, it gives a preacher a great hold over a mob, to inveigh against the sins of their superiors, and that, in the next place, there is a very easy transition from inveighing against the sins of the rich, to disputing their privileges, and contemning their power and authority.

"For months together, on all Sundays and holidays, was heard the voice of the holy youth, the 'messenger of our Lady,' as he was called, sounding from his pulpit—a tub turned upside down—and as yet, notwithstanding all that he had said and done, in perfect harmony with the parish priest. Two nobles even are named as having been amongst his hearers, the knight Sir Kunz of Thunfeld and his son. Gifts began to pour in—rich gifts in money, and jewels, and clothes; and peasant women who had nothing else to give, made offerings of their long hair. Forty thousand worshippers of the Virgin were collected around Niklashausen; booths and tents were erected to supply them with necessities, though at night they had to lie in the gardens or in the open fields. The enthusiasm rose even higher; but the priests now began to discover that they were playing with edged tools, and to hint that Hans Boheim dealt in the black art; that his inspiration was of the devil; and that the said devil it was, and no other, who had appeared to him in the white robes of the Blessed Virgin, and had prompted this ungodly rebellion against temporal and ecclesiastical authority. But the hearts of men were on fire, and the feeble sprinkling only made them burn the fiercer. They flung themselves on their knees before the holy drummer, saying, 'O man of God! messenger of heaven! be gracious to us, and have pity on us!' and they tore and parted among them fragments of his garments, and he esteemed himself happy who could obtain but a thread of so precious a relic."—(P. 19.)

Yes, the drummer of Niklashausen was their god for the moment. Yearning for help, and unable to help themselves, such simple crowds are ready to believe in any voice that promises a coming salvation. But now the

Bishops of Mainz and Wurzburg, and the Senate of Nuremberg, began to bestir themselves. Hans Boheim, after concluding one of his exhortations, had invited his followers on the next holiday to come without their wives and children, and "to come armed." What would have ensued at the next assembly we are left only to guess, for the prophet, while sleeping quietly in his house, was, in the middle of the night, fairly kidnapped by the Bishop of Wurzburg, and thrown into prison.

Some sixteen thousand of his disciples marched off to Wurzburg to set him free. But the Bishop spoke them softly, and after some demonstrations of violence, they began to retreat. "Group after group slowly retired, scattering in different directions; but the Bishop watched his opportunity, and when they had all peaceably turned their backs, he sent out his men-at-arms who fell upon them, and cut many down, and took many prisoners. Great numbers took refuge in a church; but, threatened with fire and starvation, they at length surrendered. The prophet was burned to death on a field near the castle of Wurzburg." *Exeunt omnes.*

We pass on at one bound to the chief hero of these peasant wars, whom Mrs Percy Sinnett undertakes, in the French phrase, to rehabilitate—in other words, to wash a little white. That Thomas Munzer has had hard justice dealt to him, we are quite disposed to believe. Both the great parties who divided the world of letters between them—the Roman Catholics and the Protestants—were decidedly hostile to him. The Roman Catholics would dwell upon his enormities in order to charge them upon the Protestants; the Protestants, anxious to escape so ill-omened a connexion, and show the world they had no alliance with such enthusiasts, would spare no term of abuse, and would not venture a single word in his defence. Robertson, writing with a quite Lutheran feeling, expresses nothing but unmitigated condemnation. He describes the projects of himself and his followers as being little more than the simple madness "of levelling every distinction amongst mankind." Nor will he allow him

even the ordinary virtues of the fanatic. "He had all the extravagance, but not the courage which enthusiasts usually possess." According to Robertson, he was nothing better than a madman, and a coward.

We think that Mrs Percy Sinnett has satisfactorily proved that Munzer was not a coward, and that he is entitled to all that respect which is due to those sincere and furious fanatics, who are perhaps the greatest pests which ever appear in society; men who may die, for aught we know, with all the zeal and merit of martyrs, but whom the world must nevertheless get rid of, in what way it can, and as soon as possible.

Yet we like to see justice done to every historical character, and therefore shall follow Mrs Sinnett through some portion of her biography of Munzer.

"Among the true men of the people of the period who, whatever may have been their faults, have suffered the usual fate of the losing side, in being exposed to more than the usual amount of calumny and misrepresentation, one of the most prominent is Thomas Munzer, who has been made to bear the blame, not only of whatever befel amiss during his lifetime, but even of the excesses of the fanatical Anabaptists which occurred *ten years* after his death; and the Wittenberg theologians themselves contributed not a little to these calumnies. Of the early years of this singular man (who was born at Stolberg in the Harz mountains, probably in 1498) little is known with certainty; but it is said on good authority that his father had been unjustly condemned to death on the gallows by the Count of Stolberg, whose vassal he was, and that this was the original cause of that deep and burning sense of wrong which arose in the mind of Thomas Munzer, and formed the key to much of his future life. He studied at Wittenberg, where he gained a doctor's degree, and was distinguished above his contemporaries for diligence and knowledge; but previously to this, and whilst still a boy, he obtained a situation as teacher in a school at Aschersleben; and afterwards at Halle, in the year 1513, when he was only in his fifteenth year; and had even at that age formed an association with some of his companions, which had for its object the reform of religion. What means were proposed for this end does not appear; probably they were such as might have been expected from raw university lads;

but the mere proposal of so high an object implies a state of mind very different from that of the mere vulgar, sensual, selfish fanatic, such as he has been actually described."

"In the year 1520 he was appointed to be first Evangelical Preacher at Zwickau, having by this time, like some others, who had at first warmly espoused the cause of Luther, become dissatisfied that the Reformation seemed by no means likely to perform what it had promised. In Thuringia, where Munzer was now beginning to attract attention, the seeds of religious enthusiasm had been sown deep by the doctrines and the fate of Huss; and through the whole fifteenth century, a tendency to fanaticism and mysticism had been perceptible in that country. The sect of Flagellants had maintained itself longer here than elsewhere, and the persecutions which the Brothers of the Cross had to encounter, the fires in which so many perished, had not been able to destroy, though for a time they repressed, the enthusiasm of the people. Now, under the influence of Munzer's preaching, it burst forth into open day."

So it seems. In this place sprang up the Anabaptists, whose conduct became so wild and fanatical, that the civil power thought itself compelled to interfere. The most violent of them were seized and thrown into prison; but the greater part left the city, some going to Wittenberg and others to Bohemia.

To Bohemia also went Munzer. But he again appears in the year following, (1522,) preaching in Altstedt in Thuringia. His violence against the old religion seems to have been increased. After one of his sermons, his audience rushed out to a chapel in the neighbourhood, famous as a shrine for pilgrims, and not only destroyed all the images of the saints, but burnt the chapel itself. We have an account of a sermon which he preached here before the two Saxon princes, Frederick and John; and it certainly exhibits a very striking union of the two master passions which animate the class of men to which Munzer is described as belonging—the *odium theologicum*, and the zeal for the reformation of mankind. "He exhorted them to root out idolatry from the land, and establish the gospel by force. Priests, monks, and ungodly rulers who should oppose this, were to be slain; for the ungodly had no right to live longer than the

elect would permit them. He told, also, some home-truths to his noble auditors. The princes and lords themselves, he said, were at the bottom of much mischief: they seized on all things as their property; the birds in the air, the fish in the waters, the plants upon the earth, all must be theirs; and when they had secured these good things for themselves, they were willing enough to publish God's command to the poor, and say, 'Thou shalt not steal;' but for themselves, they will have none of it. They rob the poor peasant and labourer of all that he has, and then, if he touches the least thing, he must hang."

The prophet and the inspired man — for he claimed to be both — was shortly after chased out of Altstedt. He went to Nurnberg, and was driven out of Nurnberg. He had now entirely broken with Luther, who wrote to the Senate of the town, cautioning them not to receive him. He wandered for some time about southern Germany, preaching where he could find an opportunity, but often hunted from place to place, and not knowing whither to turn. At length he reached the town of Muhlhausen, the populace of which was prepared to welcome him. But the Senate, alarmed at the tenor of his discourses, forbade him to preach. Thereupon a great commotion rose amongst the people; throngs pouring in from the neighbouring villages; and the streets filled all night long with a restless and clamorous crowd. Many of the patrician families left the city, the Common Council elected Munzer for their chief pastor; a new Senate was chosen under the threats and violence of the populace, in which Munzer and his friends were included. Munzer for a time was supreme.

"This his solitary triumph, he gained on the 17th of March 1525, and he immediately set about to reduce to practice, as far as possible, the doctrines he had taught, and in which, however mistaken, he was evidently sincere. . . . He had before taught that to please God, men must return to their original condition of brotherly equality; and he now urged that there should be community of goods, as it existed among the primitive Christians. But it does not appear that he attempted or wished to extend it farther. Many of his disciples obeyed the injunc-

tion, and shared with their poor brethren at least as much of their worldly possessions as was required to supply their real wants. The rich fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and made daily distributions of articles of real necessity, such as corn, and common stuff for garments. Munzer's own dress was a simple cloak or coat trimmed with fur, such as was then worn by citizens of the middle class in many parts of Germany; but a beard of venerable length and magnitude gave a sort of patriarchal air to his youthful features; for we must recollect in extenuation of Munzer's errors, that his age was still only about twenty-seven."

Melancthon has stated that Munzer lived at Muhlhausen in all manner of luxury and profligacy, like a great lord, for more than a year. Mrs Sinnett tells us that he passed there only eight weeks; and we are disposed to conclude with her that the rest of the statement is as loosely and carelessly made. Eye-witnesses describe Munzer as one who awed the people by his presence, by the force of his character, and by a personal influence which could have resulted only from "the great moral earnestness which dwelt within him." His habits of life are declared to have been simple and austere; and the tender attachment which he is proved to have manifested towards his wife, Mrs Sinnett argues, was quite inconsistent with the licentious course attributed to him.

The charge of cowardice, which is so conspicuously brought forward by Dr Robertson, seems also to have but slender foundation. The "difficulty with which he was persuaded to take the field," resolves itself into the having been a degree more prudent, or a degree less rash, than his headstrong companion, Pfeiffer; who, having had a dream wherein "he saw himself in a barn, surrounded by a vast multitude of mice, on which he made a tremendous onslaught," concluded that he should obtain as easy a victory over the princes and nobles now arrayed against the fanatics of Muhlhausen, and, therefore, urged Munzer to take the field. When the day of trial came, "he who had never so much as seen a battle," found himself the leader of an undisciplined, discordant multitude, who, even in point of numbers, were not equal to the military force which was being

led, by experienced generals, against him. At this moment he behaved with desperate energy; he quelled the treachery of one portion of his followers by the immediate execution of the priest who had ventured to be their spokesman; and he raised the rest from the consternation that had seized them, by one of his violent harangues, and by that fortunate allusion, which all historians have noticed, to a rainbow that suddenly appeared in the sky, and which happened to be the device painted on his banner.

That the ensuing battle should be converted speedily into a rout was inevitable. That Munzer, in the general flight, sought to conceal himself from his pursuers, by hiding in a loft, can be considered no fair proof of cowardice. It is what the bravest men have been reduced to do in the day of disaster. No one who wears the oak leaf on King Charles's day thinks that he is commemorating an act of cowardice in that prince, because he concealed himself in the trees rather than show himself to his enemies. How he comported himself in the last scene of all, does not here appear; but it seems that the victors made a cruel use of their power. "He was given over to the fierce Count Ernst of Mansfield, who 'went horribly to

work with him.' (*ist garlich mit ihm umgegangen.*)"

What can be done for the restoration of Thomas Munzer's character, Mrs Sinnett is entitled to praise for having performed. But we must be permitted to observe, that in speaking of the general purposes of this fanatic and his party, she has been led a little too far, either by the feeling of advocacy, which the subject has called forth, or by some of the German authorities she has consulted. In particular, we think her manifestly unjust to the memory of Luther, whom she heavily censures for the part he took in this war between the peasant and the noble. Luther compassionated the peasant, there can be no doubt; but Luther must have seen—what surely every man in possession of his right understanding must have seen—that there was no help to the peasant from insurrection and war; and that prophets who were inspiring them with hopes of some great revolution in society, with visions of equal and universal happiness, were but leading them to destruction.

We shall hope to meet Mrs Sinnett again in some of the *by-ways* of history, walking with a somewhat surer step, and keeping her sympathies under somewhat better control.

REQUIEM.

[To the Music of Mozart.]

BY DELTA.

I.

GONE art thou, in youthful sweetness,
 Time's short changeful voyage o'er;
 Now thy beauty in completeness
 Blooms on Heaven's unfading shore:
 What to us is life behind thee?
 Darkness and despair alone!
 When with sighs we seek to find thee,
 Echo answers moan for moan!

II.

Not in winter's stormy bluster
 Did'st thou droop in pale decay,
 But mid summer light and lustre
 Pass'd to Paradise away:—
 Yes! when, to rapture only,
 Sang the birds among the bowers,
 Rapt from earth to leave us lonely,
 Bliss was thine and sorrow ours!

III.

Mourners, solemn vigil keeping,
 Knelt in silence round thy bed;
 Could they deem thee only sleeping,
 When to Heaven thy spirit fled?
 Yes! that spirit then was winging
 Upwards from its shell of clay,
 Guardian angels round it singing—
 "Welcome to the realms of day!"

IV.

Less when Eve's low shadows darkling
 Shut the wild flowers on the lea,
 Than when Dawn's last Star is sparkling,
 Silence draws our thoughts to thee—
 Thee — who, robed in light excelling,
 Stood'st a seraph by the hearth,—
 Far too bright for mortal dwelling,
 Far — by far, too good for earth!

V.

Fare-thee-well! a track of glory
 Shows where'er thy steps have been,
 Making Life a lovely story,
 Earth a rich, romantic scene:
 Dim when Duty's way before us,
 As the magnet charts the sea,
 May thy pure star glowing o'er us
 Point the path to Heaven and Thee!

GIACOMO DA VALENCIA; OR, THE STUDENT OF BOLOGNA.

A TALE.*

CHAPTER I.

OF all the students that assembled at Bologna, A.D. 1324, Giacomo da Valencia was the most popular and the most beloved. His wealth, his liberality, his noble spirit, his handsome person, his bravery, and his wit, gave him a just title to this pre-eminence.

Of all the beauties of the town of Bologna, whose mission it was in the same year of grace, 1324, to turn the heads and inflame the hearts of this assemblage of students, none could be compared to Constantia, niece of Giovanni D'Andrea, one of the most celebrated juriconsults of his age.

Of course, then, they loved each other, this peerless couple. No. Only the student loved. The lady was fancy-free. The perverse god, having shot *one* arrow forth—buried it up to the very feather—"would not shoot his other." No prayers and no clamour could avail: he held it loosely in his hand, letting its golden point trail idly upon the sand.

In vain had Giacomo been the most constant attendant upon mass; in vain had he lingered hour after hour on the promenade to catch one look of recognition; in vain had he courted every family she visited, and for the last six months had selected his acquaintances on one principle only,—that they were hers, and might introduce him to her presence. All his efforts were fruitless—Constantia, so amiable to all others, so sweet, so gentle, was cold to him. She would not love. Why not? What was there wanting in our cavalier? Was it birth, or wealth, or nobility of spirit, or personal beauty? No, nothing was wanting—nothing in him. But, for her, the hour had not yet struck. It was summer all around, but the heart of the virgin—the rose of Bologna—was still sleeping in its coiled leaves, and not to day would it unfold itself.

But the passion of Giacomo was invincible: no coldness could repulse, no denial reduce him to despair. Love cannot exist, cannot endure, say reasonable people, without hope. True. *But a great passion bears its own hope in its bosom.* Neither was it in the nature or temperament of Giacomo lightly to relinquish any enterprise he had once undertaken. The following incident in his college life will serve to show the ardent, serious, and indomitable temper of the lover of Constantia. A French cavalier, lately emancipated from the university of Paris, who, while there, had borne off the prize from all,—not, indeed, in scholarship, but for his unrivalled dexterity in the noble art of defence,—had visited Bologna, and challenged to a trial of skill the most renowned champion it could boast. They would cross their rapiers, the challenge said, for the honour of their respective universities. This proclamation of the Parisian, affixed, according to custom, to the college gates, was no sooner read than all eyes were turned to Giacomo. To him alone could the honour of the university be safely intrusted; indeed, if he should decline the challenge, it was doubtful whether any other would risk a trial of skill from which he had retreated. Thus pointed out by public opinion as the champion of the university, and solicited by his fellow students to sustain its reputation in the high and noble science of defence, he overcame the first repugnance which he felt to what seemed to him the boastful acceptance of a boastful challenge. He and the Frenchman met. The Frenchman manifested the greater skill; it seemed evident that the contest would end in the defeat of the Bolognese. "Let us try," said Giacomo, "with the naked rapier;" for hitherto the points had been guarded. That such a pro-

* See Sismondi's *History of the Italian Republics*, vol. iii. p. 58.

position should have come from him who was manifestly the least skilful of the two, seemed the result of passion, of blind anger at approaching defeat. Mere madness! cried some of his best friends. But it was not madness, it was not passion; it was deliberately done. He knew that the earnestness of the combat would call forth all his own skill and energy to the utmost; it might very probably have the opposite effect upon his adversary. His reasoning was justified by the event. His antagonist had no sooner accepted the proposition—no sooner had the pointed been substituted for the guarded rapier, than the rival fencers seemed to have changed characters. The French cavalier grew cautious; his rapid and brilliant attack gave place to defensive and more measured movements. While the Bolognese, whom his friends expected to see fall a sacrifice to his impetuosity of temper, became more rapid, more self-possessed, more bold and decisive in his play. He now very soon, and happily without any fatal result to his antagonist, established his superiority, and vindicated the honour of his university. When chidden for his rashness, and what was thought a freak of passion, he answered that he never acted in a more cool and calculating spirit in his life. "I did but burn the ships behind me that I might fight the better. I am never so calm," he added, "or so thoroughly master of myself, as when most in earnest; and this is not generally the character of a Parisian."

Such was the serious, brave, and resolute spirit of Giacomo. But he had other qualities than those which made him the most popular student of the university; and as a proof of this, we need only mention that he was the intimate friend of Petrarch, at this time also a student at Bologna. Though despatched to this university by his father for the express purpose of prosecuting the study of the law, Petrarch was wrapt up in his Latin classics and his poetry; and it was precisely in our brave and handsome cavalier that he found the companion who most completely sympathised with him in his studies, and most correctly appreciated his nascent genius.

These two friends had been walking together in silence for some time under the long colonnades which then, as now, lined the streets of Bologna. A more noble pair have rarely traversed those colonnades. The poet, remarkable for his beauty, was in his youth very studious of elegance in his dress; and the short velvet cloak, with its border of gold or silver lace, was always thrown over his slight, but finely moulded figure, with a grace which would have satisfied the eye of a painter. From time to time he might be seen to brush away, or to shake off, the specks of dust which had settled on it, or to re-adjust, by a movement intended to appear unconscious, the folds of its drapery. His companion, taller, and of a somewhat larger build, and far more costly in his attire, though utterly unoccupied with it, walked "like one of the lions" by his side.

"My dear Giacomo," said Petrarch, breaking the long silence, "what has befallen you? Not a word—certainly not *two* in any coherent succession, have you uttered for the last hour."

"Neither to-day, nor yesterday!" muttered Giacomo to himself, certainly not in answer to his friend,—"Neither to-day, nor yesterday—perhaps, she means never to go to mass again."

"What are you talking, or rather, thinking of?"

"What I am always thinking of, my dear Petrarch,—what I shall never cease thinking of till it prove my destruction—which some spirit of divination tells me that it will."

"Really, really, Giacomo," said his friend, "you show in this a most insane pertinacity. Here are you, week after week, month after month—"

"I know it—know all you would say.—Good God! how beautiful she is!"

"Here are you—for I *will* speak"—continued his youthful but grave associate, "who are simply the most perfect cavalier in all Bologna—(one would not flatter, but this physis is, in some cases, absolutely necessary)—at once the boast and envy of the whole university—wasting, consuming yourself away, in a perpetual

fever after the only woman, I take it upon me to declare——"

"Psha! psha! Tell me, if you would have me listen, what further can I *do*? I have wooed her in sonnets, which ought to have affected her, for Petrarch polished the verse. Nothing touches her. She is as obdurate as steel. Not a smile—not, at least, for me—and for all others she smiles how sweetly, how intelligently, how divinely! But by the Holy Cross! she *shall* love me! Petrarch, she shall!—she shall!"

"My dear Giacomo, you rave. Be a little reasonable. Lover as you are, stay on this side of madness. Love on—if it must be so—love her for ever; but do not for ever be striving for a return of your passion. Take home your unrequited love into your bosom—nourish it there—but do not exasperate it by a bootless and incessant struggle against fate. For my part, I can conceive there may be a strange sweet luxury in this solitary love that lives in one breast alone. It is all your own. It is fed, kindled, diversified, sustained by your own imagination. It is passion without the gross thralldom of circumstance. It is the pure relation of soul to soul, without the vast, intricate, unmanageable relationship of life to life."

"To you, a poet," replied Giacomo with a slight tone of sarcasm, "such a passion may be possible. Perhaps you care not for more heat than serves to animate and make fluent the verse. Pleased with the glow of fancy and of feeling, you can stop

short of possession. I cannot! Oh, you poets! you fuse your passion with your genius: you describe, you do not feel."

"Not feel!" exclaimed Petrarch "we cannot then describe."

"Oh, yes! you can describe. You fling the golden light of imagination, like a light from heaven, round the object of your adoration; but, in return, the real woman is translated herself to the skyey region of imagination. She becomes a creature of your thoughts. You are conscious that the glory you have flung around her, you can re-assume. Petrarch, Petrarch! if you ever love, if you are constant to any woman from Spring-time to the last leaf of Autumn, it will be to some fair creature who dwells for ever, and only, in your imagination, whom you will never press to your bosom. You poets love beauty, you love passion, you love all things fair and great, and you make a vision of them all. You sing them, and there's an end."

"Well, well," said the poet, warding off the attack with a smile, "I have brought down, it seems, a severe castigation on myself."

"Dear, dear Petrarch! let it teach you never again to give advice to a lover, unless it be to show him how, or where, he is to meet his mistress. Fool that I am! she is, perhaps, all this time in the Church of St Giovanni." And without another word he darted up a street that led to that same church, leaving his friend to follow or not, as he pleased.

CHAPTER II.

There was, indeed, something like perversity, it must be allowed, in this firm refusal of Constantia to reward so devoted an attachment. Even her stern, grave uncle, whose judicial functions were not likely to give him much leisure or disposition to interfere with the love affairs of his niece, had dropt a hint that the suit of Giacomo da Valencia would not be displeasing to himself. Bologna could not have supplied a more fitting match: our lover, therefore, was not guilty of presumption, though of much obstinacy. It was

his *right*, this blessed hand of Constantia—he felt it was his right, and he would win it.

Some *one*, some *day*, she must surely love, he argued to himself, and why not me? and why not now? Oh, could I but plead my passion, he would say, alone,—pour it out unrestrained at her feet, she would surely see how *reasonable* it was that she should love, that she ought, that she must! To his excited and impetuous mood of mind, it appeared that nothing but the artificial barrier which the customs of society interposed in their

intercourse, prevented his success. He could never see her alone, never speak unreservedly and passionately. The presence of others imposed restraints on both; and if an opportunity occurred to speak without being overheard, the few moments were filled with embarrassment by reason of their brief and precarious tenure. Nay, what were a few moments to him who had so full a heart to utter? "Oh, could I place her *there*!" he would exclaim, pointing to the upper end of the spacious room he occupied, "and there kneel down, and pray before her, as men do to their saints! Oh Nature! Oh Heaven! you would not so desert me, that my prayer should be fruitless."

Yes! if she were there alone, no other mortal near! This thought so wrought within him, took so strong possession of his mind, that it led him to a thousand projects for its realisation. What if he carried her off by force from her uncle's residence, and brought her there? Surely the humility, the passionate devotion with which he would entreat her, would atone for the rash and violent means he had used to bring her within the scope of his supplications; and the utter submission, and profound respect of his manner, would immediately convince her that he had no design upon her freedom of will, and that she might confide with entire safety to his honour. And as to the feasibility of the project, popular and beloved as he was in the university, there were numbers of students quite ready to engage in any scheme he should propose, however hazardous it might be. It would be very easy for him to organise a little band of the most faithful and the boldest of his adherents, who, with a due mixture of stratagem and force, would accomplish this new and harmless species of abduction.

The uncle of Constantia held, as we have intimated, a high judicial post, and was sometimes absent from Bologna, administering justice amongst the several dependencies of the republic. On one of these occasions Constantia was sitting with a female friend, who had been invited to stay with her during his absence

from home. The room they sat in was one of those fine old Gothic chambers, which the pencil of Haghe delights to reproduce and restore for us; and to his pencil we willingly leave the description of it. Constantia was seated on one of those tall arm-chairs, with straight high back, which beauty then made graceful to the eye, and leaned her little chin upon her doubled hand, as she listened to her friend, Leonora, who was reading her a lecture upon the very theme which makes the burden of our story, her coldness to Giacomo.

"What would you *have*? what do you *expect*?" was the triumphant close of her harangue.

"What would I have?" replied Constantia. "Myself! I would possess myself in peace and stillness. What do I expect? I do not live on expectation. I love my present life—its calm, its contentment, its freedom. Why would you help to rob me of these?"

"Freedom! So, then, you fear the tyrant in the husband. But, my dear Constantia, where there are only two in the society, there is an even chance for the tyranny."

"A pleasant prospect! But you mistake me, Leonora. It is not the husband in his tyranny I fear,—I have not come to think of that; it is the lover and his love! I would not be infected by the turmoil of his passion. I dread it. Friends let me have and cherish. Leonora, be you always one of them; but for this turbulent Love, may the lightest down upon his pinion never touch me! How soft it seems, how light, as light and soft as the down we rob the swan's neck of; but touch it, and it burns, and fans a fever into the veins. I do love my own calm life, and I will keep it."

As she spoke thus, she rose from her seat and advanced towards the window. The two friends stood looking together down the street, which, as the sun descended, began to be deserted of its usual crowd. Their attention was arrested by a numerous body of footmen, and other attendants, who were escorting apparently some lady in a sedan chair. They were rather surprised to observe that the sedan chair directed its course to-

wards their own house. A knocking at the door was heard; and soon after their servant brought them word, that a certain Signora — desired urgently to speak with Constantia, but that she could not quit her chair. The person whose name was announced, was an old lady, one of Constantia's most intimate friends; she descended immediately into the hall to meet her. She precipitated herself towards the sedan chair, the door of which stood open; a slight impulse from some bystander, from a hand which trembled as it touched her, carried her forward, and she found herself seated in what indeed was an empty chair. Before she had time to raise an alarm, she found herself borne swiftly and softly along the street. Leonora, who had followed her friend down the stairs, and was a witness to her singular disappearance, called up all the servants of the establishment, and despatched them after their mistress. They followed, but to no purpose. The running footmen, on either side of the sedan, drew their swords. They were students in disguise. Giacomo had succeeded in his daring enterprise.

Constantia had hardly collected her thoughts, when she perceived that her chair was carried through a lofty archway up a broad flight of stairs, and deposited in a spacious apartment, once the proud saloon of a palatial residence, though the whole building, of which it formed a part, had since been constituted a portion of the university. All her attendants except one left the room. We need not say that it was Giacomo who handed her from her temporary imprisonment.

To judge from their bearing and attitude, you would have said that it was Giacomo who was the captive, bending before the mercy of Constantia. She stood there, upright, calm, inflexible. He was, indeed, at her mercy. He felt that his life depended on this present moment, and on the few words that should fall from her lips. He led her to the upper end of the room where his imagination had so often placed her. He knelt—he sued.

Beginning with abrupt protests and exclamations, his impassioned pleading gradually grew more continuous,

but not less vehement, till it flowed in the full torrent of a lover's eloquence. On all this turbulent pathos Constantia looked calmly down, more in sorrow than in anger. From the moment she understood in whose power she was, she had ceased (so much justice she had at least done to the character of her lover) to have any alarm whatever on her own account; but she was filled with regret, disquietude, and concern for the fatal consequences which might ensue to himself from the unwarrantable step he had taken. "Restore me to my uncle's before he shall hear of this," were the only words she vouchsafed in return to all his passionate appeal.

But the pleading of the desperate lover was not, as may well be supposed, allowed to proceed without interruption. Leonora, a young girl of spirit and animation, immediately sent forth the servants of the household to rouse up the friends of the family, and to spread every where the report of the strange outrage which had been committed upon one of the most respected families of Bologna. A fleet messenger was especially despatched to the uncle of Constantia, distant only a few miles from the town, to recall him to a scene where his presence was so much required. There was a perpetual standing feud between the citizens of Bologna and the students of the university, which had often disturbed the tranquillity of the city; it was therefore with extreme alacrity and zeal that the townsmen rushed in crowds into the streets, armed with the best weapons they could procure, to rescue the niece of their venerable judge, and to punish the gross outrage which they conceived had been perpetrated.

When, however, the multitude came in front of the large mansion or palace in which Giacomo resided, and which was tenanted entirely by students, the great majority of whom were his zealous partisans, and all of whom were prepared, in any quarrel whatever, to take part against the townsmen, they found the enterprise they had undertaken to be one of no little difficulty. The huge gates were closed and barred, while the windows above were occupied by a spirited garrison who had already supplied themselves

with missiles of every description to annoy their assailants. These latter began, with true Italian energy, to pull up the posts out of the street, to form battering-rams with which to force the gates. They thundered at them with dreadful din, shaking the whole edifice; and in spite of the missiles despatched in quick succession from above, seemed to be on the point of effecting an entrance.

When Constantia heard this horrible din she turned pale with affright—Giacomo pale with rage. He could make no impression on the cold beauty before him; his suppressed passion was suffocating him. Against *these* assailants all his impetuosity could burst forth—*them* he knew at least how to defy;—here was an enemy he could vanquish, or, at worst, a defeat he knew how to sustain. When, therefore, several of his friends rushed breathless into the room to tell him that the great gates began to creak upon their hinges, and were likely to be beaten in, he almost welcomed this new species of contest. Conducting Constantia into a side-room, where she would be out of reach of the ensuing tumult and disorder, and where an aged matron waited to attend upon her, he went with his friends to meet the rest of his companions in arms, who were anxious to consult him on the next measures which in their present emergency should be taken.

The house, or palazzo, was built on a plan very customary in such structures. In the centre were the tall gates, now undergoing the battery of the citizens, which opened upon a square, lofty, paved court or hall, supported by columns, and forming a carriage-way up to the foot of the staircase. Originally you passed through the hall into a garden beyond, but when the building had been converted into a residence for students, and made a part, in fact, of the university, a wall had been erected, separating the garden from the house. This wall, though lofty, did not, however, rise to the level of the roof of the hall; both light and air were admitted from above it, and you still saw the topmost branches of the orange-trees and the summits of the fountains that were playing in the garden beyond.

From either side of this hall rose the broad and marble staircase which led into the interior of the house.

Upon both branches of this noble staircase, whose steps faced the entrance, Giacomo stationed his gallant band, armed each of them at least with his rapier. He then commissioned one of his companions to proclaim to the besiegers from a window above, that if they would cease their battering, and retreat a few paces from the gates, they should be opened to them.

To this the crowd assented, presuming that it could imply nothing else than a surrender. The great doors were opened. They rushed forward; but the staircase they thought to ascend so readily was occupied every inch of it by a brave phalanx, which awaited them with glittering swords, held forward in spear fashion, tier above tier. The first rank of this disordered multitude had no desire whatever to be thrust forward by those in the rear on the points held forth by this determined phalanx. A great number of them passed harmless between the two staircases, but the wall we have described prevented any egress in that direction; and when the lower part of the hall was quite full, the struggle commenced in earnest between those of the crowd who desired to retreat, and those who, knowing nothing of the peril of their companions, were still urging forward. The struggle rose to a combat. The students, who, at the express desire of Giacomo, stood steadily at their post, and preserved a dead silence, were undisturbed spectators of the tumult, and saw their adversaries in desperate strife, the one against the other.

They seemed to be on the point of obtaining, in this singular manner, a bloodless victory, when Andrea, the uncle of Constantia, together with the Podestà, made their appearance, with such military force as could be assembled at the moment. This had immediately one good effect; the crowd without, by making way for the Podestà, released their companions within, still struggling for escape. The military force of the Podestà soon stood confronted with the little band of students. Yet these were so well placed, had so decidedly the advan-

tage of position, and their leader was so well known for his prowess and indomitable courage, that there was a great unwillingness to commence the attack, and very loud calls were made upon them to surrender to the majesty of the law.

For Giacomo, the combat was what his blood boiled for. Would that he could have fought single-handed—he alone—and perilled, and have lost his life! But when he saw the respected form of the uncle of Constantia—when he reflected that the experiment he had so long desired, *had been made and failed*—that the cold virgin whom

he had left up stairs was still invincible, whoever else he might conquer or resist, and that he should be exposing the lives of his companions in a combat where to him there was now no victory—he lowered his sword, and made treaty of peace with the Podestà. On consideration that none other but himself should suffer any species of penalty for that day's transaction, he offered to resign Constantia to her uncle, and himself to the pleasure of the Podestà. These terms were very readily accepted; his companions alone seemed reluctant to acquiesce in them.

CHAPTER III.

While all this tumult was raging round the house, and within the heart of Giacomo, the student's lamp was burning, how calm, how still, in the remote and secluded chamber of his friend Petrarch! To him, out of a kind and considerate regard, and from no distrust in his zeal or attachment, the ardent lover had concealed his perilous enterprise. Remote from the whole scene, and remote from all the passions of it, sat the youthful sage; not remote, however, from deep excitements of his own. Far from it. Reflection has her emotions thrilling as those of passion. He who has not closed his door upon the world, and sat down with books and his own thoughts in a solitude like this—may have lived, we care not in how gay a world, or how passionate an existence,—he has yet an excitement to experience, which, if not so violent, is far more prolonged, deeper, and more sustained than any he has known,—than any which the most brilliant scenes, or the most clamorous triumphs of life, can furnish. What is all the sparkling exhilaration of society, the wittiest and the fairest,—what all the throbbings and perturbations of love itself, compared with the intense feeling of the *youthful thinker*, who has man, and God, and eternity for his fresh contemplations,—who, for the first time, perceives in his solitude all the grand enigmas of human existence lying unsolved about him? His brow is not corrugated, his eye is not inflamed: he sits calm and serene—a

child would look into his face and be drawn near to him—but it seems to him that on his beating heart the very hand of God is lying.

The poet had closed his door, and unrolled before his solitary lamp his favourite manuscript, "*The Tusculan Disputations of Cicero.*" How well that solitary lamp, burning on so vivid and so noiseless—the only thing there in motion, but whose very motion makes the stillness more evident, the calm more felt; how well that lamp—the very soul, as it seems, of the little chamber it illumines—harmonises with the student's mood! How it makes bright the solitude around him! How it brings sense of companionship and of life where nothing but it—and thought—are stirring!

But though the young student had seated himself to his intellectual feast, it was evident that he was not quite at his ease; there was something which occasioned him a slight disquietude. In truth he was destined, by his father, to be "*learned in the law*;" was enjoying a stolen fruit; and whatever the well-known proverb may say, we have never found, ourselves, that any enjoyment is heightened by a sense of insecurity in its possession, or a thought of the possible penalty which may be the consequence of its indulgence. Petrarch might have been observed to listen attentively to every footstep on the great staircase that served the whole wing of the building to which his little turret belonged;

and till the step was lost, or he was sure that it had stopped at some lower stage in the house, he suspended the perusal of his manuscript, and sat prepared to drop the precious treasure into a chest that stood open at his feet, and to replace it by an enormous volume of jurisprudence which lay ready at hand for this piece of hypocritical service. This peculiarly nervous condition was the result of a paternal visit which had been paid him, most unexpectedly, a few evenings before. His father, suspecting that he was more devoted to the classics than to the study of the law, started suddenly from Avignon, stole upon his son unforeshadowed, ruthlessly snatched from him the prized manuscripts in which he found him absorbed, and committed them to the flames. Petrarch, of gentle temper, and full of filial respect, ventured upon no resistance; but when he saw his Virgil and his Cicero put upon his funeral pyre, he burst into a flood of uncontrollable tears. His father, who was not himself without a love of classic literature, but who was anxious for his son's advancement in the world, and his study of a profession on which that advancement appeared entirely to depend, was smitten with compassion and some remorse. These last two manuscripts he rescued himself from the flames, and restored to his disconsolate son, with the repeated admonition, however, to indulge less in their perusal, nor to allow them to take the place due to the science of jurisprudence.

"Science!" said the young enthusiast, who had recovered something of his self-possession: "Can conclusions wrested often with perverted ingenuity from artificial principles and arbitrary axioms, be honoured with the name of science? And the law, to obtain this fictitious resemblance to a science, leaves justice behind and unthought of. I will study it, my father, as I would practise any mechanical art, if you should prescribe it as a means of being serviceable to my family; but you—who are a scholar—ah! place not a tissue of technicalities, however skilfully interwoven, on a level with truth, which has its basis in the nature of things. I would help my fellow-men to justice; but must I

spend my life, and dry up and impoverish my very soul, in regulating his disputes according to rules that are something very different from justice?—often mere logical deductions from certain legal abstractions, in which all moral right and wrong,—all substantial justice between man and man, is utterly forgotten?"

"My son," said the father, "you are young, and therefore rash. You think it, perhaps, an easy thing to do justice between man and man. *We cannot do justice between man and man.* No combination of honesty and intelligence can effect it; the whole compass of society affords no means for its accomplishment. To administer moral justice, each case must be decided on its own peculiar merits, and those merits are to be found in the motives of the human heart. We cannot promise men justice. But we must terminate their disputes. Therefore it is we have a system of law—our only substitute for justice—by which men are contented to be governed because it is a system, and applicable to all alike. Believe me, that wise and able men of all countries are well occupied in rendering more symmetrical, more imposing, and as little immoral and unjust as possible, their several systems of jurisprudence."

Petrarch was silent; it was neither his wish nor his policy to prolong the discussion. Besides, his heart was too full. Had he dared, he would have pleaded for his own liberty; for choice of poverty and intellectual freedom—for poverty and greatness! But what he felt within him of the promptings of ambition, the assurance of fame, the consciousness of genius, he had too much modesty to express. He could not do justice to himself, without appearance of overweening pride. It was better to be silent than to say but half.

It was the remembrance of this visit which, on the present occasion, made him listen with a painful curiosity to every step upon the stairs. And now a step was heard. It came nearer and nearer, higher and higher—a rapid step which never paused an instant till it reached his own door. A loud knocking followed. But this time it was no spy upon his literary

hours. On opening the door, a fellow-student, breathless with haste, rushed into the room, and related the tragical event which had taken place at the house of their common friend Giacomo.

Petrarch immediately descended and ran to meet his friend. He found him already a prisoner! The Podestà, willing, however, to treat the unhappy student with as much lenity as possible, had converted his own apartments into his prison. He well knew, also, the honourable character of his prisoner; the granting this indulgence enabled him to exact his word of honour not to escape, and he probably judged, considering the extreme popularity of Giacomo in the university, that this was a greater security for his safe custody than any walls, or any guard, which he had at his command in Bologna.

Petrarch was horror-struck when he came fully to apprehend the extreme peril to which his friend had exposed himself. Whatever were his motives, he had committed, in fact, a capital offence, and one to be classed amongst the most heinous; it was the crime of abduction he had perpetrated, and for which he stood exposed to the penalty of death. The poet fell weeping into the arms of his friend.

"Alas!" said Giacomo, "she would not hear me!" The inflexibility of Constantia was still the only grief that dwelt upon his mind. "She stood there—on that spot—I could kiss the traces of her footstep could I see them—cold, cold as the statue—I might have prayed with better hope to the sculptured marble!"

But Petrarch did not limit his kind offices to sympathy and lamentation. Meditative as he was by character, and little habituated to what is called the business of life, he saw clearly the grave nature of his friend's position. The crime which Giacomo had actually committed—the abduction from her home of a noble virgin—subjected him, as we have said, to the punishment of death. Those only who could have read his heart, or knew the purity of his intentions, could have acquitted him; and even to those, his conduct would have appeared rash and unjustifiable. But to the citizens of Bologna, irritated and all but at war with the university,

disposed to magnify every offence committed by a member of that body, and exasperated, moreover, by the late fruitless contest in which they had been engaged—the act of Giacomo would appear in all its unmitigated criminality. They were, in fact, resolved that he should not escape the utmost rigour of the law; they were already clamouring aloud for his death—his public execution.

There was but one man in Bologna who could save him. This was Romeo de' Pepoli, a man exceedingly rich—by far the richest in the city—and who, by a popular use of his wealth, had obtained a great ascendancy in the republic. This Romeo de' Pepoli was secretly aiming at the tyranny. He failed, owing to the awakened jealousy of the people; but although he himself was banished from the city at the very moment when he seemed about to reap the fruits of his nefarious intrigues, he prepared the way to power for his sons, who were for some time tyrants of Bologna. There was no doubt that this man—and he alone—was able, if he chose, to rescue Giacomo from his threatened fate. For should his influence with the citizens fail to mitigate their animosity, still, in all the ill-assured governments of that day, such exorbitant wealth as he possessed gave something more than influence. Judgments of law were almost always to be bought, if a price high enough could be paid, or an armed force could be hired which would set the judgment of a court at defiance, and prevent its execution.

To this eminent citizen and nobleman Petrarch betook himself. So remarkable an event as that which had lately transpired in the city, we may be sure, had drawn the attention of this wily and ambitious personage. At first he had adopted the indignation and anger of the citizens, as being the part most likely to increase his popularity. But on reflection it had occurred to him, that a still greater advantage might perhaps be taken of this event, if, through his skilful mediation, and a dexterous advocacy of the cause of Giacomo, he should be able to obtain the favour and partisanship of the more spirited members of the university. Over these, no one had

so great an influence as Giacomo—in the cause of no one could they be more deeply interested—nor was it likely that an occasion would arise in which he could serve them more signally than by coming to his rescue. On the other hand, a thousand ways would still be open to appease and conciliate the offended citizens. Add to all which, Giacomo himself, like all those on whom classical literature and the early histories of Rome and of Greece were just re-opening, was distinguished by an ardent zeal for liberty. Without seeking actually to intermeddle in the political affairs of the city, he and his associates were accustomed—probably in much the same manner as the German students of the present day—to proclaim and uphold the cause of freedom in their songs, and with the oratory of the wine-cup. They might be calculated on as staunch friends to the republic, and deadly opponents to the tyranny. To gain over this band of ardent and enthusiastic spirits, would be a great step in the prosecution of his ambitious enterprise. Even their neutrality would be an incalculable advantage to him.

Petrarch had been always well received by one who was anxious to win all sorts of golden opinions, and therefore desirous to be thought an admirer of learning and a patron of youthful genius. On the present occasion, he found the ambitious nobleman singularly courteous, and not indisposed to listen to his ardent vindication of Giacomo. With the usual artifice of such men, Pepoli appeared to be listening to the reasoning of the young advocate, whilst he was revolving only his own thoughts, and was not unwilling to let it appear that predeterminations of his own were the results of another's eloquence.

"Let me see your unfortunate friend," he said, with a sort of relenting air; "something, perhaps, may be done—I cannot tell. But you see the whole town is in arms against him. I shall be risking," he added with a smile,—"for there is nothing more common with crafty men than to speak the very truth in a light jesting manner, giving their earnest motives the air of sport, and so expressing and dis-

guising themselves at the same time—"I shall be risking all my popularity with the good Bolognese—I must proceed cautiously."

Petrarch ran back, full of sanguine hope, to his friend, and repeated the result of his mission. Giacomo shook his head mournfully. He was slow to enter into the exhilarating prospects placed before him. Perhaps he had read deeper into the character of this man than Petrarch.

The interview which Pepoli desired took place. What circuitous terms the ambitious man employed to suggest the price which was to be paid for his intermediation, we do not know; but the smile on the lip of Giacomo was interpreted as the smile of intelligence and acquiescence. Of intelligence it certainly was. At this interview it was agreed that the student should assemble together some of the most ardent and influential of his friends, that he should present Pepoli to them, and induce them to swear a sort of allegiance and fidelity to his cause, in return for the aid he pledged himself to bring to Giacomo.

With the liberty allowed by the Podestà to his prisoner, it was not difficult to arrange this meeting. He was permitted to invite to supper a considerable number of his most faithful adherents and intimate associates. It being understood that Pepoli was to be one of the guests, there was still less scruple in granting this permission.

The supper passed off, as may be supposed under such circumstances, with little hilarity. Being brought to a conclusion, Giacomo, at whose side sat Pepoli, entreated the attention of his guests. He rose and addressed them. He began by proclaiming the intended mediation of Pepoli in his behalf. Cheers followed this announcement. He proceeded to enlarge on the wealth, the power, the manifest pre-eminence in the state which Pepoli had acquired. The students still applauded, but the exact drift of these somewhat ambiguous praises—ambiguous in the mouth of a republican speaking of a republican—they could not well perceive. Pepoli alone seemed to understand and to approve. He then solemnly called upon his

friends to take an oath with him before he died.

"But you shall not die!" was the exclamation with which both Pepoli and the students interrupted him.

"An oath," he continued, not heeding this interruption, "which I exact from you in the name of friendship, in the name of virtue, in the name of liberty. Is it not generous, this offer of Pepoli—of him who has been the champion of the citizen against the student—the most popular man in all Bologna,—is it not generous that he should step forward to rescue my life from the blind rage and mad injustice of the multitude? But you must understand there is a certain price to be given for this generosity. You do not expect him to sacrifice his popularity, which is his power, out of mere compassion to one who has never courted nor applauded him, without receiving, in return, some compensation. If you accept his benefits, you must forward his counsels, you must promote his designs. Say, will you swear?"

"Yes! yes! we swear!" was the general response.

"Students of Bologna!" he proceeded, elevating his voice. "I accept this mark of your friendship. For my sake you have promised to swear. Now hear the oath I propose, and to which I bind you. This man offers me my life, and the price of it

is—the liberty of Bologna! Fellow students, Romeo de' Pepoli aims at the tyranny. Swear that you will never, on any condition, for any boon, aid him in his flagitious enterprise; that you will thwart, and resist, and combat it to the utmost. Swear that you will, at all times, reject his mediation—as I now reject, utterly and with scorn, the service that he proffers me. I unmask him to you ere I die. I, too, have lived for one good purpose. This man, my friends, would be tyrant of Bologna—swear to me that he shall not!"

There was a pause of a few seconds. But it was soon evident that the noble spirit—of patriotism and of self-sacrifice—of their admired friend, had found a genuine response in all his hearers. He had touched the true chord. Carried forward by his disinterested enthusiasm, and pledged by the promise he had somewhat artfully extorted from them, they rose, and with one voice repeated the oath proposed to them. Pepoli, pale and aghast, and utterly confounded, and catching here and there the flashing of the half-drawn steel, made a precipitate retreat. Of all the assembly, Petrarch alone remained silent—he alone failed, or forgot, to take the oath;—full of concern for the safety of his noble friend, full of admiration for his greatness, he fell weeping upon his neck.

CONCLUSION.

After this, there was no more hope for the prisoner. If to the anger of the Bolognese was added the determined enmity of Romeo de' Pepoli, now resolved on his destruction, from what quarter could a ray of hope proceed? He was even now removed—such was the influence which the new enemy he had provoked possessed over the Podestà—to the common prison, and treated in all respects like a condemned malefactor. The university pleaded its privilege to judge a member of their own body, but the angry feeling of the citizens would not permit them for a moment to listen to this plea. There was no power on earth to save him—and his fault was so light! A man more honourable

did not exist. The purity of Constantia was more safe in his hands than in any others—he loved her so well.

We are not sufficiently in the "tragic vein" to follow the prisoner through the last hours of his confinement, and of his existence. To be struck dead in the flush of life, with all his passions in full bloom upon him, was a hard decree. Sometimes he protested vehemently against the palpable injustice and cruelty of his sentence; but, in general, he found his consolation in the mournful sentiment, that had he lived, he should have been miserable—for the great desire of his life was doomed to be thwarted. "I told you," he said one day to his friend

Petrarch, "that this love would work my destruction. It has so; but its great misery has made destruction itself indifferent."

We willingly draw a veil over the last fatal scene, and all the horrors that precede a public death. Throughout this scene his courage never forsook him; but flashes of uncontrollable indignation would occasionally break from him, and occasionally a sigh of more tender despondency would escape. The last tear he shed, the last complaint he murmured, was still to the coldness of Constantia: "We should have been so happy, had she loved—and now!"

History records that the execution of Giacomo, as well by infringing the supposed privileges of the university as by the indignation it excited in the large circle of his friends and companions, nearly led to the withdrawal of the university from the town of Bologna. The students and the professors seceded in a mass, and retired to Sienna. No entreaties could bring them back; the glory of Bologna might have been extinguished for ever. The Podestà and other magistrates of the town were compelled at length to send a solemn deputation. They promised, in future, to respect their privileges; and, by raising the salaries of the professors, and some other popular measures, they eventually prevailed upon them to return.

Petrarch had not left the city with the rest—he had lingered behind to perform the last rites and honours to the remains of Giacomo—to raise the tomb and inscribe it with his verse.

Upon that tomb the solitary moon was now shining. But who was that figure robed in deepest black that knelt

beside it, so sadly, with so desponding a stillness, her forehead pressed against the marble? Was it, too, marble? No. The chisel may create beauty as exquisite, but never combine it with so great a sorrow. It was Constantia. Too late! Too late! She brought her tears where once a smile would have given life and happiness. She felt the worth of him who had so passionately loved her, when nothing remained to love but the ashes in that urn. That pleading in the student's chamber seemed vain—and at the moment it *was* vain; but when she recalled it in her own solitude, her heart had half assented. She remembered how tenderly—with what an ardent and gentle worship—he had pressed her hand; her own hand trembled then to the touch which at the time it had coldly rejected. When, moreover, she heard, through their common friend Petrarch, of the noble manner in which he had refused the aid of Pepoli, and chose death rather than the least dishonour, and thought to herself—this man loved me!—all her heart was won. Alas! too late!

She now knelt at the tomb of Giacomo, afflicted with regret that amounted to remorse. She raised her head—she raised her hand—there was that within it which glittered in the moonbeam. But her hand was suddenly arrested. Petrarch, a frequent visitor at that tomb, had seen and prevented this movement of despair. "No! no!" he cried. "Beautiful creature, and too much beloved—live on—live! And when some other Giacomo appears, make compensation to heaven—by loving him!"

HENRY IV.*

So closely united are the arts of history and romance, that they may almost be said to be twin sisters. In both, the subjects are the same: and the objects which the artists have in view in handling them are identical. To impress the mind by the narrative of heroic, or melt it by that of tragic events—to delineate the varieties of character, incident, and catastrophes—to unfold the secret springs which influence the most important changes, and often confound the wisest anticipations—to trace the chain of causes and effects in human transactions from their unobserved origin to their ultimate results, is equally the object of both arts. The delineation of character, passion, and transaction is the great end of both, but to neither is the subordinate aid of description or pictorial embellishment denied. On the contrary, to both they constitute one of the principal charms of this art. The sphere of description is different, but the object and the impressions are the same. The novelist paints individual places, and strives to transfer to the mind of the reader a reflection of the brilliant scenes created in his own imagination. The historian embraces a wider sphere, and aims rather at portraying the general features of whole districts of country, or even quarters of the globe. But a painter's eye, a poet's mind, are equally required by both; and not the least interesting parts of the works of either are those in which the author leaves the busy and checkered scenes of dramatic incident, to dwell amidst the recesses of inanimate beauty,—to traverse the Alps with their shepherds, or the Pampas with their Gauchos, and mingle with the turbid course of human events somewhat of the purity which breathes amidst the works of Nature.

Notwithstanding this identity of object and art, there is nothing more certain than that romance writers in general have not made the best histo-

rians. Poets also, whose art so closely resembles that of the novelist, have in general failed when they invoked the historic muse. Smollett was in many respects an admirable romance writer; but the author of "Roderick Random" has left a History of England, which is nothing but a compilation of parliamentary debates and gazettes. Scott's powers as a romance writer were so great and various, and his delineations of historic scenes, characters, and events, so graphic and powerful, that it seemed next to impossible that he should not be equally successful as a historian, especially when the theme was one so varied and animating as the "Life of Napoleon." Voltaire's genius was universal, and seemed equally adapted to every object of human pursuit; but his historical works, though deservedly popular as school books, have never risen to an eminence approaching that justly attained by his tragedies and critical disquisitions.

What is very remarkable, and is just the reverse of what might *a priori* have been expected, the point in which romance writers in general fail, when they undertake history, is in giving sufficient life and animation to their narrative. Like race-horses, they seem in general incapable of carrying any considerable weight. They would break down under the panoply which a steed of Norman or Flemish extraction can sustain without difficulty. Their imagination is only kindled when it is at liberty to roam at will over a world of their own creation. Confined to the narration of actual events, limited to the delineation of real character, cramped by the description of actual scenes, their powers fail, their ardour is weakened, their fire is lost. A mind comparatively prosaic, subject to such burdens, speedily outstrips them even on their own element; and the scholar with his authorities kindles the imagination to

* *Life of Henry IV. of France.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 Vols. London, 1847.
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an extent which the poet with his verses can hardly excel. Witness Livy's pictured pages—Gibbon's historical descriptions. Yet minds of the most elevated cast have occasionally, though at long intervals from each other, succeeded in uniting the historic and romantic arts. Homer's *Iliad* is the annals of the Siege of Troy in verse; his *Odyssey*, the versified Travels of Ulysses; and in the recent "*Histoire des Girondins*" by Lamartine, we have convincing proof that it is possible to unite the most ardent and enthusiastic poetical mind with the research, knowledge of character, and dramatic power, requisite to make the most interesting tragic annals.

As a romance writer, Mr James unquestionably is entitled to a high place. He has great historical information, especially of the olden times and their leading characters; an accurate personal knowledge of various countries, more particularly France, Flanders, and England; great acquaintance with the dress, manners, arms, and accoutrements of former days; and a very remarkable power of describing as well the ever-changing events of ancient story as the varied scenes of inanimate nature. His best novels, "*Attila*," "*Philip Augustus*," "*Mary of Burgundy*," "*The Robbers*," "*The Smugglers*," "*Morley Earnstein*," "*Henry Masterton*," are happy specimens of the historical romance. The great and deserved success which has attended the uniform edition of his novels now in course of publication, sufficiently proves that his reputation rests on a broader and securer basis than the fleeting patronage of fashion or the transient interest of individual satire. The great risk which he runs, is from the *number* of his works. It is dangerous to write thirty books. The most prolific imagination runs into repetition, when repeatedly tasked with invention. Homer himself could not have written twenty *Iliads*; Shakespeare's fame has been not a little enhanced by his having left only twenty-seven plays; that of Sophocles, by only seven of his having come down to modern times. Perhaps the best thing that a good fairy could do for James's fame—as was said of Dryden—would be to withdraw two-thirds

of his productions from subsequent times.

One of the greatest charms of Mr James's writings is the beautiful ideas, clothed in felicitous language, which are to be found profusely scattered over them. It is not the general opinion that he excels in this respect; on the contrary, nothing is more common in conversation than to hear it remarked, that it is in depth of thought, and knowledge of the human heart, that he is deficient. But this opinion arises from the frequency, sometimes, perhaps, redundancy of his pictures of nature, and the brilliant colours in which he never fails to array her finest scenes. Thoughts the most beautiful are frequently concealed amidst profusion of description, as fruit sometimes amidst luxuriance of leaves. Take for example the following, on one of the most familiar objects in nature—a drop of rain.

"We spoke of the rain, and I foolishly enough, in mentioning all the annoyance it had occasioned me, loaded it with maledictions.

"'Call it not accursed, my son,' said the monk. 'Oh no! remember that every drop that falls, bears into the bosom of the earth a quality of beautiful fertility. Remember that glorious tree, and herb, and shrub, and flower, owes to those drops its life, its freshness, and its beauty. Remember that half the loveliness of the green world is all their gift; and that, without them, we should wander through a dull desert, as dusty as the grave. Take but a single drop of rain cloistered in the green fold of a blade of grass, and pour upon it one ray of the morning sun, where will you get lapidary, with his utmost skill, to cut a diamond that shall shine like that! Oh no! blessed for ever be the beautiful drops of the sky, the refreshing soothers of the seared earth—the nourishers of the flowers—that calm race of beings, which are all loveliness and tranquillity, without passion, or pain, or desire, or disappointment—whose life is beauty, and whose breath is perfume.'—*Henry Masterton*.

Mr James cannot be considered as a historical writer of the highest class. He gives a spirited and agreeable narrative of the events of the reign or period which he has undertaken to describe, and in many passages the descriptive powers of the romance writer are strikingly conspicuous.

He is diligent and worthy in the consultation of authorities, and free from any undue bias in the drawing of characters or narrative of events. But he has neither the philosophic glance of Guizot, nor the military fire of Napier, nor the incomparable descriptive powers of Gibbon. His merit, and it is a very great one, consists in the lucid and spirited telling of the story, interspersed with interesting descriptions of the scenes of the leading incidents, and dramatic portraiture of the principal characters. His greatest fault—no trifling one—is the perplexity produced in the mind of the reader by the want of proper grouping and arrangement, and the introduction of a vast number of characters and events at once into the story, without any preparatory description, to enable him to appreciate the one or understand the other. This is a very natural error for a romance writer to fall into when he undertakes history; because, in novels, where characters are few, and the events only such as happen to them, there is no need of previous preparation of the reader's mind, or of such grouping and perspective, for the simplification and illustration of events. But, in history, where the events are so numerous and complicated, and each actor in general occupies only an inconsiderable portion of the canvass, it is indispensable, if the writer would avoid prolixity of details, or achieve that object so well known to artists, which they denominate *breadth* of effect.

Biography should be, and when properly handled is, the most interesting branch of historical composition. It has the immense advantage—the value of which can only be properly appreciated by those who undertake to write general history—of being limited to the leading characters who have appeared on the theatre of the world, and consequently steering clear of the intermediate periods of uninteresting or tedious occurrence. How to get over these without exhausting the patience of his readers, on the one hand, or incurring the reproach of omitting some events of importance, on the other, is the great difficulty of general history. The biographer

seizes the finest points of the story; he dwells only on the exploits of his hero, and casts the rest into the shade. If this style of composition does not afford room for those general and important views on the general march of events, or progress of our species, which constitute the most valuable part of the highest branch of history, it presents much greater opportunities for securing the interest of the general reader, and awakening that sympathy in the breast of others, which it is the great object of the fine arts to produce. It has one immense advantage—it possesses unity of subject, it is characterised by singleness of interest. The virtues or vices, the triumphs or misfortunes, the glories or ruin of one individual, form the main subject of the narrative. It is on them that the attention of the writer is fixed; it is to enhance their interest that his efforts are exhausted. The actions of others, the surrounding events, only require to be displayed in so far as they bear upon, or are connected with the exploits of the hero. But as great men usually appear in, or create by their single efforts, important eras in the annals of mankind, it rarely happens that the characters selected for biography are not surrounded by a cluster of others, which renders their lives almost a general history of the period during which they communicated their impress to the events of the world; and thus their biography combines unity of interest with the highest importance in event.

① This was pre-eminently the case with the history of Henry IV. of France. So important, indeed, were the events crowded into his lifetime, so great and lasting have been the consequences of his triumph, so prodigious the impulse which his genius communicated, not only to his own country, but to Europe, that he may almost be said to have created an era in modern times. The first of the Bourbon family, he was, in truth, the founder of the French monarchy, in one sense of the term. He first gave it unity, consistence, and power; he first rendered it formidable to the liberties of Europe. Before his time, during the reigns of the princes of the House of Valois, it was rather a cluster

of separate and almost independent feudatories, than a compact and homogeneous empire. So powerful were these great vassals, so slender the force which the crown could command to control them, that France on many occasions made the narrowest possible escape from sharing the fate of Germany, and seeing in its chief nobles—the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, the Counts of Toulouse— independent monarchs rendering, like the electors of Brandenburg, Saxony, and Bavaria, only a nominal allegiance to their feudal superior. The religious wars, which broke out with the Reformation, still farther increased the divisions, and severed the ties of this distracted kingdom.

The contest of the rural nobility of the south, attached to the new opinions as fervently as the Scottish Covenanters, with the more numerous and concentrated Roman Catholics of the north, who clung with superstitious tenacity to the pomp and ceremonies of the ancient worship, continued through several successive generations, not only drenched the kingdom with blood, but altered the character, and obliterated the virtues of its inhabitants. Revenge became the only passion that retained its sway over the human heart; cruelty so common, that its atrocity was no longer perceived. The massacre of St Bartholomew, that lasting and indelible stain on ancient, as the massacre in the prisons, and the Reign of Terror, are on modern French history, is not to be regarded as the work of a blood-thirsty tyrant, aided by a corrupt and perfidious court. The public crimes of the rulers of men never can exceed, except by a few degrees, those for which the nation is prepared. It is the frenzy of the general mind which suggests and renders practicable the atrocious deeds, by which, happily at long intervals from each other, the annals of mankind are stained. The proscriptions of the Triumvirate, the alternate slaughters of Marius and Sylla, the massacre of St Bartholomew,

the *auto-da-fés* of Castile, the reign of the Duke of Alva in Flanders, the butchery of the wars of the Roses in England, the blood shed by Robespierre in France, all proceeded from a frenzied state of the public mind, which made the great body of the people not only noways revolt at, but cordially support those savage deeds, at which, when recounted in the pages of history, all subsequent ages shudder. Even the massacre of St Bartholomew, perhaps the most atrocious, because the most cold-blooded and perfidious, of all those horrid deeds, excited at the time no feeling of indignation in the Roman Catholic party throughout Europe. On the contrary, it was universally and cordially approved of by those of that persuasion in every country, as a most effectual and expedient, and withal justifiable way of lopping off a gangrened arm from the body politic, and extinguishing a pestilent heresy. The discharges of the cannon from the castle of St Angelo, and the *Te Deum* sung in St Peter's, on the arrival of the glorious intelligence, by the Head of the faithful at Rome, were re-echoed by the acclamation—without, so far as appears, a single exception—of the whole Romish world.*

It was the cessation of the hideous scenes of bloodshed and massacre which had signalised the civil wars in the reigns of the Valois princes, and the religious dissensions that succeeded them, which gave Henry IV. his great and deserved reputation. Like Napoleon, he calmed, by his acquisition of the throne, the passions of a nation in arms against itself. The hereditary feuds, the dreadful retaliations, the mutual proscriptions, the fierce passions, the frightful revenge of the feudal and Huguenot wars, were stilled as if by the wand of a mighty enchanter.

Henry IV. was the man of his age; and hence it was that he achieved this prodigy. His mental and physical qualities were precisely those which his time demanded; and it was this com-

* See Capefigue, *Hist. de la Ligue et de Henry IV.*, iii. 239. He is a Roman Catholic writer, and therefore cannot be suspected of Huguenot partiality, or aversion to the Church of Rome.

bination which enabled him to achieve his astonishing success. Bold, active, and enterprising, he presented that mixture of warlike virtues with chivalrous graces which it is the great object of romance to portray, and which may be said to form the ideal of the European character. He possessed that individual gallantry, that personal daring, that spontaneous generosity, which, even more than commanding intellectual qualities, succeed in winning the hearts of mankind. Ever the foremost in attack, the last in retreat, he excelled his boldest knights in personal courage. The battle-field was to him a scene of exultation. He had the true heroic character. Like the youth in Tacitus, he loved danger itself, not the rewards of valour. Nor were the mental qualities and combinations requisite in the general wanting. On the contrary, he possessed them in the very highest degree. Active, enterprising, indefatigable, he was ever in the field with the advanced guard, and often ran the greatest personal danger from his anxiety to see with his own eyes the position or forces of the enemy. His skill in partisan strife, on which so much of success in war then depended—in the surprise of castles, the siege of towns, the capture of convoys, the sudden irruption into territories, equalled all that poetry had conceived of the marvellous. His deeds, as narrated by the cool pen of Sully, resemble rather the fabulous exploits of knight-errantry than the events of real life. It was thus, by slow degrees and painful efforts, that he gradually brought up his inconsiderable party, at first not a fourth part of the forces of the League, to something like a level with his formidable opponents; and at length was enabled to rout them in decisive battles, and establish his fortunes on a permanent foundation in the fields of Arques and Ivry.

The contest at first appeared to be so unequal as to be altogether hopeless. Though the undoubted heir to the crown, his forces, when the succession opened to him by the assassination of Henry III., were so inconsiderable compared to those of the League, that it seemed impossible that he could fight his way to the throne. The Huguenots were only

two millions of souls, and the Roman Catholics were eighteen millions. The latter were in possession of the capital, wielded the resources of its rich and ardent population, and had all the principal towns and strongholds of the kingdom in their hands. It was in the distant provinces, especially of the south, that the strength of the Protestants lay; their forces were the lances of the rural nobility, and the stout arms of the peasants in Dauphiny, the Cevennes, and around La Rochelle. But all history, and especially that of France, demonstrates how inadequate in general are the resources of remote and far-severed provinces to maintain a protracted contest with an enemy in possession of the capital, the fortresses, and ruling the standing army of the kingdom. The forces of the Catholics in this instance were the more formidable, that they were warlike and experienced, trained to the practical duties of soldiers in previous civil wars, united in a league which, like the Solemn League and Covenant in Scotland, formed an unseen bond uniting together the most distant parts of the monarchy, and directed by the Duke of Guise, a leader second to none in capacity and daring, and equal to any in ruthless energy and unscrupulous wickedness.

It was the personal qualities, heroic spirit, and individual talents of the King which enabled him to triumph over this formidable combination. Never was evinced in a more striking light the influence of individual gallantry and conduct on national fortunes; or a more convincing illustration of the undoubted truth, that when important changes are about to be made in human affairs, Providence frequently makes use of the agency of individual greatness. But for Henry's capacity and determination, the Protestants would have been crushed, and the civil war terminated in the first campaign. But, like all other illustrious men, he became great in the school of adversity. His energy, resources, and perseverance triumphed over every difficulty, extricated him from every peril, and at length enabled him to triumph over every opposition. It was his wonderful partisan qualities—the secrecy, skill, and daring of

his enterprises, which first laid the foundation of his fortunes, by drawing to his standard many of those restless spirits, let loose over the country by the former wars, who in every age are attracted by the courage, capacity, and liberality of a leader. He was thus enabled to augment the little army of the Huguenots by a considerable accession of bold and valuable soldiers from the opposite faith, but who cared more for the capacity of their leader than for either the psalms of the Huguenots or the high mass of the Catholics.

By degrees, many even of the Romish nobility, penetrated with admiration at the manner in which the heir of the crown combated for his rights, joined his standard, in the secret hope that when he came to the throne he would revert to the faith of the majority of his subjects. He won all hearts, even in the enemy's ranks, by his generosity, humanity, and heroic spirit. The soldiers worshipped the hero who shared all their hardships, and whose greatest pleasure was ever to be the first in advancing into the enemy's fire; the officers were filled with enthusiasm for the prince who treated them all with the hearty courtesy of the camp, and claimed no distinction save that which all felt to be due to pre-eminent valour and never-failing capacity. Even his weaknesses augmented the general interest in his character; and when it was known that the leader whose exploits riveted the attention of all Europe, not unfrequently stole from the council-board or the tent to pursue some fugitive fair one through a forest, or subdue the obduracy of high-born beauty, by watching all night before her castle walls, the age of romance seemed to have returned to the earth, and all hearts were interested in the hero who appeared to unite the greatness of ancient patriotism with the spirit of modern chivalry.

Nor did Henry's conduct, when he had taken Paris and conquered the throne, belie the expectations formed by this brilliant dawn of his career. He proved not merely a warrior, but the father of his people. Great projects of amelioration were set on foot—greater still were in preparation, when he perished by the hand of Ra-

vaillac. His celebrated saying, that he "hoped to see the time when every peasant should have his fowl in his pot," reveals the paternal spirit of his government. It is vain to say these were the acts of his ministers; that Sully was the real sovereign. The answer of Queen Elizabeth, when the success of her reign was imputed to the capacity of her ministers, "Did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?" affords the decisive reply to all such depreciatory attempts. Under his beneficent rule, industry was protected, commerce revived; canals, roads, and bridges penetrated the country in every direction; and, most marvellous of all, religious schisms were healed and religious fury stilled. The abjuration by the successful monarch of the faith in which he had been bred, and the warriors of which had combated for him, was unquestionably a measure called for, in a temporal view, by the interest of his dominions at the time, not less than by his own tenure of the throne. When it is recollected that the Huguenots did not at that period exceed two millions, among twenty which France contained, it becomes at once apparent, that, in a country so recently convulsed by the passions of religious and civil dissension, conformity with the faith of the great majority was the sole condition on which tranquillity could have been restored, discord appeased, a stable government established, or the crown transmitted to the descendants of the reigning monarch. And, while his biographer must lament the necessity to which he was subjected, of bending religious conviction to political expedience, all must admire the wisdom of the Edict of Nantes, which, without shocking the prejudices of the Catholics, secured liberty of conscience and just immunities to the Protestants; and which, if adhered to by succeeding monarchs, on the equitable spirit in which it had been conceived by its author, would probably have left the direct heirs of Henry IV. still on the throne of France, and averted all the bloodshed and horrors of the Revolution.

Henry IV., however, was not a perfect character; had he been so, he would not have been a child of Adam.

He had the usual proportion of the weaknesses, some of the faults, of humanity. They were, for the most part, however, of that kind which are nearly allied to virtues, and to which heroic characters have, in every age, in a peculiar manner been subject. Heroism, love, and poetry, ever have and ever will be found united: they are, in truth, as Lamartine has expressed it, twin sisters of each other; they issued at a single birth from the same parents. We may regret that it is so; but if we do, we had better extend our regrets a little farther, and lament that we are not all immaculate as our First Parents were in the bowers of Paradise. His irregularities are universally known, and have, perhaps, rendered him as celebrated in France as his warlike exploits or pacific virtues; for they fell in with the prevailing passion of the nation, and were felt by all to be some excuse for their own indulgences. They are celebrated even in the well-known air which has become, in a manner, the National Anthem:—

"Vive Henri IV.
Vive le roi vaillant!
Ce Diable à quatre
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre
Et d' être vert galant."

Henry IV., however, had more apology than most men for these frailties. He lived in an age, and had been bred up in a court, in which female virtue was so rare that it had come to pass for a chimera, and licentious indulgence so frequent that it had become a habit, and ceased to be a subject of reproach. Naturally ardent, susceptible, and impetuous, he was immersed in a society in which intrigue with high-born beauty was universally considered as the great object and chief employment of life. The poetry and romances which were in every hand inculcated nothing else. His own Queen, Margaret of Valois, gave him the first example of such irregularities, and while she set no bounds to her jealousy of his mistresses, particularly

La Belle Gabrielle, who so long held the monarch captive, she had no hesitation in bestowing her own favours on successive lovers with as little scruple as the King himself. In some instances, however, he was more completely inexcusable. It is remarkable that the attachments of Henry became more violent as he advanced in life, and had attained the period when the passions are usually found to cool. In some instances they impelled him into acts of vehemence and oppression wholly unworthy of his character and heart. His passion, late in years, for the young Princess of Condé—a child of seventeen, who might have been his granddaughter—and which prompted her flight with her husband to the Low Countries, on which he was preparing war for her recovery when cut short by death, was ridiculous in one of his age, and grossly criminal to one in her circumstances. But these passions pursued him to the very last; and when his tomb was broken open, and remained exposed, by the Parisian mob during the fury of the Revolution, the nicely combed and highly perfumed beard, the scent of which filled the air, proved that the dagger of Ravallac had struck him while still immersed in the frivolities which tarnished his heroic exploits.*

In truth, without detracting from the many great and good qualities of the hero of the Bourbon family, it may safely be affirmed that his fame in subsequent times has been to the full as great as he deserved. Many circumstances have contributed to this happy partiality of subsequent times. His reign was filled with great and glorious actions; and that endeared him to the heroic and the brave. His court was the abode of gallantry—his life devotion to beauty; and that won for him the applause of the fair. He did wonders, and designed still greater, for the internal improvement of his dominions and the increase of his people's happiness; and that secured for him the approbation of the philanthropic and thoughtful. He gained for the Protestants religious freedom and immunity from persecution; and that secured their

* Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins*, vii. 374. We hope ere long to make our readers acquainted with this magnificent work.

eternal gratitude. He restored to the Church of Rome the religious supremacy which had been so fiercely disputed, and in so many other countries had been lost; and that shut the mouths of the Catholics. He stilled the fury of civil, and pacified the fierceness of religious discord; and that justly won for him the gratitude of all. His reign formed a bright contrast to the frightful civil wars and universal bloodshed which had preceded it. Like Napoleon, he closed the gulf of revolution; and the admiration of subsequent times was the worthy meed of the inestimable service thus rendered to humanity. They have not diminished, perhaps exaggerated, the tribute. He was the first of a race of sovereigns who for two centuries sat in the direct line on the throne of France, and the collateral descendants of whom still hold it. Family partiality, courtly panegyric, thus came to be largely mingled with the just tribute of a nation's gratitude. The writers of other countries, particularly England and Germany, joined in the chorus of applause to the prince who had secured to the Protestant faith its just rights in so important a kingdom as France. The vices or weakness of subsequent sovereigns—the feeble rule of Louis XIII.; the tyrannical conduct, the splendid talents of Louis XIV.; the corruptions of the Regent Orleans; the disgraceful sensuality of Louis XV.; the benevolent heart, but passive resignation of Louis XVI.—rose up successively in striking contrast to his heroic deeds, vigorous government, and equitable administration. But, without disregarding the influence of these circumstances in brightening the halo which still surrounds the memory of Henry IV., the sober voice of distant and subsequent history must pronounce him one of the greatest princes who have adorned modern history, and certainly the greatest, after Charlemagne and Napoleon, who ever sat on the throne of France.

But it is time to put a period to this general disquisition, to give some extracts from the work of our author, in justice both to its own merits and the character of the hero which it is intended to portray.

Mr James gives the following inter-

esting particulars concerning the birth and early years of Henry :—

“The Duchess of Vendome was at this time with her husband in Picardy, but at her father's summons she set out for the south of France in the wintry month of November; and, displaying that hardy and vigorous constitution which she transmitted to her son, she traversed the wide extent of country which lay between the extreme frontier of France and her father's territories in the short space of eighteen days, arriving at Pau not quite a fortnight before the birth of her third child. There is reason to believe that various motives, besides that attachment to her parent which she had always displayed, induced Jeanne d'Albret to undertake so long and fatiguing a journey at so critical a period. Information had reached her, we find, that the King of Navarre had fallen under the influence of a lady of Bearn, who had employed her power over his mind, as is usual in such connexions, to enrich herself; and also that the Prince, with weakness not uncommon even in great men, had made a will in favour of his mistress, which was likely to deprive his daughter and her husband of a considerable portion of their expected inheritance. The natural anxiety of Jeanne d'Albret to see this will was communicated by some of the court to the old King, and he in reply assured her that he would place it in her hands as soon as he beheld the child she was about to bear, upon the condition that she should sing him a song in the pains of labour: ‘In order,’ he said, ‘that thou mayest not give me a crying and a pany child.’

“The Duchess promised to perform the task, and at the moment of the birth of her son, as soon as she heard her father's foot in the chamber, she saluted him with one of the songs of her native country. When the child was shown to him, Henry d'Albret took him joyfully in his arms, and remembering the sneer of the Spaniards, he exclaimed, as if with a foresight of what he would become, ‘My sheep has borne me a lion!’ Then giving his will to his daughter, he continued; ‘There, my child, that is for thee, but this is for me,’—and carrying the boy, wrapped in a fold of his dressing gown, into his own chamber, he rubbed his lips with a piece of garlic, and gave him from his own golden cup some drops of wine.

“Whether the King of Navarre did or did not imagine, as has been asserted, that such unusual treatment of a new-

born infant would ensure to his grandson a hardy and a vigorous constitution, it certainly indicated the course of education which he wished to be pursued; and nothing was left undone that could strengthen the corporeal frame of the young prince, and prepare him for the hardships and exertions of a military career. Though a strong and powerful child, some difficulty was at first found in rearing him; and, perhaps, too high a degree of anxiety in regard to his health, caused the frequent change of nurses, which was of course detrimental to the infant.

"Great rejoicings took place on the occasion of his baptism; and his grandfather displayed all the splendour of the little court of Navarre, which the Emperor Charles V. once declared, had received him in his passage through France with greater magnificence than any other court he had visited. His godfathers were Henry II. of France and Henry d'Albret of Navarre; and the rite, which was performed according to the usages of the Church of Rome, was administered by the Cardinal of Armagnac, Vice-legate of Avignon.

"From the castle of Pau the prince was speedily removed to that of Coarasse, situated nearly at the mouth of the beautiful valley of Lourdes; and there, under the immediate superintendence of his grandfather and a distant relation, Susannah de Bourbon, Baroness de Miossens, commenced that hardy education which lasted till after the death of the King of Navarre. That monarch, we are told by a contemporary author, 'reproached his daughter and son-in-law with having lost several of their children by French delicacies; and in fact,' the same writer goes on to say, 'he brought up his grandson after the fashion of Bearn, with naked feet and head, very often with as little refinement as peasants' children are nurtured.' No rich clothing, no playthings were given to him; and Henry d'Albret especially commanded that he should neither be flattered nor treated as a prince, but fed upon the ordinary diet of the country, and dressed in the simplest manner. He was allowed to climb the rocks and mountains, and try his limbs in robust exercises from the earliest period of life; and all that could be done to invigorate mind or body, appears to have been strictly attended to in his years of infancy."

At a subsequent period, when he had attained the era, and was engaged in the studies of youth, his character and pursuits are thus described.

"We learn that he was at this time a very lively, quick, and beautiful boy, full of vigour and activity of mind and body, apt to receive instruction, and giving every promise of attaining great proficiency in letters. La Gaucherie took every pains to render the study of the learned languages agreeable to him; not teaching him in the ordinary method, by filling his mind with long and laborious rules, difficult to remember, and still more difficult to apply, but following more the common course by which we acquire our maternal language; and storing his mind with a number of Greek and Latin sentences, which the Prince afterwards wrote down and analysed. The first work which he seems to have translated regularly was Cæsar's Commentaries; a version of several books of which was seen by the biographer of the Duke of Nevers in his own handwriting; and his familiarity with the Greek was frequently shown in the sports and pastimes of the court, where mottoes in the learned languages were frequently required.

"It is customary for the historians and eulogists of great men to point out, after their acts have rendered them famous, those slight indications which sometimes in youth give promise of future eminence; and thus, we are told the favourite motto of Henry in his boyhood was, *ἢ κενὴ ἢ ἀποθνήσκω*, to conquer or to die. The fact, however, is worthy of remark, not so much perhaps because it showed the boy's aspirations for military glory, as because his frequent use of this sentence seems to have created some uneasiness in the mind of Catherine de Medici, who forbade his masters to teach him such apophthegms for the future, saying that they were only calculated to render him obstinate.

"It is not probable that the Queen-mother would have taken notice of such a sentence on the lips of any ordinary child; but it is evident, not only from the accounts of those biographers, whose works were composed after the Prince of Bearn had risen into renown as King of France, but by letters written while he was yet in extreme youth, that there was something in his whole manner and demeanour which impressed all those who knew him with a conviction of his future greatness. We shall have hereafter to cite several of these epistles, which give an accurate picture of the Prince at the age of thirteen years; but before that time he had undergone a long course of desultory instruction. At one period his education was carried on in the chateau of Vincennes, where he remained for more than a year with the royal children; and at another we find him studying in the

college of Navarre, together with the Duke of Anjou, who afterwards became King under the name of Henry III., and with Henry, eldest son of the Duke of Guise, against whom he was destined to take so prominent a part in arms. At this early age, however, no enmity or rivalry was apparent between the three Princes; but on the contrary, to use the words of the memoirs of Nevers, the three Henrys had the same affection and the same pleasures, and always displayed for one another so uncommon a degree of complaisance, that not the slightest dispute took place between them during the whole time they were at the college. In regard to the course of instruction pursued with the Prince of Bearn we have no farther information, and only know that he acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Latin language to translate with ease all the best writers of Rome; and that he applied himself, though apparently with no great perseverance, to the art of drawing, in which he displayed a considerable degree of talent—the Duke of Nevers, or his biographer, having seen an antique vase which he had sketched in pen and ink with a masterly hand, and under which he had written, *Opus principis otiosi*."

The Massacre of St Bartholomew, which has given an infamous immortality to the name of Charles IX., was unquestionably the great cause of reviving the religious wars which in the early part of his reign seemed to have been in a great measure stilled. Mr James does not add much to the information on the subject already furnished by the French historians, but he sums it up in a dramatic and interesting manner.

Our space will not permit of our quoting the entire passage, and we shall rather proceed to the period when the assassination of Henry III. opened to the King of Navarre the throne of France. The situation of the monarch, when this brilliant but perilous succession opened to him, is thus justly described by Mr James:—

"The situation of Henry IV., on his accession to the throne, was probably the most perilous in which a new monarch was ever placed. The whole kingdom was convulsed, from end to end, by factions, the virulence of which against each other had been nourished during many years of civil war, and not one element of discord and confusion seemed wanting to render the state of turbulence and anarchy which existed of long duration.

Not only the fierce and relentless spirit of religious fanaticism, not only the grasping cupidity of selfish and unprincipled nobles, not only the ambition of powerful and distinguished leaders entered as ingredients into the strange mass of contending passions which the country presented, but the long indulgence of lawless courses, the habits of strife and bloodshed, the want of universally recognised tribunals, the annihilation of external commerce, and the utter destitution of financial resources on all parts, seemed to place insurmountable obstacles in the way of any speedy restoration of order and prosperity.

"The capital was in a state of rebellion against its legitimate sovereign; the large towns were, in many instances, held forcibly by the party opposed to the great majority of the inhabitants; the small towns and villages were generally disaffected to the royal cause, or wavering between opposite factions; and the rural districts were divided in their affections, sometimes presenting three or four different shades of opinion within the space of as many leagues. One province was nearly entirely Protestant, another almost altogether Catholic, another equally divided between the two religions. The Parliament of Paris thundered against the Parliament of Tours; the partisans of the late king looked with scarcely less jealousy upon their new sovereign than upon their enemies of the League; and many of those who were indifferent upon the subject of religion, made it their first inquiry how they could sell their services to the best advantage.

"The preceding reigns had extinguished all respect for the law; the vices of the court had banished all notions of morality; and years of license had left barely the sense of common decency amongst the higher classes of the kingdom. Complete disorganisation, in short, existed throughout the whole fabric of society; and no common principle of action could be found as a permanent bond in uniting the members of any great party together. The League itself contained most discordant materials; but it was far more harmonious in its character than the great body of the Royalists; for community of religion at least afforded an apparent motive for combination where more substantial ties were wanting, while difference of faith in the camp of the King was at all times a pretext for dissensions which at any moment might produce disorders, if not actual hostility.

"Such was the state of affairs which Henry knew to exist at the moment when he received the announcement that he had

so suddenly become King of France. The generous devotion, indeed, of a few loyal and high-minded men tended greatly to encourage him in the commencement of his career; but apprehension and perplexity must have been the first emotions by which he was affected on entering the Hotel de Gondi and learning that Henry III. was dead. He found still greater alarm, however, reigning amongst the courtiers of the late King. Every thing was confusion and disarray, and his presence did not tend to produce harmony and order.

"The moment that his arrival was known, the Scotch guard came and threw themselves at his feet, exclaiming, 'Oh! Sire, you are now our king and our master;' and the active and energetic character of the monarch at once displayed itself in a remarkable manner. Without losing the time of action in thought, he applied himself to take advantage of the consternation of others, and secure the fidelity of the troops and of the court as far as possible, in order that the death of Henry III. might not altogether dissolve the bonds which held together the Royalist party, and overthrow the monarchy itself. He sent directly to the quarters of the Swiss and the French guard, to Marshal D'Aumont, to Biron, and to all in whom he could trust. He wrote during the same night to England, to Flanders, to Switzerland, Germany, and Venice, announcing his accession to the throne, stating his indisputable title, and requesting immediate aid to make it good against his enemies.

"But on entering the chamber of the deceased King a strange and fearful scene presented itself. The room was filled with the Catholic nobility of France; the minions were at the foot of the bed, with tapers in their hands, singing the service of the dead; and all the rest, amidst howlings of despair, were drawing down their hats, or casting them on the ground, clenching their fists, plotting together, giving each other the hand, making vows and promises, of which nothing was heard but the ending words—'rather die a thousand deaths.'" One voice, however, gave the interpretation of all: a gentleman exclaiming aloud, at ten paces from the King, that he would rather give himself up to any enemies than suffer a Huguenot monarch."

The battle of Arques was the first in which the great martial and heroic qualities of the King were displayed in their full lustre; and there Mr James's animated pen finds a fit subject for description. We pass on, however,

to the battle of Ivry, which was, if possible, yet more marvellous and decisive; for the superiority of force on the part of the League was still greater; and Henry's heroic band had dwindled away to little more than one of Napoleon's divisions.

"The numbers of the army of the League it is very difficult to discover, and, indeed, we can very seldom depend upon the statements even of contemporaries regarding the forces engaged in any battle. In one place, Davila reckons the army of Mayenne at four thousand five hundred horse, and twenty thousand foot; but he evidently greatly exaggerates the strength of the infantry, while Aubigné states the numbers at five thousand cavalry, and eight thousand foot, and Cayet says that Mayenne was accompanied by more than four thousand horse, and twelve thousand foot. Henry himself, in his despatch to Monsieur de la Verune, governor of Caen, does not venture even to guess at the numbers of his adversary, but merely says, that the prisoners state their army to have consisted of four thousand horse, and twelve thousand foot, thus confirming the account of Victor Cayet. The Royalist force did not amount to more than two thousand horse, and about eight thousand foot. Just as the battle was about to commence, however, Sully arrived from Pacy, bringing with him his own company, and two companies of English horse arquebusiers, under Colonel James. Several other reinforcements joined during the morning; and it cannot be doubted that the flocking in of zealous friends, while Henry occupied the plain of Ivry, tended greatly to encourage his forces, and to make them forget the superiority of the enemy. As at Coutras, the army of the League appeared covered with glittering trappings, lace and embroidery, while that of the King displayed nothing but cold gray steel.

"As soon as his troops had taken up their position, Henry rode along the line, mounted on a powerful bay charger, clothed in complete armour, but with his head bare, speaking words of hope and confidence to the soldiers, and exhorting them to show the same valour here that they had already displayed in many a perilous enterprise. His countenance was bold and fearless; but it was remarked, that, moved by his own words, his eyes more than once filled with tears. He represented to his troops, that the road to safety, as well as to glory, lay before them; that the crown of France depended upon their swords; that there

were no new armies to fall back upon in case of defeat : no other nobles in France to take the field for him, if they who surrounded him should fail. He then put himself at the head of the line, where he could be seen by all, and heard by many, and with his hands clasped and his eyes raised to heaven, he exclaimed : ' I pray thee, oh God, who alone knowest the intentions of man's heart, to do thy will upon me as thou shalt judge necessary for the weal of Christendom, and to preserve me so long as thou knowest I am needful for the happiness and repose of this land, and no longer.' Then turning to his own squadron, he took his casque, surmounted by a large plume of white feathers, and said : ' Companions, God is with us, there stand his enemies and ours. Here is your king. Upon them ! and if you lose your cornets, rally to my white plume. You will find it in the road to victory and honour.' During some part of the morning one of his officers remarked to him that he had provided no place of retreat, but Henry replied : ' There is no other retreat than the field of battle.'

"Before commencing the engagement, the King performed one of those generous and honourable acts, so well calculated to win all hearts, and carry the love of his people along with him. It would seem that Schomberg, who commanded the Germans in his service, had previously demanded the pay of his troops, which was long in arrears, and that Henry had replied sharply : ' No brave man ever asked for money on the eve of a battle.' At this moment of peril the King's heart smote him for what he had said ; and approaching the old officer, he spoke thus : ' Monsieur de Schomberg, I have injured you. This day may be the last of my life, and I would not take away the honour of any gentleman. I know your valour and your merit, and I beseech you to pardon and embrace me.'

" 'Sire,' answered Schomberg, ' you wounded me the other day it is true, but to-day you kill me ; for the honour you do me will force me to die for your service.'

"It is probable that immediately after this incident a movement in advance, mentioned by the king in all his despatches, was made on the part of the royal army, for, till between ten and eleven o'clock, the forces of the League were at such a distance, that it was possible for Mayenne to avoid a battle. The King still apparently imagined that such might be his adversary's intention, for he says in his circular letter respecting the great victory of Ivry, that the enemy's troops having appeared still farther off than they

had been on the preceding evening, he resolved to approach so close that they must of necessity fight ; and having, in consequence, gone to seek them even to the spot where they had planted themselves, 'from which they never advanced but so far as was necessary to come to the charge,' the battle took place. Judging from this adherence to his position, and from the stillness of his skirmishers, that Mayenne was determined not to commence the engagement, Henry took advantage of an error which the Duke had committed in the choice of his ground, and which exposed his cavalry, scattered over the face of a slope. He accordingly ordered his artillery to open a fire upon the adverse squadrons, which was executed by M. de la Guiche with great precision and effect, nine discharges taking place before the Leaguers could fire a gun. Nearly at the same time, news was brought that Monsieur de Humières, Mouy, and about three hundred horse, were hurrying up to join the King, and were barely a mile distant ; but Henry would not delay the engagement.

"The battle was now begun by the light horse advancing on the part of the League, followed by a heavy body of *lanzknechts* ; but they were met in full career by Marshal D'Aumont, at the head of about three hundred men-at-arms, and driven back in confusion to the edge of the wood, called *La Haye des près*, where D'Aumont, according to the commands he had previously received from Henry, halted his small force, and returned in good order. While this was taking place on the left of the King's army, a body of reiters from the enemy's right, advanced against the light horse of Givri and the Grand Prior, but were repulsed ; and having made their charge and fired their pistols, retired, as was the common practice of the German troopers, to form behind the men-at-arms. The Royalist light horse, however, had been thrown into some disorder by this attack, and were immediately after assailed by a squadron of heavy cavalry, consisting of Walloons and Flemings, who, with their long lances, bade fair to overthrow Givri and the Grand Prior, when the Baron de Biron, by a well-timed charge in flank, broke through their ranks, receiving two wounds in his advance. Montpensier now moved forward to encounter the same corps in front, and after having his horse killed under him, succeeded in restoring the advantage to the Royalists in that part of the field. Before this was accomplished, Mayenne, with the great bulk of his cavalry, advanced against the King himself. He was accompanied by Count Egmont, the Duke of Nemours,

and the Chevalier D'Aumale, and had on his left a body of five hundred carabineers, on horseback, all picked men, well armed and mounted, who, galloping forward till they were within twenty yards of Henry's division, poured a tremendous fire upon it, and then gave place to the *men-at-arms*. At that moment, however, the King spurred on his horse two lengths before any of his troops, and, followed by his whole squadron, 'plunged,' to use the words of Aubigné, 'into the forest of lances,' which lay before him. Even that bitter satirist cannot avoid giving way to some enthusiasm in describing the charge of his royal master. 'By the first strokes,' he says, 'appeared what quality can effect against quantity.' For more than a quarter of an hour the struggle was fierce, and the small squadron of the King was lost to the sight of the rest of the army in the dense cloud of Mayenne's cavalry.

"At length the Leaguers were seen to waver; some fled, others followed, and in an instant after, all was rout and confusion amongst the immense body of horse, which a few minutes before had moved up so gallantly to the assault. But as the enemy fled from before him, Henry was exposed to a new danger, and found that the battle was not yet won. As he issued forth from the midst of the flying masses of Mayenne's horse, with but twelve or fifteen companions at his side, and exactly between the two regiments of adverse Swiss, three troops of Walloons, who as yet had not taken any share in the battle, appeared ready to charge his little band. D'Aumont, however, with the Grand Prior, Tremouille, and the gallant Givri, advanced to his deliverance, and this fresh body of cavalry was routed in a moment. In the heat of the *mêlée* Henry's standard-bearer was killed, and one of his pages, who bore in his casque a white plume similar to that of the King, fell beside him. A report had spread instantly that the King was slain, and a momentary panic had seized the persons round the spot where he was supposed to have fallen. But when he reappeared from amidst the dense crowd of enemies, covered with blood and dust, a loud shout of 'Vive le Roi!' burst from the ranks of the Royalists, and added speed to the flight of the enemy. Marshal Biron, who had remained immovable, watching the progress of the fight, and ready to act wherever a great necessity presented itself, now joined the monarch, saying, 'This day, sire, you have performed the part of Marshal Biron, and Marshal Biron that of the King.'

"Let us praise God, Marshal," answered Henry, 'for the victory is his.'"

Henry's generous temper, and,

withal, turn for fun and drollery, is well depicted in the account of his forgiveness of Mayenne, the ablest of his opponents—

"In the meantime, negotiations went on for the reconciliation of the Duke of Mayenne with his sovereign. His demands were greater, perhaps, than were justified by his position; but Gabrielle d'Estrées, who was now with the monarch, exerted all her influence to render him favourable to the Duke, and Henry consented, at length, to a treaty, by which it was declared, in regard to the death of Henry III., that, all things weighed, and the evidence examined, it appeared to the King, that the Princes and the Princesses of the League had taken no part in that crime. The Parliaments of the realm were consequently forbidden to proceed against them. Three places were given to the Duke in Burgundy and Champagne, as security for six years, the King burthened himself with the debts which Mayenne had contracted during the war, and a term of six weeks was granted to the other Leaguers, who were still in arms, to give in their adhesion to the treaty of peace.

"This having been settled, and Mayenne feeling deeply the clemency of the monarch, who had thus, in fact, loaded him with favours, when he had nothing to expect but disgrace and punishment, set out to make his submission in person to the King, who was then at Monceaux with the fair Gabrielle. When he arrived, Henry was in the beautiful park of that place, attended only by Sully, and on his approach the monarch advanced to meet him. Mayenne knelt before the King, and embraced his knees, assuring him of his fidelity for the future, and thanking him for having delivered him 'from the arrogance of the Spaniards, and the cunning of the Italians.' The King then hastened to raise him, and embraced him three times with the utmost cordiality, after which, taking him by the hand, and changing the subject, he led him through the park, pointing out the changes and improvements he intended to make. The King walked with his usual rapid pace; Mayenne, who had become excessively fat, and was troubled both with gout and sciatica, followed with difficulty, panting, limping, and growing red in the face. With good-humoured malice, Henry continued this exercise for some time, whispering to Sully, 'If I walk this great body much longer, I shall avenge myself without much trouble;' and then, turning to Mayenne, he added, 'Tell the truth, cousin, do I not go somewhat fast for you?' The Duke replied that he was ready to expire.

"There is my hand," replied the King, embracing him again; "take it, for on my life this is all the vengeance that I shall ever seek."

A most imperfect idea of Henry's character, however, would be formed, if his gallantry in action, conduct in war, and generosity in victory alone are taken into view. His pacific administration, and plans of social improvement, are also worthy of the very highest admiration; and his premature death is, perhaps, chiefly to be lamented, because it prevented so many of them from being carried into full effect. They are thus sketched by Mr James on the authority of Sully, the King's prime minister:—

"It is difficult to arrive at any precise notion of Henry's ultimate views; and the want of full information has induced many writers to disbelieve the fact of his having entertained any of the definite and extensive schemes attributed to him by contemporaries; but the concurring testimony of those who knew him best, leads me to believe, that a favourite project, of a comprehensive and extraordinary character, occupied many of his thoughts from the moment that he felt himself firmly seated on the throne of France. Sully seems to think that the scheme was perfectly practicable; but whether the object was limited, as some have asserted, to reducing the power of the house of Austria, or whether it extended to the partition of Europe into fifteen great monarchies, and to the establishment of a 'Christian Republic,' (by means of a general council, representing those powers, and sitting permanently,) as others affirm—whether the one design was a fixed and clearly defined resolution, and the other merely a brilliant but evanescent fancy, it would be very difficult in these days to ascertain. Certain it is, that Henry demanded from his minister Sully various written schemes and statements, as steps to the execution of some very great and difficult design, which would require the whole resources of France to be economised for many years; and, from the plans thus formed, issued a number of most beneficial projects, few of which, unhappily for posterity, were carried into effect. In the joint labours of the King and his minister, new objects, new regulations, presented themselves every hour; memorial brought forth memorial; one scheme branched out into half a dozen others; institutions were conceived; laws were drawn up; and a completely new organisation of society, founded on notions of transcendent ex-

cellence, such as the world has never seen, appeared as visions to the eyes of the monarch and his friend.

"To afford some idea of the vastness and also of the visionary character of these designs, I will give, in a somewhat abbreviated form, part of the account furnished by Sully himself, of the contents of a cabinet to be prepared for the King in one of the halls of the Louvre, which were to comprise, arranged in drawers and cases, all the memoirs and reports about to be collected. 'The labour required was immense. To obtain a notion of it, without repetitions, let one imagine every thing connected, immediately or remotely with the finances, with war, with the artillery, with the navy, commerce and police, with the coinage, with the mines, and, in a word, with every part of government, interior and exterior, ecclesiastic, civil, political, and domestic. Every one of all these parts had its separate place in this state cabinet, so that all the documents concerning it would be found ready to the hand at a glance, in whatever quantity they might be. On the side appropriated to the finances, were seen the collection of different regulations, records of financial operations, changes made or to be made, the sums to receive or to be paid, and an almost innumerable mass of statements, memorials, totals, and summaries, more or less abridged.

"In regard to military matters, besides the accounts, details, and memorials, marking the actual state of things, there would have been found the edicts and state papers, works upon tactics, plans, maps, and charts of France and other parts of the world. Large copies of these maps, mixed with various pieces of painting, were to be placed in the great gallery. The idea also was entertained of appropriating one of the large halls below, with the floor above, to the purposes of a museum of models and specimens of all the most curious machines destined to be used in war, the arts, and different trades, and in all sorts of exercises, noble, liberal, or mechanical, in order that those who sought perfection might come and without trouble instruct themselves in this silent school. The lower story would have served for the heavier things, and the higher for the lighter. An exact inventory of both was to have been amongst the documents of the cabinet of which I am speaking.

"Lists of all the benefices of the kingdom, with their denomination and just appreciation, reports of the whole ecclesiastical body, secular and regular, from the highest prelate to the lowest clerk, with the distinction of native and foreigner, and of both religions, would

not have been amongst the least curious documents of those referring to the ecclesiastical government.

"This labour was the model of another affecting the police, by which the king would have been able to see, to an individual, the number of the nobility of the whole realm, divided into classes, and specified by the difference of titles, estates, &c.; an idea the more agreeable to the King, as he had been meditating for a long time the plan of a new order of knighthood, together with that of an academy, a college, and a royal hospital, destined for the nobility alone, without this useful and honourable institution being chargeable to the public or burdensome to the finances. It was proposed at the same time to form a camp or permanent corps of six thousand infantry, a thousand horse, and six pieces of artillery, completely equipped. Twelve ships and twelve galleys kept in good order, corresponded in the naval department to this new military establishment.

The close of this glorious and beneficent reign is thus described :—

"Certain it is that Henry's mind was filled with gloomy anticipations which neither business nor pleasure could banish; for the moment he was unoccupied dark and bitter meditations fell upon him, from which he found it impossible to rouse himself. Intimations of coming danger, too, were frequent; a courier from France carried news of his death to Germany eight days before it happened. On the altar, at Montargis, was found a paper, announcing that in a few days he would perish by the hand of an assassin. Public prayers were offered up in some parts of the Spanish territory for the success of a great enterprise to be carried on in France; and many warnings were given to Henry himself. The monarch, however, would pay no attention to them, notwithstanding the presentiment with which he himself was filled; and it is said that when, on the day of his death, his son, the Duke of Vendôme, came to tell him that La Brosse, the astrologer, had predicted that great danger menaced him that day, Henry merely laughed, saying, 'La Brosse is an old fox who wishes to have your money, and you a young fool to believe him. Our days are counted before God.' Perhaps more attention might often have been paid to astrologers by great men if they had recollected that such intimations may sometimes come from other sources than the stars, and that many of those persons looked upon it as a part of their trade to obtain intel-

ligence of meditated designs in support of their pretended science.

"The coronation of the Queen passed off without any accident; and her ceremonious entrance into Paris was appointed for the 16th of the month. The troops of the crown were already assembled on the frontier, fifty pieces of artillery had been sent on to wait the coming of the King, and he was to set out immediately after the approaching pageant, in order to put himself at the head of his troops: but, to the surprise of all, Spain and the Low Countries remained in a state of the most perfect tranquillity; no preparations for resistance were seen, no movement was made to turn away the coming storm. This is the only circumstance which could throw the slightest suspicion on the Archduke of taking any part in the crime about to be perpetrated. On the 14th of May the King showed himself restless and uneasy, but nevertheless he went, as usual, to hear mass at the church of the Feuillans, and returned in safety to the palace. The Queen, frightened by the predictions of the astrologers, besought him not to go out any more that day. Henry laughed at her fears, but still showed himself gloomy and disquieted, walked in an agitated manner into the gardens of the Tuileries, talked more than once of death: and when Bassompierre represented to him the immense prosperity to which he had attained, and asked him what he could desire more, he replied, with a deep sigh, 'My friend, all this must be quitted.'

"He twice cast himself upon his bed to seek sleep, but in vain; and about four o'clock demanded his coach, to proceed to the arsenal, in order to confer with Sully, who was unwell. As soon as the carriage was ready, he descended to the court and entered the vehicle, accompanied by the Dukes of Epemon and Montbazon, with Roquelaure, Lavardin, and La Force, giving some orders to Vitry, captain of the guard, before he set out. He was followed by a small troop of gentlemen on horseback, and the carriage was surrounded by a number of running footmen.

"The large coaches of that day could be entirely closed by a sort of door, or blind, which let down from the top: but the day being hot, and Henry wishing to see the preparations which were going on for the Queen's public entry, the carriage was left open on both sides, and he himself remained exposed to the gaze of the people. Passing down the Rue St Honoré, the royal party turned into the Rue de la Feronnellerie, in itself narrow, and still farther straitened by a number of small shops, built against the wall of the ceme-

tery of the Innocents, which Henry, some time before, had ordered to be pulled down. At the moment the carriage entered the street, a cart, loaded with barrels of wine, was on the right side, and another, filled with hay, upon the left, so that the coachman was obliged to stop, while the footmen ran round by the cemetery to remove the obstruction.

"At that moment a man, who had followed the carriage from the Louvre, put one foot upon the front wheel, the other upon a stone at the side, and, reaching into the carriage, struck the King a violent blow with a knife. Henry immediately exclaimed, 'I am wounded;' but notwithstanding the number of persons who were with him, the assassin was suffered to repeat the blow, which now pierced the King to the heart. A third blow was caught in the sleeve of one of the attendants; and, instead of throwing down the knife and flying, the man who had done the deed stood with the bloody weapon in his hand, and calmly allowed himself to be seized by those who ran up at the outcry which took place. The guards would have instantly put him to death; but Epernon, fortunately for his own reputation, interfered, and ordered him to be secured.

"In the meantime Henry uttered not a word, and the report forthwith spread that the King was killed. His officers, however, wisely assured the people that he was only wounded, and called loudly for some wine, while the blinds of the carriage were let down, and the vehicle turned towards the Louvre. The body was immediately removed from the coach and laid upon a bed. Surgeons and physicians hurried to the room; and we are informed by Bassompierre, who was present, that Henry breathed one sigh after he was brought in. Life, however, was probably extinguished at once by the second blow; for he never uttered a word after he received it, but fell upon the shoulder of the Duke of Epernon, with the blood flowing from his mouth as well as from the wound.

"Thus died Henry IV. of France, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, one of the greatest, and certainly one of the most beloved Kings of France, on whom contemporaries bestowed the title of the Great, but who was known to his people, and is ever mentioned in history, by the name of *Henri Quatre*, a term connected in the mind of every Frenchman with the

ideas of goodness, benevolence, sincerity, and courage. After having to fight for his throne against the fierce opposition of fanaticism; after having to contend with the arms and the intrigues of the Roman Catholic world; after having to struggle with the hatred of a great part of his people, excited by the wild declamations of preachers and demagogues, and with the coldness and indifference of almost all the rest, he had succeeded, not only in obtaining the crown to which he was entitled, not only in vanquishing his enemies in the field, in subduing his rebellious subjects, in repulsing his foreign foes, and overcoming the prejudices of his people, but in gaining their devoted love, the esteem of all his allies, and the reverence even of those opposed to him."

The extracts we have now given, will convey to our readers a fair idea of this very interesting and valuable work. We earnestly recommend it to their attention: when once in their hands, it will speak for itself. Several emendations, some in the composition, others in the construction, will, doubtless, in another edition, suggest themselves to the judgment and good taste of the author. There are no arguments to chapters, no index, and no table of contents. These, in a work of history, are indispensable, and should be added forthwith. A novelist who brings five or six characters on the stage, can afford to let them explain their own story; but a historian, who is involved in the transactions of five or six hundred, has need of every mechanical aid which industry can furnish, to enable his readers to follow the complicated thread of events, or turn to them again, when required on reference. It is to be wished, also, that Mr James would intersperse his spirited narrative, especially in the scenes of memorable events, with a few of those beautiful descriptions of Nature with which his novels abound, and which would be peculiarly appropriate in a work on French history, from his intimate acquaintance with the topography and scenery of the places where his story is laid.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXIV.

OCTOBER, 1847.

Vol. LXII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET;
AND 37, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

blushing. Many good results doubtless arise from this alliance, but an increased chance of impartial criticism is not likely to be one of them.

When Andersen writes *for* childhood or *of* childhood, he is singularly felicitous — fanciful, tender, and true to nature. This alone were sufficient to separate him from the crowd of common writers. For the rest of his works, if you will look at them kindly, and with a friendly scrutiny, you will find many a natural sentiment vividly reflected. But traces of the higher operations of the intellect, of deep or subtle thought, of analytic power, of ratiocination of any kind, there is absolutely none. If, therefore, his injudicious admirers should insist, without any reference to his origin or culture, on extolling his writings as works submitted, without apology or excuse, to the mature judgment and formed taste—they can only peril the reputation they seek to magnify. They will expose to ridicule and contempt one who, if you allow him a place apart by himself, becomes a subject of kindly and curious regard. If they insist upon his introduction, unprotected by the peculiar circumstances which environ him—we do not say amongst the literary magnates of his time, but even in the broad host of highly cultivated minds; we lose sight of him, or we follow him with something very much like a smile of derision.

We remember being told of a dexterous stratagem, by which a lady cured her son of what she deemed an unworthy passion for a rustic beauty. We tell the story—for it may not only afford us an illustration, but a hint also to other perplexed mammas, who may find themselves in the like predicament. She had argued, and of course in vain, against his high-flown admiration of the village belle. She was a goddess! She would become a throne! Apparently acquiescing in his matrimonial project, she now professed her willingness to receive his bride-elect. Accordingly, she sent her own milliner—mantua-maker—what you will,—to array her in the complete toilette of a lady of fashion. The blushing damsel appeared in the most

elegant attire, and took her place in the maternal drawing-room, amongst the sisters of the enraptured lover. Alas! enraptured no more! The rustic beauty, whera could it have flown? The belle of the village was transformed into a very awkward young lady. Goddess!—She was a simpleton. Become a throne!—She could not sit upon a chair. The charm was broken. The application we need hardly make. There may be certain uncultivated men of genius on whom it is possible to practise a like malicious kindness.

We would rather preface our notice of the life and works of Andersen, by a motto taken from our own countryman Blake, artist and poet, and a man of somewhat kindred nature:—*

"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me—

"Pipe a song about a lamb;"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again!"
So I piped—he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read."
Then he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs;
Every child may joy to hear."

Such was the form under which the muse may be said to have visited and inspired Andersen. He ought to have been exclusively the poet of children and of childhood. He ought never to have seen, or dreamed, of an Apollo six feet high, looking sublime, and sending forth dreadful arrows from the far-resounding bow; he should have looked only to that "child upon the cloud," or rather, he should have seen his little muse as she walks upon the earth—we have her in Gainsborough's picture—with her tattered

* See Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters and Sculptors*, vol. ii. p. 150.

petticoat, and her bare feet, and her broken pitcher, but looking withal with such a sweet sad contentedness upon the world, that surely, one thinks, she must have filled that pitcher and drawn the water which she carries—without, however, knowing any thing of the matter—from the very well where Truth lies hidden.

We should like to quote at once, before proceeding further, one of Andersen's tales for children. We will venture upon an extract. It will at all events be new to our readers, and will be more likely to interest them in the history of its author than any quotation we could make from his more ambitious works. Besides, the story we select will somewhat foreshadow the real history which follows.

A highly respectable matronly duck introduces into the poultry-yard a brood which she has just hatched. She has had a deal of trouble with one egg, much larger than the rest, and which after all produced a very "ugly duck," who gives the name, and is the hero of the story.

"So, we are to have this tribe, too!" said the other ducks, 'as if there were not enough of us already! And only look how ugly one is! we won't suffer that one here.' And immediately a duck flew at it, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; 'it does no one any harm.'

"Yes, but it is so large and strange looking, and therefore it must be teased."

"These are fine children that the mother has!" said an old duck, who belonged to the noblesse, and wore a red rag round its leg. 'All handsome, except one; it has not turned out well. I wish she could change it.'

"That can't be done, your grace," said the mother; 'besides, if it is not exactly pretty, it is a sweet child, and swims as well as the others, even a little better. I think in growing it will improve. It was long in the egg, and that's the reason it is a little awkward.'

"The others are nice little things," said the old duck: 'now make yourself quite at home here.'

"And so they did. But the poor young duck that had come last out of the shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pecked, and teased by ducks and fowls. 'It's so large!' said they all; and the turkey-cock, that had spurs on when he came into the world, and therefore fancied himself an emperor, strutted

about like a ship under full sail, went straight up to it, gobbled, and got quite red. The poor little duck hardly knew where to go, or where to stand, it was so sorrowful because it was so ugly, and the ridicule of the whole poultry-yard.

"Thus passed the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duck was hunted about by every one; its brothers and sisters were cross to it, and always said, 'I wish the cat would get you, you frightful creature!' and even its mother said, 'Would you were far from here!' And the ducks bit it, and the hens pecked at it, and the girl that fed the poultry kicked it with her foot. So it ran and flew over the hedge.

"On it ran. At last it came to a great moor where wild-ducks lived; here it lay the whole night, and was so tired and melancholy. In the morning up flew the wild-ducks, and saw their new comrade; 'Who are you?' asked they; and our little duck turned on every side, and bowed as well as it could. 'But you are tremendously ugly!' said the wild-ducks. 'However, that is of no consequence to us, if you don't marry into our family.' The poor thing! It certainly never thought of marrying; it only wanted permission to lie among the reeds, and to drink the water of the marsh.

"Bang! bang!" was heard at this moment, and several wild-ducks lay dead amongst the reeds, and the water was as red as blood. There was a great shooting excursion. The sportsmen lay all round the moor; and the blue smoke floated like a cloud through the dark trees, and sank down to the very water; and the dogs spattered about in the marsh—splash! splash! reeds and rushes were waving on all sides: it was a terrible fright for the poor duck.

"At last all was quiet; but the poor little thing did not yet dare to lift up its head; it waited many hours before it looked round, and then hastened away from the moor as quickly as possible. It ran over the fields and meadows, and there was such a wind that it could hardly get along.

"Towards evening, the duck reached a little hut. Here dwelt an old woman with her tom-cat and her hen; and the cat could put up its back and purr, and the hen could lay eggs, and the old woman loved them both as her very children. For certain reasons of her own, she let the duck in to live with them.

"Now the tom-cat was master in the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, 'We and the world.'

That the duck should have any opinion of its own, they never would allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No!"

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

"Can you put up your back and purr?" said the tom-cat.

"No."

"Well, then, you ought to have no opinion of your own, where sensible people are speaking."

"And the duck sat in the corner, and was very sad; when suddenly it took it into its head to think of the fresh air and the sunshine; and it had such an inordinate longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the hen of it.

"What next, I wonder!" said the hen, "you have nothing to do, and so you sit brooding over such fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and you'll forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim on the water!" said the duck—"so delightful when it dashes over one's head, and one dives down to the very bottom."

"Well, that must be a fine pleasure!" said the hen. "You are crazy, I think. Ask the cat, who is the cleverest man I know, if he would like to swim on the water, or perhaps to dive, to say nothing of myself. Ask our mistress, the old lady, and there is no one in the world cleverer than she is; do you think that she would much like to swim on the water, and for the water to dash over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duck.

"Understand, indeed! If we don't understand you, who should! I suppose you won't pretend to be cleverer than the tom-cat, or our mistress, to say nothing of myself! Don't behave in that way, child; but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. Have you not got into a warm room, and have you not the society of persons from whom something is to be learnt? But you are a blockhead, and it is tiresome to have to do with you. You may believe what I say; I am well disposed towards you; I tell you what is disagreeable, and it is by that one recognises one's true friends."

"I think I shall go into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Well then, go!" answered the hen.

"And so the duck went. It swam on the water, it dived down; but was disregarded by every animal on account of its ugliness.

"One evening—the sun was setting most magnificently—there came a whole flock of large beautiful birds out of the bushes; never had the duck seen any

thing so beautiful. They were of a brilliant white, with long slender necks: they were swans. They uttered a strange note, spread their superb long wings, and flew away from the cold countries (for the winter was setting in) to warmer lands and unfrozen lakes. They mounted so high, so very high! The little ugly duck felt indescribably—it turned round in the water like a mill-wheel, stretched out its neck towards them, and uttered a cry so loud and strange that it was afraid even of itself. Oh, the beautiful birds! the happy birds! it could not forget them; and when it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom of the water; and when it came up again it was quite beside itself.

"And now it became so cold! But it would be too sad to relate all the suffering and misery which the duckling had to endure through the hard winter. It lay on the moor in the rushes. But when the sun began to shine again more warmly, when the larks sang, and the lovely spring was come, then, all at once it spread out its wings, and rose in the air. They made a rushing noise louder than formerly, and bore it onwards more vigorously; and before it was well aware of it, it found itself in a garden, where the apple-trees were in blossom, and where the syringas sent forth their fragrance, and their long green branches hung down in the clear stream. Just then three beautiful white swans came out of the thicket. They rustled their feathers, and swam on the water so lightly—oh! so very lightly! The duckling knew the superb creatures, and was seized with a strange feeling of sadness.

"To them will I fly!" said it, "to the royal birds. Though they kill me, I must fly to them!" And it flew into the water, and swam to the magnificent birds, that looked at, and with rustling plumes, sailed towards it.

"Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bowed down its head to the water, and awaited death. But what did it see in the water? It saw beneath it its own likeness; but no longer that of an awkward grayish bird, ugly and displeasing—it was the figure of a swan.

"It is of no consequence being born in a farm-yard, if only it is in a swan's egg."

"The large swans swam beside it, and stroked it with their bills. There were little children running about in the garden; they threw bread into the water, and the youngest cried out, 'There is a new one!' And the other children shouted too; 'Yes, a new one is come!'—and they clapped their hands and danced, and ran to tell their father

and mother. And they threw bread and cake into the water; and every one said, 'The new one is the best! so young, and so beautiful!'

"Then the young one felt quite ashamed, and hid its head under its wing; it knew not what to do: it was too happy, but yet not proud—for a good heart is never proud. It remembered how it had been persecuted and derided, and now it heard all say it was the most beautiful of birds. And the syringas bent down their branches to it in the water, and the sun shone so lovely and so warm. Then it shook its plumes, the slender neck was lifted up, and, from its very heart, it cried rejoicingly—'Never dreamed I of such happiness when I was the little ugly duck!'"

It is not only in writing for children that our author succeeds; but whenever childhood crosses his path, it calls up a true pathos, and the playful tenderness of his nature. The commencement of his serious novels, where he treats of the infancy and boyhood of his heroes, is always interesting. Amongst the translated works of Andersen is one entitled "*A Picture-Book without Pictures.*" The author describes himself as inhabiting a solitary garret in a large town, where no one knew him, and no friendly face greeted him. One evening, however, he stands at the open casement, and suddenly beholds "the face of an old friend—a round, kind face, looking down on him. It was the moon—the dear old moon! with the same unaltered gleam, just as she appeared when, through the branches of the willows, she used to shine upon him as he sat on the mossy bank beside the river." The moon becomes very sociable, and breaks that long silence which poets have so often celebrated—breaks it, we must confess, to very little purpose. "Sketch what I relate to you," says the moon, "and you will have a pretty picture-book." And accordingly, every visit, she tells him "of one thing or another that she has seen during the past night." One would think that such a sketch-book, or album, as we have here, might easily have been put together without calling in the aid of so sublime a personage. But amongst the pictures that are presented to us, two or three, where the moon has had her eye upon children in their sports or their dis-

tresses, took hold of our fancy. Here Andersen is immediately at home. We give one short extract.

"It was but yesternight (said the moon) that I peeped into a small courtyard, enclosed by houses: there was a hen with eleven chickens. A pretty little girl was skipping about. The hen chucked, and, affrighted, spread out her wings over her little ones. Then came the maiden's father, and chid the child; and I passed on, without thinking more of it at the moment.

"This evening—but a few minutes ago—I again peeped into the same yard. All was silent; but soon the little maiden came. She crept cautiously to the hen-house, lifted the latch, and stole gently up to the hen and the chickens. The hen chucked aloud, and they all ran fluttering about: the little girl ran after them. I saw it plainly, for I peeped in through a chink in the wall. I was vexed with the naughty child, and was glad that the father came and scolded her still more than yesterday, and seized her by the arm. She bent her head back; big tears stood in her blue eyes. She wept. 'I wanted to go in and kiss the hen, and beg her to forgive me for yesterday. But I could not tell it you.' And the father kissed the brow of the innocent child; and I kissed her eyes and her lips."

Our poet—we call him such, though we know nothing of his verses, for whatever there is of merit in his writings is of the nature of poetry—our poet of childhood and of poverty, was born at Odense, a town of Funen, one of the green, beech-covered islands of Denmark. It bears the name of the Scandinavian hero, or demigod, Odin; Tradition says he lived there. The parents of Andersen were so poor that when they married they had not wherewithal to purchase a bedstead, or at least thought it advisable to make shift by constructing one out of the wooden tressels which, a little time before, had supported the coffin of some neighbouring count as he lay in state. It still retained a part of the black cloth, and some of the funeral ornaments attached to it, when in the year 1805 there lay upon it, not in any peculiar state, the solitary fruit of their marriage—the little Hans Christian Andersen. He was a crying infant, and when carried to the baptismal font, sorely vexed the parson with his outcries. "Your young

one screams like a cat!" said the reverend official. The mother was hurt at this reflection upon her offspring; but a prophetic god-papa, who stood by, consoled her by saying, "that the louder he cried when a child, all the more beautifully would he sing when he grew older."

Those who are disposed to trace a hereditary descent in mental qualifications, will find an instance to their purpose in the case of Andersen. His mother, we are told, was utterly ignorant of books and of the world, "but possessed a heart full of love!" From her he may be said to have derived a singular frankness and amiability of disposition—a fond, open, affectionate temper. For the more intellectual qualities, by which this temper, through the medium of authorship, was to become patent to the world, he must have been indebted to his father. This poor and hapless shoemaker (such was his trade) seems to have been a singular person. To use a favourite phrase of Napoleon, "he had missed his destiny." His parents had been country people of some substance, but misfortune falling upon misfortune had reduced them to poverty. Finally, the father had become insane; the mother had been glad to obtain a menial situation in the very asylum where her husband was confined; and there was nothing better to be done for the son than to apprentice him to a shoemaker. Some talk there was amongst the neighbours of raising a subscription to send him to the grammar-school, and thus give him a start in life; but it never went beyond talk. A shoemaker he became. But to the leather and the last he never took kindly. He would read what books he could get—Holberg's plays and the Bible—and ponder over them. At first he would make his wife a sharer in his reflections, but as she, good woman, never understood a word of what he said, he learned to meditate in silence. On Sundays he would go out into the woods accompanied only by his child; then he would sit down, sunk in abstraction and solitary thought, while young Hans gathered flowers or wild strawberries. "I recollect," says the son, in his *Autobiography*, "that once, as a child, I saw tears in

his eyes; and it was when a youth from the grammar-school came to our house to be measured for a new pair of boots, and showed us his books, and told us what he learned, 'That was the path on which I ought to have gone!' said my father; he kissed me passionately, and was silent the whole evening."

There surely went out of the world something still undeveloped in that poor shoemaker. At a subsequent period of the history we find him fairly abandoning his unchosen trade. The name of Napoleon resounded even in Odense—even in Odense could find a heart that is disquieted. He would follow the banner of him who had "opened a career to all the talents." But the regiment in which he enlisted got no further than Holstein. Peace was concluded; he had to return to his native place, and fall back as well as he could into the old routine. His march to Holstein had, however, shaken his health, and he died shortly after his return.

"I was," says our author, "the only child, and was extremely spoilt; but I continually heard my mother say how very much happier I was than she had been, and that I was brought up like a nobleman's child." No nobleman's child could, at all events, be brought up with less restraint, or more completely left to his own fancies. Poor as were his parents, he never felt want; he had no care; he was fed and clothed without any thought on his part; he lived his own dreamy life, nourished by scraps of plays, songs, and all manner of traditional stories. There was a theatre at Odense, and young Andersen was now and then taken to it by his parents. He himself constructed a puppet-show, and the dressing and drilling of his dolls was for a long time the chief occupation of his life. As he could rarely go to the theatre, he made friends with the man who sold the play-bills, who was charitable enough to give him one. With this upon his knee, he would sit apart and construct a play for himself; putting the *dramatis personæ* into movement as well as he could, and at all events despatching them all at the close; for he had no idea, he tells us, of a tragedy "that had not plenty of dying."

Of what is commonly called education he had little enough. He was sent to a charity-school, where, by a somewhat startling error of the press, Mrs Howitt is made to say "he learned only *religion*, writing, and arithmetic." Of the *reading*, writing, and arithmetic there taught, he seemed to have gained little; certainly the writing and the arithmetic went on very slowly. To make amends, he used to present his master on his birth-day with a poem and a garland. Both the wreath and the verses seemed to have been but churlishly received, and the last time they were offered, he got scolded for his pains.

It would be difficult, however, to conceive of a life more suitable to the fostering of the imagination than that which little Hans was leading. Besides the play-house, and the scraps of dramas read to him by his father, himself a strange and dreamy man, we catch sight of an old grandmother, she who resided in the lunatic asylum where her husband was confined. Young Hans was occasionally permitted to visit her; and here he was a great favourite with certain old crones, who told him many a marvellous and terrible story. These stories, and the insane figures which he caught sight of around him, operated, he tells us, so powerfully upon his imagination that when it grew dark he scarcely dared to go out of the house. His own mother was extremely superstitious. When her husband was dying, she sent her son, not to the doctor, but to a wise-woman, who, after measuring the boy's arm with a woollen thread, and performing some other ceremonies, bade him go home by the river side, "and if he did not see the ghost of his father, he was to be sure that he would not die this time." He did *not* see the ghost of his father — which, considering all things, was rather surprising; but his father died nevertheless.

After the death of her husband, the mother of Andersen found another object for her affections, for that "heart so full of love." She married again. But the stepfather was "a grave young man, who would have nothing to do with Hans Christian's education;" refused, we presume, all responsibility on so delicate a business.

He was still left to himself. He had now grown a tall lad, with long yellow hair, which the sun probably had assisted to dye, as he was accustomed to go bare-headed. He continued to amuse himself with dressing his theatrical puppets. His mother reconciled herself to the occupation, as it formed, she thought, no bad introduction to the trade of a tailor, to which she now destined him. On the other hand, Hans partly reconciled himself to the idea of being a tailor, because he should then have plenty of cloth, of all colours, for his puppets. Meanwhile it was to a very different trade or destiny that these puppets were conducting him.

About this time, not for the money, said the warm-hearted mother, but that the lad, like the rest of the world, might be doing something, Hans was sent, for a short interval, to a cloth factory. But it was fated that he should never work. He had a beautiful voice, and could sing. The people at the factory asked him to sing. "He began, and all the looms stood still." He had to sing again and again, whilst the other boys had his work given them to do. He was not long, however, at the factory. The coarse jests and behaviour of its inmates drove out the shy and solitary boy.

And now came the crisis. He would go forth into the world. He would be famous. All his early aspirations for distinction and celebrity had become, as might be expected, associated with the theatre. But as yet he had not the least idea in what department he was to excel—whether as actor or poet, dancer or singer—or rather he seems to have thought himself capable of success in them all. The passion for fame, or rather for distinction, had been awakened before the passion for any particular art. All he knew was, that he was to be a celebrated man; by what sort of labour, what kind of performance, he had no conception. Indeed, the remarkable performance, the work to be done, was not the most essential thing in his calculation. "People suffer a deal of adversity, and then they become famous." It was thus he explained the matter to himself. He was on the right road, at all events, for the adversity.

We must relate his going forth in

his own words. Never, surely, on the part of all the actors in it, was there a scene of such singular simplicity.

"My mother said that I must be confirmed, in order that I might be apprenticed to the tailor trade, and thus do something rational. She loved me with her whole heart, but she did not understand my impulses and my endeavours, nor, indeed, at that time did I myself. The people about heralway spoke against my odd ways, and turned me into ridicule. (They only saw the ugly duckling in the young swan.)

"We belonged to the parish of St Knud, and the candidates for confirmation could either enter their names with the provost or with the chaplain. The children of the so-called superior families, and the scholars of the grammar-school, went to the first, and the children of the poor to the second. I, however, announced myself as a candidate to the provost, who was obliged to receive me, although he discovered vanity in my placing myself among his catechists, where, although taking the lowest place, I was still above those who were under the care of the chaplain. I would, however, hope that it was not alone vanity that impelled me. I had a sort of fear of the poor boys, who had laughed at me, and I always felt as it were an inward drawing towards the scholars of the grammar-school, whom I regarded as far better than other boys. When I saw them playing in the churchyard, I would stand outside the railings, and wish that I were but among the fortunate ones—not for the sake of the play, but for the many books they had, and for what they might be able to become in the world.

"An old female tailor altered my deceased father's greatcoat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that every body would not see them, and therefore I drew them up over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me, for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed. I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new boots as with God. I prayed him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again I thought upon my new boots.

"During the last year I had saved together a little sum of money. When I counted it over, I found it to be thirteen

rix-dollars banco (about thirty shillings.) I was quite overjoyed at the possession of so much wealth; and as my mother now most resolutely required that I should be apprenticed to a tailor, I prayed and besought her that I might make a journey to Copenhagen, that I might see the greatest city in the world.

"What wilt thou do there?" asked my mother.

"I will become famous," returned I; and I then told her all that I had read about extraordinary men. "People have," said I, "at first an immense deal of adversity to go through, and then they will be famous."

"It was a wholly unintelligible impulse that guided me. I wept and prayed, and at last my mother consented, after having first sent for a so-called wise-woman out of the hospital, that she might read my future fortune by the coffee-grounds and cards.

"Your son will become a great man!" said the old woman; "and in honour of him all Odense will one day be illuminated."

"My mother wept when she heard that, and I obtained permission to travel." — (P. 27.)

So, at the age of fourteen, with thirty shillings in his pocket, and his idea of becoming famous by going through a deal of adversity, he comes to Copenhagen—the Paris, the more than the Paris of Denmark, for, in respect to all that a great town collects or fosters, Copenhagen is literally Denmark. There never was a stranger history than this of young Andersen's. It is more like a dream than a life; it is like one of his own tales for children, where the rigid laws of probability are dispensed with in favour of a quite free and rapid invention. The theatre is his point of attraction: but he was by no means determined in what department, or under what form, his universal genius shall make its appearance. He will first try dancing. He had heard of a celebrated *danseuse*, a Madame Schall. To her he goes with a letter of introduction, which he had coaxed out of an old printer in Odense, who, though he protested he did not know the lady, was still prevailed upon to write the letter. Dressed in his confirmation suit, a broad hat upon his head, his boots, we may be sure, not forgotten, which were worn, however, this time under the trousers,

he finds out the residence of Madame Schall, rings at the bell, and is admitted. "She looked at me with great amazement," writes our author, "and then heard what I had to say. She had not the slightest knowledge of him from whom the letter came, and my whole appearance and behaviour seemed very strange to her. I confessed to her my heartfelt inclination for the theatre; and upon her asking me what character I thought I could represent, I replied Cinderella. This piece had been performed in Odense by the royal company, and the principal character had so taken my fancy, that I could play the part perfectly from memory. In the mean time I asked her permission to take off my boots, otherwise I was not light enough for this character; and then, taking up my broad hat for a tambourine, I began to dance and sing—

'Here below nor rank nor riches
Are exempt from pain and wo.'

My strange gestures and my great activity caused the lady to think me out of my mind, and she lost no time in getting rid of me."

We should think so. Only imagine some wild colt of a boy, one of those young Savoyards, for instance, who are in the habit of dancing round the organ they are grinding, apparently to convince the world how sprightly the tune is—imagine a genius of this natural description introducing himself into the drawing-room of a Taglioni or an Elssler, and commencing forthwith, "with great activity," to give a specimen of his talent! Just such as this must have been the part which young Andersen performed in the saloon of Madame Schall.

As the dancing does not succeed, he next offers himself as an actor—proceeding, quite as a matter of course, to the manager of a theatre to ask for an engagement. The manager was facetious—said he was "too thin for the theatre." Hans would be facetious too. "Oh," he replied, "if you will but engage me at one hundred rix-dollars banco salary, I shall soon get fat." Then the manager looked grave, and bade him go his way, adding, that he engaged only people of education.

But he had many strings to his bow—he could sing. It was at the

opera evidently that he was destined to become famous. Here he met with what, for a moment, looked like success. A voice he certainly possessed, though uncultivated, and Seboni, the director of the Academy of Music, promised to procure instruction for him. But a short time afterwards he lost his voice, through insufficient clothing, as he thinks, and bad shoe leather. (Those boots could not be new always—doubtless got sadly worn tramping through the streets of Copenhagen.) Seboni dropped his *protégé*, counselled him to go back to Odense, and learn a trade.

As well learn a trade in Copenhagen, if it was to come to that. He still stayed in the capital, and still lingered round the theatre, sometimes getting a lesson in recitation, sometimes one in dancing, and overjoyed if only as one of a crowd of masked people he could stand before the scenes. There never surely was so irrepressible a vanity combined with so sensitive a temperament; never so strong an impulse for distinction accompanied with such vague notions of the means to attain it. At this period of his life his utter childishness, his affectionate simplicity, his superstition, his unconquerable vanity, present a picture quite unexampled in all biographies we have ever read. He has to make a bargain with an old woman (no better than she should be) for his board and lodging. She had left the room for a short time; there was in it a portrait of her deceased husband. "I was so much a child," he says, "that, as the tears rolled down my own cheeks, I wetted the eyes of the portrait with my tears, in order that the dead man might feel how troubled I was, and influence the heart of his wife."

Great as his susceptibility to ridicule, his vanity is always greater, can surmount it, and find a gratification where a sterner nature would have felt only mortification. In a scene of an opera where a crowd is to be represented, he edges himself upon the stage. He is very conscious of the ill condition of his attire: the confirmation coat did but just hold together; and he did not dare to hold himself upright lest he should exhibit the more plainly the shortness of the waistcoat which he

had outgrown. He had the feeling very plainly that people would be making themselves merry with him; yet at this moment, he says, "he felt nothing but the happiness of stepping for the first time before the foot-lamps."

Of his superstition he records the following amusing instance. "I had the notion that as it went with me on New Year's Day, so would it go with me through the whole year; and my highest wishes were to obtain a part in a play. It was now New Year's Day. The theatre was closed, and only a half-blind porter sat at the entrance to the stage, on which there was not a soul. I stole past him with a beating heart, got between the moveable scenes and the curtain, and advanced to the open part of the stage. Here I fell down upon my knees, but not a single verse for declamation could I recall to my memory. I then said aloud the Lord's Prayer. I went out with the persuasion that, because I had spoken from the stage on New Year's Day, I should, in the course of the year, succeed in speaking still more, as well as in having a part assigned to me."—(P. 50.)

We must quote the paragraph that immediately follows this extract, because it shows that, after all, there was something better stirring at his heart than this vague theatrical ambition, this empty vanity. There was the love of nature there. "During the two years of my residence in Copenhagen, I had never been out into the open country. Once only had I been in the park, and there I had been deeply engrossed by studying the diversions of the people and their gay tumult. In the spring of the third year, I went out for the first time amid the verdure of a spring morning. I stood still suddenly under the first large budding beech-tree. The sun made the leaves transparent—there was a fragrance, a freshness—the birds sang. I was overcome by it—I shouted aloud for joy, threw my arms around the tree, and kissed it. 'Is he mad?' said a man close behind me."

His good fortune provided him at length with a sincere and serviceable friend in the person of Collins—conference-councillor, as his title runs,

and one of the most influential men at that time in Denmark. Through his means a grant was obtained from the royal purse, and access procured to something like regular education in the grammar-school at Slagelse. His place in the school was in the lowest class amongst little boys. He knew indeed nothing at all—nothing of what is taught by the pedagogue. At the age of eighteen, after having written a tragedy, which had been submitted to the theatre at Copenhagen, and we know not what poems besides, — after having versified a dance, and recited a song, he begins at the very beginning, and seats himself down in the lowest form of a grammar-school.

It is not our intention to pursue the biography of Andersen beyond what is necessary for understanding the singular circumstances in which his mind grew up; we shall not, therefore, detain our readers much longer on this part of our subject. His scholastic progress appears to have been at first slow and painful; the rector of the grammar-school behaved neither kindly nor generously towards him; and on him he afterwards took his revenge in the character of *Habas Dahdah*, in "The Improvisatore." But he was docile, he was persevering, and passed through the school, and afterwards the college, not discreditably. In 1829, he was launched again into the world, a member of the educated class of society.

After supporting himself some time by his pen, he received from his government a stipend for travelling, which, it appears, in Denmark is bestowed on young poets as well as artists. And now he started on his travels—evidently the best school of education for a mind like his. For whatever use books may have been of to Andersen, in teaching him to *write*, they have had nothing to do with teaching him to *think*. No one portion of his writings of any value can be traced to his acquaintance with books. What knowledge he got from this source he could never rightly use. What his eye saw, what his heart felt—that alone he could work with. The slowly won reflection, the linked thought—any thing like a train of reasoning, seems

to have been an utter stranger to his mind. Throughout his life, he is an observant child. From books he can gather nothing; severe analytic thinking he knows nothing of; he must see the world, must hear people talk, must remember how his own heart beat, and thus only can he find something for utterance.

What a change now in his destiny! The poor shoemaker's child, that wandered wild in the woods of Odense, and afterwards wandered almost as wild and as solitary in the streets of Copenhagen—who was next imprisoned in a school with dictionary and grammar—is now free again—may wander with wider range of vision—is a traveller—and in Italy! But the sensitive temper of Andersen, we are afraid, hardly permitted him to enjoy, as he might have done, his full cup of happiness. Vanity is an unquiet companion; he should have left it behind him at home; then the little piece of malice which he records of one of his friends would not have disturbed him as it appears to have done.

"During my journey to Paris, and the whole month that I spent there, I heard not a single word from home. Could it be that my friends had nothing agreeable to tell me? At length, however, a letter arrived; a large letter, which cost a large sum in postage. My heart beat with joy, and yearning impatience; it was indeed my first letter. I opened it, but I discovered not a single written word—nothing but a Copenhagen newspaper, *containing a lampoon upon me*, and that was sent to me all that distance with postage unpaid, probably by the anonymous writer himself. This abominable malice wounded me deeply. I have never discovered who the author was; perhaps he was one of those who afterwards called me friend, and pressed my hand. Some men have base thoughts; I also have mine."

Poor Andersen has all his life long been sorely plagued by his critics. Those who peruse his Autobiography to the close, and every part of it is worth reading, will find him in violent ill humour with the theatrical public, whom he describes as taking a malicious and diabolical pleasure in

damning plays. To hiss down a piece, he declares, is one of the chief amusements that fill the house. "Five minutes is the usual time, and the whistles resound, and the lovely women smile and felicitate themselves like the Spanish ladies at their bloody bull-fights." His second journey into Italy seems to have been in part occasioned by some quarrel with the theatre. "If I would represent this portion of my life more clearly and reflectively, it would require me to penetrate into the mysteries of the theatre, to analyse our æsthetic cliques, and to drag into conspicuous notice many individuals who do not belong to publicity; many persons in my place would, like me, have fallen ill, or would have resented it vehemently. Perhaps the latter would have been the most sensible."

Oh, no! Hans Christian—by no means the most sensible. Better even to have fallen ill. An author by his quarrel with the public, whether the reading or theatrical public, can gain nothing for himself but added torment. The more vehemently he contests and resents, the louder is the laugh against him. Whether the right is upon his side, time alone can show; time alone can redress his wrongs. When the poet has written his best, he has done all his part. If he cannot feel perfectly tranquil as to the result, let him at least affect tranquillity—let him be silent, and silence will soon bring that peace it typifies.

Henceforward, however, upon the whole, the career of Andersen is prosperous, and his life genial. We find him in friendly intercourse with the best spirits of the age. The lad who walked about Odense with long yellow locks, bare-headed, and bare-footed, and who was half reconciled to being a tailor's apprentice, because he should get plenty of remnants to dress his puppets with—is seen spending the evening with the royal family of Denmark, or dining with the King of Prussia, who decorates him with his order of the Red Eagle! He has exemplified his text—"people have a deal of adversity to go through, and then they become famous."

Those who have read "The Improvisatore," the most ambitious of the

works of Andersen, and by far the most meritorious of his novels, will now directly recognise the materials of which it has been constructed. His own early career, and his travels into Italy, have been woven together in the story of Antonio. So far from censuring him—as some of his Copenhagen critics appear to have done—for describing himself and the scenes he beheld, we are only surprised when we read “The True Story of his Life,” that he has not been able to employ in a still more striking manner, the experience of his singular career. But, as we have already observed, he betrays no habit or power of mental analysis; he has not that introspection which, in the phrase of our poet Daniel, “raises a man above himself;” so that Andersen could contemplate Andersen, and combine the impartial scrutiny of a spectator with the thorough knowledge which self can only have of self. So far from censuring him for the frequent use he makes of the materials which his own life and travels afforded him, we could wish that he had never attempted to employ any other. Throughout his novels, whenever he departs from these, he is either common-place or extravagant,—or both together, which, in our days, is very possible. If he imitates other writers, it is always their worst manner that he contrives to seize; if he adopts the worn-out resources of preceding novelists, it is always (and in this he may be doing good service) to render them still more palpably absurd and ridiculous than they were before. He has dreams in plenty—his heroes are always dreaming; he has fevered descriptions of the over-excited imagination—a very favourite resource of modern novelists; he has his moral enigmas; and of course he has a witch (Fulvia) who tells fortunes and reads futurity, and reads it correctly, let philosophy or common sense say what it will. His Fulvia affords his readers one gratification; they find her fairly hanged at the end of the book.

We are far enough from attempting to give an outline of the story of this or any other novel—such skeletons are not attractive; but the extracts, and the observations we have to make, will best be understood by

entering a few steps into the narrative.

Antonio, the Improvisatore, is born in Rome of poor parents. He is introduced to us as a child, living with his fond mother, his only surviving parent, in a room, or rather a loft, in the roof of a house. She is accidentally run over and killed by a nobleman's carriage. A certain uncle Peppo, a cripple and a beggar, claims guardianship of the orphan. Of this Peppo we have a most unamiable portrait. His withered legs are fastened to a board, and he shuffles himself along with his hands, which were armed with a pair of wooden hand-clogs. He used to sit upon the steps of the Piazza de Spagna. “Once I was witness,” says the Improvisatore, who tells his own story, “of a scene which awoke in me fear of him, and also exhibited his own disposition. Upon one of the lowest flights of stairs sat an old blind beggar, and rattled with his little leaden box that people might drop a *bajocco* therein. Many people passed by my uncle without noticing his crafty smile and the waivings of his hat; the blind man gained more by his silence—they gave to him. Three had gone by, and now came the fourth, and threw him a small coin. Peppo could no longer contain himself; I saw how he crept down like a snake, and struck the blind man in his face, so that he lost both money and stick. ‘Thou thief!’ cried my uncle, ‘wilt thou steal money from me—thou who art not even a regular cripple—cannot see—that is all! And so he will take my bread from my mouth.’”

On great occasions Peppo could quit his board and straddle upon an ass. And now he came upon his ass, set Antonio before him, and carried him off to his own home or den. The boy was put into a small recess contiguous to the apartment which his uncle occupied with some of his guests. He overheard this conversation: “Can the boy do any thing?” asked one; “Has he any sort of hurt?”

“No; the Madonna has not been so kind to him,” said Peppo; “he is slender and well formed, like a nobleman's child.”

“That is a great misfortune,” said they all; and some suggestions were

added, that he could have some little hurt to help him to get his earthly bread until the Madonna gave him the heavenly. Conversation such as this filled him with alarm; he crept through the aperture which served for window to his dormitory; slid down the wall, and made his escape. He ran as fast as he could, and found himself at length in the Coliseum.

Antonio, at this time, is a poor boy about nine or ten years old; we have seen from what sort of guardian the terrified lad was making his escape. Now, observe the exquisite appropriateness, taste, and judgment of what follows. It is precisely here that the author makes parade of the knowledge he has lately gained in the grammar-school of Slagelse—precisely here that he throws his Antonio into a classical dream or vision!

"Behind one of the many wooden altars which stand not far apart within the ruins, and indicate the resting-points of the Saviour's progress to the cross,* I seated myself upon a fallen capital, which lay in the grass. The stone was as cold as ice, my head burned, there was fever in my blood; I could not sleep, and there occurred to my mind all that people had related to me of this old building; of the captive Jews who had been made to raise these huge blocks of stone for the mighty Roman Cæsar; of the wild beasts which, within this space, had fought with each other, nay, even with men also, while the people sat upon stone benches, which ascended step-like from the ground to the loftiest colonnade.

"There was a rustling in the bushes above me; I looked up, and fancied that I saw something moving. Oh, yes! my imagination showed to me pale dark shapes, which hewed and builded around me; I heard distinctly every stroke that fell, saw the meagre black-bearded Jews tear away grass and shrubs to pile stone upon stone, till the whole monstrous building stood there newly erected; and now all was one throng of human beings, head above head, and the whole seemed one infinitely vast living giant body.

"I saw the vestals in their long white garments; the magnificent court of the Cæsar; the naked bleeding gladiators;

then I heard how there was a roaring and a howling round about, in the lowest colonnades; from various sides sprang in whole herds of tigers and hyænas; they sped close past the spot where I lay; I felt their burning breath; saw their red fiery glances, and held myself fast upon the stone upon which I was seated, whilst I prayed the Madonna to save me. But wilder still grew the tumult around me; yet I could see in the midst of all the holy cross as it still stands, and which, whenever I had passed it, I had piously kissed. I exerted all my strength, and perceived distinctly that I had thrown my arms around it; but every thing that surrounded me trembled violently together,—walls, men, beasts. Consciousness had left me,—I perceived nothing more. When I again opened my eyes, my fever was over."

Sadder trash than this it were almost impossible to write. It is necessary to make some quotations to justify the terms of censure, as well as of praise, which we have bestowed upon Andersen; but our readers will willingly excuse the infliction of many such quotations; they might be made abundantly enough, we can assure them.

On awaking from this vision, Antonio finds himself in the presence of some worthy monks. They take charge of him, and ultimately give him over to the protection of an old woman, a relative, Dominica, who is living the most solitary life imaginable, in one of the tombs of the Campagna. Here there is a striking picture presented to the imagination—of the old woman and the little boy, shut up in the ruined tomb, in the almost tropical heat, or the heavy rains, that visit the Campagna. He who erewhile had visions of vestals and captive Jews, Cæsar and the gladiators, is more naturally represented as amusing himself by floating sticks and reeds upon the little canal dug to carry the water from their dwelling;—"they were his boats which were to sail to Rome."

One day a young nobleman, pursued by an enraged buffalo, takes refuge in this tomb, and thus becomes ac-

* Not very clearly expressed by the translator. One would think that our Saviour, in his progress to the cross, had passed through the area of the Coliseum, and not that each of the pictures on these altars represented one of the resting-points, &c. Mrs Howitt is sometimes hasty and careless in her writing. And why does she employ such expressions as these:—"a many white buttons," "beside of it," "beside of us?" We have read a *many* English books, but never met them in any one beside of this.

quainted with Antonio. He is a member of the Borghese family, and proves to be the very nobleman whose carriage had accidentally occasioned the death of his mother. Antonio becomes the protégé of the Borghese, returns to Rome, receives an education, and is raised into the high and cultivated ranks of society. He is put under the learned discipline of Habbas Dahdah—an excellent name, we confess, for a fool—in whose person, we presume, he takes a sly revenge upon his late rector of Slagelse. But he has not been fortunate in the invention of parallel absurdities in his Italian pedagogue to those which he may have remembered of some German prototype. He describes him as animated with a sort of insane aversion to the poet Dante, whom he derides on every occasion in order to exalt Petrarch. A Habbas Dahdah would be much more likely to feign an excessive admiration for the idol and glory of Italy. However, his pupil stealthily procures a Dante; reads him, of course *dreams* of him; in short, there is an intolerable farago about the great poet.

But the time now comes when the great business of all novels—love—is brought upon the scene. And here we have an observation to make which we think may be deserving of attention.

Antonio, the Improvisatore, is made, in the novel, to love in the strangest fashion imaginable. He loves and he does not love; he never knows himself, nor the reader either, whether, or with whom, to pronounce him in love. Annunciata, the first object of this uncertain passion, behaves herself, it must be confessed, in a very extraordinary manner. We suppose the exigencies of the novel must excuse her; it was necessary that her lover should be plunged in despair, and therefore she could not be permitted to behave as any other woman would have done in the same circumstances. She has a real affection for Antonio; yet at the critical moment—the last moment he will be able to learn the truth, the last time he will see her unless her response be favourable—she behaves in such a manner as to lead him inevitably to the conclusion that his rival is preferred to him. This Annunciata, the most celebrated singer of her day,

loses her voice, loses her beauty,—a fever deprives her of both;—and not till her death does Antonio learn that he, and not another, was the person really beloved. Meanwhile, in his travels, Antonio meets with a blind girl, whom he does or does not love, on whom at least he poetises, and whose forehead, *because she was blind*, he had kissed. He is afterwards introduced, at Venice, to a young lady, (Maria,) who bears a striking resemblance to this blind girl. She is, in fact, the same person, restored to sight, though he is not aware of it. Maria loves the Improvisatore; he says, he believes that his affection is *not* love. He quits Venice—he returns—he is ill. Then follows one of those miserable scenes which novelists will inflict upon us—of dream, or delirium—what you will,—and, in this state, he fancies Maria is dead; he finds then that he really loved; and, in his sleep or trance, he expresses aloud his affection. His declaration is overheard by Maria and her sister, who are watching over his couch. He wakes, and Maria is there, alive before him. In his sleep he has become aware of the true condition of his own heart; nay, he has leapt the Rubicon,—he has declared it. He becomes a married man.

Now, in the confused and contradictory account of Antonio's passion, we see a truth which the author drew from his own nature and experience,—a truth which, if he had fully appreciated, or had manfully adhered to, would have enabled him to draw a striking, consistent, and original portrait. In such natures as Andersen's, there is often found a modesty more than a woman's, combined with a vivid feeling of beauty, and a yearning for affection. Modesty is no exclusive property of the female sex, and there may be so much of it in a youth as to be the impediment, perhaps the unconscious impediment, to all the natural outpouring of his heart. The coyness of the virgin, the snitor, by his prayers and wooing, does all he can to overcome; but here the coyness is in the snitor himself. He has to overcome it by himself, and he cannot. He hardly knows the sort of enemy he has to conquer. Every woman seems to him enclosed in a bell-glass, fine as gossamer, but he cannot break it. He feels himself drawn, but he

cannot approach. His heart is yearning; yet he says to himself, no, I do not love. A looker-on calls him inconstant, uncertain, capricious. He is not so; he is bound by viewless fetters, nor does he know where to strike the chain that is coiled around him.

Such was the truth, we apprehend, such the character, that Andersen had indistinctly in view. He drew from himself, but he had not previously analysed that self. It is, therefore, not so much a false as a confused and imperfect representation that he has given, which the reader, if he thinks it worth his while, must explain and complete for himself. Perhaps, too, a fear of the ridicule which an exhibition of modesty in man might draw down from certain slender wittings, from the young gentlemen, or even the young ladies, of Copenhagen, may have, in part, deterred him from a faithful portraiture. To people of reflection, who have learned to estimate at its true value the laugh of coxcombs, and the wisdom of the so-called man of the world—the shallowest bird of passage that we know of—such a portrait would have been attractive for the genuine truth it contains. It would require, indeed, a master's hand to deal both well and honestly with it.

The descriptions of Italy which "The Improvisatore" contains are sufficiently striking and faithful to recall the scenes to those who have visited them; which is all, we believe, the best descriptions can effect. What is absolutely new to a reader cannot be described to him. If all the poets and romancers of England were to unite together in a committee of taste, they could not frame a description which would give the effect of mountainous scenery to one who had never seen a mountain. The utmost the describer can do, in all such cases, is to liken the scene to something already familiar to the reader's imagination. Though generally faithful, we cannot say that our author never sacrifices accuracy of detail to the demands of the novelist, never sacrifices the actual to the ideal. For instance, his account of the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel, is rather what one is willing to anticipate it might be, than what a traveller really finds it. To be sure, he has a right to place

his hero of the novel where he pleases in the chapel, relieve him from the crowd, and give him all the advantages of position: still his perfect enjoyment of all that both the arts of painting and music can afford, and that overpowering *sentiment* which he finds in the great picture of the Last Judgment by Michel Angelo, (a picture which addresses itself far more to the artist than the poet,) strikes us as a description drawn more from imagination than experience.

A little satire upon the travelling English seems, by the way, to be as agreeable at Copenhagen as at Paris. Our Danish friends are quite welcome to it; we only wish for their sakes that, in the present instance, it had been a little more lively and pungent. Our Hans Andersen is too weak in the wrist, has not arm strong enough "to crack the satyric thong." Mere exaggeration may be mere nonsense, and very dull nonsense. The scene is at the hotel at Terracina, so well known by all travellers.

"The cracking of whips re-echoed from the wall of rocks; a carriage with four horses rolled up to the hotel. Armed servants sat on the seat at the back of the carriage; a pale thin gentleman, wrapped in a large bright-coloured dressing-gown, stretched himself within it. The postilion dismounted and cracked his long whip several times, whilst fresh horses were put to. The stranger wished to proceed, but as he desired to have an escort over the mountains where Fra Diavolo and Cesari had bold descendants, he was obliged to wait a quarter of an hour, and now scolded, half in English and half in Italian, at the people's laziness, and at the torments and sufferings which travellers had to endure; and at length knotted up his pocket-handkerchief into a night-cap, which he drew on his head, and then, throwing himself into a corner of the carriage, closed his eyes, and seemed to resign himself to his fate.

"I perceived that it was an Englishman, who already, in ten days, had travelled through the north and the middle of Italy, and in that time had made himself acquainted with this country; had seen Rome in one day, and was now going to Naples to ascend Vesuvius, and then by the steam-vessel to Marseilles, to gain a knowledge also of the south of France, which he hoped to do in a still shorter time. At length eight well-armed horsemen arrived, the postilion cracked his whip, and the carriage and the out-riders

vanished through the gate between the tall yellow rocks."—(Vol. ii. p. 6.)

"*Only a Fiddler*" proceeds, in part, on the same plan as "The Improvisatore." Here, too, the author has drawn from his own early experience; here, too, we have a poor lad of genius, who will "go through an immense deal of adversity and then become famous;" here too we have the little ugly duck, who, however, was born in a swan's egg. The commencement of the novel is pretty, where it treats of the childhood of the hero; but Christian (such is his name) does not win upon our sympathy, and still less upon our respect. We are led to suspect that Christian Andersen himself is naturally deficient in certain elements of character, or he would have better upheld the dignity of his namesake, whom he has certainly no desire to lower in our esteem. With an egregious passion for distinction, a great vanity, in short, we are afraid that he himself (judging from some passages in his Autobiography) hardly possesses a proper degree of pride, or the due feeling of self-respect. The Christian in the novel is the butt and laughing-stock of a proud, wilful young beauty of the name of Naomi; yet does he forsake the love of a sweet girl Lucie, to be the beaten spaniel of this Naomi. He has so little spirit as to take her money and her contempt at the same time.

This self-willed and beautiful Naomi is a well-imagined character, but imperfectly developed. Indeed the whole novel may be described as a jumble of ill-connected scenes, and of half-drawn characters. We have some sad imitations of the worst models of our current literature. Here is a Norwegian godfather, the blurred likeness of some Parisian murderer. Here are dreams and visions, and plenty of delirium. He has caught the trick, perhaps, from some of our English novelists, of infusing into the persons of his drama all sorts of distorted imaginations, by way of describing the situation he has placed them in. We will quote a passage of this nature: it is just possible that some of our countrymen, when they see their own style reflected back to

them from a foreign page, may be able to appreciate its exquisite truth to nature. Christian, still a boy, is at play with his companions; he hides from them in the belfry of a church. It was the custom to ring the bells at sunset. He had ensconced himself between the wall and the great bell, and "when this rose, and showed to him the whole opening of its mouth," he found he was within a hair's breadth of contact with it. Retreat was impossible, and the least movement exposed his head to be shattered. The conception is terrible enough, but by no means a novel one, as all readers conversant with the pages of this Magazine will readily allow, by reference to the story of "The Man in the Bell," in our tenth volume,* one of the late Dr Maginn's most powerful and graphic sketches. But the natural horror of the situation by no means satisfies this novelist; he therefore engrafs the following imaginations thereupon, as being such as were most likely to occur to the lad, frightened out of his senses, stunned by the roar of the bell, winking hard, and pressing himself closer and closer to the wall to escape the threatened blow.

"Overpowered to his very inmost soul by the most fearful anguish, the bell appeared to him the jaws of some immense serpent; the clapper was the poisonous tongue, which it extended towards him. Confused imaginations pressed upon him; feelings of anguish which he felt when he had dived with him beneath the sea took possession of him; but here it was far stronger in his ears, and the colours before his eyes faded into gray figures. The ocean castle floated before him, but the changing mien and gestures, the changing forms; now long and as again jelly-like, clear and tremulous; they clashed cymbals and beat drums; then suddenly passed away into a glow in which every thing had disappeared to him, when, with Naomi, he looked through the red window-panes. It was that he felt plainly. He felt a burning sea, and ever exhibited to him its fearful jaws. An insatiable desire seized him to take hold on the clapper with both hands, when suddenly it became calm around him, but it still raged within his brain. He felt

* Vol. x. Nov. 1821, p. 373.

that all his clothes clung to him, and that his hands seemed fastened to the wall. Before him hung the serpent's head, dead and bowed; the bell was silent. He closed his eyes and felt that he fell asleep. He had fainted."—(Vol. i. p. 59.)

Are these some of the "beautiful thoughts" which Mrs Howitt finds it the greatest delight of her literary life to translate? One is a little curious to know how far this beauty has been increased or diminished by their admiring translator; but unfortunately we can boast no Scandinavian scholarship. This novel, however, is not without some striking passages, whether of description of natural scenery, or of human life. Of these, the little episode of the fate of Steffen-Margaret recurs most vividly to our recollection. Mrs Howitt, in her translation of "The True Story of my Life," draws our attention, in a note, to this character of Steffen-Margaret, informing us that it is the reproduction of a personage whom Andersen becomes slightly acquainted with in the early part of his career. She thus points out a striking passage in the novel; but the translator of the Autobiography and of "Only a Fiddler," might have found more natural opportunities for illustrating the connexion between the novel and the life of the author. There is no resemblance whatever between the two characters alluded to, except that they both belong to the same unfortunate class of society. Of the young girl mentioned in the life, nothing indeed is said, except that she received once a week a visit from her papa, who came to drink tea with her, dressed always in a shabby blue coat; and the point of the story is, that in after times, when Andersen rose into a far different rank of society, he encountered in some fashionable saloon the papa of the shabby blue coat in a bland old gentleman glittering with orders.

Christian, the hero of the novel, a lad utterly ignorant of life, has come for the first time to Copenhagen. Whilst the ship in which he has arrived is at anchor in the port, it is visited by some *ladies*, one of whom particularly fascinates him. She must be a princess, or something of that kind, if not a species of angel. The next day he finds out her residence,

sees her, tells her all his history, all his inspirations, all his hopes; he is sure that he has found a kind and powerful patroness. The lady smiles at him, and dismisses him with some cakes and sweetmeats, and kindly taps upon the head. This is just what Andersen at the same age would have done himself, and just in this manner would he have been dismissed and comforted. There is a scene in the Autobiography very similar. He explains to some kind old dames, whom he encounters at the theatre, his thwarted aspirations after art; they give him cakes;—he tells them again of his impulses, and that he is dying to be famous; they give him more cakes;—he eats and is pacified.

The ship, however, had not been long in the harbour before his princess visited it again. It was evening—Christian was alone in the cabin.

"He was most strangely affected as he heard at this moment a voice on the cabin steps, which was just like hers. She, perhaps, would already present herself as a powerful fairy to conduct him to happiness. He would have rushed towards her, but she came not alone; a sailor accompanied her, and inquired aloud, on entering, if there were any one there. But a strange feeling of distress fettered Christian's tongue, and he remained silent.

"What have you got to say to me?" asked the sailor.

"Save me!" was the first word, which Christian heard from her lips in the cabin; she whom he had regarded as a rich and noble lady. "I am sunk in shame!" said she. "No one esteems me; I no longer esteem myself. Oh, save me, Søren! I have honestly divided my money with you; I yet am possessed of forty dollars. Marry me, and take me away out of this woe, and out of this misery! Take me to a place where nobody will know me, where you may not be ashamed of me. I will work for you like a slave, till the blood comes out at my finger-ends. Oh, take me away with you! In a year's time it may be too late."

"Should I take you to my old father and mother?" said the sailor.

"I will kiss the dust from their feet; they may beat me, and I will bear it without a murmur—will patiently bear every blow. I am already old, that I know. I shall soon be eight-and-twenty; but it is an act of mercy, which I beseech of you. If you will not do it, nobody else will; and I think I must drink—"

drink till my brain reels—and I forget what I have made myself!"

"Is that the very important thing that you have got to tell me?" remarked the sailor, with a cold indifference.

"Her tears, her sighs, her words of despair, sank deep into Christian's heart. A visionary image had vanished, and with its vanishing he saw the dark side of a naked reality.

"He found himself again alone.

"A few days after this, the ice had to be hewed away from the channel. Christian and the sailor struck their axes deeply into the firm ice, so that it broke into great pieces. Something white hung fast to the ice in the opening; the sailor enlarged the opening, and then a female corpse presented itself, dressed in white as for a ball. She had amber beads round her neck, gold ear-rings, and she held her hands closely folded against her breast as if for prayer. It was Steffen-Margaret."

"O. T." commences in a more lively style than either of the preceding novels, but soon becomes in fact the duller and most wearisome of the three. During a portion of this novel he seems to have taken for his model of narrative the "*Wilhelm Meister*" of Goethe; but the calm domestic manner which is tolerable in the clear-sighted man, who we know can rise nobly from it when he pleases, accords ill enough with the bewildered, most displeasing, and half intelligible story which Andersen has here to relate.

We have occupied ourselves quite sufficiently with these novels, and shall pass over "O. T." without further comment. Neither shall we bestow any of our space upon "*The Poet's Bazaar*," which seems to be nothing else than the *Journal* which the author may be supposed to have kept during his second visit to Italy, when he also extended his travels into Greece and Constantinople.

We take refuge in the nursery—we will listen to these tales for children—we throw away the rigid pen of criticism—we will have a story.

What precisely are the laws, what the critical rules, on which tales for children should be written, we will by no means undertake to define. Are they to contain nothing, in language or significance, beyond the apprehension of the inmates of the nursery? It is a question which we will not pretend to answer. Aristotle lays down nothing on the subject in

his "*Poetici*;" nor Mr Dunlop in his "*History of Fiction*." If this be the law, if every thing must be level to the understanding of the frock-and-trousers population, then these, and many other Tales for Children, transgress against the first rule of their construction. How often does the story turn, like the novels for elder people, upon a marriage! Some king's son in disguise marries the beautiful princess. What idea has a child of marriage?—unless the sugared plum-cake distributed on such occasions comes in aid of his imagination. Marriage, to the infantine intelligence, must mean fine dresses, and infinite sweetmeats—a sort of juvenile party that is never to break up. Well, and the notion serves to carry on the tale withal. The imagination throws this temporary bridge over the gap, till time and experience supply other architecture. Amongst this collection, is a story in which vast importance is attached to a kiss. What can a curly-headed urchin, who is kissing, or being kissed, all day long, know of the value that may be given to what some versifier calls,

"The humid seal of soft affections!"

To our apprehension, it has always appeared that the best books for children were those not written expressly for them, but which, interesting to all readers, happened to fasten peculiarly upon the youthful imagination,—such as "*Robinson Crusoe*," the "*Arabian Nights*," "*Pilgrim's Progress*," &c. It is quite true that in all these there is much the child does not understand, but where there is something vividly apprehended, there is an additional pleasure procured, and an admirable stimulant, in the endeavour to penetrate the rest. There is all the charm of a riddle combined with all the fascination of a story. Besides, do we not throughout our boyhood and our youth, read with intense interest, and to our great improvement, books which we but partly understand? How much was lost to us of our Milton and our Shakspeare at an age when nevertheless we read them with intense interest and excitement, and therefore, we may be sure, with great profit. Throughout the whole season of our intellectual progress, we are necessarily works of which a great part!

to us; we get half at one time, and half at another.

Not, by any means, that we intend to say a word against writing books for children; if they are good books we shall read them too. A clever man talking to his child, in the presence of his adult friends,—has it never been remarked, how infinitely amusing he may be, and what an advantage he has from this two-fold audience? He lets loose all his fancy, under pretence that he is talking to a child, and he couples this wildness with all his wit, and point, and shrewdness, because he knows his friend is listening. The child is not a whit the less pleased, because there is something above its comprehension, nor the friend at all the less entertained, because he laughs at what was not intended for his capacity. A writer of children's tales—(if they are any thing better than what every nursery-maid can invent for herself)—is precisely in this position: he will, he *must* have in view the adult listener. While speaking to the child, he will endeavour to interest the parent who is overhearing him; and thus there may result a very amusing and agreeable composition.

We have met with some children's tales which, we thought, were so plainly levelled at the parent, that

they seemed little more than lectures to grown-up people in the disguise of stories to their children. Some of the very clever stories of Miss Edgeworth appear to be more evidently designed for the adult listener, than to the little people to whom they are immediately addressed. And they may perhaps render good service in this way. Perhaps some mature matron, far above counsel, may take a hint which she thinks was not *intended*—may accept that piece of good advice which she fancies her own shrewdness has discovered, and which the subtle Miss Edgeworth had laid, like a trap, in her path.

We are happy, we repeat, that we do not feel it incumbent upon us to settle the rules, the critical canon, of this nursery literature. We have no objection, however, to peep into it now and then, and we shall venture to give our readers another of Andersen's little stories, and so take our leave of him. We omit a sentence, here and there, where we can without injury to the tale; yet we have no fear that our gravest readers will think the extract too long. Our quotation is from the volume called "*Tales from Denmark*." There is another collection called, "*The Shoes of Fortune*;" these are higher in pretension, and inferior in merit.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

"One day a couple of swindlers, who called themselves first-rate weavers, made their appearance in the imperial town of —. They pretended that they were able to weave the richest stuffs, in which not only the colours and the pattern were extremely beautiful, but that the clothes made of such stuffs possessed the wonderful property of remaining invisible to him who was unfit for the office he held, or was extremely silly.

"What capital clothes they must be!" thought the Emperor. "If I had but such a suit, I could directly find out what people in my empire were not equal to their office; and besides, I should be able to distinguish the clever from the stupid. By Jove, I must have some of this stuff made directly for me!" And so he ordered large sums of money to be given to the two swindlers, that they might set to work immediately.

"The men erected two looms, and did as if they worked very diligently; but in reality they had got nothing on the loom. They boldly demanded the finest silk,

and gold thread, put it all in their own pockets, and worked away at the empty loom till quite late at night.

"I should like to know how the two weavers are getting on with my stuff," said the Emperor one day to himself; but he was rather embarrassed when he remembered that a silly fellow, or one unfitted for his office, would not be able to see the stuff. 'Tis true, he thought, as far as regarded himself, there was no risk whatever; but yet he preferred sending some one else, to bring him intelligence of the two weavers, and how they were getting on, before he went himself; for every body in the whole town had heard of the wonderful property that this stuff was said to possess.

"I will send my worthy old minister," said the Emperor at last, after much consideration; 'he will be able to say how the stuff looks better than anybody.'

"So the worthy old minister went to the room where the two swindlers were working away with all their might and main. 'Lord help me!' thought the

old man, opening his eyes as wide as possible—"Why, I can't see the least thing whatever on the loom." But he took care not to say so.

"The swindlers, pointing to the empty frame, asked him most politely if the colours were not of great beauty. And the poor old minister looked and looked, and could see nothing whatever. 'Bless me!' thought he to himself, 'Am I, then, really a simpleton? Well, I never thought so. Nobody knows it. I not fit for office! No! nothing on earth shall make me say that I have not seen the stuff!'

"Well, sir," said one of the swindlers, still working busily at the empty loom, "you don't say if the stuff pleases you or not."

"Oh beautiful! beautiful! the work is admirable!" said the old minister looking hard through his spectacles. "This pattern, and these colours! Well, well, I shall not fail to tell the Emperor that they are most beautiful!"

"The swindlers then asked for more money, and silk, and gold thread; but they put as before all that was given them into their own pocket, and still continued to work with apparent diligence at the empty loom.

"Some time after, the Emperor sent another officer to see how the work was getting on. But he fared like the other; he stared at the loom from every side; but as there was nothing there, of course he could see nothing. 'Does the stuff not please you as much as it did the minister?' asked the men, making the same gestures as before, and talking of splendid colours and patterns, which did not exist.

"Stupid I certainly am not!" thought the new commissioner; "then it must be that I am not fitted for my lucrative office—that were a good joke! However, no one dare even suspect such a thing." And so he began praising the stuff that he could not see, and told the two swindlers how pleased he was to behold such beautiful colours, and such charming patterns. "Indeed, your majesty," said he to the Emperor on his return, "the stuff which the weavers are making, is extraordinarily fine."

"It was the talk of the whole town."

"The Emperor could no longer restrain his curiosity to see this costly stuff; so, accompanied by a chosen train of courtiers, among whom were the two trusty men who had so admired the work, off he went to the two cunning cheats. As soon as they heard of the Emperor's approach they began working with all diligence, although there was still not a single thread on the loom.

"Is it not magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown, who had been there

before. "Will your majesty only look! What a charming pattern! What beautiful colours!" said they, pointing to the empty frames, for they thought the others really could see the stuff.

"What's the meaning of this?" said the Emperor to himself, "I see nothing! Am I a simpleton? I not fit to be Emperor! Oh," he cried aloud, "charming! The stuff is really charming! I approve of it highly;" and he smiled graciously, and examined the empty looms minutely. And the whole suite strained their eyes and cried "Beautiful!" and counselled his Majesty to have new robes made out of this magnificent stuff for the grand procession that was about to take place. And so it was ordered.

"The day on which the procession was to take place, the two men brought the Emperor's new suit to the palace; they held up their arms as though they had something in their hands, and said, 'Here are your Majesty's knee-breeches; here is the coat, and here the mantle. The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; and when one is dressed, one would almost fancy one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of this stuff!'

"Of course!" said all the courtiers, although not a single one of them could see any thing of the clothes.

"Will your imperial Majesty most graciously be pleased to undress? We will then try on the new things before the glass."

"The Emperor allowed himself to be undressed, and then the two cheats did exactly as if each one helped him on with an article of dress, while his Majesty turned himself round on all sides before the mirror.

"The canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession, is in readiness without," announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"I am quite ready," replied the Emperor, turning round once more before the looking-glass.

"So the Emperor walked on, under the high canopy, through the streets of the metropolis, and all the people in the streets and at the windows cried out, 'Oh, how beautiful the Emperor's new dress is!' In short there was nobody but wished to cheat himself into the belief that he saw the Emperor's new clothes.

"But he has nothing on!" said a little child."

"And then all the people cried out, 'He has nothing on!'

"But the Emperor and the courtiers—they retained their seeming faith, and walked on with great dignity to the close of the procession."

THE VISION OF CAGLIOSTRO.

"In the horror of a vision by night, when deep sleep is wont to hold men, fear seized upon me, and trembling, and all my bones were affrighted; and when a spirit passed before me, the hair of my flesh stood up."—*The Book of Job*.

THE last, and perhaps the most renowned of the Rosicrucians, was, according to a historical insinuation, implicated in that notorious juggle of the Diamond Necklace, which tended so much to increase the popular hatred towards the evil-doomed and beautiful Marie Antoinette. Whether this imputation were correct, or whether the Cardinal Duc de Rohan was the only distinguished person deluded by the artifices of the Countess de la Motte, it is certain that Joseph Balsamo, commonly called Alexandre, Count de Cagliostro, was capable of any knavery, however infamous. Guile was his element; audacity was his breast-plate; delusion was his profession; immorality was his creed; debauchery was his consolation; his own genius—the genius of cunning—was the god of his idolatry. Had Cagliostro been sustained by the principles of rectitude, he must have become the idol as well as the wonder of his contemporaries; his accomplishments must have dazzled them into admiration, for he possessed all the attributes of a Crichton. Beautiful in aspect, symmetrical in proportions, graceful in carriage, capacious in intellect, erudite as a Benedictine, agile as an Acrobat, daring as Scævola, persuasive as Alcibiades, skilled in all manly pastimes, familiar with the philosophies of the scholar and the worldling, an orator, a musician, a courtier, a linguist,—such was the celebrated Cagliostro. In his abilities, he was as capricious as Leonardo, and as subtle as Macchiavelli; but he was without the magnanimity of the one, or the crafty prudence of the other. Lucretius so darkened the glories of nature by the glooms of his blasphemous imagination, that he might have described this earth as a golden globe animated by a demon. Fashioned in a mould as marvellous as that golden orb, and animated in like manner by a devilish and wily spirit, was Balthe Rosicrucian.

Between the period of his birth in 1743, and that of his dissolution in 1795, when incarcerated in a dungeon of San Leo, at Rome, Cagliostro rendered himself in a manner illustrious by practising upon the credulity of his fellow-creatures. Holstein had witnessed his pretended successes in alchemy. Strasburg had received him with adulation, as the evangelist of a mystic religion. Paris had resounded with the marvels revealed by his performances in Egyptian freemasonry. Molten gold was said to stream at pleasure over the rim of his crucibles; divination by astrology was as familiar to him as it had been of yore to Zoroaster or Nostradamus; graves yawned at the beck of his potent finger; their ghostly habitants appeared at his preternatural bidding. The necromantic achievements of Doctor Dee and William Lilly dwindled into insignificance before those attributed to a man who, although apparently in the bloom of manhood, was believed to have survived a thousand winters.

Accident had supplied Cagliostro with an accomplice of snitable depravity. In the course of his eccentric peregrinations among the continental cities, he had formed the acquaintance of a female, remarkable for her consummate loveliness and her boundless sensuality. Married to this Circe, the adventurer began to thrive beyond his most sanguine anticipations. It must be remembered, however, that in his nefarious proceedings, Balsamo was aided by a faculty of invention almost miraculous in its fruitfulness, and occasionally almost sublime in its audacity. By these means, he ultimately became the most astonishing impostor the world had ever beheld, with the solitary exception of Mohammed.

As a forerunner of a disastrous revolution, the appearance of this fantastic personage in the capital of civilisation was at once dismal and

prophetic. Unconsciously, he was the prophet of disaster. Unconsciously, he was the prelude—half-solemn, half-grotesque—of a bloody and diabolical saturnalia. History, both profane and inspired, tells us that when the Euphrates forsook its natural channel, and the hostile legions trampled under its gates at nightfall; when the revellers of Belshazzar, drunk with prolonged orgies and haggard with the shadow of an impending doom, staggered through the marble vestibules and out upon the marble causeways, rending their purple vestures in the moonlight, there was weeping among the lords of Chaldea,—“Wo! wo! wo!” was wailed in the streets of Babylon. A similar destiny awaited Paris, but as yet a different spectacle was visible; as yet the carousals of the metropolis were at their zenith; as yet the current flowed in its ancient channel; as yet the woes of the empire were not written on the wall of the palace. Festivities were never conducted with more magnificence than immediately before the downfall of the monarchy and the general desolation of the kingdom. The pomps of the religion, the pageantries of the court, and the munificence of the nobility, were never before characterised by so much grandeur and profusion. The church, the sovereign, and the oligarchy, were crowning themselves for the sacrifice.

Opposite the Rue de Luxembourg, and parallel with the Rue de Caumartin, there stood, in the year 1782, a little villa-cottage or rustic pavilion. It was separated from the Boulevard de la Madeleine by a green paddock, and was concealed in a nest of laurustinus and clematis. Autumn, that generous season, which seems in its bounty to impart a smell of ripeness to the very leaves, had already scattered dyes of gold and vermilion over the verdure of this shrubbery. A night-breeze, impregnated with vegetable perfumes, and wafting before it one of these leaves, stole between the branches—over the fragrant mould—across a grass-plot—through an open window of the cottage. The leaf tinkled. It had fallen upon the pages of a volume from which a man was reading by a

lamp. At that moment the clock of the Capuehins tolled out a doleful two; it was answered by the numerous bells of Paris. Solemn, querulous, sepulchral, quavering, silvery, close at hand, or modulated into a dim echo by the distance, the voice of the inexorable hours vibrated over the capital, and then ceased.

Alas, for the heart of Cagliostro!

The solitary watcher shuddered as the metallic sounds floated in from the belfries. Although startled by the dropping of the leaf, he closed the volume, leisurely placing it between the pages as a marker—*it*, so brittle! so yellow! so typical of decay and mortality! The book comprised the writings of Sir Cornelius Agrippa. Having tossed the old alchemist from him with an air of overwhelming dejection, the student abandoned himself to the most sorrowful reflections.

He had but recently returned from a masked ball, and a domino of salmon-coloured satin still hung loosely over his shoulders. As the feeble light of the lamp glimmered upon the jet-bugles and steel-spangles of his costume, there was visible the perpetual contrast of his destiny,—a mingling of the most abstruse researches and the most extravagant frivolities. Jewels sparkled upon his hands and bosom; the varicose veins on his temples throbbed with a feverish precision; the fumes of the wine-cup flushed his cheek and disordered his imagination.

“Death,” thought the Rosicrucian, “fills me with abhorrence; and yet life is totally devoid of happiness. Happiness! O delusive phantom of humanity, how art thou attainable? Through Fame? Fame is mine, and I am wretched. Over the realms of civilisation my name is noised abroad; in the populous cities the glory of my art resounds; when my barge glided among the palaces of Venice, the blue Adriatic was purpled with blossoms in my honour.—Fame? Fame brings not happiness to Cagliostro. Wealth? Not so. Ducats, pistoles, louis-d’or, have brought no panacea to the sorrows of Balsamo. Beauty? Nay; for, in the profligate experience of capitals, the sage is saddened with the knowledge that comeliness, at best, is but an exquisite hypocrisy. I have

striven also, vainly, for contentment in the luxuries of voluptuous living. The talisman of Epicurus has evaded my grasp—the glittering bauble! * The ravishing ideal Joy, has been to me not as the statue to Pygmalion: I have grovelled down in adoration at its feet, and have found it the same immobile, relentless, unresponsive image. Youth is yet mine, but it is a youth hoary in desolation. Centuries of anguish have flooded through my bosom, even in the heyday of existence. The tangible and the intangible, the visible and the invisible, the material and the immaterial, have been at deadly strife in my conjectures. The present has been to me an evasion, the future an enigma; the earth a delusion, the heavens a doubt. Even the pomp of those inexplicable stars is a new agony of indecision to my recoiling fancy †—so impassive in their unchangeableness, so awful in the quiescence of their eternal grandeur. Supreme, too, in my bewilderment, remains the problem of their revolutions—the cause of their impulsion ‡ as well as of their creation. Baffled in my scrutiny of the sublime puzzle which is *domed* over the globe at nightfall, dizzy with the contemplation of such abysses of mystery, my thoughts have reverted to this earth, in which pleasure sparkles but to evaporate. No solace in the investigation of those infinitudes, which are only fathomable by a system revolting to my judgment—the system of a theocratic philosophy; no consolation in the dreamings evoked by the lore of the stupendous skies: my heart throbs still for the detection

and the possession of happiness. Nature has endowed me with senses—five delicate and susceptible instruments—for the realisation of bodily delight. Sights of unutterable loveliness, tones of surpassing melody, perfumes of delicious fragrance, marvellous sensibilities of touch and palate, afford me so many channels for enjoyment. Still the insufficiency of the palpable and appreciable is paramount; still the everlasting dolor interposes: the appetite is satiated, the aroma palls upon the nostrils, the nerves are affected by irritability, the harmony merges into dissonance; even the beautiful becomes so far an abomination that man is ‘mad for the sight of his eyes that he did see.’ Such is the sterile and repulsive penalty of the searcher after happiness. Happiness! O delusive phantom of humanity, how art thou attainable?”

A thrill pervaded the frame of the visionary as he paused in his meditations. Subtle as the birth of an emotion—solemn as the presage of a disaster—terrible as the throes of dissolution, was the pang that agonised the Rosicrucian. His flesh crept upon his bones at the consciousness of a preternatural but invisible presence—the presence of an unseen visitant in the dead of the midnight! His heart quaked as it drank in, like Eliphaz, “*the veins of its whisper*.” § There was no sound or reverberation, and yet the language streamed upon the knowledge of the listener with a distinctness beyond that of human articulation. The stillness of his solitude was only broken by the rustling of the night-breeze among the lau-

* Béranger has already conveyed this truth through the melody of his delicious verse:—

“*Le vois-tu bien, là-bas, là-bas,
Là-bas, là-bas? dit l’Espérance;
Bourgeois, manants, rois et prélats
Lui font de loin la révérence.
C’est le Bonheur, dit l’Espérance.
Courons, courons; doublons le pas,
Pour le trouver là-bas, là-bas,
Là-bas, là-bas.*”

† “I did not dare to breathe aloud the unhallowed anguish of my mind to the majesty of the unsympathising stars.”—See *Falkland*.

‡ “*Motus autem siderum*,” such is the reverent and sententious remark of Grotius, “*qui eccentrici, quique epicyclici dicuntur, manifeste ostendunt non esse materia, sed liberi agentis ordinationem*.”—See *De Veritate Rel. Christ. Lib. i. § 7*.

§ “Now, there was a word spoken to me in private, and my ears, by stealth as it were, received the veins of its whisper.”—*Job*, chap. iv. verse 12.

rustines, and yet in the ears of Cagliostro there was the utterance as of unsubstantial lips—the sense as of a divine symphony—"the thunder, and the music, and the pomp" of an unearthly Voice.*

"Balsamo!" it cried, "thy thoughts are blasphemy; thy lamentations are foolishness; thy mind is darkened by the glooms of a most barren dejection. Away! vain Sceptic, with the syllogisms of infidelity. The glory of the immortal WILL evades thy comprehension in the depths of infinitude. When in its natural brightness, the spiritual being of man reflects that glory as in a mirror. *Thine* is blurred by sensuality. Tranquillity is denied

thee, because of the concupiscence of thy ambition. A profligate and venal career has troubled thy soul with misgivings. Thou hast scorned even the five senses—those golden portals of humanity! Know, O dreamer, that in them alone consists the enjoyment of a finite existence: know that *through the virtuous use of those five senses, earthly happiness is attainable!* Dost thou still tremble in thy unbelief? Arise, Balsamo, and behold the teachings of eternity!"

As the last sentence resounded in the heart of Cagliostro, up into the air floated the Rosicrucian and the Voice.

TIBERIUS.

Time and distance seemed to be conquered in that mysterious ascension, and an impenetrable darkness enveloped the impostor as he felt himself carried swiftly through the atmosphere. When he had somewhat recovered, however, from his astonishment, the motion ceased, and the light of an Italian evening beamed upon him from the heavens. A scene then revealed itself around Cagliostro, the like of which his eyes had never before beheld, or his imagination, in its wildest mood, conceived.

He was standing in a secluded grove in the island of Capræ. Fountains sparkled under the branches; blossoms of the gaudiest colours flaunted on the brambles, or enamelled the turf; laughter and music filled the air with a confusion of sweet sounds; and among the intricacies of the trees,

bands of revellers flitted to and fro, clad in the antique costumes of Rome. Under the shadow of a gigantic orange-bush, upon a couch of luxurious softness and embroidered in gorgeous arabesques, there reclined the figure of an old man. His countenance was hideous with age and debauchery. Sin glimmered in the evil light of his eyes—those enormous and bloodshot eyes with which (*prægrandibus oculis*) the historian tells us he could see even in the night-time.† Habitual intemperance had inflamed his complexion, and disfigured his skin with disgusting eruptions; while his body, naturally robust in its proportions, had become bloated with the indolence of confirmed gluttony. A garment (the *toga virilis*) of virgin whiteness covered his limbs; along the edge of the garment was the

* "There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a god gives sign
With hushing finger, how he means to lead
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp."

Such are the majestic syllables which preface the speech of Saturn in *Hyperion*. Keats was ridding himself of the puerilities of Cockaigne when he wrote that fragment of an epic—a fragment which is unsurpassed by any modern attempt at heroic composition. In reading it, the very earth seems shaking with the footsteps of fallen divinities. Even Byron, who, like ourselves, had no great predilection for the school in which the poetic genius of John Keats was germinated, has emphatically said of *Hyperion* that "it seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as *Æschylus*."—See *Byron's Works*, vol. xv., p. 92.

† Thus writes Suetonius—"prægrandibus oculis, qui, quod mirum esset, noctu etiam et in tenebris, viderent, sed ad breve, et quum primum a somno patuissent; deinde rursum hebescebant."—*Tib.* cap. lxxviii.

broad hem of Tyrian purple indicative of the imperial dignity; and around the hoary brow of the epicurean, was woven a chaplet of roses and aloe-leaves.

Cagliostro recoiled in abhorrence before a spectacle at once so austere and lascivious. His spirit quailed at the sight of a visage in which appeared to be concentrated the infamy of many centuries. His soul revolted at the sinister and ferocious expression pervading every lineament, and lurking in every wrinkle. As he gazed, however, a blithe sound startled him from the umbrage of the boughs. Quick, lively, jocund, to the clashing of her cymbals, there bounded forth an Italian maiden in the garb of a Bacchante. Her feet agile as the roe's, her eyes lustrous and defiant, her hair dishevelled, her bosom heaving, her arms symmetrical as sculpture, but glowing with the roseate warmth of youth, the virgin still rejoiced, as it were, in the tumult of the dance. Grapes of a golden-green, relieved by the ruddy-brown of their foliage, clustered in a garland about her temples, and leaped in unison with her movements. Around! with her raven tresses streaming abroad in ringlets—around! with her sandals clinking on the gravel to the capricious beat of her cymbals—around! with her light robes flowing back from a jewelled brooch above the knee—singing, sparkling, undulating, circling, rustling, the Bacchante entranced the heart of the Rosicrucian. She gleamed before him like the embodiment of enthusiasm. She was the genius of motion, the divinity of the dance; she was Terpsichore in the grace of her movements, Euterpe in the ravishing sweetness of her voice. A thrill of admiration suffused with a deeper tint even the abhorred cheek of the voluptuary.

By an almost imperceptible degree, the damsel abated the ardour of her gyrations, her cymbals clashed less frequently, the song faded from her lip, the flutter of her garments ceased, the vine-fruit drooped upon her forehead. She stood before the couch palpitating with emotion, and radiant with a divine beauty. In another instant, she had prostrated herself upon the earth, for in the decrepit monster

of Capræ she recognised the lord of the whole world—Tiberius.

"Arise, maiden of Apulia," he said, with an immediate sense that he beheld another of those innocent damsels, who were stolen from their pastoral homes on the Peninsula to become the victims of his depravity. "Arise, and slake my thirst from yonder goblet. The tongue of Tiberius is dry with the avidity of his passion."

An indescribable loathing entered into the imagination of the Bacchante even as she lay upon the grass; yet she rose with precipitation and filled a chalice to the brim with Falernian. Tiberius grasped it with an eager hand, and his mouth pressed the lip of the cup as if to drain its ruby vintage to the bottom. Suddenly, however, the eyes of the old man blazed with a raging light; the scowl of lust was forgotten; the vindictiveness of a fiend shone in his dilated eyeballs, and, with a yell of fury, he cast the goblet into the air, crying out that the wine *boiled like the bowl of Pluto*. He was writhing in one of those paroxysms of rage, which justified posterity in regarding him as a madman. The howling of Tiberius resounded among the verdure, as the rattle of a snake might do when it raises its deadly crest from its lair among the flowers. Quick as thought at the first sound of those inexorable accents, the grove was thronged with the revellers. They jostled each other in their solicitude to minister to the cruelty of the despot; and that cruelty was as ruthless, and as hell-born, as it was ingenious and appalling.

Obedient to a gesture of Tiberius, the Bacchante was placed upon a pedestal. For a moment, she stood before them an exquisite statue of despair—exquisite even in the excess of her bewilderment. For a moment, she stood there stunned by the suddenness of the commotion, and frantic with the consciousness of her peril. For a moment she gazed about her for aid, wildly but, alas! vainly. No pity beamed upon her in that more horrible Gomorrah. The marble trembled under her feet—a sulphurous stench shot through its crevices—the virgin shrieked and fell forwards, scorched and blackened to a cinder.

She was blasted, as if by a thunder-bolt.* Cagliostro looked with horror upon the ashes of the Bacchantes. He had seen youth stricken down by age; he had seen virtue annihilated, so to speak, at the mandate of vice; he had seen—and even *his* callous heart exulted at the thought—he had seen innocence snatched from pollution, when upon the very threshold of an earthly hell. While rejoicing in this reflection, he was aroused by the stertorous breathing of the emperor. The crowned demon of the island was being borne away to his palace upon the shoulders of his attendants.

Although maddened by an insatiable thirst, and by a gloom that was becoming habitual, the monster lay upon his cushions as impotent as a child, in the midst of his diseases and iniquities.†

At the feet of the Rosicrucian were huddled the bones of the virgin of Apulia; and the babbling of the fountains was alone audible in the solitude.

"Such," said the mournful Voice, as Cagliostro again felt himself carried through the darkness—"such, Balsamo, are the miseries of a debauched appetite."

AGRIPPA.

In another instant, the impostor was standing upon the floor of a gigantic amphitheatre in Palestine. The whole air was refulgent with the light of a summer morning, and through the loopholes of the structure, the eye caught the blue shimmer of the Mediterranean. Banners, emblazoned with the ciphers of Rome, fluttered from the walls of the amphitheatre. Its internal circumference was thronged with a vast concourse of citizens; and, immediately about the Rosicrucian, groups of foreign traders, habited as if for some unusual ceremony, were

scattered over the arena. Expectation was evinced in every movement of the assemblage, in every murmur that floated round the benches. The worshippers were there, it seemed, and were awaiting the high-priest. That high-priest was approaching, and more than a high-priest; for Herod Agrippa, the tetrarch of Judea had descended from Jerusalem to Casarea, for the celebration of warlike games in honour of the Emperor Claudius, and, on the completion of those festivities, the deputed sovereign had consented, at the intercession of Blastus,

* Those who are familiar with the classic historians, will see in this description no exaggeration whatever. Instruments for the destruction of life yet more awful and mysterious, were employed by many of the predecessors, and many of the successors of Tiberius, as well as by Tiberius himself: and modern science has shown that these devices, instead of being, as was originally conjectured, the result of black-magic, were, in reality, the effect of hydraulic, pneumatic, and mechanical contrivances. Even the most marvellous feats of the Egyptian sorcerers have been latterly explained by the revelations of natural philosophy, and a multitude of these explanations may be found by the reader in the learned work "*Des Sciences Occultes*," &c. written by M. Eusebe Salverte, and published in Paris as recently as 1843. In that remarkable volume, M. Salverte proves that natural phenomena are more startling than necromantic tricks, and that, in the words of Roger Bacon, "*non igitur oportet nos magicis illusionibus uti, cum potentia philosophica doceat operari quod sufficit.*" That Tiberius was capable of atrocities yet more terrific, and that murders of the most inhuman kind were the consequence of almost every one of his diabolical whims, those acquainted with the picturesque narrative of Suetonius already know. They will remember not only how he caused his nephew Germanicus to be poisoned by the governor of Syria, but how he ordered a fisherman to be torn in pieces by the claws of a crab, simply because he met him, in one of his suspicious moods, when strolling in a sequestered garden of Caprea.—*Sue. Tib. c. lx.*

† Suetonius assures us (cap. lxxviii.), that the muscular strength of Tiberius Claudius Nero was, in the prime of his manhood, almost as supernatural as his crimes; that he could with his outstretched finger bore a hole through a sound apple (*integrum malum digito terebraret*), and wound the head of a child or even a youth with a filip, (*caput pueri, vel etiam adolescentis, talitre vulserat.*) His excesses must, however, have enervated his frame long before his death by suffocation.

to receive a deputation of certain Phenician ambassadors who were solicitous for an assurance of his clemency. Those envoys—the merchant princes of Tyre and Sidon—were tarrying in the public theatre of the city for the promised interview in the presence of the people of Samaria.

Cagliostro marvelled, as he scanned the scene before him, whether it were all a reality or a delusion of his fancy; but the lapping of the surge upon the adjacent beach, and the perfume of Oriental spices which impregnated the breezes from the Levant, and even the motes that swarmed about him like phosphoric atoms, proved that it was no juggle of a distempered imagination.

Suddenly the air was rent with acclamations; the crowd rose as if by a single impulse; trumpets sounded in the seven porches of the amphitheatre; again the plaudits shook the air like the concussion of enthusiasm, and the deputation in the arena prostrated themselves in the dust. Balsamo saw, at once, the reason of this rejoicing; he saw the tetrarch of Judea seated upon a throne of ivory. The crown of Agrippa glittered upon his forehead with an unnatural brightness—it was of the purest gold, radiating from the brow in spikes, and flecked with pearls of an uncommon size. Silent—erect—inflated with pride at his own grandeur, and the adulation of the rabble, sate the King of Palestine. Silent—awe-stricken—uncovered before the majesty of the representative of Claudius, stood the people of Samaria and Phenicia. Extreme beauty of an elevated and heroic character shone upon the features of Herod, although his beard was grizzled with the passage of fifty-four winters. In the midst of the silence of the populace, the morning sun rose, almost abruptly, above the topmost arches of the edifice, and darted his beams full upon the glorious garments of Agrippa. It played in sparkles of intense lustre upon the jewels of his diadem; and upon the

outer robe, which was of silver tissue woven with consummate skill and powdered with diamonds, the refraction of the sunlight produced an intolerable splendour.* The Samaritans shielded their eyes from its magnificence; they were dazzled; they were blinded; they thrilled with admiration and astonishment.

Agrippa spoke.

At the first sound of his accents, there was a whisper of awe among the multitude—it increased—it grew louder—it arose to the heavens in one prolonged and jubilant shout of adoration.

“It is a God!” they cried—“it is a God that speaketh, not a man!”

As the language of that impious homage saluted the ears of Herod, his mouth curled with a smile of satisfaction, his soul expanded with an inexpressible tumult of emotions, he drank in the blasphemous flatteries of the rabble, and assumed to himself the power and the dignity of the Most High God. Yet in the very ecstasy of those sensations, his countenance became ghastly, his lips writhed, his eyes beheld with unutterable dismay the omen of his dissolution—the visible phantom of an avenging Nemesis.† Hestaggered from his throne, crying aloud in the extremity of his anguish; a sudden corruption had seized upon his body—he was being devoured by worms.

The heart of Cagliostro quailed within him at the lamentations of the people of Samaria, as they beheld their idol smitten down by death in the midst of his surpassing pomp. Even the Jewish hagiographer tells us, with pathetic simplicity, that King Agrippa himself wept at the wailings of the adoring mob.

Again the Alchemist found himself enveloped in darkness, again the unearthly Voice stole into his brain.

“Lo!” it said, “how the frame rots in the ermine: how the body and soul are polluted by vicious passions! Such, Balsamo, are the penalties of the lusts of the flesh.”

* His garb, writes Josephus, “was so resplendent as to spread a horror over those that looked intently upon him.”—*Lib. xix. c. 8.*

† “An owl,” says Josephus (*xix. 8*); “an angel of the Lord,” ἄγγελος Κυρίου, say the interpreters, (*Acts, xii. 23*),—in either case a spectral illusion.

MILTON.

Another scene then revealed itself to the Rosicrucian, but one altogether different from those he had already witnessed. Instead of being in an Oriental amphitheatre, he was standing in a rural lane; instead of tumult he found tranquillity; instead of regal pageantries an almost primitive simplicity. He inhaled the sweet smells of clover and newly-turned mould with a zest hitherto unexperienced. The gurgling of a brook by the wayside saluted his ears, as it struggled through the rushes and tinkled over the pebbles, with a sound more agreeable than he ever remembered to have heard from the instruments of court musicians. For the first time nature seemed to disclose her real loveliness to his comprehension. Every where she appeared to abound with beauties: in the bee that lit upon the nettle and sucked the honey out of its blossom; in the nettle that nodded under the weight of the bee; in the dew that dropped like a diamond from the alder-bough when the thrush alighted on its stem; in the thrush that warbled till the speckled feathers on its throat throbbed as if its heart were in its song; in the slug that trailed a silver track upon the dust; in the very dust itself that twirled in threads and circles on the ground as the wind swerved round the corner of the hedgerow. Cagliostro was entranced with the most novel and pleasurable emotions, as he strolled on towards the building he had already observed. From the elevation of the ground which he was traversing, his glance roved with admiration over a wide and diversified extent of country; over a prospect richly wooded and teeming with vegetation; over orchards laden with fruit and knee-deep in grass; over fields of barley bristling with golden ripeness; over distant mills, churning the water into foam, and driving gusts of meal out through the open doorway; over meadows where the sheep cropped the cool herbage, and the cattle lay in the sunshine sleeping; over village steeples, over homesteads brown with age, or hid amongst the verdure. The worldling scanned the profusion of the panorama with an amazement

that was exquisite from its newness. He marvelled at the charms that strewed the earth in such abundance, at the almost unnumbered forms and colours of her vitality, at the wonderful harmony that subsisted amidst all those various hues and shapes. Never had the joys derivable from the sense of vision appeared of so much value as now that he gazed into the deep and delicious magnificence of nature. His sight, with a sort of luxurious abandonment, strayed over the contrasts, and penetrated into the distances of the landscape; his bosom swelled with the consciousness of a sympathy with that creation of which he felt himself to be but a kindred unit, or, at best, a sentient atom.

It was while absorbed in these sensations, that Cagliostro paused before the rustic dwelling-house towards which his steps had been involuntarily directed. The building was situated at a few paces from the pathway. There was nothing about it to arrest the attention of a passer-by, except, perhaps, an appearance of extreme but picturesque humility. The walls were riveted together with iron-bands in crossbars and zigzags; the brickwork was decayed and crumbling away in blotches; the roof was low and thatched. Yet, in spite of these evidences of poverty, the scholar regarded the structure with a reverential aspect, with such an aspect as he might have presented had he contemplated the hut of Baucis and Philemon.

The threshold of this obscure edifice formed of itself a bower of greenery, thickly covered with the blooms of the honey-suckle. Under the porch was seated a man of a most venerable countenance. He was muffled in a gray coat of the coarsest texture, and his legs being crossed, a worsted stocking and a slipper of untanned leather betrayed the meanness of his under garments. His hair, brilliant with a whiteness like that of milk, was parted in the centre of the forehead, and fell over his shoulders in those negligent curls called *oreilles de chien*, which became fashionable long afterwards, during the days of the

French Directory. Had the Alchemist remained profoundly ignorant as to the identity of the old man, he must still have observed with interest, features which were equally characterised by the pensiveness of the student and the paleness of the valedudinarian. He knew, however, instinctively, as he had done upon the two preceding occasions, that he beheld a personage of illustrious memory. And he knew rightly, for it was Milton. While the great plague was desolating the metropolis, he had escaped from his residence in the Artillery Walk, and sought security from the contagion by a temporary sojourn in Buckinghamshire.

Opposite the immortal sage stood a person of about the same years, but of a very different deportment—it was the dearest of his few friends, and the most ardent of his many worshippers, Richardson. The latter was leaning against the trunk of a great maple-tree that grew close to the parlour-lattice, stretching forth its enormous branches in all directions, and mingling its foliage with the smoke that issued from the chimney. Richardson had been reading aloud but a moment before, from a volume of Boccaccio; he had placed the book, however, upon the window-sill, in obedience to a movement from his companion, and continued, with his arms folded and his eyelids closed, a silent and almost inanimate portion of the domestic group. The quietude which ensued was so contagious that Cagliostro remarked with a feeling of listlessness, the details and accessories of the spectacle—the silk curtains of rusty green festooned before the open window, the tobacco-pipe lying among the manuscripts upon the table, even the slouched-hat hanging from the back of an arm-chair. The rambling meditations of Balsamo were soon concentrated upon a loftier theme, by the voice of Milton singing in a subdued tone the antistrophe of a favour-

ite ode of Pindar. As the noble words of the Greek lyrist rolled with an indescribable gusto from the lips of Milton, it seemed to the Rosicrucian that he had never before comprehended the true euphony of the language. And the visage of the old bard responded to the strain of Pindar; it was illumined with a certain majesty of expression that imparted additional dignity to a countenance at all times beaming with wisdom. In appreciating the Pagan poet, the poet of Christianity appeared to glow with enthusiasm like that which entranced his whole soul in the moments of his own superb inspiration.* Nor was the grandeur of the head diminished in any manner by the unpoetical proportions of the body, for, according to the acknowledgment of his most partial biographer, Richardson, the stature of Milton was so much below the ordinary height, and so much beyond the ordinary bulk, that he might almost be described as "short and thick." Yet, notwithstanding these peculiarities of the frame, an august radiance seemed to envelope the brow—a brow, hoary alike from years and from misfortunes—and to invest with a sublime air the figure of that old man huddled in that old gray coat. Cagliostro gazed with profound interest upon Milton as the rolling melody of Pindar streamed into his ears, when suddenly the song ceased, and the face of the singer was raised to the resplendent light of the heavens. Alas! those eyes turned vacantly in their sockets—those eyes which had once looked so sorrowfully on the sightless Galileo—those eyes which had mourned over the ashes of *Lycidas*, and rained upon them tears transmuted by poetry into a shower of precious stones! The misery of his blindness recurred to Milton himself at that same instant. A cloud of grief descended upon his countenance. He experienced one of those poignant

* It is impossible for any one devoted to the study of "Paradise Lost," of "Comus," even of "Sampson Agonistes," and especially of "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro," to doubt that their writer was carried away at times by the *æstrum*, or *divine afflatus*, although Dr Johnson discredits "these bursts of light, and involutions of darkness, these transient and involuntary excursions and retrocessions of invention."—See *Lives of the Poets*, vol. i. p. 188.

feelings of regret which, in our own day, occasionally oppress the heart of Augustin Thierry—for with the sensibility of a poet he *knew* that the hour was beautiful. Never had Cagliostro seen human face express such exquisite but patient suffering; it seemed to be *listening* to the loveliness of the earth; it seemed to be *inhaling* the glories of nature, as it were, through those channels which were not obliterated. The stirring of the leaves, the scent of the woodbine, the pattering of the winged seeds of the maple upon the pages of Boccaccio, the fitful twittering of the birds—all ascended as offerings of recompense to the blind man, but they

only tended to enhance the sense of his affliction. He caught but the skirts of the goddess of that creation whose glories he had chanted in his celestial epic; and yet no murmur escaped from the dejected lip of Milton!

Again darkness surrounded the Rosicrucian—again the awful voice resounded in his imagination.

"Behold!" it said, "the sorrows of the great and virtuous when the light is quenched: behold the divine prerogative of those who see! And know, Balsamo, that such are the boons thou hast contemned—such are the faculties thou hast polluted."

MIRABEAU.

After a scarcely perceptible pause, the Voice resumed: "The miseries of those who have abused or lost the powers of seeing, of tasting, or of feeling, have been revealed to thee, O sceptic! Thine eyes have penetrated into the dim retrospections of the past. Look onwards, Balsamo, and thou shalt discern the things that are germinating in the womb of the future."

Cagliostro had scarcely heard this assurance when the curtain hitherto impenetrable to mortal, was raised—the dread shadows of the future were dispelled. He found himself in the upper apartment of one of the most distinguished mansions in Paris. The chamber, which was lofty and spacious, was enriched with the most costly furniture, and the most gorgeous decorations. Pilasters, incrustated with marble, and enamelled with lapis-lazuli, broke the monotony of the walls and supported the ceiling with their capitals. Between these pilasters were pedestals surmounted with statuary and busts; and these, again, were reflected in the mirrors hung about the room in profusion. An almost oriental luxury characterised the Turkish carpets, as soft as the greensward, and the draperies of velvet which concealed the windows, and fell in graceful folds about a bed at the opposite end of the apartment. An antique candelabrum stood upon the mantelpiece and shed a rosy and

voluptuous light over this domestic pomp, while some odorous gums crackled in a chafing-dish upon the hearth and loaded the air with their fragrance.

Familiar as the Rosicrucian was with splendour, his glance roved over these appurtenances with delight, for he had never before seen the evidences of wealth so enhanced by the evidences of refinement. He thought that the possession of such a dwelling would be something towards the realisation of happiness. In the very conception of that ignoble thought, however, he received a solemn and effectual admonition. Before him, in the silent chamber, on either side of it groups of attendants and men robed in the costumes of the court and the barracks, was a deathbed. It was the deathbed of an extraordinary being, the owner of all this grandeur. It was the deathbed of Honoré-Gabriel de Mirabeau.

The patrician demagogue reposed upon the pillows in the final stage of dissolution, and his broad forehead was already damp with the sweat of his last agony. Cagliostro surveyed the dying tribune with emotion, for in the very hideousness of his countenance there was a subtle and indefinable fascination. The gigantic stature which had so often awed the tumults of the National Assembly was prostrate. The voice, whose brazen tones had sounded like a trumpet over

the land, was hushed—that voice which had exclaimed with such sublime significance to the Marseillais,—“When the last of the Gracchi expired, he flung dust towards heaven, and from this dust sprang Marius!”—that voice which had conquered the aversion of Mademoiselle de Marignan with its seductive melody—that voice which had been at once the oracle of the king and the law of the rabble. Mirabeau lay before the Rosicrucian, with his natural ugliness rendered yet more repulsive by the tokens of a terrible malady. The touch of death imparted additional horror to the massive deformity of his skull, to the coarseness of his pock-marked features, to his sunken eyeballs, to his cheeks seared by disease, to his hair bristling and dishevelled like that of a gorgon. Still, through all these unsightly and almost loathsome peculiarities, there was perceptible a sort of masculine susceptibility. It was that susceptibility which gave zest to his debaucheries, and occasionally subdued into pathos the storms of his dazzling and sonorous eloquence.

Never was a solitary life prized by so many millions, as that which was then ebbing from the breast of Mirabeau. He seemed to be the only guarantee for the solid adjustment of the Revolution. With his disappearance, all hope of tranquillity and good government was prepared to vanish. His was the intellect in which the extremes of that momentous epoch were united. He was the antithesis of public opinion. Noble by birth and plebeian by accident, a democrat in principle and a dictator in ambition, the shield of the monarch and the sword of the people, he was placed exactly between the contending powers of the age. He was the arbiter between royalty and revolt: on the one side he acquired the obedience of the sovereign through his fears, and on the other he obtained the allegiance of the multitude through their aspirations. His supremacy occupied at the same moment the palace, the legislative chamber, and the marketplace; for all recognised in him the omen of their good fortune, and through him the realisation of their wishes. Flattered by the minions of

the monarchy, applauded by the members of the National Assembly, and idolised by the mob, his influence rested, as it were, upon a triple foundation. And yet, by a contradiction as remarkable as the anomalies of his own character, all parties were disposed to rejoice at the probability of his departure. The King was gratified at the thought of his removal, forasmuch as Mirabeau was the impersonation of a formidable sedition; the political adventurers exulted in the prospect of his decease, because he monopolised popularity, and rendered them insignificant by the contrast of his colossal genius; the people, in like manner, were not altogether displeased at the notion of his extinction, because he appeared to them the only obstacle between themselves and the supreme authority. All valued him as their present preserver, and all hated him as their future impediment. Such were the conflicting sentiments entertained towards Mirabeau, during the last incidents of his eccentric and volatile career. And in the midst of so many antagonistic interests, he alone remained unshaken and unappalled, his oratory rendering him still the mouth-piece of the Revolution, his duplicity its diplomatist, and his intellectual contrivance its statesman. Nor was he satisfied with these successes; he sought others, and was equally fortunate. Profligacy and legislation equally divided his enthusiasm between them, and proved him to be not only the most daring politician, but the most debauched citizen in France. His power and popularity had now, however, reached their apogee, and Honoré-Gabriel Riquetti Comte de Mirabeau was stretched upon his death-bed.

Cagliostro approached the couch and listened, for the great demagogue was speaking. His voice was harsh even in a murmur, though it still retained, according to Lemer cier, “a slight meridional accent.” The rosy light of the candelabrum beamed upon his cadaverous lips.

“Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, that thus I may enter upon eternal sleep.”

Memorable words—the last words of Gabriel de Mirabeau. They embody the spirit of his sterile philo-

sophy, and are in unison with the evanescence of his genius.* As Cagliostro observed the limbs convulsed and the eyes glazed with a simultaneous pang, he was caught up again into the darkness, and again his soul hearkened to the whispers of the Holy Voice.

"Thus," it said, "are those recompensed with disease and satiety, who are the slaves of their meanest, as of their noblest appetites; thus is their talisman shattered in the hour of its attainment."

BETHOVEN.

When the reproachful accents ceased, Balsamo felt his feet once more pressing the earth, and the breezes rustling against his domino. He was wandering in the garden of what is termed the Schwarzpanier House, situated on a slope or glacis in the outskirts of Währing. The evening was so far advanced, that candles already twinkled from the upper windows of the building, while the fires of the kitchens checkered the shrubs and gravel with patches of glaring light. Through the flower-beds, and along the intricate paths of the shrubbery, the Alchemist strolled at a languid pace, musing upon the things he had already witnessed, when his vigilant ears caught the tones of a musical instrument. Although it was scarcely audible from the distance, Cagliostro was struck by the extreme beauty and *espüglyerie* of the performance. He hurried forward in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, and at each step they became more distinguishable and bewitching. After a momentary feeling of indecision when he reached the walls of the Schwarzpanier, the Alchemist ascended a flight of steps, and passed through the open casement of a French-window into a modest sitting-room. The musician whose skill had attracted him, was seated in the gray twilight at a piano. Cagliostro scarcely noticed that he was a man of short stature but of muscular proportions; he scarcely remarked, indeed, either the apartment or its occupant; his whole consciousness was absorbed in the melody that streamed from the instrument.

At first, the fingers of the player seemed to frolic over the keys, as though they toyed with the vibrations of the strings. The sounds were sportive and jocund; they rippled like laughter; they were capricious as the merriment of a coquette. Then they merged into a sweet and warbling cadence—a cadence of inimitable tenderness, the very suavity of which was rendered more piquant by its lavish variations. The measure changed, with an abrupt fling of the treble-hand: it gushed into an air quaint and sprightly as the dance of Puck—comic—odd—sparkling on the ear like zig-zags: it threw out a shower of notes; it was the voice of agility and merriment; it was grotesque and fitful, droll in its absurd confusion, and yet nimble in its amazing ingenuity. Gradually, however, the humorous movement resolved itself into a strain of preternatural wildness—a strain that made the blood curdle, and the flesh creep, and the nerves shudder. It abounded with dark and goblin passages; it was the whirlwind blowing among the crags of the Jungfrau, and swarming with the forms and cries of the witches of the Walpurgis; it was Eurydice traversing the corridors of hell; it was midnight over the wilderness, with the clouds drifting before the moon; it was a hurricane on the deep sea; it was every thing horrible, wierdlike, and tumultuous. And through the very fury of these passages there would start tones of ravishing and gentle beauty—the incense of an adoring heart wafted to the black heavens through the lightnings and lamenta-

* Even M. Alphonse de Lamartine acknowledges of Mirabeau, that "neither his character, his deeds, nor his thoughts, have the brand of immortality."—*Hist. Giron.* Liv. i. chap. 3.

tions of Nineveh. Again the musician changed the purpose of his improvisation; it was no longer dismal and appalling, it was pathetic. The instrument became, as it were, the organ of sadness, it became eloquent with an inarticulate woe; it was a breast bursting with affliction, a voice broken with sorrow, a soul dissolving with emotions. Then the variable harmonies rose from pensiveness into frenzy, from frenzy into the noise and the shocks of a great battle; they swelled to the din of contending armies, to the storm and vicissitudes of warlike deeds, and soared at last into a pæan such as that of victorious legions when—

“Gaily to glory they come,
Like a king in his pomp,
To the blast of the tromp,
And the roar of the mighty drum!”

As the triumphant tones of the instrument rolled up from its recesses, and filled the apartment with a torrent of majestic sounds, as the musician swayed to and fro in the enthusiasm of his sublime inspirations, and enhanced the divine symphony by the crash of many thrilling and abrupt discords, the Rosicrucian gazed with awe upon the responsive grandeur of his countenance. The impetus of his superb imagination imparted an inconceivable dignity to every lineament, to his capacious forehead, to his broad and distended nostrils, to the fierce protrusion of his under-lip, to the mobile and generous expression of his mouth, to the tawny yellow of his complexion, to the brown depths of his noble and dilated eyes. There was something in unison with the glorious sounds that reverberated through the chamber, even in the enormous contour of his head and the gray disorder of his hair. He seemed to exult in the torrent of melody as it gushed from the piano and streamed out upon the dusk of the evening. While Cagliostro was listening in an ecstasy of admiration, he

was startled by a sudden clangour among the bass-notes—the music seemed to be jumbled into confusion, and the ear was stunned by a painful and intolerable dissonance. On looking more intently, he perceived that the composer had let one hand fall abstractedly upon the key-board, while the other executed, by itself, a passage of extraordinary difficulty and involution. Then, for the first time, the thought struck him that the musician was deaf.* Alas! the supposition was too true: Beethoven was cursed with the loss of his most precious faculty. Those who appreciate the full splendour of his gigantic genius, those who conceive, with a distinguished composer now living, that “Beethoven began where Haydn and Mozart left off;” those who coincide with an eminent critic, in saying that “the discords of Beethoven are better than the harmonies of all other musicians;” those, in fine, who worship his memory with the devotion inspired by his compositions, can sympathise in that terrible deprivation of the powers of hearing, by which his art was rendered a blank, and the latter years of his life were imbittered. They will remember with gratitude the joys they have derived from the effusions of his fruitful intellect; they will call to their recollection the joyous chorus of the prisoners in *Fidelio*,—the sublime and adoring hymn of the “Alleluia” in *The Mount of Olives*,—the matchless pomp of the *Sinfonia Eroica*,—the passionate beauty of the sentiment of *Adelaide*,—the aerial grace of his quartetts and waltzes,—the thrilling and almost awful pathos of the dirge written for six trombones,—but, above all, they will recall to mind the noblest work ever conceived and perfected by composer, one of the greatest achievements of the human mind, *the Mass in D*. And, bearing these wonders in their memory, their hearts will ache for the doom of Ludwig Von Beethoven. None of these things,

* This incident was suggested by a touching sentence in Schindler's biography of Beethoven. After observing that the outward sense no longer co-operated with the inward mind of the great composer, and that, consequently, “the outpourings of his fancy became scarcely intelligible,” Schindler continues:—“Sometimes he would lay his left hand flat upon the key-board, and thus drown, in discordant noise, the music to which his right was feelingly giving utterance.”—See *Life of Beethoven*, Edited by Ignace Moschelles, ii. 175.

however, being known to the Rosicrucian, his sympathies were aroused solely by what he himself had heard and witnessed. Still that was more than enough to fill his whole soul with commiseration, especially as the sounds again burst in bewitching concert from the instrument, and a new inspiration lit up the visage of the musician. Cagliostro found himself, with profound sorrow, returning into the silent darkness, and the solemn Voice stealing, for the last time, into his brain.

"Behold, Balsamo," it said, "the pleasures that may vanish with the loss of hearing. Behold, and shudder at the remembrance of thy blasphemies. Recognise the goodness of Omnipotence in thy five senses—value them beyond either rank, or wealth, or dignity, or fame, or power,—value them as the five mysterious talismans of human life; and, in their virtuous employment, know that earthly happiness is attainable!"

While these words were resounding in his mind, the Rosicrucian felt himself carried, with inconceivable swiftness, through the atmosphere. Immediately they ceased he became motionless, though he was still enveloped in the shadows of night. All that had recently occurred to him,—all the strange and moving circumstances of which he had been a spectator, then thronged upon his recollection, and stirred his heart with astonishment. His imagination responded to his amazement. He revisited again, in thought, the blooming grove of Caprea, the pageant-ries of Cesarea, the green lanes of Buckingham, the luxurious *salon* of Paris, and the twilight of the garden of Währing. Italian beauty lived again in his remembrance, but a beauty marred by licentiousness and cruelty. He seemed to behold once more the multitudes of Palestine, the landscapes of England, the dainty splendours of France, and the tranquil homes of Germany. Gradually, however, his reflections became less incoherent, and the meaning of the vision appeared to evolve itself before him, in inductions fraught at once with reproach and consolation. Coupling together the truths enunciated by the Voice of his unseen visitant, and the spectacles

revealed to him in succession through its agency, the Alchemist bethought himself whether his original impressions, as to the condition of humanity, might not, in a great measure, have been erroneous. What he had just witnessed assured him, in an unanswerable manner, that overt crimes or overt virtues were merely the good or evil employment of one or other of the five senses; that they were the bright and black spots upon the spiritual nature of man, the *faculae* and the *maculae*, as it were, on the disc of his conscience. Satisfied, therefore, of the purity or depravity of every different purpose to which the human mind had been directed, the Alchemist perceived the intimate subsisting between the human being and the material organs. He perceived that what those organs were the channels through which the immaterial brought forth the material; that the material endures its materiality, and appreciates its materiality. He recognised the veracity of the solemn assurance, that happiness is accessible, even on this earth, to those who use their senses with discrimination. Nor had the consolatory truth been enforced by a barren asseveration. He had been taught the inestimable value of those senses, and the great evil such as abused them by. Five incidents, most to him most appalling, had reminded him of the exquisite pleasures created things, through the nostrils, through the palate, and the nerves. He had seen the more, moreover, of those who suffer the deprivation of either of those who were tortured by of their own heinous misdeeds. He had seen this in the case of Tiberius, in the torments of the Emperor in the sadness of Milton, in the isolation of Mirabeau, and even in the philosophic sorrows of Bacon. The emperor, the tetrarch, the demagogue, and the crowded upon his memory, the pealed to his judgment with the melancholy distinctness. Still

villanous predilections of the Rosicrucian contended for the mastery, although his intellect recognised the wisdom of the Vision. A fierce strife arose between his passions and his reason.

Suddenly his eyes opened to the splendour of an autumn morning;

and as the sunlight poured along the *Boulevard de la Madeleine*, as it gilded every blade of grass in the paddock, and streamed in golden pencils through the open window of the cottage, it glittered upon his cheek like rain-drops.

Cagliostro was weeping.

MAGA IN AMERICA.

New York, August 1847.

MY DEAR GODFREY — You will laugh when you hear into what a practical blunder I was led, by a desire to gratify your curiosity concerning Maga's Icon in America. I wondered you should ask me for a description, when it was so easy to have ordered out the thing itself; and so resolved to save myself the trouble of writing a long story, by duly exporting a specimen of the American Ebony, from which you might form your own conclusions as to its counterfeit merits, and its supposed relations to the great question of international copyright. *Segnius irritant*—you know! What disciple of old Plunkett's will ever forget the difference between the *demissa per aurem*, and

—“*quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus!*”

I have always maintained that his illustration of this great principle gave Dickens the hint of his Dotheboy's Hall. You remember, doubtless, poor Harry Farmar's false quantity, and how Plunkett made him peel onions till he cried his eyes out; asserting his confidence in Horace's maxim, and that he had found the usual box on the ear quite incapable of any exciting effect on Harry's mind. Who would have said that the same Harry, surviving the operation, would have lived to hunt bisons on the prairies of Western America, after riding on elephants in India, and striding a camel's hump through the waste places of Edom! Harry's wandering mind has developed as vagabond a habit of life as ever his prophetic instructor ventured to predict; but he vows himself cured at last, and that, if he ever sets foot again on England's *terra firma*, he will at once become

one of the manly hearts that guard the fair, and settle down in contented conjugation. He it was, then, who offered to be the bearer to yourself at C—— of any despatches, or parcels, I might choose to send; but he affected to think me so thoroughly Americanised, that he entered a caveat against my loading him with a consignment of bowie knives or cotton-bales. A nicely packthreaded parcel was accordingly put up, and duly adorned with your most Saxon name and address, in the delusive expectation that none but your own hands would presume

“—— to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.”

I was doomed to be quickly undeceived; and as I doubt not Harry will be giving you his own version of the affair, over a glass of wine, some three weeks hence, at the Hall, you shall know beforehand how much to allow, in this matter, for his habitual unvaracity, or rather love of romance.

I waited on him yesterday and presented the packet; but you should have seen him start, when I happened to mention its contents. Not the captors of Guido Fawkes bounced with more consternation, when that eminent pyrotechnist proposed to touch off his gunpowder for their especial gratification and amusement. “What!” exclaimed our mutual friend—“Have you lived so long in America, as to have forgotten the laws of a civilised and Christian land! Would you have me seized as a smuggler; posted in every newspaper as an importer of contraband goods; brutally insulted by the officers of her Majesty's Customs; and perhaps actually brought before a justice, and

locked up where the only prospect would be a distant view of New South Wales!" It was in vain that I remonstrated with his eloquent horrors, at the thought of renewing his travels at government cost: he insisted that my proposal might actually have ensured the catastrophe; and from this appeal to my feelings, passed to a bold invective against literary piracy, and concluded by a generous compromise in favour of the cotton-bales, if I would pardon the warm expressions with which he found himself compelled to decline my extraordinary commission. You should have seen him, Godfrey! If he ever takes that seat in Parliament which he threatens to make the sequel of matrimony, I predict wo to the whole race of Humes, Brights, and Cobdens, should they ever start him on a subject capable of transatlantic illustration.

I could not but laugh, though, when I saw the true state of the case, at the comical scene that might have ensued, had he taken my parcel without explanations. Think of Harry's air of fearless innocence before the inspectors of imports, till from the depths of an enormous trunk comes forth a parcel, which those faithful officials at once lay bare, with the professional dexterity of a private tearing his cartridge. The officer stares, and Harry looks still more astounded, at the sight of a familiar visage, peering forth from under the wrapper, and giving mute but significant expressions of pain and displeasure. It is the head of Geordy Buchanan! It is Blackwood, imported from New York! The confounded servant of her Majesty's Customs begins to whisper contraband, and expresses a wish for the undoubted original, which you, just stepping up to welcome your friend, are enabled to supply. The fresh number from your coat-skirts, and the suspicious importation from America, are set together like the two Dromios before the duke. "Look on this picture, and on that!" Behold the two Buchanans!

"One of these men is genius to the other
 ——— Which is the natural man,
 And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?"

Harry, to prevent the coming crisis, volunteers a confession, but invites you to a comparison of the heads.

With his outrageous Tory hatred of the Yankees, he, of course, declares there's no comparison; ridicules the fac-simile, and hastily seizing what he mistakes for the counterfeit, confounds the company by a quotation from the Latin of "Terence"—that very small fragment of the Eunuclus which Plunkett forced into his head through the opposite pole of his person—

"Ne comparandus hic quidem ad illum est,
 ille erat

Honesta facie, et liberali!"

And finally, disgusted to find that he has ascribed the more gentlemanly bearing to the American, he tosses the whole parcel into the docks, with the tardy announcement that it was my friendly consignment to yourself, as well as the very curiosity of literature which you so much desire to see. You remember, doubtless, what I did not recollect, that there is no port of entry in her Majesty's empire for the Icons of British copyright property. They come with a Frenchified air from the press of Galignani; they arrive in vulgarised costume from the cheap manufactories of New England; but the scent of the vermin is familiar to the nose of a collector of customs, and no rat-catching terrier, says my informant, ever pounces upon his Norwegian with half the gusto with which such an official snubs such an intruder. A health, I say, to the fury of this sort of Iconoclasts!

Our friend's unusual caution has saved you the excitement of the scene I have imagined, but it puts me to the necessity of substituting a hurried description for the ocular satisfaction I had proposed to send you. Who would have supposed, thirty years since, that one *Maga* would not be enough for the world, and that New York would be the seat of its flourishing double! Yet it is now twelve years since its twin started up on this side the water, and has been battenning and fattening on the rewards of successful illegitimacy. Nay—for a portion of that period, *Maga* has been "three gentlemen at once." The very pirates were pirated, and undersold; and two reprints of *Maga*, both professing to be fac-similes, were at one time supported in America, in addition to countless republications of

particular articles; such, for instance, as the tales of "Ten Thousand a-Year," and "Caleb Stukeley"! I think I hear you exclaim at such wholesale grand-larceny; but though not inclined to take up the cudgels for Reprint and Co., it is but justice to tell you what they would say in self-defence. The truth is, they would not have known what you meant, had you told them, when their republication was established, that there was any question as to the ethics of such a business. The laws not only permitted, but even encouraged the enterprise; and they do so still. The most respectable booksellers were engaged in a similar seizure of every new novel of Bulwer's, and every new work whatever, that had stood the experiment of success in England. Original copies of the Magazine were rarely imported, as the importer's charges and duties nearly doubled the first cost of each number; and besides, it was already virtually republished, its leading articles being constantly appropriated, in different ways, by editors of literary periodicals, and often by the daily newspapers. Then, it must be remembered, that England was nearly twice as far from America before the era of steamers; and that the matter of copyright was only just beginning to excite the attention of Parliament. As yet Lord Mahon had not stirred up the ministry to move foreign countries to international justice, and England was not, as now, prepared to invest their authors with all the rights she concedes to her own. It is not surprising, therefore, that Reprint and Co. commenced operations without any compunctions of conscience, and were even praised for their enterprise by honourable men. Hundreds, who could hardly forego the reading of *Maga*, were unable to pay for it twice what it costs in England; and I grant you, that when the first number was laid on my table at one-fourth the price of an importation, I myself was not the man to throw a pebble at the pirates, but wished them good luck and gave them my name as a subscriber. I verily believe I did so with a virtuous delight in what then struck me as a compliment to my favourite magazine; for somebody, at about the same time, had started a simi-

lar republication of other English Monthlies, and I desired to see them fairly run off the course. You will certainly concede to the Americans some credit for a discerning taste, when I add that *Maga*'s competitors have long since been withdrawn for want of backers; and she so easily walks the field, that it begins to be a fair question whether Messrs Reprint and Co. are honestly entitled to the purse.

I have marvelled a little, I confess, that a magazine of such unmitigated Toryism, and of so uncomplimentary a tone towards America, should nevertheless gain so universal a popularity in this country. I must stand to it, Godfrey—there's a touch of the magnanimous in the affection which exists among Americans for Christopher North, and all his high Tory fraternity. Seldom approving, they always enjoy his old-fashioned prejudices; and defend in *Maga* what, in a book of Alison's, they would relish very little. Much is said for the kind of affectionate regard with which they welcome to their firesides its monthly returns, in the fact that it is the only foreign work which American republishers have felt themselves forced, by popular feeling, to furdish in the form of a fac-simile. It is proof of the individual interest which it possesses, and of the rich associations which it has imparted even to the simplicity of its outside. Every one wants old *Ebony* in its own gentlemanly wear: but much as is implied in the livery of the *Edinburgh Review*, and many as are its admirers among the literary free-thinkers of the eastern states, it is curious that no one cares twopence to see it in any other than a semi-newspaper shape, and that Reprint and Co. have never thought of reproducing it in all the splendour of its popinjay surtout. In fact, I doubt whether it will long continue in any shape at all. Its crack article is always reprinted in another form; and oracular as its pages are deemed by the clannish provincials of Boston, its general contents seldom go down with the public. The truth is, no one honestly prefers porridge to roast-beef; and in spite of a natural leaning to buff and blue, Jonathan will not be diverted from his luxurious repasts in

Maga, by any thing less "hot in the mouth."

I remember that, in one of those Ambrosial Noctes, some one remarked in auld-lang-syne, that Maga is a ubiquity. The Shepherd assented, for he had seen the head of Geordy alike in the hut and the hall; beaming the same by the mirrored fire-light of the manorial villa, and "by the peat-lowe frae the ingle o' the auld clay biggin." But think, my dear Godfrey, what a flow of the *delect* would have gushed from that child of the Yarrow, had he beheld, with me, the pirated Maga scattered through the length and breadth of this immense republic, and devoured with equal delight by the self-congratulating native of Massachusetts Bay, and the home-sick immigrant of Oregon. Here, too, Maga is ubiquitous. If you make your summer tour through the States of New England, and stop to visit its priggish little colleges, and biggish little schools, you shall find it on many a sophister's table, and in many a schoolboy's hands; or, ten to one, as you pass the windows of the barracks where they keep their terms, you will chance to hear some full-voiced youth adding a nasal rhetoric to Maga's pages, as he retails them, through clouds of cigar-smoke, to his assembled companions. To your surprise, you will find Maga in every library and reading-room from the Independent Union Lyceum of Jeffersonville, in New Hampshire, to the Congressional lobbies at Washington. And I assure you, they not only take it in, but they read it out and out. Often, when I have wanted but a gümpee at its leader, I have found it, like *The Times* at a country inn, in the grasp of some sturdy monopolist, exploring it inch by inch, and only pausing at intervals, to wipe his glasses, and renew his pinch of snuff. Along the shores of the Hudson, in those snug little villas that peep forth from the thick trees and copsewood, Maga is quite as universal, but is found in more palmy estate. There—whether your retreat from the city be to the banks of Westchester, to the glens of the Highlands, or to the table-lands that underlie the Kaatskills—your welcome you value none the less that you see volumes of

old numbers in the book-case, and the number of the month already laid on the table in the hall; and you think of the hot noons they will help to wile away, after the morning's sport, and before the evening drive. In hopes like these, I have usually found *Blackwood* a favourite with the fairer portion of American society. You shall find it lurking amongst worsteds and flower-patterns, and very often preferred to the pretty work that tasks a far prettier eye: or, stepping into the verandah to see a steamer go by, you shall pick it up from a tabouret, where it lies with a pearl-knife in its uncut pages, and the breezes playing with its parted leaves—evidently the immediate relic of some startled and disappearing fair one. Going south or west, you meet it on railways, and in steamers. It is usually the companion of such travellers as are accustomed to decline the repeated attempts of fellow-passengers to engage them in conversation or political debate; and seems to afford peculiar refreshment to those who have effected a retreat from the philanthropic assaults of travelling temperance-agents, and of other affectionate inquirers as to the condition of their bodies and souls. When you reach the Carolinas, where, in default of taverns, you may always venture to make yourself the guest of a planter, and will be thanked for your visit—if you would bait at noon, and turn from the road to a hospitable-looking mansion among the pines, I'll wager that a basking Negro, without a shirt, will start up, and take charge of your horse, while the master of a thousand slaves gives you one open hand, but holds in the other the ubiquitous pages, which he has been reading in the cool of his piazza. I say then, had the Shepherd been blest with such universal experiences as mine, with what a flow of metaphor and illustrative wit would he have enlarged upon the proposition—Maga is an ubiquity. Beginning with a broadside at the literary corsairs of New York, I can fancy him bursting with indignant virtue into luxurious comparisons between the rape of the Sabines, and that of the inimitable Noctes—and then between Maga bodily, and her who in the field of *Enna* gathering flowers, experienced

a fate most gloomy; and so on, till his exuberant good-humour expands at last into an apology, as he expatiates on the tempting character of the booty, and declares, that like apples of gold to frolicsome schoolboys, so beautiful Maga, to covetous Yankees, is a thing too full of relish and of beauty to be other than pardonable plunder! Maga, like Italy, ought to be less bewitching, or better defended. What would not some of Maga's cotemporaries give, nevertheless, for the compliment of being perpetually ravished by the Goths and Vandals of Letters—the merciless anti-copy-right booksellers of America? Nay—they will pout at the insinuation, and stand upon the virtue which no one believes they possess. But assure them, dear Godfrey, that they are in no conceivable danger. Maga shall growl, and they shall fawn; but the republicans will not be repulsed by the honest frankness of the one nor propitiated by the hypocritical blandishments of the others. If they doubt it, just tell them what happened with me the other day, and what I vouch for as fairly exhibiting the feeling of the most intelligent Americans. I could add many other anecdotes of the same colour and character; but I tell this as creditable to them, and illustrative of Maga's footing among them:—

I was at the reading-rooms of "The Athenæum"—a literary club-house in this city, which has grown out of a small society of scholars that existed here before the Revolution—and which, I am happy to say, is always supplied with the genuine imported Magazine. A young man, whom I had often met at the rooms, and who had the Magazine in his hand, called my attention to a palpable error in an article that reflected pretty merrily on his countrymen. "Ha!" said I, "just like old Ebony! Why don't you banish the rabid old Tory from these most democratic tables?"

"Banish Maga!" was the reply—"what would be left fit to read?"

"You surprise me! Edinburgh, Westminster—any thing that thinks better of Congress, and legislative eloquence—as you do, of course!"

"Why so? Mayn't a man be a republican, without recognising a

jure divino majesty in a Congressman?"

"But Maga would make out some of your Solons prodigiously long in the cars."

"Nay—rather intolerably long in the wind, which is just the intolerable truth. Thanks to Maga for giving them the echo of their palaver! and may the first reformed Congress vote her a gold medal for the good she has done to the country!"

"She sometimes makes free with the nation itself, and some of the little peculiarities of your countrymen."

"Well, well—we are not drawn more out of proportion than the Iron Duke's nose is in *Punch*! Why should we not laugh like heroes, who are said to grow hale of good-humour kept up by caricatures?"

"You must allow that Maga is not always good-natured, as some of her rivals invariably are."

"There's no comparison, sir, between the sometimes irritable merriment of King Christopher, and the professional tinkling of a jester's cap-and-bells. I can't argue it,—only I like *Blackwood* for all its Toryism; and when Kit North is testy, I reflect that he's long had the gout! Banish Geordie Buchanan's venerable old pow—did you say? Never, Sir, never!"

Of course, I allowed the good sense of these replies, and at once explained to myself the philosophy which gave rise to them. The truth is, there is in human nature a deep sense of "the eternal fitness of things," which usually gives tone to the opinions of man, where undue prejudices do not exercise an overruling control. You know, my dear Godfrey, how unlikely it is that an American would ever care to pay you a second visit at the Hall, should he signalise his first by depreciating the character of Washington, or undervaluing the many advantages which his country really enjoys. On the same principle which would certainly betray you into marks of cool aversion towards such a guest from this side the Atlantic, the intelligent American despises in his heart the Briton, whose spirit is alien to the time-honoured institutions of his ancestors, and whose life is one long blasphemy of all that has contributed most to the glory and greatness of an

empire, whose worst symptom of decay is the fungous existence of a race of such blasphemers, at once the morbid fruit of a free constitution, and its fatal and cancerous disease. Whiggery is, therefore, at a discount in the republic; and I have been surprised to hear the confession from American democrats, that if they were Englishmen, they would be far from any sympathy with those who call themselves reformers. This, perhaps, will account for it, that with all the influence of the Edinburgh Reviewers, they have never gained, in this country, any hold of the heart, even where they have controlled the head; whilst *Maga*, on the contrary, without bending the republican opinions of Americans, has secured no small degree of their affections, and become enshrined in their genuine regard. You may see one proof of this in the fact, that if you contract with Reprint & Co. for their republications, and will take *Blackwood* and *The Quarterly*, you can have *The Edinburgh* and *The Westminster* almost thrown into the bargain; like the lying little *Mercury* of Æsop's statuary, which was a mere gratuity to those who would buy a *Phæbus*, and *Pallas-Athene*. In truth, if my observation has been correct, intelligent Americans like to be republicans themselves, because such were the fathers of their country; but an Englishman in blue and yellow, they regard much as they do an Indian in shoes and stockings. He is despised, as no specimen of the noble race from which he has degenerated and dwindled into a Whig.

To return to the republished Magazine; it is not only a republication, but, as I have said, it professes to be a fac-simile. You will ask, if it is cleverly done. I must answer—not very, considered as a whole; and yet, to give the mannikin its due, the face of the thing is about as accurate as counterfeits usually are. The colour is not often right, however, and I suspect Reprint & Co. are ignorant that the colour is of any consequence. The thistle-framed portrait, nevertheless, is tolerably well copied; enough so, to deserve the greatest proportion of credit belonging to the whole, as an imitation. You look for the familiar imprint in

vain. One would never know from the publisher's part of the title-page that the house of Blackwood & Sons was still in existence. Instead of the usual mark, we have that of the republishers, with an intimation that they are assisted in the sale by booksellers in Boston, Philadelphia, Charlestown, Baltimore, Savannah, New Orleans, and PARIS! Why they should print Paris in capitals, rather than Boston and Philadelphia, I am at a loss to conceive; but such an announcement does indeed demand some note of admiration at the vastness of the enterprise of REPRINT & Co., who, to give Mr Blackwood more time to attend to the getting up of each successive number of his work, thus undertake to relieve him of any share in seeing to the supply of the Continent of Europe. In this benevolent effort to take the burthen from the proprietors of the genuine *Ebony*, it is fair that the French condjutor should have his share of the honour. His name is given as HECTOR BOSSANGE; and his shop, if I rightly remember, adorns the Quai Voltaire. And, now I think of it, I advise you, dear Godfrey, to skip across the Channel this summer, and alight on the capital, (where very likely they will just be getting up an *emeute* in honour of the Three Days), and there, in Monsieur Bossange's establishment, you will be permitted to try the merits of my description and *Maga's* Icon at the same time, and with no danger from officials of the Customs. So much then for the front, which is good, except the colour. *Nimium ne crede colori*, says Mr Reprint; and *fronti nulla fides*, say I.

The reverse cover has, of course, an outer and inner surface, with only the thickness of the paper between the letter-press adorning the twain. What say you, then, to the fact, that whilst the outer half is devoted to an advertisement of Mr Reprint's imitative publications, the *better half* contains a bold and faithful warning against such piracy! You stare, but I repeat it; whilst the one side of the leaf announces Mr Reprint's arrangements for circulating throughout the States his imitations of Blackwood, the other indignantly announces that there are "now in circulation in the

UNITED STATES, SPURIOUS and HIGHLY PERNICIOUS IMITATIONS." Alas for the difference between those who *instruct* the head, and those who only *dress* it! The imitations that are shamelessly commended are only those of *Blackwood's Magazine*; while those which Messrs Reprint feel called upon to hold up as shocking to every sense of virtue, — to head with IMPORTANT INFORMATION, and to stamp with triple marks of wonder, as FRAUDULENT COUNTERFEITS — are imitations of Rowland's Macassar Oil! Think of that, Godfrey! I learn from this announcement of Reprint's, that there are now in the United States men base enough to rob the immortal Rowland of his patent right, men who have doubtless established agencies in "Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Savannah, New Orleans and PARIS," but who, as the imitation Blackwood is circulated in just those places, will find it, by just retribution, always in their way. *A bon chat, bon rat!* Well, it was wise in the agents of Rowland to employ one ubiquitous imitation to stop another; but since the trade is much the same, it ought to be suggested to Reprint & Co., that they do ill to expose a fellow-craftsman. Suppose, now, the enterprising apothecaries, who do for Mr Rowland what Reprint & Co. are doing for Mr Blackwood, should print a label for every bottle of their "incomparable oil," warning the public that spurious imitations of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine are now in circulation throughout the States, which they are compelled to stamp as FRAUDULENT COUNTERFEITS! Would not this be quite as IMPORTANT INFORMATION as the other? Are not the public as much concerned in having the genuine article for their brain, as in having the unadulterated article for their hair? Yet, how would Reprint like to see such a *Rowland* for his Oliver?

Strange that the same leaf that thus brands a counterfeit, — which Reprint repudiates, hinting that respectable perfumers "sell only the genuine article." — should within one two-hundredth part of an inch, contain the exposure of his own

counterfeit, by his own pen, ink, and types; and that with the announcement of a "Travelling Agent, recently appointed to procure Subscribers in the Western States, Iowa and Wisconsin, *who will prove his identity by a certificate from the Mayor of Cincinnati!*" Now, it strikes me, would not a certificate from his lordship, proving the *identity of the Magazine*, be much more to the purpose? It is called *Blackwood's Magazine*; and if so, the Travelling Agent would be better certified by a commission from Mr Blackwood to be selling his property, and that would be more to the purpose still! But think, dear Godfrey, where this certified bagman goes! Iowa and Wisconsin are a thousand miles inland, where even so lately as when this reprint was begun, the Indian trail was the only post-road, and the aborigines almost the only inhabitants, and where, even at this day, the reader of *Maga*, holding the cream of civilisation and refinement in one hand, must keep the other in close contact with his rifle, and the rifle well loaded and cocked; for should his magazine interest him more than his safety, he might expect at any moment the pressing salutations of a cougar, or the warm embrace of a grisly bear. Or think, I pray you, of a circumstance still less improbable, which will illustrate what it is to be a bagman in Iowa. Where this "Travelling Agent" goes, he often carries his merchandise through an Indian village, and often, I'll venture to say, has Buchanan been seen in his hand, as centre to a circle of fierce-visaged Red-skins, with tomahawks in their girdles, and any thing but brotherly love in their gestures. Ah, then, the contrabandist is afraid. Among savages he first learns to wish himself engaged in any thing but an anti-copyright expedition; and produces in vain the proof of his identity, signed by the Mayor of Cincinnati.

I observe that there are similar agencies in the Southern and South-western States; so that Reprint & Co. are the monopolists of *Maga*, from the mouth of the St Lawrence, to the deltas of the Mississippi, and before long will doubtless have their

travelling agents pushing its sale in the "halls of the Montezumas," or exchanging it for peltry at the headwaters of the Colombia. It is said in one of the newspapers of this city, that for every copy issued in Edinburgh, two copies of the reprint are published here; and though the estimate strikes me as, at least, unlikely, it is far from being incredible. I can pardon Mr Blackwood should his temper be a little ruffled, when he compares his trouble and responsibility, and limited sale, with the *sans souci* and universal market of Reprint & Co.; but surely, old Christopher North should smile with inward satisfaction when, not by cannon, or carnage, but as the result of a greatness thrust upon him, he finds his empire, like her Majesty's, the girdle of the earth, and his sovereignty recognised, in the world of letters, where hers can claim no subjects, and demand no homage. That crutch is now the sceptre of bookdom. Its shadow stretcheth over all lands, whether the dawn project it athwart the broad Atlantic, or the Boreal light send it overland to farthest India. Who reads not *Maga*? You shall find the snatched lieutenant turning over its pages by the camp-fire, after a terrible scratch with the Sikhs; and within the same twenty-four hours you may fairly surmise that some green mountain volunteer, on the wrong side of the Rio Grande, has lighted a pine-knot, and is reading one of the Marlborough articles to his mess, with extemporary parallelisms in favour of General Taylor, which the shade of the great Churchill must not venture to overhear. Swinging in his hammock, the midshipman holds Blackwood to the smoky lamp of the orlop, as he plunges and pitches around Cape Horn. Lounging in his state-room, and bound for Hong Kong, the sea-sick passenger corrects his nausea with the same spicy page, and bewitched with the flavour, forgets to sigh for Madeira, which he has passed, or to look out for St Helena, which is somewhere on his lee. It keeps the old Admiral from the deck as his keel scrapes the coral-reefs of the South Pacific; and a stale back number, from the bottom

of a seaman's chest, is purchased as a prize, by him who cruises among seals, icebergs, and spermaceti whales.

"Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,
Quam regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!"

Yes—who reads not *Maga*? The flayed Radical of Parliament—the rasped Balaamite of Congress—the spanked Cockney of an author—the jaundiced Editor of some new no-go periodical—even these must cut the leaves of each new number, if they die for it, or if their only reward be to find their own sweet selves hung up in its pages, like sham Socrates in his basket, but not looking on like live Socrates with philosophic composure. And if they whimper, who will sympathise? Like the Shepherd at Awmrose's, the testy public may now and then rebel, and rail for a season at "the cawm, cauld, clear, glitterin' cruelty in the expression of his een,"—but who can keep up a quarrel with North? Again, like the Shepherd, they relax into a broad good humour, and, before they know it, are drinking with all the honours, "Long live King Christopher!" So then, in spite of Cockneys, chartists, coxcombs, rebels, radicals, and rascally reformers, yea, and the whole alphabetical list of what is whiggish, vulgar, and vexatious,—

"Maga still sitteth on Edina's crags,
And from her throne of beauty rules the world!"

Ah! my dear Godfrey Godfrey of Godfrey Hall, in the county of Kent, Esquire,—I know what you are thinking of. You were certainly meant for trade, and 'twas a loss to the Bank of England, that you ever wore a shooting-jacket. There was ever a commercial crotchet in your head, and I am sure it now suggests the rejoinder—that to rule the world is nothing, so long as one can't rule the market. But I respectfully ask, do you go for absolute monarchy? Would you have *Maga* more potent than her Majesty? I grant there should be something coming to Mr Blackwood for the thousands that profit by his labours in America—but if it can't be so, let the glory suffice him, and let *Sic vos non vobis* be his song of patient resignation. The parallel between

his case and that of the Virgilian sufferers, is perfect. Who concentrates more pungency, or collects more sweets than the busy bee? Who keeps more musical throats in time than the motherly bird? Who lends the agricultural interest greater assistance than the labouring ox; or who suffers more by the manufacturers than the fleeced lamb? Undoubtedly, the answer is,—Mr Blackwood! Well then, I say, he must comfort himself by philosophy and *Sic vos non vobis*. He may, indeed, utter one word of remonstrance against literary and commercial piracy, like that first great sufferer by anti-copyright,—Mr Virgilius Maro, of Mantua—

“Hos ego versiculos *emi*, tulit alter honores.”

Or, in other words, I pay for every line and letter of *Maga*, and lo! Mr Bathyllus Reprint, of New York, carries off the sesterces! Think, Godfrey, what a charm of a life this Bathyllus must make of it! His are all the honey, and the bird's nests, the corn-bags, and the fleeces of the Ebony estates; and yet he has no trouble to see his banks furnished with bees, or to preserve game in the brake; no care to drive away crows, or to stifle the blatter of sheep. For him—to descend from the firmament of metaphor, to the plain prose of George Street and Paternoster Row—for him, Mr North inspects boxes of Balaam, with the patience of a proof-reader, and deciphers pages of wit and pathos with the perseverance of a Champollion. For him, with each new moon, and punctual to the day, comes forth the *Maga* of the month, the fruit of incredible diligence, and the flower of admirable skill. For him the foreign purveyor of all he lives by pays down the golden *honorarium*, fifty guineas for the sheet, that he may have the whole for less than fifty pence. For him—the same benevolent provider takes pains to silence, by the same metallic spell, ten thousand other claims and clamours, contingent to each lunation of *Maga*. All things work for him! For him the steamer ploughs Atlantic surges; and for him, when she gains her port, two hundred miles of wire are put into galvanic tremor, bidding him prepare his covers, and

rally his compositors. It is there that Reprint, with a grateful sense (perhaps) of all that has been done for him, and a still more gratifying sense of the very little that remains for him to do, finds himself called to bestir from a fortnight's nap, and proceed to do that little. With railway speed, and thunder step, the Express of Harnden brings to his hand almost the only emigrant original of *Blackwood* that ever touches these occidental shores. No prosy correspondence—no botheration manuscript—no rejectable contribution—but the choicest literary matter that the genius of the British empire can furnish, all picked, packed, and laid at his feet, in fair white printed copy, without pains and without cost! Another's all the toil—his, all the profits! In a turn or two of his hand the American market is supplied. Sure sale—no risk—all clear gains, and quick returns! I am sure Mr Bathyllus Reprint must be the happiest of men, and the most amiable of publishers; and I can conceive that few of the more legitimate craft would be able to stand upon dignity, or refuse his kind invitation to meet a little company at his board—

“At the close of the day, when the market is still,
And mortals the sweets of comestibles prove.”

But hold! When is the market still. For a fortnight after he has set it astir with a new number, his announcements confront you as you open your “folio of four pages.” His placards smite the eye at the crossings of the streets; they return your glance at the shop-window, and confound your senses at every turn. “Old Ebony for the month,”—“Kit North again in the field,”—“A racy new number of *Blackwood*,”—such are the headings of newspaper puffs, and the bawlings of hawkers on the steps of Astor House. They pursue you to the Boston railway-station, or to the Hudson-river steamer; they follow you on the road to Niagara; meet you afresh at Detroit and Chicago, and hardly provoke any additional surprise when the bagman accosts you with the same syllables, through the nose, as you arrive in the buffalo-season on the debateable grounds of Oregon! To quote once more the

oracular words of the Ettrick orator and poet, "Ane gets tired o' that eternal soum'—*Blackwood's Magazeen*,—*Blackwood's Magazeen*—dinnin' in ane's lugs, day and nicht!" So vast and so varied I suppose to be the commercial relations of Reprint & Co., and such, beyond a doubt, is Maga's empire in America.

No more by this steamer. Let me see; in ten days, perhaps, Harry will be with you at breakfast, discussing my letter, and lamenting my lot, to live so far from the world. For me, however, a contented disposition, the steamers twice a-month, and *Blackwood* monthly, do wonders. I see as much of the world as a good

man need wish to see; and at any time, you know, it's not a fortnight's work, by God's blessing, to rejoin the old friends and true friends, that so often go fishing under your patronage, and tell improbable stories around your table. Wait till I get into my own chair beside you, and I will tell stories of my sojourn in America that will put Harry's Indian romances to the blush. He now goes out with a stock of prairie-adventures, that out-Sinbad Sinbad, and yet he tells them with an air of honesty that would gull Gulliver. Wait till I rejoin you, and you shall see how a plain tale will put him down. Yours, &c.

THE TIMES OF GEORGE II.*

FEMALE authorship is beginning to flourish in England. To this employment no rational objection can be raised. The want of occupation for female life in the higher classes has long been a subject of complaint, and any honest change which removes it will be a change for the better. The quantity of time and thread which has been wasted on chainstitch, and roundstitch, and all the other mysteries of the needle, in the last three centuries, is beyond all calculation. If the fair artists had been workers at the loom, they might have clothed half the living population in "fine linen," if not in purple. If they had been equally diligent in brickmaking, they might have built ten Babels; or if they had devoted similar energies, on Iago's hint, "to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer," they might have tripled the population, or anticipated the colossal vats of Messrs Truman & Co. What myriads of young faces have grown old over worsted parrots and linsey-wolsey maps of the terrestrial globe! What exquisite fingers have been thinned to the bone, in creating carnations to be sat upon, and cowslip beds for the repose of favourite poodles! What bright eyes

have been reduced to spectacles, in the remorseless fabrication of patchwork, quilts and flowery footstools for the feet of gouty gentlemen! Nay, what thousands and tens of thousands have been flung into the arms of their only bridegroom, Consumption, leaving nothing to record their existence but an accumulation of trifles, which cost them only their health, their tempers, their time, their charms, and their usefulness!

But the age of knitting and tambour passed away. The spinning-jenny was its mortal enemy. The most inveterate of fringemakers, the most painstaking devotee of patchwork, when she found that Arkwright could make in a minute more than with all her diligence she could make in a month, and that old Robert Peel could pour out figured muslins, by a twist of a screw, sufficient to give gowns to the whole petticoat population of England, had only to give in; the spinsterhood were forced to feel that their "occupation was o'er."

Even then, however, the female fingers were not suffered to "forget their cunning;" and the age of purse-making began. The land was inundated with purses of every shape, size,

* *Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon.* By Mrs THOMPSON. 2 Vols. Colburn.

and substance. Then followed another change. The Berlin manufacturers had contrived to bring back the age of worsted wonders, though, by a happy art, they saved the fair artists all the trouble of drawing and design. We are still under a Gothic invasion of trimmings and tapestry, of needle-work nondescripts, moonlight minstrels in canvass, playing under cross-bar balconies; and all the signs of the zodiac brought down to the level of the ivory fingers of woman-kind.

To this, we must acknowledge, that the incipient taste of the ladies for historical publications, for diving into the trunks of family memorials, and giving us those private correspondences which are to be found only by the desperate determination to find something and every thing, is a fortunate turn of the wheel.

It is true, that England boasts of many distinguished female writers; that the works of Mrs Radcliffe opened a new vein of rich description and solemn mystery; that the comedies of Inchbald netted her innocent and persevering spirit some thousand pounds; and that Joanna Baillie's tragedies entitle her to an enduring fame. We also acknowledge, with equal sincerity and gratification, the merits of many of our female novelists in the past half century; their keen insight into character, their close anatomy of the general impulses of the human heart, and the mingled delicacy and force with which they seize on personal peculiarities, belong to woman alone. But their day, too, has gone down. They were first rivalled by the "high-life novel," the most vulgar of all earthly caricatures. They are now extinguished by the low-life novel; the most intolerable of all earthly realities. The true novel, true in its fidelity to nature, polished without affectation, and vigorous without rudeness, now sleeps in the grave, and must sleep, until posterity shall, with one voice, demand its revival.

Yet, until another race of genius shall arise, and the laurel of Fielding or of Shakspeare shall descend on our female authors, we must be grateful for their gentle labours in the rather rugged field of history.

It must be owned, that gallantry has a good deal to do in giving these works the name of history. They want all the vigour, all the philosophy, and all the eloquence of history. Of course, no human being will ever apply to them as authorities. Still, they have the merit of giving general statements to general readers, of supplying facts in their regular order, and probably, of inducing the multitude, who would shrink from the formalities of Hume or Gibbon in solemn quartos and ponderous octavos, to dip into pages having all the look and nearly all the slightness of the modern novel. At all events, if they do nothing else, they employ the time of pens, which might be much worse occupied; and that pens are often much worse occupied, we have evidence from hour to hour.

The French novels are making rapid way into our circulating libraries. Yet nothing can be more unfortunate, for nothing can be more corrupting than a French novel of the nineteenth century. France, always a profligate country, always had profligate writers. But they were generally confined to "Memoirs," "Court anecdotes," and the ridicule of the world of Versailles; their criminality was at least partially concealed by their good breeding, and their vice was not altogether lowered to the grossness of the crowd.

The Revolution created a new school. All there was hatred to duty, faith, and honour. The deepest profligacy was pictured as scarcely less than the natural right of man; and all the abominations of the human heart were excited, encouraged, and propagated by daring pens, sometimes subtle, sometimes eloquent, and in all instances appealing to the most tempting abominations of man.

But the Revolution fell, and with the ascendant of Napoleon another school followed. War, public business, the general objects of the active faculties, and strong ambition of a people with Europe at its feet, partially superseded alike the frivolous taste of the monarchy, and the rabid ferocities of revolutionary authorship. The Bulletins of the "Grande Armée" told a daily tale of romance, to which the brains of a Parisian scribbler could find no rival, and men with the

sound of falling thrones echoing in their ears, forgot the whispers of low intrigue and commonplace corruption.

The "Three Glorious Days" of July 1830, have now produced another change; and peace has given leisure to think of something else than conquest and the conscription. The power of the national pen has turned again to fiction, and the natural wit, habitual dexterity, and dashing verbiage of France have all been thrown into the novel. Even the French drama, once the pride of the nation, has perished under this sudden pressure. A French modern tragedy is now only a rhymed melodrama. Even French history attracts popular applause only as it approaches to a three volume romance. Every man of name in French modern authorship has attained it only by the rapid production of novels. But no language can be too contemptuous, or too condemnatory, for the spirit of those works in general. Every tie of society is violated in the progress of their pages; and violated with the full approval of every body. Seduction is the habitual office of the hero. Adultery is the regular office of the heroine. In each the vice is simply a matter of course. Manly honour is a burlesque every where, but where the criminal shoots the injured husband in a duel. Female virtue is only a proof of dulness or decay, a vulgar formality of mind, or an unaccountable inaptitude to adopt the customs of polished society.

The hero is pictured with every quality which can charm the eye or ear; he is the handsomest, the most accomplished, and the most high-spirited of mankind, all sentiment, and all scoundrelism. The heroine, always a wife or a widow,—in the former instance, is the "lovely victim of a marriage in which her heart had no share," and in which she is entitled to have all the privileges of her heart supplied. And in the latter is a creature full of charms, about twenty-one, resolved to live for love, but never to be "chained in the iron links of a dull and obsolete ceremonial" again. She quickly fixes her eyes on some Adolphe, Auguste, or Hyppolite, "*Officier de la Garde*," who has performed prodigies of valour in Algiers, taken lions by the beard every where,

and is the best waltzer in all Paris. They meet, flame together, swear an *amitié éternelle*, and defy the world, through three volumes.

In reprobating this detestable school, we certainly have no hope that our remarks will reform the French novelism of the day; but we call on the critical press of England to take up the rational and righteous task of reforming our own.

Within these few years, the English novels are rapidly falling into the imitation of the French. And we say it with no less regret than surprise, that the chief imitators are females. The novels written by men have generally some manliness, some recollection of the higher impulses which occasionally act on the minds of men; some reluctance in revealing the more infirm movements of the mind; and some doubts as to the absorption of all human nature in one perpetual whirl of love-making.

But with the female pen in general, the whole affair is resolved into one impulse—all is "passion." The winds of heaven have nothing to do, but to "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole." The art of printing is seriously presumed to have been invented only for "some banished lover, or some captive maid." Flirtation is the grand business of life. The maiden flirts from the nursery, the married woman flirts from the altar. The widow adds to the miscellaneous cares of her "bereaved" life, flirtation from the hearse which carries her husband to his final mansion. She flirts in her weeds more glowingly than ever. But she knows too well the "value of her liberty" to submit to be a slave once more; and so flirts on for life, in the most innocent manner imaginable, taking all risks, and throwing herself into situations of which the result would be obvious any where but in the pages of an *English* novel.

The French have no scruples on such subjects, and their candour leaves nothing to the imagination. Our female novelists have not yet arrived at that pitch of explicitness, and it is to be hoped will pause before they leap the gulf.

We attribute a good deal of this dangerous adoption to the prevalent habit of yearly running to the Con-

tinent. The English ear becomes familiarised to language on the other side of the Channel, which would have shocked it here. The chief topic of foreign life is intrigue, the chief employment of foreign life is that half idle, half infamous intercourse, which extinguishes all delicacy even in the spectators. The young English woman sees the foreign woman leading a life which, though in England it would stamp her with universal shame, in France or Germany, and above all, in Italy, never brings more than a sneer, and seldom even the sneer. She sees this wedded or widowed profligate received in the highest ranks; flourishing without a reproach, if she has the means of keeping an opera-box, or giving suppers; every soul round her acquainted with every point of her history, yet none shrinking from her association. If she has one Cicisbeo, or ten, the whole affair is *selon les règles*.

The young English woman who blushes at this scandalous career, or exhibits any reluctance on the subject of the companionship or the crime, is laughed at as a "novice," is charged with a want of the "*savoir vivre*," is quietly reproved for "the coldness of her English blood," and is recommended to abandon, as speedily as possible, ideas so unsuitable to "the glow of the warm South."

She soon finds a dangler, or a dozen dangles, who, having nothing on earth to do, and in their penury rejoiced to find any spot where they can kill an hour, and get a cup of coffee, are daily at her command. All those fellows, too, are counts; the title being about as common, and as cheap, as chimney-sweepers among us, though not belonging to so valuable a fraternity.

After a month's training of this kind, the poor fool is fit for nothing else, to the last hour of her being. She is a flirt and a *figurante*, as long as she lives. Duty and decorum are things too icy for the "ardour of her soul." The life of England is utterly barbarian to the refinement of the land of macaroni.

And it is unquestionably much better that the whole tribe should remain where they are, and roam among the lazzaroni, than return to

corrupt the decencies of English life. If this sentimentalist has money, she is sure to be picked up by some "superb chevalier," some rambling fortune-hunter, or known swindler, hunted from the gambling table; probably beginning his career as a friseur or a footman, and making rapid progress towards the galleys. If she has none, she returns to England, to grumble, for the next fifty years, at the climate, the country, and the people; to drawl out her maudlin regrets for olive groves, and pout for the Bay of Naples; to talk of her loves; exhibit a cameo or a crucifix, (the parting pledge of some innamorato, probably since hanged), prate papistry, and profess *liberalism*; pronounce the Roman holidays "charming things," and long to see the carnival, and the worship of the Virgin together, imported to relieve the *ennui* of London.

The subject is startling: and we recommend any thing, and every thing, in the shape of employment, in preference to the vitiating follies of a life of Touring.

Another tribe of female authorship ought to be extinguished without a moment's delay. Those are the yearly travellers. A woman of this kind scampers over the Continent, like a queen's messenger, every season; she rushes along with the rapidity and the regularity of the "Royal Mail." The month of May no sooner appears in the calendar, than she packs up her trunk, and crosses to Boulogne, "to make a book." One year she takes the north, another the south; to her, all points of the compass are equal. But whether the *roulage* carries her to the Baltic or the Mediterranean, her affair is done, if she adds a page a day to her journal. She gossips along, and scribbles, with the indefatigable finger of a maker of bobbin lace, or a German knitter of stockings. The most slipshod descriptions of every thing that has been described before; sketches of peasant character taken from the beggars at the road-side; national traits taken from the commonplaces of the *table-d'hôte*, and court secrets copied from the newspapers—all are disgorged into the Journal. We have, unfailingly, whole pages of setting suns, moonlight nights, effulgent

stars, and southern breezes. She gloats over pictures of enraptured monks, and sees heaven in the eyes of saints, copied from the painter's mistresses. If she goes to Italy, she tells us of the banditti, the gondola, and St Peter's; gazes with solemn speculation on the naked beauties of the Belvidere Apollo; and descants in an ultra-ecstasy on the proportions of sages and heroes destitute of drapery; winding up by an adventure, in which she falls by night into the hands of a marching regiment, or band of smugglers setting out on a robbery, and leaving the world to guess at the results of the adventure to herself.

In all this farrago, she never gives the reader an atom of information worth the paper which she blots. We have no additional lights on character, public life, national feeling, or national advancement. All is as vapid as the "Academy of Compliments," and as well known as "Lindley Murray's Grammar." But why object to all this? Why not let the scribbler take her way—and the world know that vineyards are green, and the sky blue, if it desires the knowledge? Our reason is this,—such practices actually destroy all taste for the legitimate narratives of travel. Those trading tourists talk nonsense, until intelligence itself becomes wearisome. They strip away the interest which novelty gives to new countries, and by running their silly speculation into scenes of beauty, sublimity, or high recollection, would make Tempe a counterpart to the Thames Tunnel; Mount Atlas a fellow to Primrose Hill; and Marathon a facsimile of the Zoological Garden or Bartholomew Fair. The subject is pawed, and dandled, and fondled, until the very name excites nausea; and a writer of real ability would no more touch upon it, than a great artist would paint St George and the Dragon.

This has been the history of the decline of works of imagination in England. No sooner had Mrs Radcliffe touched the old monasteries with her glorious pencil, than a generation of monk-describers and ruined-castle-builders sprang up, until the very name of convent or castle became an abhorrence. Sir Walter Scott's "Lay

of the Last Minstrel," rich and romantic as it was, was nearly buried under an overflow of heavy imitations, which drove his genius to other pursuits, and which filled the public ear with such enormities of octo-syllabic *ennui*, that it hates poetry ever since. The Helicon of which he drank the gushing and pure stream, was stirred into mire by the slippers of school-girls, city-apprentices, and chambermaid-poetesses of every shade of character.

A new Malthus for the express purpose of extinguishing, by strangulation or otherwise, the whole race of Annual Travellers in Normandy, Picardy, up the Seine and down the Seine, up the Loire and down the Loire, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in the Brenner Alps, would be a benefactor to society.

Whether England would be the wiser and the happier if, instead of being separated from the Continent by a channel, she were separated by an ocean, is a question which we leave to the philosopher; but there can be no doubt of the nature of its answer by the historian. It will be found, that the national character had degenerated in every period when that intercourse increased, and that it resumed its vigour only in the periods when that intercourse was restricted.

It would not be difficult to exemplify this principle, from the earliest times of English independence. But our glance shall be limited to the era of the Reformation, when England began first to assume an imperial character.

Elizabeth was always contemptuous of the foreigner, and boasted of the defiance; the national mind never rose to a higher rank than in her illustrious reign. James renewed the connexions of the throne with France, and Charles I. renewed the connexion of the royal line. It may have been for the purpose of checking the national contagion of the intercourse, that rebellion was suffered to grow up in his kingdom. But whatever might be the origin, the effect was, to break off the intercourse with France and her corruptions, and to exhibit a new energy and purity in the people. Cromwell raised a sudden barrier against France by his

political system, and the nation recovered its daring and its character in its contempt for the foreigner.

In the reign of Charles II. the intercourse was resumed, and corruption rapidly spread from France to the court, and from the court to the people. England, proud and powerful under the Protectorate, became almost a rival to France in infidelity and profligacy in the course of the Reign. Again the war of William with France closed the Continent upon the national intercourse, and the manliness of the national character partially revived. But with the death of Anne the intercourse was renewed, and the result was a renewal of the corruption. The war of the French Revolution again and utterly broke off the intercourse for the time; and it is undeniable, that the national character suddenly exhibited a most singular and striking return to the original virtues of the country—to its fortitude, to its patriotism, and to the purity of its religious feelings.

The period from the Treaty of Utrecht to the war of the French Revolution, has always appeared to us a blot on the annals of England. It is true that it contained many names of distinction, that it exhibited a graceful and animated literature, that it was characterised by striking advances in national power, and that towards its close it gave the world a Chatham, as if to reconcile us to its existence and throw a brief splendour over its close.

But no period of British history developed more unhappily those vices which naturally ripen in the hot-bed of political intrigue. The names of Harley, Bolingbroke, Walpole, and Newcastle, might head a general indictment against the manliness, the integrity, and the honour of England. The low faithlessness of Harley, who seems to have been carrying on a Jacobite correspondence at the foot of the throne—the infamous treachery of his brother-minister, St John—the undenied and undeniable corruption of Walpole, and the half-imbecility which made the chicanery of Newcastle ridiculous, while his perpetual artifice alone saved his imbecility from overthrow,—altogether form a congeries, which, like the

animal wrecks of the primitive world, almost give in their deformity a reason for its extinction.

There can be no question of the perpetual villany which then assumed the insulted name of politics; none, of the utter sacrifice of public interests to the office-hunting avarice of all the successive parties; none, of the atrocious corruptibility of them all; none, of that general decay of religion, morals, and national honour, which was the result of a time when principle was laughed at, and when the loudest laughter passed for the wisest man of his generation.

The cause was obvious. Charles II. had brought with him from France all the vices of a court, where the grossest licentiousness found its grossest example in the person of the sovereign. Profligate as private life naturally is in all the dominions of a religion where every crime is rated by a tariff, and where the confessional relieves every man of his conscience, the conduct of Louis XIV. had made profligacy the actual pride of the throne.

The feeble and frivolous Charles was more a Frenchman than an Englishman; more a courtier than a king; and fitter to be a page in the seraglio than either.

The royal robe on the shoulders of such a monarch, instead of concealing his vices, only made them glitter in the national eyes; and the morals of England might have been irretrievably stained, but for that salutary judgment which interposed between the people and the dynasty, and by driving James into an ignominious exile, placed a man of principle on the throne. Unfortunately, the reign of William was too busy and too brief to produce any striking change in the habits of the people. His whole policy was turned to the great terror of the time, the daring ambition of France. He fought on the outposts of Europe. All his ideas were Continental. The singular constitution of his nature gave him the spirit of a warrior, combined with the seclusion of a monk. Solitary even in camps, what must he be in the trivial bustle of a court?—and, engrossed with the largest interests of nations, what interest could he attach to the squab-

bles of rival professors of licentiousness, to giving force to a feeble drama, or regulating the decorum of factions equally corrupt and querulous, and long since equally despised and forgotten?

The reign of Anne made some progress in the national restoration. But it was less by the influence of the Queen than by the work of time. The "gallants" of the reign of Charles were now a past generation. Their frolics were a gossip's tale; their showy vices were now as tarnished as their wardrobe, and both were hung out of sight. The man who, in the days of Anne, would have ventured on the freaks of Rochester, would have finished his nights in the watch-house, and his years in the plantations. The wit of the past age was also rude, vulgar, and pointless to the polished sarcasm of Pope, or even to the reckless sting of Swift. Yet manners were still coarse, and the Queen complained of Harley's coming to her after dinner,—"troublesome, impudent, and *drunk*." Her court exhibited form without dignity, and her parliaments the most violent partisanship in politics and religion, without sincerity or substance in either. But the long peace threw open the floodgates of frivolity and fashion once more, and France again became the universal model.

On glancing over the history of public men through this diversified period, the astonishment of an honest mind is perpetually excited at the unblushing effrontery with which the most scandalous treacheries seem to have been all but acknowledged. France was still the great corrupter, and French money was lavished, not more in undermining the fidelity of public men, than in degrading the character of the nation. But when Charles was an actual pensioner of the French King, and James a palpable dependent on the French throne, the force of example may be easily conceived, among the spendthrift and needy officials, one half of whose life was spent at the gaming table.

On those villainesses history looks back with an eye of disgust. But they were the natural results of an age when religion was at the lowest ebb in Europe; when our travelled gentry

only brought back with them that disregard of Christianity which they had learned in Paris and Rome, and when Voltaire's works were found on the toilet of every woman in high life.

The accession of George III. was, in this view, of incalculable value to England. Contempt for the marriage tie is universally the source of all popular corruption. The king instantly discountenanced the fashionable levity of noble life. No man openly stigmatised for profligacy, dared to appear before him. No woman scandalised by her looseness of conduct was suffered to approach the drawing-room. The public feeling was suddenly righted. The shameless forehead was sent into deserved obscurity. The debased heart felt that there was a punishment which no rank, wealth, or effrontery could resist. The decorum of public manners was effectively restored, and the nation had to thank the monarch for the example and for the restoration.

Lady Sandon was of an obscure family, of the name of Dyves. Her portrait represents her as handsome, and her history vouches for her cleverness. It was probably owing to both that she was married to Mr Clayton, then holding an appointment in the treasury, and also the agent for the great Duke of Marlborough's estate, both of them appointments which implied a certain degree of intelligence and character. He also at one period was deputy-auditor of the exchequer. Mrs Clayton soon obtained the confidence of that most impracticable of all personages, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

On the death of Queen Anne, the duke and duchess had returned to England, but, repulsed shortly after by the ungracious manner of the ungrateful George I., they soon abandoned public life. Still it was difficult for so stirring a personage as the duchess altogether to abandon court intrigue, and probably for the purpose of obtaining some shadow of that influence which she might afterwards turn into substance, she contrived to obtain for her correspondent and dependant, Mrs Clayton, the place of bedchamber-woman to Caroline, wife of the heir-apparent.

It is obvious that such a position

might give all the advantages of the most confidential intercourse, to a clever woman, who had her own game to play. The Princess herself was in a position which required great dexterity. She was the wife of a brutish personage whom it was impossible to respect, and yet with whom it was hazardous to quarrel. She was the daughter-in-law of a Prince utterly incapable of popularity, yet singularly jealous of power. She was surrounded by a court, half Jacobite, and wholly unprincipled; and exposed to the constant observation of a people still dubious of the German title to the throne, contemptuous by nature of all foreign alliances, disgusted with the manners of the court, and still disturbed by the struggles of the fallen dynasty.

It was obviously of high importance to such a personage, to have in her employ so clear-headed, and at the same time so stirring an agent as Mrs Clayton. There seems even to have been a strong similitude in their characters—both keen, both intelligent, both fond of power, and both exhibiting no delicacy whatever with regard to the means for its possession. Mrs Clayton never shrunk from intercourse with those profligate persons who then abounded at court, when she had a point to carry; and Caroline, as Queen, endured for thirty years the notorious irregularities of her lord and master, without a remonstrance. She even went farther. She pretended, in the midst of those gross offences, to be even tenderly attached to him, talked of “not valuing her children as a grain of sand in comparison with him,” and not merely acquiesced in conduct which must have galled every feeling of virtue in a pure heart, but involved herself in the natural suspicion of playing a part for the sake of power, and forgetting the injuries of the wife in order to retain the influence of the Queen.

There can be no doubt that this policy had its reward. The King gave her power, or at least never attempted to disturb the power belonging to her rank, while it left him the full indulgence of his vices. She thus obtained two objects—to the world she appeared a suffering angel, to the King a submissive wife. In the mean

time she managed both court and King, possessed vast patronage, perhaps more general court popularity than any Queen of the age; led a pleasant life, enjoying the sweets without the responsibilities of royalty; and by judicious liberality of purse, and equally dexterous flexibility of opinion, contrived to carry some degree of public respect with her, while she lived, and be followed by some degree of public regret to her grave.

But this example was productive of palpable evil. The example of the higher ranks always operates powerfully on the lower. The toleration exhibited by the highest female in the kingdom for the most notorious vices, gave additional effect to that fashion of flexibility, which is the besetting sin of polished times. If the Queen had firmly set her face against the offences of her husband, or if she had shown the delicacy of a woman of virtue in keeping aloof from all intercourse with women whom the public voice had long marked as criminal, she might have, partially at least, reformed the corruptions of her profligate period.

But this indifference to all the nobler feelings was the style of the day. Religion was scarcely more than a form: its preachers were partisans; its controversies were court feuds, its principles were politics, and its objects were stoles and mitres. In an age when Sacheverel, with his rampant nonsense, had been a popular apostle, and Swift, with his pungent abominations, had been a church adviser of the cabinet, and when Hoadley was regarded alternately as a pillar and as a subverter of the faith, we may easily conjecture the national estimate of Christianity.

Unfortunately, a considerable proportion of the correspondence in these volumes is from clerical candidates for personal services; and if singular eagerness in pursuit of preferment, and singular homage to the influence of the queen's bed-chamber-woman, could stamp them with shame, the brand would be at once broad and indelible. But it must be remembered, that there are contemptible minds in every profession, that these men acted in direct violation of the principles of their religion, and that the church is

no more accountable for the delinquencies of its members, than the courts of law for the morals of the jail.

Another repulsive feature of the period was the conduct of conspicuous females. The habits of Germany in its higher ranks were offensive to all purity. The Brunswick Princes had brought those habits to St James's. Born and educated in Germany, they were regardless even of the feeble decorums of English life, and a king's mistress was an understood portion of the royal establishment. It is to the honour of later times, that such offences could not now be committed with impunity. But the example of Louis XIV. had sanctioned all royal excesses, and the conduct of his successor was an actual study of the most reckless profligacy. The constant intercourse of the English nobility with Paris, to which allusion has already been made, had accustomed them to such scenes, and persons of the highest condition, of the most important offices of the state, and even of the most respectable private character, such as respectability was in those days, associated with those mistresses, corresponded with them, and even submitted to be assisted by their influence with the king.

We shall give but one example; that of Henrietta Hobart, afterwards Lady Suffolk. A baronet's daughter, and poor, she had married in early life the son of the Earl of Suffolk, nearly as poor as herself. In their narrowness of means, their only resource was some court office, and to obtain this, and probably to live cheap, they went to Hanover, to lay the foundation of favour with the future monarch of England. To some extent they succeeded. For, on the accession of George the First, Mrs Howard was appointed bedchamber-woman to Caroline the Princess of Wales.

Courts, in all countries, seem to be dull places; ceremonial falls as a substitute for animation, and dinners of fifty covers become a mere tax on time, taste, and common-sense. Etiquette is only *ennui* under another name, and the eternal anticipation of enjoyment is the death of all pleasure. Miss Burney's narrative has let in light on the sullen mysteries of the

Maid of Honour's life, and her pencil has evidently given us only the picture of what had been in the times of our forefathers, and what will be in the times of our posterity.

Mrs Howard was well-looking, without the invidious attribute of great beauty, and lively, without the not less invidious faculty of wit. All the court officials crowded her apartments in the palace. Chesterfield, young Churchill, Lord Hervey, Lord Scarborough, all hurried to the tea-table of the well-bred bedchamber-woman, to escape the dreary duties and monotonous moping of attendance on the throne. Lady Walpole, Mrs Selwyn, Mary Lepell, and Mary Bellenden, formed a part of this coterie—all women of presumed character, yet all associating familiarly with women of none. Of Mrs Howard, Swift observed in his acid style—"That her private virtues, for want of room to operate, might be folded and laid up clean, like clothes in a chest, never to be put on; till satiety, or some reverse of fortune should dispose her to retirement."

Then, probably in reference to the prudery with which she occasionally covered her conduct,—“In the meantime,” said he, “it will be her prudence, to take care that they be not tarnished and moth-eaten, for want of opening and airing, and turning, at least *once a-year*.”

Those matters seem to have sought no concealment whatever. “*Es regular*,” says the Spaniard, when his country is charged with some especial abomination. Howard, the husband, though a *roué*, at last went into the quadrangle at St James's and publicly demanded his wife. He then wrote to the Archbishop. His letter was given to the Queen, and by her to Mrs Howard. Yet all this scandal never interrupted the lady's intercourse with the highest personages of the court. Mrs Howard continued to be the Queen's bedchamber woman; the Queen suffered her personal attendance, her carriage was escorted by John Duke of Argyle; her husband obtained a pension to hold his tongue; and even when the King grew tired of the *liaison*, and wished to get rid of her, actually complaining to the Queen, “That he did not know why

she would not let him part with a deaf old woman, of whom he was weary," the politic Caroline would not allow him to give her up, "lest a younger favourite should gain a greater ascendancy over him." After this, we must hear no more of the delicacy of Queen Caroline. Virtue and religion scarcely belonged to her day.

In a court of this intolerable worldliness, the worldly must thrive; and Mrs Clayton advanced year by year in the imitation of her mistress, and in power. She, as well as Lady Suffolk, adopted Caroline's patronage of letters, and corresponded a good deal with the clever men of the time. We quote one of Lady Suffolk's letters addressed to Swift, apparently in answer to some of his perpetual complaints of a world, which used him only too well after all.

"September, 1727.

"I write to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy, because you have a bad head and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet never was peevish with either myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid that I do not feel the evil?

"Answer those queries in writing, if *poison* or other methods do not enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word, *poison*, yet let me tell you—it is nonsense, and I desire you will take more care for the time to come. Now, you endeavour to impose on my understanding by taking no care of your own."

The value of a keen and active confidante in a court of perpetual intrigue was obvious, and Mrs Clayton was the double of the Queen. But a deeper and more painful reason is assigned for her confidence. The Queen had a malady, which is not described in her *Memoirs*, but which we suppose to have been a cancer, which she was most anxious to hide from all the world. Walpole discovered it, and the discovery exhibits his skill in human nature.

On the death of Lady Walpole, the Queen, who was about the same age, asked Sir Robert many questions as to her illness; but he remarked, that she frequently reverted to one particular malady, which had *not* been Lady Walpole's disease. "When he came

home," (his son writes) "he said to me,—now, Horace, I know by the possession of what secret Lady Sundon has preserved such an ascendant over the Queen."

Mrs Clayton possessed at least one merit (if merit it be) in a remarkable degree, that of providing for her relatives. She was of a poor family, and she contrived to get something for them all. Her three nieces had court places, one of them that of a maid of honour; one brother obtained a cornetcy in the Horse Guards; another a chief clerkship in the annuity office; and her nephew was sent out with Lord Albemarle to Spain. A more remarkable relative was Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, who evidently knew the value of her patronage, for a more importunate suitor, and a more persevering sycophant, never kissed hands. Finally, she obtained a peerage for her husband, a distinction in which, of course, she herself shared, but which probably she desired merely to throw some *eclat* round a singularly submissive husband.

Yet there was no slight infusion of pleasantry in the minds of some of the royal household. When they got rid of the stately pedantry of Caroline, and the smooth hypocrisy of her confidante,—when the gross and formal monarch was shut out, and the younger portion of the court were left to their own inventions, they seem to have enjoyed themselves like children at play. There was a vast deal of flirtation, of course, for this folly was as much the fashion of the time as rouge. But there was also a great deal of verse writing, correspondence of all degrees of wit, and now and then caricature with pencil and pen. Mary Lepell, in one of those *jeux d'esprit*, described the "Six Maids of Honour" as six volumes bound in *calf*:—The first, Miss Meadows, as mingled satire and reflection; the second as a *plain* treatise on morality; the third as a rhapsody; the fourth (supposed to be the future Lady Pembroke) as a volume, neatly bound, of "The Whole Art of Dressing;" the next a miscellaneous work, with essays on "Gallantry;" the sixth, a folio collection of all the "Court Ballads." But there were some women of a superior stamp in the court circle. One of

those was Lady Sophia Fermor, the daughter of Lady Pomfret, who seems to have been followed by all the men of fashion, and loved by some of them. But, like other professed beauties, she remained unmarried, until at last she accepted Lord Carteret, a man twice her age. Yet the match was a brilliant one in all other points, for Carteret was Secretary of State, and perhaps the most accomplished public man of his time.

"Do but imagine," observes that prince of gossips, Horace Walpole, "how many passions will be gratified in that family; her own ambition, vanity, and resentment—love, she never had any; the politics, management, and pedantry of her mother, who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart. Figure the instructions which she will give her daughter. Lincoln, (one of her admirers) is quite indifferent, and laughs."

While the marriage was on the tapis, the beautiful Sophia was taken ill of the scarlet fever, and Lord Carteret of the gout. Nothing could be less amatory than such a crisis. But his lordship was all gallantry: he corresponded with her, read her letters to the Privy Council, and tired all the world with his passion. At length both recovered, and the lady had all the enjoyments which she could find in ambition. Carteret obtained an earldom, lost his place, but became only more popular, personally distinguished, and politically active. The Countess then became the female head of the Opposition, and gave brilliant parties, to the infinite annoyance of the Pelhams. For a while, she was the "observed of all observers." But her career came to a sudden and melancholy close. She had given promise of an heir, which would have been doubly a source of gratification to her husband; as his son by a former wife was a lunatic. But she was suddenly seized with a fever. One evening, as her mother and sister were sitting beside her, she sighed and said, "I feel death coming very fast upon me." This was their first intimation of her danger. She died on the same night!

Walpole is the especial chronicler of this time. Such a man must have been an intolerable nuisance in his day, but his piquant impertinence is

amusing in ours. He was evidently a wasp, pretending to perform the part of a butterfly, and fluttering over all the court flowers, only to plant his sting. As he was a perpetual flirt, he dangled round the Pomfret family; and probably received some severe rebuke from their mother, for he describes her with all the venom of an expelled *dilettante*.

He speaks of her as all that was prim in pedantry, and all that was ridiculous in affectation; as, on being told of some man who talked of nothing but Madeira, gravely asking, "What language that was;" and as attending the public act at Oxford (on the occasion of her presenting some statues to the University) in a box built for her near the Vice-Chancellor, "where she sat for three days together, to receive adoration, and hear herself for four hours at a time called Minerva." In this assembly, adds the wit, in his peculiar style, "she appeared in all the tawdry poverty and frippery imaginable, and in a scoured damask robe," and wonders that "she did not wash out a few words of Latin, as she used to *fricassee* French and Italian; or, that "she did not torture some learned simile," as when she said, that "it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach, as it was for Caesar to take Attica, by which she meant Utica."

But Lady Pomfret is said also to have employed her talents upon more substantial things than pedantry. She had an early intercourse with the immaculate Mrs Clayton, with whom she was supposed to have negotiated the appointment of Lord Pomfret as master of the horse, for a pair of diamond rings, worth £1,400. The rumour appears to have obtained considerable currency; for one day when she appeared at the Duchess of Marlborough's with the jewels in her ears, the Duchess (old Sarah) said to Lady Wortley Montague, "How can the woman have the impudence to go about in *that* *bribe*!" Lady Wortley keenly and promptly answered,— "Madam, how can people know where wine is to be sold, unless where they see the sign?"

Another of the curiosities of this court menagerie, was Katherine, Duchess of Buckingham. She was a

daughter of James the Second by Katherine Sedley, daughter of the wit, Sir Charles. James, who with all his zeal for popery was a scandalous profligate, and as shameless in his contempt of decent opinion as he was criminal in his contempt for his coronation oath; gave this illegitimate offspring the rank of a Duke's daughter, and the permission to bear the royal arms! She found a husband in the Earl of Anglesea, from whom she was soon separated; the earl died, and she took another husband, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, certainly not too youthful a bridegroom. The duke, always a wit, had been in early life one of the most dissipated men of his day, and through all the varieties and vexations of a life devoted to pleasure, had reached his 59th year. Yet, this handsome wreck, almost the last relic of the court of Charles the Second, lived a dozen years longer, and left the duchess guardian of his son.

His lordly dowager afforded the world of high life perpetual amusement. Her whole life was an unintentional caricature of royalty. Beggarly beyond conception in her private affairs, she was as pompous in public as if she had the blood of all the thrones of Europe in her veins. She evidently regarded the Brunswicks as usurpers, and hated them; while she affected a sort of superstitious homage for the exiled dynasty, and gave them—everything but her money. She once made a sort of pilgrimage to visit the body of James, and pretended to shed tears over it. The monk who showed it, adroitly observed to her, that the velvet pall which covered the coffin was in rags, but her sympathies did not reach quite so far, and she would not take the hint, and saved her purse.

At the opera, she appeared in a sort of royal robe of scarlet and ermine, and every where made herself so supremely ridiculous, that the laughers called her Princess Buckingham. Even the deepest domestic calamity could not tame down this outrageous pride. When her only son died of consumption, she sent messengers to all her circle, telling them, that if they wished to see him lie in state, "she would admit them by the back stairs." On this melancholy occa-

sion, her only feeling seemed to be, her vanity. She sent to the Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car which had conveyed the remains of the great duke to the grave. This preposterous request was naturally refused by the duchess, who replied, "that the car which had borne the Duke of Marlborough's dead body should never be profaned by another."

On her own deathbed, she declared her wish to be buried beside her father James the Second. "George Selwyn shrewdly said, that to be buried by her father, she need not be carried out of England," (she was supposed to be actually the daughter of Colonel Graham.) When she found herself dying, she carried on the melancholy farce to the last. She sent for Anstis, the herald, and arranged the whole funeral ceremony with him. She was particularly anxious to see the preparations before she died. "Why," she asked, "won't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, even though the tassels are not finished." And finally, she exacted from her ladies a promise, that if she became insensible, they should not sit down in the presence of her body, till she was completely dead!

Such things told in a romance, would be criticised for their extravagance, but nothing is too extravagant for human nature. Reared in folly, pampered with self-indulgence, and bloated with vanity, the wholesome discipline of adversity would have been of infinite value to this woman and her tribe. Six months in Bridewell, varied by beating hemp, would have been the most fortunate lesson which she could have received from society.

Another of those persons, yet more remarkable for her position in life, was the second daughter of George II., the Princess Amelia. She was supposed to have been attached to the Duke of Grafton; but remaining single, and having nothing on the earth to do, she became a torment to the King, the Court, and every body. Idleness is the vice of high life, and discontent its punishment. The Princess became proverbial for peevishness, sarcasm, and scandal. Of course, fashion took its revenge; and where every one was shooting an

arrow, some struck, and struck deep. The Princess grew masculine in her manners, and coarse in her mind. Her appointment as ranger in Richmond Park, one of those sinecure offices which are scattered among the dependants of the throne, made her enemies. Little acts of authority, such as stopping up pathways, brought the tongues of the neighbouring population and gentry upon her, until her royal highness had the vexation of seeing an action brought against her. After some of the usual delays of justice, she had the mortification of being beaten, and ultimately resigned the rangership. From this period she almost disappeared from the public eye, yet she survived till 1786, dying at the age of 71.

Mrs Clayton still held her quiet ascendancy, and her position was so perfectly understood, that her interest seems to have been an object of solicitation with nearly every person involved in public difficulties. Of this kind was her intercourse with the three sons of Bishop Burnet, all individuals of intelligence and accomplishment, but all in early life struggling with fortune. The character of the bishop himself is best known from his works: gossiping, giddiness, and imprudence in taking every thing for granted that he had heard, but honesty in telling it, belonged to the bishop as much as to his books. The chances of the Revolution placed him in the way of preferment; chances, however, which, if they had turned the other way, might have cost him his head. But he was on the right side in politics, and not on the wrong side in religion; and he won and wore the mitre in better style than any man of his age. His eldest son, William, was educated as a barrister; he lost his fortune in the South Sea bubble, and was sent to America as governor of New York. Subsequently he was removed to Boston, with which he was discontented, and after long altercations with the General Assembly of the province, he died of a fever, probably inflamed by vexation. Gilbert, the second son, was appointed chaplain to George I., was a man of clear understanding, and exhibited his knowledge of courts by siding with Hoadley. With all the distinctions of his profession opening before him, he

died young. Thomas, the third son, differed from both his brothers, in the superiority of his talents, and the wildness of his temper. The manners of the time were a mixture of vulgar riot and gross indulgence. The streets were infested with ruffianism, and a society among the young men of rank and education, which took to itself the name of "The Mohocks," and whose barbarous habits were worthy of the name, insulted alike public justice and endangered personal safety. Thomas Burnet was said to have been engaged in some of their violences, though he, perhaps, was not one of the "affiliated." It may be naturally supposed, that those excesses grieved so distinguished a man as his father; and it is equally to be supposed that they led to frequent remonstrance. If so, they operated effectively at last.

One day the bishop, observing the peculiar gravity of his son's countenance, asked, "On what he was thinking."

"On a greater work than your 'History of the Reformation.'—*My own*," was the answer.

"I shall be heartily glad to see it," said the father, "though I almost despair of it."

It was undertaken, however, and vigorously pursued. The young *roué* became a leading lawyer, and finally attained the rank of Chief-justice of the Common Pleas. He died in 1759.

There is, perhaps, in public history, no more curious instance of the power which circumstances may place in the hands of a private individual, than the deference paid to Mrs Clayton. Her whole merit seems to have been caution, a perpetual sense of the delicacy of her position, and an undeviating deference to the habits, opinions, and purposes of the Queen. Those were useful qualities, but not remarkable for dignity, and rather opposed to personal amiability of mind. Yet this cautious, considerate, and frigid personage, was all but worshipped by the world of fashion, of talents, and of celebrity.

Among those worshippers was the man who did the most evil, and gained the most renown, of any man of his generation. The wit, who eclipsed all the witty pungency of France in his sportive sarcasm; all

the libellers of royalty in his scorn of thrones; and all the grave infidelity of England, in his restless and envenomed antipathy to all religion—the memorable Voltaire.

He was then only beginning his mischievous career, but he had already made its character sufficiently marked to earn an imprisonment in the Bastille, and, on his liberation, an order to quit Paris.

In England he occupied himself chiefly with literature; published his "Henriade," for which he obtained a large subscription; wrote his tragedy of "Brutus," his "Philosophical Letters," and other works.

At length he was permitted to return to that spot out of which a French wit may be scarcely said to live; and kept up his intercourse with Mrs Clayton by the following letter:

"Paris, April 18, 1729.

"Madame,—Though I am out of London, the favours which your ladyship has honoured me with, are not, nor ever will be, out of my memory. I will remember, as long as I live, that the most respectable lady, who waits, and is a friend to the most truly great queen in the world, has vouchsafed to protect me, and receive me with kindness while I was at London.

"I am just now arrived at Paris, and pay my respects to your Court, before I see our own. I wish, for the honour of Versailles, and for the improvement of virtue and letters, we could have here some ladies like you. You see, my wishes are unbounded. So is the respect and gratitude I am with, Madame, your most humble, obedient servant,

"VOLTAIRE."

We pass over a thousand triflings in the subsequent pages—the alarms of court ladies for the loss of a royal smile, the sickness of a favourite monkey, or the formidable "impossibility" of matching a set of old china. Such are the calamities of having nothing to do. We see in those pages instances of high-born men contented to linger round the court for life, performing some petty office which, however, required constant attendance on the court circle, and submitting, with many a groan, it must be confessed, to the miserable routine of trivial duties and meagre ceremonial, much fitter for their own footmen; while they left their own magnificent mansions to solitude,

their noble estates unvisited, their tenantry uncheered, unprotected, and unencouraged by their residence in their proper sphere, and finally degenerated into feeble gossips, splotchetic intriguers, and ridiculous encumbrances of the court itself.

Difficulty seems essential to the vigour of man. Difficulty seems essential even to the vigour of nations. The old theory, that luxury is the ruin of a state, was obviously untrue; for in no condition of the earth could luxury ever go down to the multitude. But the true evil of states is, the decay of the national activity, the chill of the national ardour, the adoption of a trifling, indolent, vegetative style of being. Into this life France had sunk, from the time of Louis XIV. Into this life Germany had sunk, from the peace of Westphalia. Into this life England was rapidly sinking, from the reign of Anne.

But the visitation came at last, at once to punish and to stimulate. France, Germany, and England were plunged into war together; and fearful as the plunge was, out of that raging torrent the three nations have struggled to shore, refreshed and invigorated by the struggle. England seems now to be entering on another career, more perilous than the exigencies of war—a moral and intellectual conflict, in which popular passions and rational principles will be ranged on opposite sides; and the question may involve the final shape which government shall assume in the British empire, or, perhaps, in the European world.

The characteristics of our time are wholly unshared with the past. In calling up the recollections of the great ages of English change, we can discover but slight evidence of their connexion with our own. To the stately, but religious, aspect of the Republic of 1641, we find no resemblance in the general features of our religious tolerance. To the ardent zeal for liberty which marked the Revolution of 1688, we can find no counterpart in the constitutional quietude of the present day. The fiery ferocity of Continental Revolution has certainly furnished no model to the professors of national regeneration, since the

reform of 1830. And yet, a determination, a power and a progress of public change, is now the acknowledged principle of the most active, indefatigable, and unscrupulous portion of the mind of England.

And among the most remarkable and most menacing adjuncts of the crisis, is the singular sense of inadequacy to resist its career, which seems to paralyse the habitual defenders of the right cause. The consecrated guardians of the church seem only to wait the final blow. The great landholders in the peerage are contented with making protests. The agricultural interest, the boast of England, and the vital interest of the empire, has abandoned a resistance, too feeble to deserve the praise of fortitude, and too irregular to deserve the fruits of victory. The moneyed interest sees its gigantic opulence threatened by a hundred-handed grasp; but makes no defence, or makes that most dangerous of all defences, which calls in the invader as the auxiliary, bribes him with a portion of the spoils, and only provokes his appetite for the possession of the whole.

This condition of things cannot last. A few years, perhaps a few months, will ripen the bitter fruit, which the meekness of undecided governments has suffered to grow before their eyes. The Ballot, which offers a subterfuge for every fraud: Extended Suffrage, which offers a force for every aggression; the overthrow of all religious endowments, which offers a bribe to every desire of avarice—above all that turning of religion into a political tool, that indifference to the true, and that welcoming of the false, in whatever shape it may approach, however fierce and foul; however coldly contemptuous, or furiously fanatical, however grim or grotesque, whose first act must be to trample all principle under foot, and place on its altar the worship of the passions;—those are the demands which are already made, and those will be the trophies which the hands of political zealotry and personal rapine, in the first hour of their triumph, will raise on the grave where lies buried the Constitution.

Yet nothing is done by the natural defenders of the rights of Englishmen. No leader comes forward; no new followers are to be found; no banner is raised as the rallying point for the fugitives, already broken. We see the approach of the evil, as the men of the old world might have seen the approach of the Deluge; awaiting with folded hands, and feet rooted to the ground, the surges which nothing could resist; looking with an indolent despair at the mighty inundation, before which the plain and the mountain alike began to disappear; and sullenly submitting to an extinction, of which they had been long offered the means of escape, and perishing, with the pledge of security floating before their eyes.

We are by no means desirous of being prophets of public misfortune; but, with the tenets publicly avowed, in the elections which have just closed, with the strong popularity attached to the most daring opinions, with thirty pledged *Repenters* from Ireland, with the wildest doctrines of trade advocated by the popular representatives in England, with sixty subjects of the Pope sitting in a Protestant legislature, and with the evident determination to bring into that legislature individuals (and who shall limit their numbers, when its doors are once thrown open to their wealth?) who pronounce Christianity itself to be an imposture,—we can conjecture no consequences, however hazardous, which ought not to present themselves to the soberest friend of his country. That the worst consequences may not be inevitable, is only to hope in a higher protection; that even out of the evil good may come, is not unconformable to the ways of Providence; but that times are at hand in which the noblest energy of English statesmanship will be required to meet the conflict, we have no more doubt, than that the pilot who, in a storm, uses neither compass nor sail, must run his ship on shore; or that the man who walks about in clothes dipped in pestilence, will leave his corpse as a testimony to the fact of the contagion.

ART IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN AGES.*

FROM time immemorial the German universities have been regarded as the seats of patient, persevering, indefatigable, but also unprofitable, erudition. They have been the homes of men whose lives were one long day of toil—a continual course of labour, the sole reward of which was a secret consciousness of worth, and a fame, circumscribed it is true, yet still spreading wide amongst the elect of science in all civilised countries. Lost, not in the day-dreams of romance, but in the depths and amongst the mazes of science, it was but seldom that these men of the study and the library found leisure and nerve to escape from seclusion, and to take their share of the duties of active life in which their less reflective brethren were feverishly engaged. And when they attempted the competition, their failure was signal. They presented an extraordinary exhibition of awkward genius and blundering sagacity, and exposed themselves at once to the painful ridicule of those whose calling and pursuits taught them to prize mere worldly wisdom above all human lore.

Their country owes them a heavy debt of gratitude. Though little known, they ought never to be forgotten. They were unpopular, but they worked for the popularity of science. The results of their labours are not to be looked for in their own creations, but must rather be traced in the productions of their children's children. Generations to come will acknowledge them for their lawful progenitors, nor will future ages lose by confessing the obligations which they owe to so noble an ancestry. If our task to-day is comparatively easy, it is because the men of whom we speak never shrank from the difficulties attending theirs. We may smile at the childish simplicity of Neander, but we deeply venerate the profound erudition and the subtle discernment of that extraordinary critic's mind. We

may feel shocked at the clownish sallies of a Blumenbach, the stinginess of Gesenius, and the rude manners of Ernesti. But with the first, we connect vast realms in natural philosophy unconquered before him; to the second, the student of Hebrew refers with reverential affection and gratitude; whilst we know, that the burly demeanour of the last could never hide the treasures of a Latin style, which, for purity and power, competes with that of Tully, and like that may well be compared to a precious sword, pure in metal, and as lasting as it is flexible and cutting.

The greater number of those to whom we refer have long since passed from the silence of their study to that of the grave. They have died as they lived—poor and honoured. Of them all, there is scarcely one whose departure was generally lamented; not one whose death was generally known. For the bulk of mankind, they never existed. Their works, unpalatable to the many, had always been the delight and instruction of the few. Yet, let not their unpopularity be quoted against them. They knew the extent of their mission. It was to collect and hoard bullion for future coinage and circulation. They prepared the path along which a whole nation was hereafter to travel. They were modest but meritorious labourers, who built a massive and powerful foundation, that another age might be left at ease to erect the brilliant superstructure.

That other age is here. The proud fane for which they cleared the way, and saw as the prophet of old behold the Land of Promise, is rising now before us. In the author of the "History of the Fine Arts in the Early Ages of Christianity," we greet a worthy follower of those great masters whose works have somewhat rashly been pronounced more curious than useful. Professor Gottfried Kinkel is a true disciple and no imitator. He

* *Geschichte der bildenden Künste bei den Christlichen Völkern.* Von GOTTFRIED KINKEL.

understands the period which has produced him. He knows its wants. General diffusion of knowledge is its distinguishing feature. Science leaves the closet to communicate her benefits to the forum. Neither the centralisation of wealth, nor that of knowledge, can now secure a nation against poverty and ignorance. People may starve, though the royal coffers are bursting with their weight of gold; they may be ignorant, though their chiefs luxuriate in the possession of unbounded knowledge. Rapid circulation of the currency has been found to constitute national wealth. A general diffusion of knowledge is the necessary condition of civilisation. Poesy is no longer content to dwell at court. Chemistry has chosen the path which Bacon pointed out to her; and whilst she has found a new field of action, has been enriched by treasures of knowledge hitherto concealed from her view. The sneering exclamation of Persius—

"Scire tuum nihil est, nisi to scire hoc
sciat alter."

is the great truth and motto of this our century.

Even the universities of Germany have begun to popularise the results of their laborious researches; although it cannot be said that they have taken the lead of the age, we may at least affirm that they have gone along with it. They have not lingered in the rear. They have adapted their instruction and language to homely understandings, and have increased rather than lessened their dignity by the condescension. They have become more honoured and respected as the benefits of their labours have grown more palpable to common sight; they have been more renowned since the many have been permitted to appreciate the merits of the few. Instruction itself has been more courted and made more welcome since it took courage to cast aside its cumbrous wig and gown, and ventured to appear before the world with the natural graces of pure humanity.

Professor Kinkel, to whom we owe the work whose title is placed at the foot of the present article, is in every respect a specimen, and perhaps a prototype, of the German professor of the nineteenth century. To the deep

and solid learning of a former generation, he adds the good taste and social accomplishments indispensable in these more advanced times. Thirteen years ago he was a student of theology in the university of Bonn, and even at that period the extraordinary application and the commanding faculties of the "studiosus Kinkel" had earned for him a scholastic reputation, and won the respect of his fellow-students and of the professors of the university. Indefatigable, then, in his theological pursuits, he was the subject of general admiration on account of the vast extent of his acquirements, and of the enthusiastic interest with which he engaged in the sacred study of the fine arts. No less general was the complaint that a mind so happily formed to range through the boundless realms of philosophy, a genius so brilliant, a soul so deeply imbued with a love of the beautiful and the great, should be suffered to pine beneath the monotonous duties of a theological professorship, and dissipate unparalleled energies in splitting the straws of a controversy, or deciding the dusty quibbles of an antiquated lore. At the close of his academical career, GOTTFRIED KINKEL was admitted into the university as a licentiate in theology; but shortly after his promotion, he quitted his native country, and was for some years a wanderer amongst the splendid ruins of Italy. The treasures of art which mock the nakedness of this ill-starred country were to him what they are ever to the mind of the artist,—they revealed a new world. Unlike many others, however, Kinkel was not bewildered by the beauty which so suddenly burst upon his view. He was not surfeited. His enthusiasm, tempered by the metallic reasoning of the Hegel school, was closely allied with the subtlest criticism. His admiration was never an obstacle to comparison. Whilst he admired he remembered: individual faults or excellencies, he found to be reducible to common causes. His conclusions he drew from the objects: he did not force the one upon the other.

In like manner, and intent upon the same purpose, the theological licentiate travelled through France, Belgium, and Holland; and when he

returned to Bonn, his spirit as well as his habits of life were more than ever welded to the critical contemplation of the results of the creative faculty in the mind of man. The annual exhibitions of paintings in Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Frankfort, found in him an indulgent and impartial critic. His researches on the monuments of ancient sacred architecture were at intervals published in *The Dombau Blatt*, and immediately secured the attention and regard of all antiquarians.

The cherished pursuits, however, were ill calculated to reconcile Kinkel to his adopted profession. In 1845, the licentiate in theology doffed his gown, and was forthwith appointed a professor of philosophy in the university of Bonn. It is to his lectures in this capacity that we owe the treatise on Art in the Early Christian Ages. This remarkable book was written with the purpose of instructing the public mind, and of enabling the many to participate in the intellectual enjoyment as yet confined to a favoured few. Its objects were to vindicate the merits of Christianity as a fosterer of the arts, and to encourage all lovers of art by opening new fields for exploration.

The productions of real art are the most universally instructive of all creations. Nothing acts so powerfully on individual and national character; nothing so beneficially. Wherever art has been without these consequences, we may be sure that art was false. Its prophets were false prophets. The assumption of charlatans, however, is no condemnation of the art itself. The abuses of idolaters is no argument against religion. M. Kinkel's introduction to the plan of his work has but one fault. It is a national one. His mode of reasoning is conclusive; but the English reader, less accustomed to metaphysical phraseology than his German neighbours, will find some difficulty in grasping it. According to our author, two conditions are necessary to true art, which he defines to be "the incorporation of the spirit in a beautiful form." *Beauty*, then, and *spirit* are the two conditions of true art. If one be wanting, true art is likewise wanting. The spirit, separate from

beauty of form, may be religion and ethics—it can never be art. Beauty of form without the spirit, is likewise not a work of art. It remains on a level with matter; but the production of the artist soars higher. Hence true art is capable of yielding more universal satisfaction both to the artist and to the spectator than all other intellectual creations. The reason is obvious. We express and meet with the two grand constituents of our being; and, whilst other branches of knowledge are apter to separate than to unite—whilst science is exclusive, and even religion herself is sometimes productive of discord, true art asserts her right to be regarded as the great Pantheon of mankind. No idea is *universal* property unless expressed by art. Even the vast abyss which separates the lower orders of men from the ranks above them is overcome by art, for all are sensible of the joys which art produces. To know, therefore, what and how the mind and hand of man have hitherto worked, is a necessary, if it be not an indispensable, investigation and pursuit. "We are not ambitious," says M. Kinkel, "to conquer fame by profound hypotheses concerning things which, both by time and place, are indeed far from us. It is not our object to look for art in its infancy amongst nations which have long ceased to exist, nor shall we at once turn to Greece and Rome. Our desire is to contemplate those creations, which from their time and spirit are kindred to our feelings, and to speak of that branch of art with which Christianity has been busy within the last eighteen hundred years."

The author proceeds to point out the two grand directions in which all original art branches off. It serves either religion or history. The first productions of art were idols and monuments. Palaces, theatres, paintings, are the work of progressive civilisation. Christian art has one principal feature in common with pagan art,—its origin. They are alike the offspring of religion. They are also similar in their progress; they acquired an inclination towards history, and both have at last taken a decided *realistic* direction. But the vast difference between Christian and an-

tiqne art is no less palpable. The art of antiquity was far more deeply imbued with the principle of nationality than the former. Nations were isolated; each had its proper gods and its peculiar history. The diversity of religion and of political institutions engendered a difference of feeling. This civilised world of ours, on the other hand, has a community of feeling, in as much as it has one religion common to all. The Celtic, Slavonian, and German nations exhibit far greater diversities of origin and climate than the inhabitants of Persia and India in ancient times; yet the artistic productions of the former are more alike. Their religion furnishes one point at which all meet, and in respect of which they are inseparable. The prevalence of the ecclesiastical element in modern art, is, however, liable to one great objection. For many years it served to exclude historical art, which even in our own time has not attained so high a perfection. It is true that Christianity makes amends in some degree for the want of this historical development. A total absence of historical facts is the great characteristic of the religions of antiquity. The Son of David, on the contrary, is in himself the greatest of historical facts. The Apostles are no mythical personages. The great men of Judaic history, the family of our Saviour, and the people with whom he conversed, all form one large group of historical personages, and religion and history, formerly separated, are *here* united. Christ on the cross is an object of touching adoration, but he is also the monument of the greatest event in the history of the world. But that this is no national history is undeniable. Offspring of a foreign soil, it had no connexion with the state.

The exclusively ecclesiastical character of early Christian art, is another grand feature which at once destroys all analogy between this art and the creations of pagan antiquity. In Hellenic paganism, we behold the triumph of humanity. The human form in its most ideal beauty is the type of all things divine. Christianity starts at once with the peremptory condition of a renunciation of individual beauty and strength. Christianity

counted sensual beauty as nothing: she regarded the mind alone. She permits the human form only as the incorporation of some hidden thought divine. In the one instance, the *form* was all in all; in the other, it is the *expression*. The heathen delighted in naked bodies, for every single part might convey the sensation of beauty. The face sufficed for Christian art, as solely expressive of divine beauty. And since the adopted Jewish custom excludes nudity in life, it must needs die in art. In the new order of things, sculpture is lost, and painting is better adapted to the narrow limits of early Christian art.

Upon the question whether this fear of the world, as exhibited in the rejection of the world's material forms, be truly the character of real Christianity, Professor Kinkel answers with a decided negative. He rather favours the opinion of those who hold the fear and hate of the world which distinguished the early Christian ages, to have been founded on an erroneous comprehension of the doctrine and example of the great Founder, who, as far as we are able to learn, facilitated the creation of real art. The misconception, so fatal to the civilising influence of art, M. Kinkel, explains by reminding us of the fears of idolatry, so justly entertained by Christianity in its first existence, of the oppression and persecution which the early church experienced, and of the natural desire entertained by the oppressed, to be as little like the oppressors as possible.

The extreme opinions, however, could not last. They began with the fury of persecution, and they died with it. An earnest admiration of the beautiful is implanted deeply in the soul of man for noble purposes, which Providence will not suffer to be thwarted. Mistaken notions of duty, religious zeal maddened by oppression, for a time clouded the faculty amongst the early Christians, but it soon burst forth again. Faint at first in its appearance, it gained strength with every passing lustre; and however sweeping the condemnation pronounced by early believers against vain signs and images expressive of the objects of this fleeting world, the voices of the cursers gradually hushed, and the mind of man, asserting its prerogative, was

active again with new and regenerated power. The history of civilisation must needs count by centuries, and it took ages to effect the transition. From our present lofty and unprejudiced height, from that height at which modern art strives to emulate that of antiquity, it may not be wholly unconstructive to look back towards the first trembling attempts of the early Christian people.

It would appear that the first attempts of the early Christians were of a symbolical and allegorical kind. The same figures, with little or no variation, were constantly repeated to express ideas which, whilst they led the thoughts of the believer into the channel which to him appeared most satisfactory, were mere forms, and void of meaning to pagan eyes. Chief amongst these was the Cross, but without the body of Christ affixed to it. The crucifix is an invention of the seventh century. In the beginning, the Cross did not expose the Christians to suspicion, for it was known to many religions of antiquity. The nations of Egypt adored the cross as a sign of their salvation, since they placed it in the hands of one of their idols as a key to the annual flux of the Nile. The Persian worshippers of Mithras considered the cross a sacred symbol. When pagan persecution finally discovered the exclusive and peculiar signification of the sign amongst the Christians, the latter ingeniously contrived forms of the cross translatable by the eyes of the elect alone. To these, the image of a flying bird was a cross; the human figure in a swimming attitude was the same thing, and so also the cross-trees of a sailing ship; the letters Λ and Ω are seen frequently engraved at the extremities of these disguised emblems in remembrance of Revelation, i. 8. Doves, ships, lyres, anchors, fishes and fishermen, are recommended by Clemens Alexandrinus, as the most fitting objects for Christians to contemplate, and for representation on seals. Amongst other symbols we find the seven-branched chandelier, though originally a Jewish sign, employed as a type of our Saviour, who calls himself (John, viii. 12.) the "light of the world."

A wreath of flowers was expressive of the crown of life. A pair of scales, in remembrance of the last judgment, and a house, have been occasionally discovered on ancient grave-stones; and once, a simple *curriculum* has been traced with the pole thrown backwards and a whip leaning against it, —an unmistakable allusion to a departure for that place where "the weary are at rest." Amongst plants, the olive, the vine, and the palm were favourite symbols, the latter being generally reserved for the grave-stones of martyrs. Birds, too, are frequently met with on the walls of houses: the phoenix and the peacock being emblems of immortality. The fable of the phoenix is minutely told by Clemens Romanus; but the common superstition which ascribes imputrescibility to the flesh of the latter, easily rendered this bird a symbol of the resurrection of the body. Saint Augustine is said to have subjected this peculiar quality of the peacock's flesh to a practical test. He ordered one to be roasted, and at the close of a twelvemonth requested it to be served up. Tradition does not inform us whether he ate it, and with what appetite.

The dove occurs more frequently than any other bird. Two doves bearing olive branches, are seen on Christian grave-stones in the Cologne museum, and on the *porta nigra* at Treves. The meaning of the sign of a fish will not readily occur: but the frequency of its appearance establishes its character as a secret mark of recognition. It was used to signify both Christ and his church. Of quadrupeds we find the stag,* the ox,† the lion,‡ and the lamb,§ constantly in connexion with the cross. The lion and the lamb are typical of Christ. The transition to his representation in human form is rendered by two figures, which, whilst human, are still symbolical. In the catacombs of Saint Calistus, in the Via Appia at Rome, Christ is discovered in the character of Orpheus, whilst at other places he is represented as a shepherd.

Two paintings were found in Herculaneum, and may at present be seen in the Museo Borbonico at Naples,

* Psalm xlii. 1. † 1 Cor. ix. 9. ‡ Rev. v. 5. § John, i. 29, and Rev. v. 6.

which are of undoubted Christian origin, and present a curious specimen of Christian art in the first century. Each of these two paintings is divided into an upper field, and into a lower smaller one. The smaller field of one of them is destined to expose the folly and corruption of paganism, and Egyptian mythology is selected for the purpose. We behold temples. In front of one of them stands a statue of Isis; another is devoted to Anubis the dog-god: two figures of crocodiles lie stretched across the entrance. On the left, we see a live crocodile waiting for its prey amongst the bulrushes: an ass is in the act of walking into the open mouth of the monster, in spite of the efforts of the driver, who vainly endeavours to pull the animal back by its tail. This might be intended to satirize some Roman pagan, were it not for the counterpart. To the right, and immediately opposite the idolatries on the field already spoken of, we see a well into which a rope is being lowered, whilst a naked man, standing by, is seeking to cover himself. An allusion is here made to fishing and baptism. On the left, the crocodile of the former picture is again met with, but a warrior with lance and shield advances with the view of slaying it. In the middle of the painting a net is spread between two trees, and behind it, and in direct opposition to the Isis on the pagan picture, we behold a tall and erect cross. The upper fields harmonise with the lower. The Christian painting displays a vigorous and stately tree between two young palm-trees: the pagan picture has the same symbols; but the middle tree is in the sere and yellow leaf, whilst a Dryad issuing from the roots flourishes an axe to cut it down. The allusion is not to be mistaken. The sun of paganism has set: the axe is already at the root.

The greater number of the symbols named, however rich they may be in thought, are sadly deficient in form, and we can discover but little progress in this respect from the origin of Christianity to the time of Constantine. Architecture, and especially ecclesiastical architecture, may be said to be the only branch of the fine arts which was successfully cultivated, and architecture itself was

insignificant for three centuries subsequently to the birth of Christ. Painting and sculpture could elude cruelty and take refuge beneath the cloak of symbols: but churches could not be masked. It was difficult to hide them. In the earliest periods of Christianity, too, their absence was not seriously felt; people prayed where they thought proper. Scripture tells us that the apostles taught in the temple of Jerusalem. Christianity, a sect of Judaism in its origin, dwelt for a long time in the synagogues. Wherever St Paul came, he preached first in the Jewish schools. In times of persecution, the believers sought refuge in the catacombs. They assembled in the solitude of forests to pray and to exhort one another. When the Jews opposed themselves to the new creed, congregations met in the houses of the more wealthy. The apartment usually employed for divine purposes is supposed to have been the triclinium, or large dining-room of the richer classes amongst the Greeks and Romans. The want of churches was first experienced when frequent conversions swelled congregations beyond the limits of a large family; and this, as we have hinted, occurred in the course of the third century. The existence of a church expressly devoted to Christian worship in the reign of the Emperor Severus Alexander, has been proved beyond a doubt. It was a reign remarkable for its spirit of toleration. The Christians were suffered to hold offices in the state, in the army, and even at court. Churches rose rapidly under the mild light of toleration. Even in the western provinces of the empire, in Gaul, Spain, and Britain, we meet with churches erected at the commencement of the fourth century. In Nicomedia also, under the very eyes of Diocletian, a church was built that surpassed in splendour the very palace of the Emperor. The army of Diocletian destroyed the holy building in the last grand persecution. It was the last convulsive effort of paganism in its agony.

No particulars of these churches have come down to us. Of that in Nicomedia we know nothing, save that it was splendid. None had, we are inclined to suppose, any fixed style.

The style of the original triclinium in which believers first congregated, was, in all likelihood, imitated. Even in private houses, these triclinia were magnificently adorned. The walls were ornamented with rows of lofty columns, and where the Egyptian style prevailed, two rows of columns were constructed, one above the other; an effect of this last arrangement was the formation of a two-storied passage between the walls and the columns. In the beginning of the tenth century, Pope Leo III. constructed a dining-room after this fashion. We may fairly conclude that nothing grand or extraordinary in architecture was attempted in a period of great trouble and poverty. The real glory of Christian architecture dates from the reign of Constantine. Christianity, legalised by him, might venture to display her rites and her art. Under the government of Constantine the church was enriched. He endowed it with the spoils of defeated and expiring paganism. In the third century, the church of Rome, when summoned to yield its treasures, produced its poor as the only treasures it possessed. In the fifth century, that same church appointed a clerical commission to watch over and inspect its possessions in foreign countries.

The change of circumstances was not without a great and lasting influence. Paganism threatened no more. It was conquered. No further danger was to be apprehended from the departed religion of a gloomier age. The clerical profession, warmed and nourished by the rays of imperial favour, was soon effectually distinguished from the crowd of laymen which surrounded it. The desire to render this separation systematic and all-pervading was too natural to slumber for any length of time, and the absence of an order of architecture peculiar to the ministers of the new religion came to be severely felt. Rank and wealth have ever delighted in drawing towards them the eyes of the world. The worldliness and splendour of the church have been long the subject of violent animadversion. But how could it be otherwise? From the moment that Christianity became a favoured creed, conversions were rapid and frequent; but not all the neophytes converted

in form, had undergone a similar change of spirit. Millions flocked through the open gates of the church. To teach all, before they entered, was an impossibility. If there was time to *awe*, that was something. If general conviction was out of the question, universal respect was easily attainable. The charms, the sensual enjoyments of the pagan altars, were once more offered to the heathen. The smoke of incense filled the church; the spoils of antiquity adorned its roofs and columns; the robes of the clergy were covered with gold; the rites of the church delighted in colours. But decoration and ornament alone were borrowed from paganism. The temples of the heathen could not be copied in form: they could not serve the purposes of Christian worship.

The destination of the temple was different from that of the church. The temple was the house of an idol: limited in extent, it received sufficient light through the open door. The rites of paganism were performed in the colonnade surrounding the temple, not in the temple itself, and the crowd of spectators stood beyond the limits of the sacred building. The sanctuary of Pandrosus at Athens admits only of a few persons; and even the temple of Athenæ is not to be compared for size with our modern churches. The Christian religion is essentially didactic. It requires space for its hearers and disciples. But its sacraments were mysteries, and none but the elect were admitted to them. Thus, it was necessary to separate true believers from the bulk of the congregation. No buildings were so happily adapted to this double purpose as the houses of public justice and traffic, which, originally of Grecian origin, had arrived at a high state of perfection in the Roman empire. The most ancient of such houses—called Basilika—stood in Athens at the foot of the Pnyx. It was in such a building that Socrates appeared before his judges, and Christ was judged by Pilate. In the history of art, we trace the workings of omnipresent Nemesis. The sign of curse and infamy—the cross—has for centuries graced the banners of humanity. The Basilikon in which Christ was condemned, has lent its form to the

churches in which his name is adored.

Whilst the groundwork of the Basilikon remained unchanged, Christian art added steeples and cupolas to increase the solemnity of the impression. The most perfect building of the kind is, without doubt, the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. For chastity and purity of style, it can never be surpassed. The numerous churches erected by ostentation and devotion in basilikon form are all inferior to that incomparable temple. Many, it is true, have been disfigured, robbed, and half-burned; but their faults are not accidental. The greater number were built at a time when Pagan art, their prototype, had sunk very low indeed. Moreover, since the days of Constantine, Pagan temples had fallen into disuse. They stood deserted, and were suffered to crumble away beneath the influences of neglect and time. Christian builders took all they wanted from the ruins; a fragment from this temple, a block from that. Ionian and Corinthian columns were placed in the same line. If a pillar was too long for its companion, it was shortened without reference to its diameters or form. Columns of different stones were jumbled together in a row. Thus, amongst a number of columns of purple granite in the church of Ara Celi at Rome we discover two Ionian columns of white marble. In Saint Peter's, granite and Parian and African marbles are grouped together without the smallest attempt at harmony or adaptation. San Giovanni in Porta Laterana boasts ten columns of five different kinds of stone.

A more interesting employment cannot be found than that of watching the slow and cautious progress of ancient painting and sculpture in connexion with Christianity. The slowness is indeed remarkable, when we reflect upon the high perfection which these arts had generally attained even during the reigns of the first emperors. Christianity dealt far differently with painting and sculpture, than with architecture. In the latter, the Pagan form was adopted and improved; but with respect to the former, she made a *tabula rasa*, and descended to the rudest efforts of daubing and carving. The shapes, both of men and animals,

were awkward, cumbersome, and unnatural; every part was out of proportion, and the most solemn scenes acquired a ludicrous grotesqueness. But the strangest phenomenon is, that Pagan art itself, of its own accord, descended to as low a level. The productions of Paganism in the time of Constantine were altogether as barbarous as the clumsy attempts of the untutored hands of Christianity. The new religion had created a new world. The forms of the old might indeed survive for a time, but its spirit was gone. Paganism was a corpse. Altars might be crowned with garlands, sacrifice might be offered to the gods: but all in vain. A voice came forth from an island in the Ægean Sea; a voice of sorrow and complaint, but of truth also. It wailed the death of the great Pan. The mighty were indeed fallen, and so vast was the gulf between Paganism in the days of Titus, and Paganism in those of Constantine, that the creations of the former period could be no lesson to the idolaters of the latter. These clung to the worship of a departed age, but in spite of themselves. The new and mighty river of thought swept them onward, and carried them on to the very same parting point from which Christian art was struggling for perfection.

Christian art started with one grand error. It was warring for ever against itself. In portraying the world, it hated it. Of all its creations, there is not one which can be said to be really beautiful; the effusions of symbolical enthusiasm are without all plastic truth. Ideas were incorporated, but they did not prove men with flesh and blood. The paintings and carvings were hieroglyphics. The same figure expressed the same idea, and the idea once expressed, there was no desire to extend the circle of figures or to alter their wretched appearance. The same uncouth forms return with a killing monotony. Centuries do not change them. The uniformity of monastic life by no means tended to relax the inflexibility of invention. Religion, not art, was the sculptor's or the painter's object; his production was a creation of faith, not of beauty. Such is the character of almost all the carvings in wood and stone which have been found in the catacombs of Rome and Naples.

Christianity has the great merit of having discovered the poesy of the grave. From the outset it abhorred the Pagan custom of burning the dead, and faithful to its Jewish origin, and mindful perhaps of Christ's burial, it renewed the old Roman custom of interring the departed. This was the origin of the catacombs. The early Christians loved to be deposited with, or near the Martyrs, and grounds for burial capable of receiving a large number of the dead were wholly wanting. The population of Rome, Naples, Alexandria, and Syracuse was so great, that there was scarcely room enough for the living. To find new receptacles for the dead became an urgent necessity. It is true, that digging into the bowels of the earth for the purpose of entombing the bodies of the dead was no new operation. Egypt and Etruria had in their time set the example. The one idea of immortality, led to similar results in different creeds. The early Christians found their cities of the dead already prepared for them. Paris, in our own time, stands upon a soil which is hollowed throughout. The limestone upon which Paris stands was taken from beneath to supply the wants of the builders. Rome, in like manner, has a second and subterraneous town of vast extent, with its streets and squares in endless number. Nor is it without its inhabitants. In this town did Christians seek refuge from Pagan persecution, and here did they likewise inter their dead. The caves and passages were not dug by Christian hands, but were discovered already made. They date from the last century of the republic, when the clay upon which Rome stands, was required by the mania then raging for extensive and magnificent structures. The Christians took possession of the hollows and enlarged them; the work was by no means difficult, for the clay was soft and plastic.

It was after the time of Constantine that the catacombs came into more general use. Martyrs were more revered subsequently to the reign of this Emperor than before it, for martyrdom became less easy of achievement. The chief martyrs had found a resting-place in the catacombs. Churches rose above their remains, from which secret and sacred doors led into the City of the Dead, the

cemetery of the saints. It was at the period to which we refer that the regularly formed spacious catacombs were first fashioned—a fact established by the date of the coffins, all of which belong to a time later than that of the Emperor Constantine. The wealthier members of the community constructed small chapels in the catacombs for the reception of the bodies of their relations and friends. These chapels are for the most part situated at the crossing of passages or at the end of them, in which latter case the chapel forms the termination of one particular passage. They are most important as indices to the development of art. Besides the curious character and beauty of the architecture, they afford specimens of the most ancient grave paintings that we know of. Their walls and ceilings are covered with a thin crust of gypsum, upon which the colours were laid. Not unfrequently we find ornaments of stucco and marble. Altars and stone seats, too, are found in these chapels. An astonishing number of skeletons have been discovered in the passages by which the chapels are connected: it was not the custom, as now, to bury the dead beneath the floor and to cover the grave with a stone slab. The bodies were placed in niches of from three to six feet in length. Sometimes four and six together, one above the other. The corpse of a departed brother was thrust into one of these niches; a lamp and some tool, explanatory of the trade he had followed in life, were placed beside him, and then the aperture was walled up, and lastly covered with a thin marble slab, bearing an inscription and the particulars of the life and death of the departed.

Church service was frequently performed in the catacombs, yet not in the days of persecution. It was after Constantine that these tombs were used for such a purpose. On Sabbath days they were open to the public and were much visited. Devotion, love for departed relatives, and mere curiosity, carried vast numbers to these silent halls. Saint Jerome tells us of his having often explored them with his comrades whilst he was still a student in Rome; and he lived some three hundred and fifty years after the death of Christ. The catacombs were but badly lighted at first, light being

admitted by a few apertures only in the roofs of the chapels. At a later period, great care was taken to prevent visitors losing their way amidst the labyrinth of passages. The guardianship of the catacombs was confided to a certain body of the clergy, who went under the name of *fossores*, or grave-diggers. It was their office to inspect the chapels and passages, to point out the places where new passages might be formed, and to portion out and sell the spots in which burials might take place. The water in the wells of the catacombs was subsequently found to possess the virtue of healing to a marvellous degree. Nay, even the use of the drinking-cups found in the catacombs was sufficient to cure several diseases.

In later days, many of the catacombs were opened, and a vast number of curious and interesting objects brought to light. Not the least valuable amongst these objects were the paintings and carvings to which we have above adverted, and which throw some light upon the history of the portraiture of the great Founder of our religion. Still in the great bulk of the subjects represented the symbolical prevails; and since the earliest masters were for a long time forbidden, by a pious awe, from producing the figure of Christ, we find in the more ancient carvings a decided preference given to the Old Testament over the New. Noah's ark, Abraham sacrificing his son, Moses taking off his shoes upon receiving the tablets of the law, the destruction of Pharaoh, and the miracle of the water starting from the rock—in short, all the subjects of our modern illustrated Bibles are of frequent occurrence in these ancient houses of the dead, and one and all are intended to represent the mission and person of Christ. The suffering of Christ, in the delineation of which the masters of later times have so much delighted, formed no subject for the artist in the earliest selections from the history of the New Testament. The controversy in the temple, the entry into Jerusalem, and the most celebrated of the miracles, were subjects that better suited the ancient master's pencil. The infancy of Christ was an inexhaustible

subject to a later age. The Nestorian controversy brought the religious pretensions of the Holy Virgin to an issue; and after the church in the fifth century had bestowed upon Mary the title of Mother of God, artists took pleasure in representing her either as lying-in, or as holding the babe in her arms. The Eastern Kings are not unfrequently found in the Virgin's company. M. Kinkel presumes that the number of these wise men was first determined by the early masters, who in all probability conferred the royal dignity upon them. Holy Writ does not inform us that these personages were kings, and in the more ancient carvings, they wear ordinary Phrygian caps. At a later period, and no doubt inadvertently, these caps were changed into crowns. The four evangelists are constantly represented either as four rolls of papyrus, or as four fountains issuing from a hill beneath the feet of Christ. When seen in the guise of the four apocalyptic animals, they belong to a later period. The apostles also are found on ancient coffins, surrounding Christ, at whose left side Peter is placed, whilst Paul stands on his right. They all wear sandals tied with ribbon to their feet. Some paintings represent scenes of early Christian life, the sacred rites of the Church, and the love-feasts of the first Christians.

Wherever our Saviour is found he is represented by two types. In the earliest paintings of the catacombs he appears as a beardless youth: this type of the Saviour was produced under the influence of antique art. The second and later type bears those oriental features which have been transmitted by sacred painting even to our own time. The features of the second face so closely resemble those of the first that the early theologians do not hesitate to proclaim them exact copies of the original. "Christ was well proportioned," says John of Damascus in the eighth century; "his fingers were slender, his nose mighty, and the eyebrows joined above the same; his hair was very curly, his beard black, and the colour of his face like his mother's,—viz. yellowish, like unto wheat." Later western writers change the colour of the beard and hair from black to blond. Both hair

and beard are parted in the middle. There are two pictures of Christ thus represented, one in the cemetery of S. Calintus, and another in that of S. Ponziano. The former is partly, the latter wholly dressed. In both, the features are strongly marked, and the eyes are very large; the right hand is placed on the breast, whilst the left holds a book.

Apocryphal pictures ascribed to Saint Luke have asserted a considerable influence upon the traditions concerning the portrait of Christ. The same has happened in the instance of the Virgin Mary, although her type is far from attaining the degree of stability which we find in the representations of her divine son. The fathers, however, are unanimous in their opinion that the face of Mary bore a strong resemblance to that of our Saviour. She is seldom found in the Catacombs, but frequently in the Mosaic work of churches dedicated to her worship, and on Byzantine coins from the tenth century forwards. The face is oval, similar to that of a youthful matron of ancient Rome, and carrying always the expression of a calm benignity. The head is covered with a veil and surrounded by a nimbus. Next to Mary and her Son, Peter and Paul, the chief apostles of the Pagan and Judaic world, are most frequently represented. They were both objects of devotion, even to those who still lingered without the pale of Christianity. The Mosaics display them more frequently than the Catacombs. Their type is not fixed; although Peter may at times be known by his curly hair and beard, whilst the bald forehead and the pointed fashion of the beard render Paul at once recognisable. The other apostles, as well as the personages of the Old Testament, have not grown into individuality, and lack the distinguishing features by which sacred and historical characters of antiquity become objects of real life, and are rendered familiar to the most distant ages.

The most ancient Mosaic works of the Christian era are to be found in the mausoleum of Constantine. The subject is strictly symbolic. It is the vine, with birds perched on the branches and angels collecting the grapes. One of the tendrils encom-

passes the head of Constantine. The forms of the angels show a near affinity to Pagan art. Another great Mosaic work, more ecclesiastical in thought and execution, was promoted by Pope Sixtus III. in 443. It consists of historical representations from the Old and New Testaments, and ornaments the space below the windows of the *Maria Maggiore*. The costumes, the helmets, and cuirasses resemble those of ancient Rome; but where priests and Levites appear, the oriental character is followed. The composition is poor, and the human figures are rude and awkward. That little regard is paid to perspective is not a matter of surprise. Antique art is guilty of the fault. It would be difficult for any Mosaic work to overcome the difficulties which present themselves in the active scenes of real life and history. The Mosaics in the triumphal arch of the Church of St Paul create a favourable impression, simply because they confine themselves to that narrow and more suitable sphere, in which alone the Mosaic art can look to be successful.

The study of the period of Christian art, treated of and exemplified in Professor Kinkel's book, though apparently unprofitable to the artist, is full of interest to the curious observer, and to one who has pleasure in beholding the development of the human mind under the most varied circumstances. We have read the volume of the learned and accomplished professor with infinite satisfaction, and we can safely recommend it to the perusal of the student and the man of letters. The history of art, in the early stages of Christianity, is the history of intellectual cultivation in the most extraordinary period of the world's history. The state of the world during the first centuries after the departure of Christ, was essentially exceptional. It had never been; it never will be again. Art and civilisation were weighed and were found wanting—a new idea visited the earth and conquered it—old arts drooped and died: civilisation degenerated at once into barbarism; whilst a new art and a new civilisation, with the light of Heaven upon them, were already preparing to claim the dominion over future centuries.

THE PORTRAIT.

A TALE: ABRIDGED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF GOGOL. BY THOMAS B. SHAW.

CHAPTER I.

By none of the numerous objects of interest in the busy city of St Petersburg are the steps of the sauntering pedestrian more frequently arrested than by the picture-shop in the *Stchúkin Dvor*.* True it is that the specimens of art there displayed are distinguished rather by eccentricity of design, and rudeness of execution, than by striking evidences of genius. The paintings are for the most part in oil, coated with green varnish, and fitted into frames of dark yellow tinsel. A winter-piece with white trees, a ferociously red sunset, like the glow of a conflagration, a Flemish boor with a pipe and dislocated-looking arm—resembling a turkey-cock in ruffles, rather than a human being,—such are the ordinary subjects. Beside them hang a few engravings: portraits of *Khosrev-Mirza* in his sheepskin bonnet, and of truculent generals with cocked hats and crooked noses. Bundles of coarse prints, on large paper broadsides, are suspended on either side the door. Here we have the Princess *Miliktris Kirbitierna*;† yonder the city of Jerusalem, its houses and churches smeared with vermilion, which gaudy colour has also invaded a part of the ground and a brace of Russian pilgrims in huge fur gloves. If these works of art find few purchasers, they at least attract a throng of starers; drunken ragamuffin lacqueys on their way from the cook's shop, bearing piles of plates with their masters' dinners, which grow cold whilst they gape at the pictures; greent-coated Russian soldiers with penknives for sale; *Okhta* pedlar-women with boxes of shoes. Each spectator expresses his admiration in his own peculiar way: peasants point with their fingers; soldiers gaze with stolid gravity; dirty foot-boys and

blackguard apprentices laugh and apply the caricatures to each other; old serving men in frieze cloaks stand listless and agape, indulging their propensity to utter idleness.

A number of persons answering to the above description were assembled before the picture-shop, when they were joined by a young man in a threadbare cloak and shabby garments. He was a painter, named *Tchartkoff*, as enthusiastic in his art as he was needy in his circumstances and careless of his dress. Pausing before the booth, he smiled as he glanced at the wretched pictures there displayed. The next moment the expression of mirthful contempt faded from his thin, ardent features, and he fell a-thinking. The question had occurred to him, amongst what class of people could those tawdry, worthless productions find purchasers? That Russian *mujiks* should gaze delightedly upon the *Yeruskán Lazarévitches*, on pictures of *Phomé* and *Yerema*, of the heroes of their tales and legends, was quite natural; the objects represented were adapted to popular taste and comprehension; but who would buy those tawdry oil-paintings, those Flemish boors, those crimson and azure landscapes, which, whilst pretending to a higher grade of art, served but to prove its deep degradation? Not one redeeming touch could be traced in the senseless caricatures, to whose authors' clumsy hands the mason's trowel would assuredly have been better adapted than the painter's pencil. It was the very dotage of incapacity. The colouring, the treatment, the coarse obtrusive mechanical touch, seemed those of a clumsily constructed automaton, rather than of a human painter. Thus musing, our artist stood for some time before

* A kind of bazaar or perpetual market, where second-hand furniture, old books and pictures, earthenware, and other cheap commodities, are exposed for sale in small open booths.

† A personage who figures, like two or three others afterwards alluded to, in the popular legends and fairy tales of Russia.

the vile daubs that excited his disgust, gazing at them long after the train of his reflections had led him far from them; whilst the master of the shop, a little, gray, ill-shaven fellow in a frieze cloak, chattered and chaftered and bargained as indefatigably as if the young man had announced himself a purchaser.

"Well now," said he, "for these mujks and the landscape, I'll take a white note.* There's painting! It hurts your eye, it's so bright; just received from the Exchange; varnish hardly dry. Take the winter-piece. Fifteen rubles! Frame worth the money. There's a winter, there's snow for you!"

Here the eager trader gave a slight flip to the canvass, as if he expected the snow to fall off.

"Take the three. I'll send them home at once. Where does your honour live? Boy, a cord!"

"Not so fast, my friend," cried the artist, startled from his reverie, and perceiving the brisk dealer about to tie up the three daubs. His first impulse was to walk away, but he felt ashamed to purchase nothing after standing so long before the shop, and causing the hungry-looking old salesman so large an expenditure of breath. "Wait a little," he said. "I will see if you have any thing to suit me." And, stooping down, he turned over a number of battered dusty old pictures heaped like lumber upon the ground. They were chiefly old-fashioned family portraits, likenesses of unknown and insignificant faces, with torn canvasses, and frames that had lost their gilding. Nevertheless Tcharkóff carefully examined them, thinking it possible he might pick up something good. He had more than once heard stories of pictures of the great masters being met with amongst the dust and trash of such shops as this. The dealer, perceiving he had probably nailed a customer, ceased his bustling importunity, resumed his station at the door, and recommenced his appeals to the passengers. He shouted, chattered, and pointed to his wares, but without success; then he had a long

chat with an old-clothesman, whose establishment was on the opposite side of the alley; and at last, recollecting that all this time there was a customer in his shop, he turned his back upon the public and walked in.

"Have you chosen anything, sir?"

The artist stood immovable before a large portrait, whose frame had once been richly gilt, although it now scarcely retained a few tarnished vestiges of its former splendour. The subject was an old man, his face swarthy and bronzed, with furrowed brow and hollow temples, and sharp high cheek-bones; a physiognomy on which the ravages of time, and climate, and suffering were plainly legible. The figure was draped in a flowing Asiatic costume. Defaced and injured and grimed with dirt though the portrait was, yet, when Tcharkóff had wiped the dust from the countenance, he perceived evident traces of the touch of a great artist. The picture seemed to have been scarcely finished, but the force of treatment was immense. Its most extraordinary part was the eyes; in them the artist had concentrated all the power of his pencil. There was vitality in those dark and lustrous orbs; they looked out of the portrait, and in some measure destroyed its harmony by their strange and life-like expression. When Tcharkóff took the picture to the door, he fancied the pupils dilated. The peculiarity of the painting at once attracted the attention of the idlers without. Some uttered exclamations of surprise, others fell back a pace as if in terror. A pale, sickly-looking woman of the lower classes, who suddenly found herself face to face with this singular portrait, screamed with alarm. "It's looking at me!" she cried, and hurried away, casting nervous glances over her shoulder. Tcharkóff himself experienced—he could not tell why—a sort of disagreeable sensation, and he put the portrait on the ground.

"D'ye buy?" said the picture-dealer.

"How much?" replied the artist.

"At a word—three *tchetvertaks*." †

Tcharkóff shook his head. "Too much. I will give you a dougriven-

* Twenty-five rubles.

† A silver coin, about the size of a shilling, the quarter of a silver ruble (*undermen*) worth ninepence.

noi," he added, moving towards the door.

"A dougrivennoi for that picture! You are pleased to joke, sir. The frame is worth twice the money. Bid me something more, if it be only another grivennik. Come back, sir," he shouted, running after the painter, and detaining him by his cloak-skirt; "come back, sir. You are my first customer to-day, and I will take your offer, for luck's sake. But the picture is given away."

On finding his offer thus unexpectedly accepted, Tcharkóff heartily repented his temerity in making it. The dougrivennoi he paid the dealer was his last in the world, and he was encumbered with a lumbering old portrait for which he had no earthly use. Cursing his own imprudence, he took up his purchase, and trudged away with it. Its weight and size caused it to slip perpetually from under his arm, and rendered it a most troublesome burthen. At last, tired to death and bathed in perspiration, he reached the house, in the fifteenth line of the Vasilievskii Ostrow, in which he occupied a modest lodging, ascended the uncleanly staircase, and knocked impatiently at the door of his apartment. It was opened by a slatternly lad in a blue shirt—his cook, model, colour-grinder and floor-sweeper, who had to thank his godfathers for the harmonious name of Nikita, and who united in his person the dirt incidental to three out of his four occupations. Tcharkóff entered his ante-room, which felt very chilly, as artists' ante-rooms usually are, and, without taking off his cloak, walked on into his studio a square apartment, tolerably spacious, but low in the ceiling, and with windows dimmed by the frost. This room was littered with all kinds of artistical rubbish: fragments of plaster of Paris, casts of hands, frames, stretched canvasses, sketches begun and thrown aside, and drapery cast carelessly over the chairs. Completely knocked up, Tcharkóff let his cloak fall, placed his new purchase against the wall, and threw himself on a narrow meagre little sofa, whose leathern cover, torn upon one side

from the row of brass nails that had formerly confined it, afforded Nikita a convenient receptacle for dish-cloths, old clothes, dirty linen, and any other miscellaneous matters he thought fit to cram under. The sun had set, and the night grew each moment darker. Our artist ordered Nikita to bring a candle.

"There are no candles," was Nikita's reply.

"How!—no candles?"

"There were none yesterday," said Nikita.

Tcharkóff remembered that there *had* been none the night before, and that his credit with the tallow-chandler was not such as to render it probable a supply had been sent in that morning. So he held his tongue, allowed Nikita to take off his coat, waistcoat, and cravat, and wrapped himself up as warmly as he could in a dressing gown with tattered elbows.

"I forgot to tell you," said Nikita, "the landlord has been here."

"For money, I suppose," said the artist, shrugging his shoulders.

"He had somebody with him. A Kvartalnü, I think.* He said something about the rent not being paid."

"Well, what can they do?"

"Don't know," replied the impatient Nikita. "He said you must leave the lodgings or pay. Will come again to-morrow."

"Let them come," said Tcharkóff gloomily. And he turned himself upon the comfortless sofa with a feeling akin to desperation.

Tcharkóff was a young artist of considerable promise, and whose pencil was at times remarked for its accuracy, and near approach to the truthfulness of nature. But he had faults which procured him frequent admonitions from the professor under whom he studied. "You have talent," he would say to him; "it will be a sin to ruin it by carelessness and by pursuing erroneous ideas and principles. You are too impatient; too apt to be fascinated by novelty, and to neglect rules hallowed by time and experience, laws immutable as those of the Medes. Beware, lest you become a mere fashionable painter."

* The officer commanding the police of the quarter.

Your colours, I observe, are not unfrequently selected in defiance of good taste; your drawing is often feeble, sometimes positively incorrect; your outlines want clearness. You run after a flashy kind of *chiaro-scuro*, the lighting up of your picture is meant only to strike the eye at the first glance. And you have a passion for the introduction of finery; a taste for dandified costume. All this is dangerous, and may lead you into the fatal habit of painting mere fashionable pictures, pretty portraits and the like, which yield money, but can never give fame. Do that, and your talent is lost and thrown away. Be patient, wait, reflect, chasten your taste by study, and wean yourself from that hankering after prettiness and dandyism. Leave such tricks to those who care but for gold, and propose yourself a higher aim, the never-dying laurels of a Titian or an Angelo."

The professor meant well, and was right in the main. Tcharkóff was apt to indulge in the flashy and the superficial. But he had sufficient strength of mind to control this dangerous tendency, and a purer taste was gradually but perceptibly developing itself in him. As yet he could not quite appreciate all the depth of Raphael, but he was strongly fascinated by the broad and rapid touch of Guido; he would stand enchanted before Titian's portraits, and had a high appreciation of the Flemish school. Yet the darkened and sober tone characterising old pictures did not quite please or satisfy him; nor did he, in his innermost mind, altogether agree with the professor, when the latter expatiated to him on that mysterious power which places the old masters at such immeasurable distance above the moderns. In some respects he almost fancied them surpassed by the nineteenth century; that the imitation of nature had somehow become, in modern times, more vivid, and lively, and faithful: in a word, his mind was in that fluctuating unsettled state in which the minds of young people are apt to be when they have reached a particular point of proficiency in their art, and feel a proud internal conviction of talent. Often was he filled with rage when he

saw some travelling French or German painter, by the mere effect of trick and habit, by readiness of pencil and flashy colouring, catching the multitude, and making a fortune. These impressions made their way into his mind, not in moments when he was buried, body and soul, in his work, and forgot food and drink and all outward things; but when, as was often the case, necessity stared him in the face, and he found himself without the means of buying brushes and colours, or even bread, whilst the greedy and implacable landlord came ten times a-day to dun him for his rent. Then his hunger-sharpened imagination would revert to the different lot of the rich and fashionable painter; then darted through his brain the thought that so often flits through the Russian head, the idea of sending his art and all to the devil, and going to the devil himself.

"Yes, wait! wait!" he exclaimed passionately; "but patience and waiting must have an end. Wait, indeed! and where am I to seek to-morrow's dinner? Borrowing is out of the question; and if I sell my pictures and drawings, they will give me, perhaps, a *dougrivennoi* for the whole lot. They are useful to me; not one of them but was undertaken with an object,—from each I have learned something. But what would be their value to any body else? They are studies,—exercises; and studies and exercises they will remain to the end of the chapter. And, besides, who would buy them? I am unknown as an artist, and who wants studies from the antique and sketches from the living model, or my unfinished *Love* and *Psyche*, or the perspective sketch of my room, or my portrait of Nikita, though it is really better than the portraits painted by any of your fashionable fellows? And, after all, what do I gain by this? Why should I work myself to death, and keep plodding like a schoolboy over his A, B, C, when I might be as famous as any of them, and have as much money in my pockets?" As he pronounced these words, the artist involuntarily shuddered and turned pale. He saw, looking fixedly at him, peeping out from the shadow of a tall canvass that stood against the wall, a face

seemingly torn by some convulsive agony. Two dreadful eyes glared upon the young man, with a strange inexplicable expression; the lips were curled with mingled scorn and suffering; the features were haggard and distorted. Startled, almost terrified, Tcharkóff was on the point of calling Nikita, who by this time sent forth from his ante-room a Titanic snore, when he checked himself and burst into a laugh. The object of alarm was the portrait he had bought, and which he had completely forgotten. The bright moonbeams, streaming into the room, partially illuminated the picture, and gave it a strange air of reality. By the clear cold light Tcharkóff set to work to examine and clean his purchase. When the coat of dust and filth that incrusting it was removed, he hung the picture upon the wall, and, retiring to look at it, was more than ever astounded at its extraordinary character and power. The countenance seemed lighted up by the fierce and glittering eyes, which looked out of the picture so wonderfully, and assumed, as it seemed to him, such strange and varied and terrible expression, that he at last involuntarily turned away his own, unable to support the gaze of the old Asiatic. Then came into his mind a story he had once heard from his professor, of a certain portrait of the famous Leonardo da Vinci, at which the great master worked for many years, still counting it unfinished, and which, nevertheless, according to Vasari, was universally considered the most perfect and finished production of art. But the most exquisitely finished part of it were the eyes, which excited the wonder of all contemporaries; even the minute and almost invisible veins were exactly rendered and put upon the canvass. But here, on the other hand, in the portrait before him, there was something strange and horrid. This was not art: the eyes absolutely destroyed the harmony of the portrait. They were living, they were human eyes! They seemed to have been cut out of a living man's face and stuck in the picture. Instead of admiration, the portrait inspired a painful feeling of oppression; the beholder was seized with a sort of waking nightmare, weigh-

ing upon and overwhelming him like a moral and mysterious incubus.

Shaking off this feeling, Tcharkóff again approached the portrait, and forced himself to gaze steadily upon its eyes. They were still fixed upon him. He changed his place; the eyes followed him. To whatever part of the room he removed, he met their deep malignant glance. They seemed animated with the unnatural sort of life one might expect to find in the eyes of a corpse, newly recalled to existence by the spell of some potent sorcerer. In spite of his better reason, which reproached him for his weakness, Tcharkóff felt an inexplicable impression, which made him unwilling to remain alone in the room. He retired softly from the portrait, turned his eyes in a different direction, and endeavoured to forget its presence; yet, in spite of all his efforts, his eye, as though of its own accord, kept glancing sideways at it. At last he became even fearful to walk about; his excited imagination made him fancy that as soon as he moved somebody was walking behind him,—at each step he glanced timidly over his shoulder. He was naturally no coward; but his nerves and imagination were painfully on the stretch, and he could not control his absurd and involuntary fears. He sat down in the corner; somebody, he thought, peeped stealthily over his shoulder into his face. Even the loud snoring of Nikita, which resounded from the ante-room, could not dispel his uneasiness and chase away the unreal visions haunting him. At last he rose from his seat, timidly, without lifting his eyes, went behind the screen and lay down on his bed. Through the crevices in the screen he saw his room brightly illuminated by the moon, and he beheld the portrait hanging on the wall. The eyes were fixed upon him even more horribly and meaningfully than before, and seemed as if they would not look at any thing but him. Making a strong effort, he got out of bed, took a sheet and hung it over the portrait. This done, he again lay down, feeling more tranquil, and began to muse upon his melancholy lot,—upon the thorns and difficulties that beset the path of the friendless and aspiring artist. At in-

tervals he involuntarily glanced through the crevices of the screen at the shrouded portrait. The bright moonlight increased the whiteness of the sheet, and he at last fancied that he saw the horrible eyes shining through the linen. He strained his sight to convince himself he was mistaken. The contrary effect was produced. The old man's face became more and more distinct;—there could no longer be any doubt: the sheet had disappeared,—the grim portrait was completely uncovered, and the infernal eyes stared straight at him, peering into his very soul. An icy chill came over his heart. He looked again;—the old man had moved, and stood with both hands leaning on the frame. In a few seconds he rose upon his arms, put forth both legs and leaped out of the frame, which was now seen empty through the crevice in the screen. A heavy footstep was heard in the room. The poor artist's heart beat hard and fast. Swallowing his breath for very fear, he awaited the sight of the old man, who evidently approached his bed. And in another moment there he was, peeping round the screen, with the same bronze-like countenance and fixed glittering eyes. Tcharkóff made a violent effort to cry out, but his voice was gone. He strove to stir his limbs,—they refused to obey him. With open mouth and arrested breath he gazed upon the apparition. It was that of a tall man in a wide Asiatic robe. The painter watched its movements. Presently it sat down almost at his very feet, and drew something from between the folds of its flowing dress. This was a bag. The old man untied it, and, seizing it by the two ends, shook it: with a dull heavy sound there fell on the floor a number of heavy packets, of a long cylindrical shape. Their envelope was of dark blue paper, and on each was inscribed, 1000 DUCATS. Extending his long lean hands from his wide sleeves, the old man began unrolling the packets. There was a gleam of gold. Great as Tcharkóff's terror was, he could not help staring covetously at the coin, and looked on with profound attention as it streamed rapidly through the spectre's bony hands, glittering and clinking with a dull thin metallic sound, and

was then rolled up anew. Suddenly he remarked one packet which had rolled a little farther than the rest, and stopped at the leg of the bedstead, near the head. By a rapid and furtive motion he seized this packet, gazing the while at the old man to see whether he remarked it. But he was too busy. He collected the remaining packets, replaced them in the bag, and, without looking at the artist, retired behind the screen. Tcharkóff's heart beat vehemently when he heard his departing footsteps echoing through the room. Congratulating himself on impunity, he joyfully grasped the packet, and had almost ceased to tremble for its safety, when suddenly the footsteps again approached the screen; the old man had evidently discovered that one of his packets was wanting. Nearer he came, and nearer, until once more his grim visage was seen peeping round the screen. In an agony of terror the young man dropped the rouleau, made a desperate effort to stir his limbs, uttered a great cry—and awoke. A cold sweat streamed from every pore; his heart beat so violently that it seemed about to burst; his breast felt as tight as if the last breath were in the act of leaving it. Was it a dream? he said, pressing his head between both hands; the vividness of the apparition made him doubt it. Now, at any rate, he was unquestionably awake, yet he thought he saw the old man moving as he settled himself in his frame, his hand sinking by his side, and the border of his wide robe waving. His own hand retained the sensation of having, but a moment before, held a weighty substance. The moon still shone into the room, bringing out from its dark corners here a canvass, there a lay figure, there again the drapery thrown over a chair, or a plaster cast on its bracket on the wall. Tcharkóff now perceived that he was not in bed, but on his feet, opposite the portrait. How he got there—was a thing he could in no way comprehend. What astounded him still more was the fact that the portrait was completely uncovered. No vestige of a sheet was there, but the living eyes staring fixedly at him. A cold sweat stood upon his brow; he would fain have fled,

but his feet were rooted to the ground. And then he saw (of a certainty this was no dream) the old man's features move, and his lips protruded as if about to utter words. With a shrill cry of horror, and a despairing effort, Tcharkóff tore himself from the spot—and awoke. It was still a dream. His heart beat as though it would burst his bosom, but there was no cause for such agitation. He was in bed, in the same attitude as when he fell asleep. Before him was the screen: the chamber was filled with the watery moonbeams. Through the crack in the screen, the portrait was visible, covered with the sheet he had himself laid over it. Although thus convinced of the groundlessness of his alarm, the palpitation of his heart increased in violence, until it became painful and alarming; the oppression on his breast grew more and more severe. He could not detach his eyes from the sheet, and presently he distinctly saw it move, at first gently, then quickly and violently, as though hands were struggling and groping behind it, pulling and tearing, and striving, but in vain, to throw it aside. There was something mysteriously awful in this struggle of an invisible power against so flimsy an obstacle, which it yet was unable to overcome. Tcharkóff felt his very soul chilled with fear. "Great God! what is this?" he cried, crossing himself in an agony of terror. And once more he awoke. For the third time he had dreamed a dream! He sprang from his bed in utter bewilderment, his brain whirling and burning, and at first could not make up his mind whether he had been favoured by a visit from the *domovói*,* or by that of a real apparition.

Approaching the window, he opened the *förtotchka*.† A sharp frosty breeze brought refreshment to his heated frame. The moon's radiance still lay broadly on the roofs and white walls of the houses, and small floating clouds chased each other across

the sky. All was still, save when, from time to time, there fell faintly upon the ear the distant jarring rattle of a lingering *dróiki*, prowling in search of a belated fare. For some time our young painter remained with his head out of the *förtotchka*, and it was not until signs of approaching dawn were visible in the heavens that he closed the pane, threw himself upon his bed, and fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

It was very late when he awoke with a violent headache. The room felt close; a disagreeable dampness saturated the air, and made its way through the crevices of the windows. Low-spirited, uncomfortable, and cheerless as a drenched cock, he sat down on his dilapidated sofa, and began to recall his dream of the previous night. So vivid was the impression it had made, that he could hardly persuade himself it had been a mere dream. Removing the sheet, he minutely examined the portrait by the light of day. He was still struck with the extraordinary power and expression of the eyes, but he found in them nothing peculiarly terrific. Still an unpleasant impression remained upon his mind. He could not divest himself of the conviction that a fragment of horrible reality had mingled with his dream. In defiance of reason, he imagined something peculiarly significant in the expression of the old man's face; a something of the cautious stealthy look it had worn when he crept round the screen, and counted his gold under the very nose of the needy painter. And Tcharkóff still felt the print of the rouleau upon his palm, as though it had but that instant left his grasp. Had he held it but a little tighter, he thought, it must have remained in his hand even after his awakening.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, heaving a sorrowful sigh, "had I but the moiety of that wealth!" And again in his mind's eye he saw the rouleaus streaming from the sack. Again he read the attractive inscription,—1000

* The Russian house-spirit. This "lubber fiend" is frequently the popular name of the nightmare.

† The "was-ist-das," a single pane of glass fixed in a frame, to admit of its being opened, very necessary in a climate where double casements are fixed during eight months out of the year.

DUCATS; again they were unrolled, he heard the chink of metal, saw it shine, burned to clutch it. But once more the blue paper was rolled around it; and there he sat, motionless and entranced, straining his eyes upon vacancy, powerless to divert their gaze from the imaginary treasure—like a child gazing with watering mouth at a dish of unattainable sweetmeats.

A knock at the door at last roused him from his reverie. It was promptly followed by the entrance of his landlord, accompanied by the *Nadziratel*, or police-inspector of the quarter—a gentleman whose appearance is, if possible, more disagreeable to the poor than the face of a petitioner is to the rich. The landlord of the small house in which Tcharkóff lodged, was no bad type of the class of house-owners in such quarters as the fifteenth line of the Vasilievskii Ostrov. In his youth, he had been a captain in the army, where he was noted as a noisy quarrelsome fellow; transferred thence to the civil service, he proved himself a thorough master of the art of petty tyranny, a bustling coxcomb and a blockhead. Age had done little to improve his character. He had been some time a widower, had long retired from the service, was less given to quarrels and coxcombry, but more trivial and teasing. His chief happiness consisted in drinking tea, propagating scandal, and in sauntering about his apartment with hands behind his back. These intellectual occupations were varied by an occasional inspection of the roof of his house, by ferreting his *dvornik*, or porter, fifty times a-day out of the kennel in which he oftener slept than watched, and by a monthly attack upon his lodgers for their rent.

"Do me the favour to see about it yourself, Varúkh Kusmitch," said the landlord, to the *Kvartálnü*: "he won't pay his rent—he won't pay, sir."

"How can I, without money? Give me time, and I will pay."

"Time, my good sir! impossible! I can't hear of such a thing," said the landlord in a rage, flourishing the key he held in his hand. "Perhaps you don't know that Colonel Potogoukin lodges in my house—a colonel,

sir, and has lived here these seven years; and Anna Petróvna Buchmlateroff—a lady of fortune, sir, who rents a coach-house, and a two-stall stable, sir, and keeps three out-door servants: these are the sort of lodgers I have. My house, I tell you plainly, is not one of those establishments where people live who don't pay their rent. So I will thank you to pay yours directly, and be off bag and baggage."

"You had better pay," said the *Kvartálnü Nadziratel*, with a slight but significant shake of the head, sticking his forefinger through a button-hole of his uniform.

"It's very easy to say pay, but where is the money? I have not a sous."

"In that case, you can satisfy Ivan Ivánovitch with goods, with the produce of your profession," said the *Kvartálnü*; "he will probably agree to take pictures."

"Not I, indeed! no pictures for me! It would be all very well to take pictures with respectable subjects, such as a gentleman could hang on his wall; a general with a star, or the likeness of Prince Kutúzoff; but, here I see nothing but paintings of mujiks in their shirt-sleeves, servants, and such like cattle—a mere waste of time and colours. He has taken the likeness of that blackguard of his, whose bones I shall assuredly break, for the thief has pulled the nails out of all my locks and window-hasps—a scoundrel! Just look; there's a subject for you! a picture of the room! It would have been all very well if he had drawn it clean, neat, and orderly; but there he has got it full of filth and rubbish, just as it is. Only see how he has bedevilled and dirtied my room; pretty work, indeed, when I have had colonels for lodgers seven years together, and Anna Petróvna Buchmlateroff! Truly there are no worse lodgers than artists; they turn a drawing-room into a pigsty."

To all this, and much more, the poor painter was forced to listen patiently. Meanwhile the *Kvartálnü Nadziratel* amused himself by looking at the pictures and sketches, occasionally uttering a comment or question.

"Not bad!" said he, pausing be-

fore a female figure: "pretty woman, really! But what's the meaning of that black, there, under her nose? is it snuff, or what?"

"That's the shadow," replied Tcharkóff surlily, without turning towards him.

"You would have done better to have put it somewhere else. It is too remarkable just under the nose," said the critical Argus. "But, whose portrait is this?" continued he, approaching the picture that had occasioned Tcharkóff so restless a night. "What an ugly old heathen! And what eyes! They might belong to Belzebub himself. I must have a look at this."

And without asking permission, or thinking it necessary to use much ceremony with a poor devil of a painter who could not pay his rent, the agent of the law lifted the portrait from the nails on which it hung, to carry it to the window, and examine it at his leisure. But his hands were stiff and clumsy, and he had miscalculated the weight of the picture. It slipped through his fingers, and fell to the ground with a heavy thump and slight crashing noise, upsetting some lumber that stood against the wall, and raising a cloud of dust, which caused the man of manacles to step back and rub his eyes. With a muttered curse on the meddlesome official, Tcharkóff sprang forward to raise the picture. As he did so, a small board, forming one of the sides of the frame, and which had been cracked by the fall, gave way altogether under the pressure of his hand, and part of it fell out. The fragment was followed by a rouleau of dark blue paper, which emitted a dull chink as it struck the ground. Tcharkóff's eye glanced upon an inscription; it was—1000 DUCATS. To snatch up the packet, and thrust it into his pocket, was the work of an instant.

"Surely, I heard the sound of coin," said the Kvartálnii, who, owing to the dust, and to the rapidity of the painter's movement, had not caught sight of the rouleau.

"And what business of yours is it, to know what I have in my room?"

"It's my business to tell you, that

you must pay the landlord his rent; it's my business to tell you, that I know you have money, and yet you won't pay;—that's my business, my fine fellow!"

"Well, I will pay him to-day."

"And, why did you not pay at once, without giving trouble to the landlord, and disturbing the police?"

"Because I didn't intend to touch this money. But I will pay him this evening, and leave his lodgings at once. I will live no longer in his paltry garret."

"He will pay you, Iván Ivánovitch," said the Kvartálnii to the landlord. "If you neglect to do so by this evening, why then you must excuse me, Mr Painter, if we use severer means." And resuming his cocked hat, he departed, followed by the landlord, who hung his head, and looked exceedingly small.

"The devil go with them!" said Tcharkóff, as he heard the outer door shut. He looked into the ante-room, sent Nikíta out, in order to be quite alone, locked himself in, and, with a violent palpitation of the heart, opened his packet. It contained exactly a thousand ducats, almost all of them quite new, and sparkling like the sun. Its appearance was precisely the same as those he had seen in his dream. Almost frantic with delight, he sat with the pile of gold before him, asking himself whether he did not still dream. Long did he handle and tell the gold before he could believe that it was real, and that he himself was awake and in his right mind.

He then curiously and carefully examined the frame. In one side of it a kind of cavity had been hollowed out, and afterwards closed with a board, so neatly that if the loutish hand of the Kvartálnii Nadzirátel had not let the frame drop, the ducats might have remained for centuries undisturbed. It was with gratitude and complacency, rather than aversion, that the painter now contemplated the peculiar features and remarkable eyes of the old Asiatic.

"Whoever you are, my old boy," said Tcharkóff to himself, "I'll put you under glass, and give you a splendid frame for this."

At this moment his hand happened

to touch the heap of gold, and the contact made his heart beat as violently as ever. "What shall I do with it?" he thought, fixing his eyes upon the money. "Now I am at my ease for three years at least, I can shut myself in my studio, and work. I can buy colours, pay for a comfortable lodging and good food. I have enough for every thing; nobody can tease or badger me now. I'll get a first-rate lay-figure, order a plaster torso, model feet, buy a Venus, have engravings of all the great masters. And if I work steadily for three years, quietly, without hurry, without being obliged to sell my pictures for my daily bread, I shall astonish the world and achieve fame."

Such was the artist's soliloquy, prompted by conscious talent and honourable ambition. A far different counsel was given by his twenty-two summers and heat of youth. He now had at his command all that he had hitherto gazed at from afar with envying eyes. How his heart bounded and swelled within him, as he thought of the luxuries he could now command! how he longed to exchange rags for purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously after his long fast, to dwell in a splendid lodging, to visit the theatre, the café, the ball!

Seizing his money, the young man was in the street in a moment. His first visit was to a tailor's shop, where he dressed himself from top to toe, and walked down the street looking at himself in every window. He bought a huge quantity of trinkets and perfumes, an opera-glass, and a mountain of brilliant cravats; took, without a word of bargaining, the first lodging that he saw, a magnificent set of rooms in the Nevskii perspective, with immense mirrors, and each window glazed with a single pane; had his hair curled at a coiffeur's, hired a carriage, and drove twice, without the slightest object, from one end of the town to the other, crammed himself with bon-bons at a confectioner's, and went to a French *restaurant*, about which he had hitherto heard only vague and uncertain rumours, such as one hears of the Chinese empire. There he dined, assuming the while a haughty and

supercilious air, and incessantly arranging his well-curled locks. There, too, he drank a bottle of champagne; a liquid he had hitherto known only by reputation. His head full of wine, he went out into the street, gay, bold, ready for any thing—able to face the devil, as the Russians say. On the bridge he met his former professor, and pushed coolly past him, as if he did not observe him, leaving the poor man motionless with astonishment, a mark of interrogation visibly printed in his countenance. All that he possessed in the world, easels, canvasses, pictures, Tchartkoff transported that very evening to his new and splendid lodgings. He arranged his best pictures in the most visible situations, cast those he thought less of into corners, and perambulated his splendid rooms, looking at himself each minute in the mirrors. Then there arose in his mind a restless desire to take fame by storm, instantly, without delay, and to compel, by whatever means, the applause of the multitude. Already the cry rang in his ears, "Tchartkoff, Tchartkoff! haven't you seen Tchartkoff's picture? What a rapid pencil Tchartkoff has! Tchartkoff has immense talent!" Musing, and castle-building, he paced his apartment till a late hour of the night, and when in bed, could not sleep for ruminating his ambitious projects.

The next morning he took a dozen ducats, and drove to the editor of a fashionable newspaper. The introduction was efficacious. The journalist praised his genius, professed the most ardent desire to serve him, loaded him with compliments, shook him fervently by both hands, and accompanied him obsequiously to the door, making minute inquiries as to his name, his style of painting, his place of residence.

The very next day there appeared in the newspaper, immediately after an advertisement of newly discovered candles, warranted to burn without wicks, an article headed,

EXTRAORDINARY TALENT OF TCHARTKOFF.

"We hasten to congratulate the inhabitants of this polite metropolis on what may be styled a *discovery* of

the most splendid and useful nature. We refer to the sudden appearance of an artist of consummate skill, possessing all the qualifications that can render a painter worthy to transfer to the magic canvass the faces of the many beautiful women and handsome men who adorn the cultivated circles of St Petersburg. Ladies may now confidently rely on being transmitted to posterity without diminution of their graces, with all their delicate loveliness, enchanting symmetry of form, and exquisite expression of feature—graces ephemeral, alas! as the existence of the butterfly that hovers over the vernal flowers. Parents, ere they leave this vale of tears, may bequeath to their sorrowing children their exact resemblance. The warrior, the statesman, the poet, all classes of men, in short, will pursue their career with fresh zeal and ardour, now that the brilliant pencil of a Tcharkóff enables them to transmit to posterity their visible features, as well as their imperishable renown. Let all hasten, then, abandoning promenade and party, opera, ball, and theatre, to the splendid and luxurious studio of our artist, (Nevskii Perspective, No. —). It is hung with portraits, the produce of his pencil, worthy a Vandyke or a Titian. The happy connoisseur knows not what to admire most in these exquisite works, their exact resemblance to the original, or the extraordinary brilliancy and freshness of their handling. They must be seen to be even imperfectly appreciated; the artist has truly drawn a prize in the lottery of genius. Success to you, Andréi Petróvitch! (the journalist was evidently fond of the familiar style). *Maîtrise novâ virtute*, and immortalise yourself and us. Glory, fortune, crowds of sitters, in spite of the feeble and envious efforts of certain contemporary prints, will be your speedy and unfailing reward!

His face beaming with contentment, our artist perused this puff. He saw his name in print,—a thing which was to him a complete novelty; and he could not help reading the lines at least a dozen times. He was particularly tickled with the comparison of his works to Vandyke and Titian. The use of his baptismal name,

Andréi Petróvitch, also gratified him not a little. To be mentioned in this delightfully familiar way in print, was to him an honour as gratifying as it was new. He could not remain quiet a moment. Now he sat down in a chair, then threw himself picturesquely on a sofa, rehearsing the way he would receive his sitters; then he went to his easel, and gave a bold dashing stroke of the brush, studying at the same time a graceful mode of wielding it. Thus he got through the day.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, his bell rang. He hurried to the door; a lady entered, preceded by a footman in a furred livery cloak, and accompanied by a young girl of eighteen, her daughter.

"Monsieur Tcharkóff, I believe?" said the lady. The painter bowed.

"I have seen your name in the papers; your portraits, they say, are incomparable." With these words the lady put her glass to her eye, and glanced round the walls, which were bare. "But where are all your portraits?"

"They are not arrived," said the artist, a little confused; "I have just removed into these rooms, the pictures are still on the road—they will soon be here."

"You have been in Italy?" said the lady, turning her eye-glass on the painter in the absence of the paintings.

"No, I have not been there exactly—I intend to go—I have been compelled to put it off; but pray do me the honour to sit down; you must be tired."

"You are very kind, but I have been sitting—in my carriage. Ah, at last, I see some of your works!" said the lady, running up to the opposite side of the room, and levelling her glass at some canvasses placed on the floor, studies, sketches, interiors, and portraits. "*C'est charmant! Lise, Lise! venez ici*: there's an interior in the manner of Teniers, see: all is in disorder, higgledy-piggledy, a table with a bust upon it, a hand, a palette; and the dust, look how well the dust is painted! *c'est charmant!* And there is another canvass, a woman washing her face—*quelle jolie figure!* Oh, and there's a *mujik!* Lise, Lise!"

a *mujik* in a Russian shirt! look, do look—a *mujik*! So you don't paint portraits only?"

"These are mere trifles—done for amusement, in an idle moment—mere studies —"

"But do tell me your opinion of the portrait-painters of the present day? Isn't it true, that we have none at present like Titian? There's not that force of colouring, not that —really, what a pity it is that I cannot express what I mean in Russian." The lady was passionately fond of painting, and had run, eye-glass in hand, over all the galleries in Italy. "Only, I must say, that Monsieur Dauberelli—ah, how he paints! What an extraordinary touch! I find more expression in his faces than even in Titian's. You know Monsieur Dauberelli?"

"Dauberelli! who is he?" asked the artist.

"Such talent! He painted my daughter when she was only twelve years old. You must come and see it, really you must. Lise, you shall show him your album. But I want another portrait of my daughter, and that is the motive of my visit. Can you begin at once?"

"Directly, madam, if you please." And in a moment he wheeled up his easel, with a canvass on it, ready stretched, took his palette in his hand and fixed his eyes on the pale childish features of the daughter. Young as she was, they already bore traces of late hours and dissipation. Expression they had little or none. But the artist saw in the complexion an almost china-like transparency, exquisitely adapted to his pencil; the neck was white and slender, the form elegant and aristocratic. And he prepared for a triumph; he intended to show the lightness and brilliancy of his touch, for the display of which he had hitherto lacked opportunities. He already began to fancy to himself how the pale but graceful little lady would come out upon the canvass.

"Do you know," said the mother, with a sentimental expression of face "I should like—you see she has a frock on now—well, I confess I should not like you to paint her in a frock, it's so common-place; I should like her to be painted simply dressed,

sitting in the shade of a thicket, with fields in the distance, and sheep or a forest in the back-ground—simplicity, the greatest simplicity, is what I should like."

Tchartkoff set to work, arranged the sitter in the attitude he required, endeavoured to fix the whole subject in his mind; waved his brush in the air before him, as if establishing the principal points; half-closed his eyes several times, retired back a step or two, examined his sitter from a distance, and in about an hour he finished drawing in the face. Satisfied with the effect, he now commenced painting, and his labour rapidly grew lighter. By this time he had forgotten he was in the presence of two ladies of high fashion, and began to fall into a few tricks of the painting-room, uttering half-aloud various inarticulate sounds, and at intervals humming a tune between his teeth. Without the slightest ceremony he from time to time signed, by a movement of his brush, to his sitter to raise her head. At last the young lady grew weary and restless.

"That's quite enough for the first sitting," said her mother.

"Another minute," cried the painter in an absent tone.

"Impossible! Lise, three o'clock!" said the lady, looking at her diminutive watch. "Oh, how late!"

"Only half a second," said Tchartkoff, in the wistful and beseeching voice of a child.

But the lady was disinclined to comply. She promised him a longer sitting another time.

"Horridly annoying!" said Tchartkoff to himself; "just as my hand was getting in." And he remembered that no one had ever interrupted him, when he worked in his painting-room in the Vasilievskii Ostrov. Nikita would sit hour after hour without moving a muscle: you might paint him as much as you liked; he would go to sleep in the attitude he was fixed in. And the artist discontentedly laid his pencil and palette on a chair, and stood pensively before the canvass. He was aroused from his reverie by a compliment addressed to him by the fashionable lady. He darted towards the door to show out his visitors: on the stairs he received

an invitation to dine with them the following week, and with a cheerful air he re-entered his rooms. The aristocratic style of his visitors had quite fascinated him. Up to this time he had held such beings unapproachable, born only to glide about in a splendid carriage with liveried footmen and a laced and bearded coachman, throwing a calm indifferent glance on the humble foot-passenger as he plodded by in a shabby cloak. And yet, here was one of these exquisite beings calling upon him: he was painting her portrait, and had received an invitation to dine with her. Intoxicated with vanity and delight, he treated himself to a splendid dinner, went to the theatre in the evening, and again, without the slightest occasion, drove about the town in a carriage.

For some days he did nothing but arrange his rooms and listen for the sound of his bell. At last the lady arrived, with her pale daughter. He made them sit down, wheeled up his easel with a strong affectation of fashionable manner, and began to paint. He saw in his delicate sitter much that, being cleverly caught, would give high value to the portrait: he perceived that he might produce something quite peculiar and characteristic, if he could render it with the same accuracy and completeness with which nature herself had placed it before him. His heart even felt a slight tremor when he found himself expressing what no one else perhaps had ever remarked. His attention became riveted on his canvass, and he again forgot the aristocratic descent of his sitter. Holding his breath from eagerness, he gradually saw the delicate features and transparent skin come out upon his canvass. He had caught every half-tint, even the slight ivory-like yellowness, the nearly imperceptible bluish tone under the eyes, and was just in the act of seizing a little mole upon the forehead, when he suddenly heard behind him the voice of the mother, crying—"Oh, never mind that! that is not necessary! I see, too, you have got a—here, for instance, and here, see!—a kind of yellowish—and here and there you have, as it were, little dark places." The artist explained that the

dark and yellow tones relieved the face, and gave a delicacy to the flesh-tints. But the notion was scouted. He was informed that Lise had not slept well, that there was usually no yellowness at all in her face, which struck every body by its freshness of complexion. Sadly and reluctantly Tcharkóff began to efface what he had taken such pains to produce. With it there vanished of course much of the resemblance. He now began, with a feeling of indifference, to throw over the whole a more common-place and hackneyed colouring, the red and white, devoid of vigour, which each daubster has at his command. The obnoxious tint was effaced, and the mamma was delighted. She only expressed her surprise that the work went on so slowly. She had heard, she said, that he could completely finish a portrait in two sittings. The ladies rose and prepared to go away. Tcharkóff laid down his pencil, conducted them to the door, and then, returning, stood for a while before his portrait, regretting the delicate lines, the half-tints and airy tones, so happily caught and pitilessly effaced. With these recollections vivid in his mind, he put aside the portrait, and looked for a study, which had been long abandoned, of a head of *Psyche*, an idea he had some time before thrown sketchily on the canvass. It was a pretty little countenance, cleverly and rapidly painted, but quite ideal, cold and hard, devoid of life and reality. Scarcely knowing why, he began to work at this, endeavouring to communicate to it all he could remember of the countenance of his aristocratic sitter. *Psyche* grew more and more animated; the type of the young fashionable lady's countenance was by degrees mingled with hers, at the same time acquiring an expression which gave it originality and character. Tcharkóff was able to avail himself, both in the details and in the general effect, of all that he had obtained from his sitter, and to incorporate it with his work. During several days he laboured hard at his *Psyche*. He was still busy with it when he was interrupted by the arrival of his former visitors. The picture was on the easel. Both ladies uttered a cry of admiration, and clapped their hands.

"Lise! Lise! Oh, how like! *Superbe! Superbe!* What an exquisite idea, to dress her in the Grecian costume! What a truly delicious surprise!"

The artist hardly knew how to undeceive the ladies in their agreeable mistake. He hung his head, and, with an apologetic air, said, in a low voice, "This is Psyche."

"Painted as Psyche! *C'est charmant!*" said the mother, with a smile, faithfully repeated by the daughter. "Don't you think so, Lise? it's just the thing for you. Painted as Pysche! *Quelle idée délicieuse!* But what a picture! Quite a Correggio! I have heard and read much about you, but I had not the least idea of your talent."

"What the deuce am I to do with them?" thought the artist. "Well, if they will have it so, Psyche shall go;" and he said aloud—"I must trouble you to give me a few minutes more—I should like to add a few touches."

"You cannot improve it. Pray leave it as it is."

The painter guessed that they apprehended some more yellow tones, and he hastened to remove their fears, saying that he was only going to increase the brilliancy and expression of the eyes. In reality he desired to give his picture a closer resemblance with the original—fearing, if he did not, that he should be taxed with unblushing flattery. In spite of the lady's reluctance, the pallid damsel's features began to come out more clearly amid the outlines of the Psyche.

"That will do," said the mother, less pleased by the picture as the resemblance grew closer. The artist was rewarded for his labour with smiles, money, compliments, a most affectionate squeeze of the hand, and a pressing invitation to dinner; in a word, he was overwhelmed with recompenses. The portrait made much noise in the town. The lady showed it to all her acquaintance. Every body admired the skill with which the painter had succeeded in preserving the resemblance, and at the same time in giving beauty to the original. The last remark, of course, was not made without a slight tinge of malice. Tcharkóff was besieged with commis-

sions. The whole town was mad to be painted by him. His door-bell rang incessantly. Unfortunately his sitters were of the class most difficult to manage; either persons very much occupied, or fashionable people, who having in reality nothing to do, were, of course, far busier than any body else, and hurried and impatient in the highest degree. Every body expected a good picture in less time than was necessary to do a slovenly one. The artist saw that high finish was quite out of the question, and that all he could do was to dazzle by the facility, rapidity, and smartness of his execution. He had to content himself with catching the general expression, neglecting the more delicate details, and not attempting to attain the individuality and reality of nature. Besides this, every sitter had some fresh fancy. The ladies required that only their sentiment and character should be represented in their portraits; that all the rest should be smoothed and softened; sharp angles rounded off; defects mitigated, and even, if possible, altogether concealed. They required, in short, to be made attractive in their portraits, whether nature had made them so or not. Consequently many, when they seated themselves in the painting chair, put on such looks and expressions as absolutely astounded the artist. One struggled to give her features an air of melancholy; another of sentimental abstraction; a third tried desperately to make her mouth small, and pursed it up till it resembled a round dot. And in spite of all this they expected striking resemblance, ease, and grace. Nor were the gentlemen more reasonable. One required to be painted with a strong energetic turn of the head; another with uplifted eyes, full of poetic inspiration; an ensign of the Guards declared that he should not be satisfied unless Mars was made visible in his countenance: a civilian delicately suggested that his face should be made as much as possible to express incorruptible probity, mingled with imposing dignity, and that he should be painted leaning his arm on a book, inscribed in legible characters, "I stand for right." At first all these requests frightened and annoyed our painter; there was so much to be

harmonised, considered, and arranged, and all in a few hours. At last he began to understand the secret, and went on without troubling his head in the least. From the first two or three words spoken, he perceived how the sitters wished to be painted. The gentleman who wanted Mars was made a Mars of; he who aped Byron received a Byronic attitude. As to the ladies, whether they wished to be Corinnas, or Undines, or Aspasias, he was quite ready to accommodate them, and even added, from his own imagination, a universal air of distinction, which never does any harm, and which sometimes makes people excuse even want of resemblance. He soon began to be astonished at the wonderful rapidity and success of his execution. As to the sitters, they were in ecstasies, and proclaimed him every where a genius of the first water.

Tcharkoff became all the fashion. He drove out every day to dinner parties, escorted ladies to exhibitions and promenades, was a consummate puppy in his dress, and openly declared that an artist ought to be a man of the world; that it was his duty to maintain his dignity; that painters in general dressed like shoemakers; that their manners were excruciatingly vulgar, and that they were people of no education. His studio was a pattern of elegance; he kept a couple of magnificent footmen; took a number of dandified pupils; had his hair curled; dressed half-a-dozen times a-day in various fantastical costumes. He was perpetually rehearsing improvements in his way of receiving visitors; meditating on all possible means of beautifying his person, and of producing an agreeable impression on the ladies. In short, it soon became impossible to recognise in him the modest student who once laboured so fervently in his garret in the Vasilievskii Ostrov. Concerning art and artists he now rarely spoke; he asserted that the merit of the old masters had been outrageously overrated; that, before Raphael, their figures were rather like herrings than human beings; that it was the imagination of the spectator only that could find in their works that air of grandeur and dignity generally attributed to them. Raphael

himself, he said, was very unequal, and many of his productions owed their glory only to tradition. Michael Angelo was a boaster, weakly vain of his knowledge of anatomy, and without a particle of grace. Real force of outline, grace of touch, and magic of colouring we must look for, he said, in the present age. Thence the conversation easily glided to his own pictures.

"I cannot conceive," he would say, "the obstinacy of people who dudge at their pictures. A fellow who hangs month after month over one piece of canvass is, in my opinion, an artisan, not an artist. Such a one has no genius, for genius creates boldly, rapidly. Now this portrait, for instance," he would say, "I painted in two days, this head in one day, this in a few hours, and that other in rather more than an hour. I don't call it art to go crawling on, line after line."

Thus he would chatter to his visitors, and the visitors would admire his dashing rapidity, and utter exclamations of wonder when they heard how quickly he worked; and then they would whisper to each other—"This is genius—real genius! How well he talks! What an extraordinary talent!"

Such praise as this the painter greedily drank in, and was as delighted as a child by the encomiums of the press, even when bought and paid for with his own money. His fame continued to spread, and his occupation to increase, till he grew weary of painting portraits and faces with the same tricks and attitudes that he knew by heart. Gradually he worked with less and less good-will, contenting himself with carelessly sketching in the head, and leaving all the rest to be finished by his pupils. Formerly he had taken trouble to seek new attitudes; to strike by novelty—by effect. Now he began to grow weary even of this labour. He entirely left off reflecting; he had neither power nor leisure for it. His dissipated mode of life, and the society in which he played the part of a man of fashion, severed him more and more from labour and from thought. His touch grew cold and dull, and he insensibly confined himself to stale, common-

place, worn-out forms. The stiff, monotonous countenances of officers and civilians, in their graceless modern costumes, were not very attractive subjects for the pencil. He forgot all—his graceful draping, his easy attitudes, his power of representing the passions. As to skilful grouping or dramatic effect in painting, all that was quite out of the question. He had nothing before his eyes but the eternal uniform, corset, or dress-coat—objects chilling to the artist, and affording little scope to imagination. By and by even the most ordinary merits disappeared, one by one, from his productions; and they still enjoyed the highest reputation, though real judges and artists only shrugged their shoulders as they looked at the work of his hand.

These mute but significant criticisms of the discerning few never reached the ears of the artist, intoxicated as he was with vanity and false fame. He already too approached the period of maturity in age and intellect, and was rapidly acquiring a respectable corpulence. He now met in the journals with such expressions as these:—"Our respectable Andréi Petróvitch—our veteran of the pencil, Andréi Petróvitch." He now received many honorary appointments in public institutions; was frequently invited to examinations and to committees. He began, as people infallibly do on reaching a certain age, to stand up sturdily for the old masters, not from any profound conviction of their wonderful merits, but in order to throw their names in the teeth of young artists. He did not hesitate to fly in the face of the doctrines he had advocated some years previously. According to him, labour was every thing, inspiration a mere name; and he affirmed that, in art, all things should be subjected to the severest rules.

Fame can give no satisfaction to one who has not earned, but stolen it. It produces a constant thrill only in the heart conscious of having deserved it. Tcharkóff no longer valued fame. All his feelings and desires were turned towards gold. Gold became his passion, his delight, the object of his being. Bank-notes filled his portfolios, piles of gold his coffers; but, like all avaricious men, he grew sour, sel-

fish, inaccessible to every thing but money—cold-hearted and penurious. He was gradually sinking into an unhappy miser, when an event came to pass which gave his whole moral being a terrible and awakening shock.

Returning home one day, Tcharkóff found lying on his table a letter, in which the Academy of Arts invited him, as one of its most distinguished members, to give his opinion of a new picture just arrived from Italy, the work of a Russian artist who had long studied there. The painter, who had been a schoolfellow of Tcharkóff's, imbued, even as a boy, with a fervent passion for art, had early torn himself from home and friends, from all the pleasures and habits of his age and country, to toil and study in the renowned Italian city, whose very name thrills the painter's heart. There he condemned himself to solitude and uninterrupted labour. Men spoke of his eccentricity, of his ignorance of the world, of his neglect of all the customs of society, of the disgrace he cast on the artist's profession by his dress, which was beneath his station, and by his frugality, which was almost penury. He cared nothing for scoff and reproach. Regardless of the world's comments, he gave himself up to his art. Unweariedly did he haunt the galleries; hour after hour, day after day, he stood before the works of the great masters, striving to penetrate their secrets. He never finished a picture without comparing it many times with the productions of those mighty teachers, and reading in their creations silent but eloquent counsel. He engaged in no arguments or disputes, but accorded to every school the honour it deserved; and after aiming at acquiring what was most meritorious in each, at length addicted himself to the study of the immortal Raphael; like a student of letters, who, after reading and re-reading the works of a multitude of authors, at last confines himself to the writings of one whom he conceives to unite the chief beauties of all the others, superadding graces none of them possess. After many years of persevering application and gradual progress, the artist left the schools, possessing pure and elevated ideas of

composition, great powers of conception, and an execution that charmed alike by its delicacy and force. But, with the modesty of true genius, he still allowed a considerable time to elapse before he ventured to submit a picture to the verdict of his countrymen.

On entering the exhibition-room, Tchartkóff found it thronged with visitors, grouped before the painting. Silence, such as is rarely met with amongst a numerous collection of amateurs, reigned throughout the crowd. Assuming the knowing and supercilious look of an acknowledged connoisseur, he approached the picture, prepared to cavil and find fault, or, at best, to damn with faint praise. But the caunting phrase of conventional criticism died away upon his lips at the sight he there beheld. Faultless, pure, gracious, and beautiful as some fair and virgin bride was the noble production of genius that met his astonished gaze. With wonder and admiration he recognised the work of a pencil that revived the glories of ancient art. A profound study of Raphael was manifest in the noble elevation of the attitudes; there was a something Correggian in the skilful handling and careful finish. But there was no servile imitation of any painter; the artist had sought and found in his own soul the divine spark that gave life to his creation. Not an object in the picture, however trifling, but had been the subject of a profound study; the law of its constitution had been analysed, and its internal organism investigated. And the painter had caught that flowing roundness of line which pervades all nature, but which no eye ever sees save that of the creator-artist—that roundness which the mere copyist degrades into points and angles. He had poetised, whilst faithfully representing, the commonest objects of external nature. A feeling of awe mingled with the admiration that kept the crowd profoundly silent. Not a whisper was heard, not a rustle or a sound, for some time after the arrival of Tchartkóff. All were absorbed in contemplation of the masterpiece: and in the eyes of the more enthusiastic tears of delight were seen to glisten. Tchartkóff himself stood open-mouthed and motionless before

the wonderful painting, whose merits and beauties the spectators at last began to discuss. He was roused from abstraction by being appealed to for his opinion. In vain did he strive to resume his dignified air, and to give utterance to the musty commonplace of criticism. The contemptuous smile was chased from his features by the workings of emotion; his breast heaved with a convulsive sob, and after a moment's violent but ineffectual struggle, he burst into tears and rushed wildly from the hall.

A few minutes later he stood motionless, almost paralysed, in his own magnificent studio. The bandage had fallen from his eyes. He saw how he had squandered the best years of his youth; how he had trampled and stifled the spark of that fire once burning within him, which might have been fanned till it blazed up into grandeur and glory, and extorted tears of gratitude and admiration from a wondering world. All this he had sacrificed and thrown away, heedlessly, madly, brutally. There suddenly revived in his soul those enthusiastic aspirations he once had known. He caught up a pencil and approached a canvass. The sweat of eagerness stood upon his brow; his soul was filled with one passionate desire—one solitary thought burned in his brain. The zeal for art, the thirst for fame he once so strongly felt, had suddenly returned, evoked from their lurking-place by the mute voice of another's genius. And why, Tchartkóff thought, should not he also excel? His hand trembled with feverish impatience till he could scarcely hold the pencil. He took for his subject a fallen angel. The idea was in accordance with his frame of mind. But, alas! how soon he was convinced of the vanity of his efforts! His hand and imagination had been too long confined to one line and limit, and his fierce but impotent endeavour to overleap the barrier, to break his self-imposed fetters, had no result. He had despised and neglected the fundamental condition of future greatness—the long and fatiguing ladder of study and reflection. Maddened by disappointment, furious at the conviction of impotency, he ignominiously dismissed from his studio all his later

and most esteemed productions, to which places of honour had been accorded—all his lifeless, senseless, fashionable portraits of hussars, ladies of fashion, and privy councillors. He then shut himself up, denied himself to all visitors, and sat down to work, patient and eager as a young student. For a while he laboured day and night. But how unsatisfactory, how cruelly ungrateful was all that grew under his pencil! Each moment he found himself checked and repulsed in the new path he vain would have trodden by the wretched mechanical tricks to which he had so long habituated himself. They stood on his road, an impassable barrier. In spite of himself he recurred to the old commonplace forms; the arms would arrange themselves in one graceless position; the head assume the old hackneyed attitude; the folds of dress refused to drape themselves otherwise than they had so long been wont to do in his hands. All this the unhappy artist plainly felt and saw. His eyes were opened to his heinous faults, but he lacked the power to correct them.

"Surely I *had* ability!" said he to himself; "or was it mere delusion? Could I not, under any circumstances, have done better than I have? Did the whispers of youthful vanity mislead me?" And, to settle this doubt, he hunted out some of his early pictures, which lay neglected in a corner of his painting-room—pictures he had laboured at long ago, when his heart was pure from avarice, and he dwelt in his poor garret in the lonely Vasilievskii Ostrov, far from the world, from luxury and covetousness. He examined them attentively, and the conviction forced itself upon him with irresistible strength, that he had sacrificed genius at the altar of Mammon. "I had it in me!" was his agonised exclamation. "Every where, in all of these, I behold traces and proofs of the power I have recklessly frittered away."

Covering his face with his hands, Tchartkóff stood silent, full of bitter thoughts, rapidly but minutely reviewing the whole of his past life. When he removed his hands he started, and a thrill passed over him, for he suddenly encountered the gaze of two piercing eyes glittering with a sombre lustre, and seem-

ing to watch and enjoy his despair. A second glance showed him they belonged to the strange portrait which he had bought, many years before, in the Stehúkin Dvor. It had remained forgotten and concealed amidst a mass of old pictures, and he had long since forgotten its existence. Now that the gaudy, fashionable pictures and portraits had been removed from the studio, there it was, peering grimly out from amongst his early productions. Tchartkóff remembered that, in a certain sense, this hideous portrait had been the origin of the useless life he had so long led and now so deeply deplored; that the hoard of gold discovered in its frame had developed and fostered in him those worldly passions, that sensuality and love of luxury, which had been the bane of his genius. Calling his servants, he ordered the hateful picture to be taken from the room, and bestowed where he should never again behold it. Its departure, however, was insufficient to calm his agitation and quell the storm that raged within him. He was a prey to that rare moral torture sometimes witnessed when a feeble talent wrestles unsuccessfully to attain a development above its capacity—a furious endeavour which often conducts young and vigorous minds to great achievements, but whose result to old and enervated ones is more frequently despair and insanity. Tchartkóff, when convinced of the futility of his efforts, became possessed by the demon of envy, who soon monopolised and made him all his own. His complexion assumed a bilious yellow tint; he could not bear to hear an artist praised, or look with patience at any work of art that bore the impress of genius. On beholding such he would grind his teeth with fury, and the expression of his face became that of a maniac.

At last he conceived one of the most execrable projects the human mind ever engendered; and, with an eagerness approaching to frenzy, he hastened to put it into execution. He bought up all the best pictures he could find in St Petersburg, and whose owners could be induced to part with them. The prices he gave to tempt sellers were often most extravagant. As soon as he had

purchased a picture, and got it safely home, he would set upon it with demoniac fury, tearing, scratching, even biting it; and, when it was utterly defaced and rent into the smallest possible fragments, he would dance and trample on it, laughing like a fiend. The enormous fortune he had accumulated during his long and successful career as a fashionable portrait-painter, enabled him largely to indulge this infernal monomania. To this abominable end he, Tcharkóff, but a short time before so avaricious, became reckless in his expenditure. For this he untied the strings of his bags of gold, and scattered his rubles with lavish hand. All were surprised at the change, and at the rapidity with which he squandered his fortune, in his zeal, as it was supposed, to form a gallery of the noblest works of art. In the auction room, none cared to oppose him, for all were certain to be outbid. He was held to be mad, and certainly his conduct and appearance justified the presumption. His countenance, of a jaundiced hue, grew haggard and wrinkled; misanthropy and hatred of the world were plainly legible upon it. He resembled that horrid demon whom Pushkin has so ably conceived and portrayed. Save an occasional sarcasm, venomous and bitter, no word ever passed his lips, and at last he became universally avoided. His acquaintances, and even his oldest friends, shunned his presence, and would go a mile round to escape meeting him in the street. The mere sight of him, they said, was enough to cloud their whole day.

Fortunately for society and for art, such an unnatural and agitated existence as this could not long endure. Tcharkóff's mental excitement was too violent for his physical strength. A burning fever and furious delirium ravaged his frame, and in a few days he was but the ghost of his former self. The delirium augmented, and

became a permanent and incurable mania, in some of whose paroxysms it was necessary to bind him to his couch. He fancied he saw continually before him the singular old portrait from the Stchúkin Dvor! This was the more strange, because since the day he had turned it out of his studio, it had never once met his sight. But now he raved of its terrible living eyes, which haunted him unceasingly, and when this fancy came over him, his madness was something terrific. All the persons who approached his bed he imagined to be horrible portraits; copies, repeated again and again, of the old man with the fiendish eyes. The image multiplied itself perpetually; the ceiling, the walls, the floor, were all covered with portraits, staring sternly and fixedly at him with living eyes. The room extended and stretched out to a vast and interminable gallery, to afford room for millions of repetitions of the ghastly picture. In vain did numerous physicians seek to discover, with a view to the alleviation of the poor wretch's sufferings, some secret connexion between the incidents of his past life and the strange phantom that thus eternally haunted him. No explanation or clue could be obtained from the patient, who continued to apostrophise the portrait in disconnected phrase, and to utter howls of agony and lamentation. At last his existence terminated in one last horrible paroxysm. His corpse was frightful to behold; of his once comely form, a yellow shrivelled skeleton was all that remained. A few thousand rubles were the sole residue of his wealth; and his disappointed heirs, beholding numerous drawers and closets full of torn fragments that had once composed noble pictures, understood and cursed the odious use to which their relative had applied his princely fortune..

CHAPTER II.

A number of carriages, caleches, and drójkis were drawn up in the vicinity of a handsome mansion in one of the best quarters of St Petersburg. It had been the residence of a rich virtuoso, lately deceased, and whose

pictures, furniture, and curiosities, were now selling by auction. The large drawing-room was filled with the most distinguished amateurs of art in St Petersburg, mingled with brokers and dealers on the look-out for

bargains, and with a large sprinkling of those idlers who, without intending to purchase, frequent auctions to kill a morning. The sale was in full activity, and there was eager competition for the lot then up. The biddings succeeded each other so rapidly, that the auctioneer was scarcely able to repeat them. The object so many were eager to possess, was a portrait, which could hardly fail to attract the attention even of persons who knew nothing of pictures. This painting, which possessed a very considerable amount of artistical merit, and had apparently been more than once restored, repaired, and cleaned, represented the tawny features of an Oriental, attired in a loose costume. The expression of the face was singular, and by no means pleasant. Its most striking feature was the extraordinary and unaccountable look of the eyes, which, by some trick of the artist, seemed to follow the spectator wherever he went. Every one of the persons there assembled was ready to swear that the eyes looked straight at him; and, what was yet more unaccountable, the effect was the same whether the beholder stood on the right, or on the left, or in front of the picture. This peculiarity it was that had made so many anxious to possess a portrait whose subject and painter were alike unknown. Gradually, however, many of the amateurs ceased their biddings, for the price had become extravagant, and at last only two continued to compete—two rich noblemen, both enthusiastic lovers of the eccentric in art. These still continued the contest, grew heated with their rivalry, and were in a fair way to raise the price to something positively absurd, when a by-stander stepped forward and addressed them. "Before this contest goes farther," he said, "permit me to say a few words. Of all here present, it is I, I believe, who have the best right to the portrait in dispute."

All eyes were turned towards the speaker. He was a tall, handsome man, of about thirty-five, with a pleasant, cheerful countenance, a careless style of dress, and long black curls flowing down his neck. He was personally known to many present,

and the name of B——, the artist, was circulated through the room.

"Extraordinary as my words may appear to you," he resumed, perceiving he had fixed the general attention, "I can explain them if you are disposed to give me five minutes' audience. I have every reason to believe that this portrait is one I have long sought in vain."

Curiosity was expressed on every countenance; the auctioneer stood open-mouthed and with uplifted hammer; all entreated B—— to tell his tale. The artist at once complied.

"You are all acquainted," he said, "with the quarter of St Petersburg known as the Kolómna, and aware that it is chiefly occupied by persons either in poverty, or whose resources are exceedingly limited, many of whom, compelled by unforeseen circumstances to outstrip their limited income, frequently find themselves in want of immediate and temporary assistance; compelled, in short, to apply to money-lenders. In consequence of this, there has settled amongst them a particular class of usurers, who supply petty sums on satisfactory pledges, and at enormous interest. These pawnbrokers on a small scale are generally far more pitiless than the aristocratic usurer, whose customers drive to his door in their carriages. Compunction, humanity, a feeling of pity for the unfortunates upon whose need they fatten, never by any chance enter their breast. Amongst these callous extortioners there was one who, at a certain period of the last century, under the reign of the Empress Catherine II., had been settled for some years in the Kolómna. He was an extraordinary and enigmatical personage, of whom none knew any thing; he wore a flowing Asiatic dress, his complexion was swarthy as an Arab; but to what nation he really belonged, whether Hindoo, or Greek, or Persian, none could decide. His tall stature, his tawny, withered, wiry face, with its tint of greenish bronze, his large eyes full of sullen fire, shadowed by thick and overhanging brows; every point in his appearance, in short, made a strong and marked distinction between him and the other inhabitants of the

quarter. His very dwelling was quite unlike the little wooden houses which surrounded it. It was a large brick building, in the style of those often constructed by the Genoese merchants, with windows of different sizes disposed at irregular distances, with iron shutters and hasps. This usurer was distinguished from all others by the circumstance that he could always supply any sum of money required, and would accommodate alike the needy groom and the extravagant noble. At his door were often to be seen brilliant equipages, through whose windows might sometimes be discerned the head of a luxurious and fashionable lady. Rumour said that his iron chests teemed with countless heaps of money, plate, diamonds, and all kinds of valuable pledges, but nevertheless he was reported less greedy than the other money-lenders. He made no difficulty, people said, to lend, and was apparently far from oppressive in fixing the terms of payment. But on the day of reckoning, it was observed, that by some extraordinary arithmetical calculation, he made the interest mount up to an enormous sum: such, at least, was the popular report. The strangest thing about him, however, and which struck every body, was the fatality that seemed to attach to his loans; all who borrowed of him finished their lives in an unhappy manner. Whether this was a mere popular notion, a stupid superstitious gossip, or a rumour intentionally disseminated, has ever remained a mystery. But it is a fact that many things occurred to give it validity, and that within a comparatively short period of time. Amongst the aristocracy of the day, there was one young man who particularly attracted the attention of society. He was of ancient descent and noble blood; had very early distinguished himself in the service of the empire, as a warm protector of every thing honourable and elevated, and as a passionate lover of art and genius. He was soon distinguished by the personal notice of the Empress, who confided to him the duties of an office peculiarly adapted to his tastes and talents—an office which gave him power to be

of the greatest service not only to science, but to humanity itself. The young noble surrounded himself with artists, poets, scholars, and men of learning. To all of them he promised employment, patronage, protection. He undertook, at his own expense, a number of important publications, gave a multitude of orders to artists, founded prizes for excellence, spent enormous sums in this unselfish manner, and at length got into difficulties. Full, however, of generous enthusiasm, and unwilling to leave his work half finished, he borrowed money in all directions, and at length found his way to the famous usurer in the Kolonna. Having obtained from this man a very extensive loan, the young noble all at once underwent a complete transformation. He became, as by enchantment, the enemy of rising intellect and talent, the persecutor of all he had previously protected. It was just then that the French Revolution broke out. This event gave him a handle for suspicion. In every thing he detected some revolutionary tendency; in every word, in every expressed opinion, he saw a dangerous hint or perfidious insinuation. The disease gained on him till he almost began to suspect himself. He laid false informations, fabricated the foulest charges, and caused the ruin of numbers of innocent people. At first, his guilty manœuvres were undetected, and, when found out, they were thought to proceed from insanity. Report was made to the Empress, who deprived him of his office. But his severest sentence was the contempt he read in the faces of his countrymen. I need not describe the sufferings of this vain and insolent spirit, the tortures he endured from crushed pride, defeated ambition, ruined expectations. At last his monomania—for such it must surely have been—aggravated by regret and chagrin, became insanity, and in a frightful paroxysm the unhappy maniac committed suicide.

“Not less remarkable than the fate of this wretched young man was that of a lady who passed at that time for the most beautiful woman in St Petersburg. My father has often assured me, that he never beheld any thing to be compared to her. Possessing,

besides her beauty, the not less fascinating charms of wit, intellect, wealth, and high rank, she was of course surrounded by a swarm of admirers. The most remarkable of these was Prince R., the flower of all the young nobles of that day, and to whom the palm was universally conceded, not only for beauty of person, but for high qualities and chivalry of character. He was well qualified for a hero of romance, or a woman's beau-ideal. Deeply and passionately enamoured of the young countess, his affection met with as pure and ardent a return. But her relations disapproved the match. The prince's paternal estates had passed out of his hands, — his family was in disgrace at court, and the derangement of his finances was no secret to any body. Suddenly he left the capital, apparently for the purpose of putting his affairs in order; and, after a brief absence, reappeared and commenced a life of splendid extravagance. His balls and entertainments were so magnificent as to attract the notice of the court, and, it was rumoured, to mollify imperial displeasure. The countess's father became suddenly gracious, and soon nothing was talked of in St Petersburg but the marriage of the two lovers. Of the origin of the enormous fortune of the bridegroom, to which this change in the sentiments of his future father-in-law was unquestionably to be attributed, nobody could give a distinct account, though it was pretty generally whispered that he had entered into a compact with the mysterious money-lender of the Kolómna, and from him obtained a large loan. Be this as it may, the wedding formed the whole talk of the town. Bride and bridegroom were the object of universal envy. Every body had heard of their beauty and virtues, of their ardent and constant love; and all rejoiced that the obstacles to their union were removed. Numerous were the prophetic pictures drawn of the blissful existence the young couple were certain to enjoy. The event proved very different. In one twelvemonth a total and terrible change took place in the character of the prince. Hitherto noble, generous, and confiding, he became, on a sudden, jealous, suspicious, impatient, and

capricious. He was the tyrant and tormentor of his wife; and, to the unbounded astonishment of every body who had known him before his marriage, treated her with inhuman brutality, and was even known to strike her! In one year the beautiful and dazzling girl, who was followed by a crowd of obedient adorers, could not be recognised in the careworn and unhappy wife. At length, unable longer to support the cruel yoke of such a marriage, she sought a separation. At the first notification of this step, the prince gave way to the most uncontrolled fury, — burst into her chamber, and would infallibly have stabbed her, had he not been seized and removed by force. Mad with rage, he turned his weapon upon himself, and lay a corpse at the feet of his horror-stricken friends. Besides these two incidents, which attracted great notice in the higher circles, a number of other instances were cited as having occurred amongst the lower classes, where the loans of the mysterious usurer had brought misfortune in their train. One man, previously a sober and honest artisan, had become a confirmed drunkard, and died in the hospital; a shopman had robbed his master; an *izvóztchik*, for years noted for his honesty, had cut the throat of a customer in order to rob him of an insignificant sum. All these persons, and many others, who sank into misery and crime, or perished by violent deaths, had been customers of the mysterious Asiatic, of whom these stories, related, as they often were, with additions and exaggerations, inspired the quiet and peaceable inhabitants of the Kolómna with an involuntary horror. Nobody doubted the real presence of the evil spirit in this man. They said that he exacted conditions which made one's very hair stand on end, and which none of his unhappy clients dared disclose; that his money had a mysterious property of attraction; that the coins were marked with strange characters, and grew red-hot of their own accord. In short, there were a thousand extravagant reports. But what is most remarkable is, that this population of Kolómna, made up of pensioners, half-pay officers, petty functionaries, obscure artists, and others equally

necessitous, preferred bearing the utmost distress to having recourse to the dreaded money-lender. They all declared they would rather mortify their bodies than destroy their souls. Those who met him in the street hurried by with an uneasy sensation, making way for him with anxious submissiveness, and looking long over their shoulders at the tall lean figure as it lost itself in the distance. His singular frame might well have been the receptacle of a supernatural and unholy spirit. The wild and deeply-cut features had something different from humanity; the extraordinary thickness of the shaggy eye-brows; the bronzed glow of the countenance; the frightful eyes, with their steady unsupportable glare; even the broad folds of the Oriental dress were, each in turn, the subject of uneasy and suspicious comment. My father told me, that when he met him he could not avoid stopping to gaze at him; and it invariably occurred to him that he had never seen, either in painting or life, a face that so completely came up to his notion of a demon. But I must make you, as briefly as possible, acquainted with my father, who is the real hero of my tale. He was a remarkable man, a self-taught painter, seeking principles in his own mind, and elaborating, without master or school, rules and laws of art, led onward by the mere thirst for excellence, and advancing, under the influence of causes which he himself, perhaps, could not have defined, along a path marked out for him only in his own mind. He was one of those children of genius whom contemporaries so often stigmatise as ignorant, because they have struck out a track for themselves, and whose ardour is to be chilled neither by censure nor failures; whence, on the contrary, they derive fresh vigour and courage. Aided only by his own lofty instincts, he attained to the true understanding of what historical painting should be. Scriptural subjects, the last and loftiest step of high art, chiefly occupied his pencil. Free from the feverish irritable vanity and paltry envy so common amongst artists, he was a firm, upright, honourable man, a little rough and unpolished in externals—the husk rather rugged—and

with a share of honest pride and independent feeling which sometimes imparted to his manner an air of mingled bluntness and condescension. 'I care nothing for your fine folks,' he would say. 'I don't work for them. I don't paint drawing-room pictures. Those who understand my work best reward me for it. I do not blame fashionable people for not understanding art: how should they? They understand their cards; they are judges of wine and horses. 'Tis enough. When they do pick up a crude notion or two on the subject of painting, they become intolerable by their assumption. I prefer, a thousand times, the man who honestly confesses he knows nothing about art, to your ignoramus who comes in with a solemn affectation of connoisseurship, claiming to be a judge, talking about things he does not understand, and consequently talking nonsense.' By no means a covetous man, my father painted for very modest remuneration, contented to earn sufficient for the support of his family, and for providing the means of exercising his art. Generous in the extreme, his hand was ever open to less successful artists. Imbued with a fervent and profound sense of religion, it was that, perhaps, which enabled him to communicate to the faces he painted an elevation of religious sentiment that the most brilliant pencils often fail to give. In course of time, and aided by obstinate industry and unflinching perseverance, his talent attracted the attention and commanded the respect even of those who had at first sneered at him as a *home-made* artist. He received numerous orders for altar-pieces and other church pictures, and laboured incessantly. One picture, in particular, engaged his closest attention. The subject I forget, but I know that the great enemy of mankind was to be introduced. Long did my father meditate on this figure; he desired to embody in the countenance the expression of every evil passion that afflicts fallen humanity. Whilst reflecting on the subject, and conjuring up horrible countenances in his imagination, the strange features of the mysterious money-lender frequently recurred to him; and, as often

as they did so, he said to himself, 'The usurer would be a fine model for my Devil.' One day, whilst he was busy planning his great work, and making sketches, with which he had difficulty in pleasing himself, there was a knock at his studio door, and the next instant, to his infinite astonishment, the usurer entered the room. My father has since told me that on beholding him he felt an inexplicable chill and shudder come over his whole frame.

"'You are an artist?' said the intruder, abruptly.

"'I am,' replied my father, and wondered what was coming next.

"'I want my portrait painted. I have not long to live. I have no children, and I do not wish to die altogether. Can you paint a portrait of me that shall be exactly like life?'"

"My father reflected for a moment. 'Nothing could be more opportune,' thought he to himself; 'he comes of his own accord to sit to me for my Devil.' And he at once agreed to satisfy his singular visitor. Hour and price were stipulated, and the next day, my father, bearing palette and brushes, repaired to the abode of his new sitter. The gloomy courtyard, surrounded by high walls; the watch-dogs; the iron doors and shutters; the arched windows; the huge coffers, covered with strange, outlandish-looking carpets; and, above all, the grim, gloomy visage of the master of the house, seated immovable before him,—all these conspired to produce a strong impression on his mind. The windows were closed and darkened; a single pane in the upper part of one of them admitted a strong ray of light. My father forgot the strange repute of his sitter in zeal for his art. 'How splendidly the fellow's face is lighted up!' he thought to himself, and set to work with furious eagerness, as though fearful of losing the favourable moment. 'What vigour! what light and shade!' he exclaimed, inaudibly. 'If I can get him in only half as vigorously as he sits there, the portrait will beat every thing I have done: he will walk out of the canvass. What extraordinary features; what depth in the lines and furrows!' he repeated to himself,

redoubling his fervour at every stroke, as he observed trait after trait rapidly transferring itself to the canvass. But, whilst proceeding with his work, he insensibly became aware of a strange feeling of oppression and uneasiness that crept over him, he knew not how or wherefore. Disregarding it, he persisted in following, with the strictest fidelity and most scrupulous care, every line, and tone, and shade in the extraordinary countenance of his model. To the eyes he gave his chief attention. At first they nearly made him despair. So peculiar and penetrating was their expression, so unlike were they to any eyes he had ever encountered, that it seemed an almost hopeless task to attempt to render them in a picture. Nevertheless he persevered, resolved, at whatever cost of pains and time, to follow them in their minute details, and thus to penetrate, if possible, the mystery and secret of their expression. But whilst engaged in this work, whilst diving, as it were, with his pencil, into the recesses of those mysterious orbs, the uneasiness he had before felt rapidly increased, and there arose in his soul such an inexplicable loathing, such an overpowering sensation of vague horror, that he was several times obliged to suspend his work, and it was only by a violent effort he could bring himself to resume it. At last this unaccountable feeling fairly mastered him; he could no longer bear to look upon those horrible eyes, whose demon-like gaze filled him with dismay. He closed the sitting. But the next day, and the one after that, the same thing occurred; after painting for a short time he invariably became agitated, excited, and unable to proceed. Each day these sensations increased in strength, until they became positive torture, and at last my father threw down his brush, declaring he would paint no more. Extraordinary was the effect produced upon the mysterious usurer by this declaration. By the most touching and humble entreaties, and by promises of munificent reward, he essayed, but in vain, to induce my father to retract his decision and resume his task. He even prostrated himself before him and implored him to terminate the picture,

saying that upon its completion hung his fate, and his very existence. And then he threw out dark and confused hints of supernatural agency, by which, if his living features were once faithfully represented, his soul would be in some sort transferred to the portrait, and be saved from complete annihilation, or a yet worse doom. Terror-stricken at these strange and fearful words, my father threw down pencil and palette and rushed from the house. He could not sleep that night for meditating on this occurrence. The next morning he received back the unfinished portrait, brought to his house by an old woman, the only human being who lived with the usurer. She left also a message, that her master returned the portrait, because he did not want and would not pay for it. A few hours afterwards, on going out, my father learned that the usurer of the Kolómna had died that morning. There was a mystery in all this which my father neither was able nor desired to solve.

"Dating from that day, a perceptible and unfavourable change took place in my father's character. Without apparent cause he became irritable, restless, and unhappy, and a very short time elapsed before he became guilty of an act of which none supposed him capable. About this period, the works of one of his pupils had attracted the attention of a small circle of judges and amateurs of art. My father from the first had perceived and appreciated this young man's talent, and had shown himself particularly well-disposed towards him. Suddenly, as if by a spell, envy and hatred were generated in his mind. The general interest excited by the pupil became intolerable to the master, who could not bear with patience the name of the rising genius. At length, to fill up the measure of his mortification, he learned that the young man had been preferred to paint a picture for a splendid church then just completed. This drove my father frantic. Previously the most upright and honourable of men, he now condescended to the pettiest intrigues and manoeuvres—he who, up to that time, had regarded with horror and contempt all that bore the semblance of intrigue. By dint of caballing, he succeeded in

obtaining an open competition for the work in question; whoever chose, was at liberty to send in his picture, and the best would obtain the preference. Having brought this about, he secluded himself in his studio and applied himself to the task with intense ardour, summoning up all his great energy, skill, and experience of art. As was to be expected, the result was one of his very finest pictures. As a work of art, it was unquestionably the best. When my father saw it placed beside those of the other competitors, a smile of triumph curled his lip, and he entertained no doubt that his would be the picture chosen to adorn the altar. The committee appointed to decide arrived, and cast approving glances at my father's painting. Before giving their verdict, however, they proceeded to examine it minutely, and at last, one of the members—an ecclesiastic of high rank, if I remember rightly—waved his hand to secure the attention of his fellow-judges, and spoke thus: 'The picture presented by this artist,' he said, 'has undoubtedly very high merit as a mere work of art; but it is unsuited to the place and purpose for which it was designed. Those countenances have nothing sacred or holy in their expression. On the contrary, you may discern in every one of them, and especially in the eyes, the traces, more or less modified, of some evil passion, a something unhallowed and almost fiendish.' Struck by this observation, all present looked at the picture: it was impossible to deny the justice of the criticism. My father rushed furiously forward eager to deny and disprove the unfavourable judgment. But he saw for the first time, with feelings of intense horror, that he had given to almost all his countenances the eyes of the money-lender. They all looked out of the canvass with such a devilish and abominable stare, that he himself could scarcely help shuddering. The picture was rejected, and, with unspeakable rage and envy, he heard the prize awarded to his former pupil. He returned home in a state of mind worthy of a demon. He abused and even ill-treated my poor mother, who sought to console him for his disappointment, drove his children brutally from him, broke his easel and brushes,

tore down from the wall the portrait of the money-lender, called for a knife, and ordered a fire to be instantly lighted, intending to cut up the picture and burn it. In this mood he was found by a friend, a painter like himself, a careless, jovial dog, always in good-humour, untroubled with ambition, working gaily at whatever he could get to do, and loving a good dinner and merry company.

"What the deuce are you at? what are you about to burn?" said he, going up to the portrait. "Why, are you mad? This is one of your very best pictures! The old money-lender, I declare. By Jove! an exquisite thing! Admirably hit off! you have caught the old fellow's eyes to perfection. One would almost swear you had transplanted them from the head to the picture. They look out of the canvass."

"We'll see how they look in the fire," said my father surlily, making a movement to thrust the picture into the grate.

"Stop, stop!" cried his friend, checking his arm. "Give it me, rather than burn it." My father was at first unwilling, but at last consented; and the jolly old painter, enchanted with his acquisition, carried off the portrait.

"The picture gone, my father felt himself more tranquil. 'It seemed,' he said, 'as if its departure had taken a load off his heart.' He was astonished at his recent conduct, at the malice and envy that had filled his soul. The more he reflected, the stronger became his sorrow and repentance. 'Yes,' he at last exclaimed, with sincere self-reproach, 'God has punished me for my sins; my picture was really a shameful and abominable thing. It was inspired by the wicked hope of injuring a fellow-man, and a brother artist. Hatred and envy guided my pencil; what better feelings could I expect it to portray?' Without a moment's delay he went in search of his former pupil, embraced him affectionately, entreated his forgiveness, and did all in his power to efface from the young man's mind the remembrance of his offence. Once more his days glided on in peaceful and contented toil, although his face had assumed a pensive

and melancholy expression, previously a stranger to it. He prayed more frequently and fervently, was more often silent, and spoke less bluntly and roughly to others; the rugged surface of his character was smoothed and softened.

"A long time had elapsed without his seeing or hearing any thing of the friend to whom he had given the portrait, and he was one day about to go out and inquire after him, when the man himself entered the room. But his former joviality of manner was gone. He looked worn and melancholy, his cheeks were hollow, his complexion pale, and his clothes hung loosely upon him. My father was struck with the change, and inquired what ailed him.

"Nothing now," was the reply: 'nothing since I got rid of that infernal portrait. I was wrong, my friend, not to let you burn it. The devil fly away with the thing, say I! I am no believer in witchcraft and the like, but I am more than half persuaded some evil spirit is lodged in the portrait of the usurer.'

"What makes you think so?" said my father.

"The simple fact, that from the very first day it entered my house, I, formerly so gay and joyous, became the most anxious melancholy dog that ever whined under a gallows. I was irritable, ill-tempered, disposed to cut my own throat, and every body else's. My whole life through, I had never known what it was to sleep badly. Well, my sleep left me, and when I did get any, it was broken by dreams. Good Heavens! such horrible dreams; I could not bring myself to believe they were mere dreams, ordinary nightmares. I was sometimes nearly stifled in my sleep; and eternally, my good sir, the old man, that accursed old man, flitted about me. In short, I was in a pitiable state, lost flesh and appetite, and cursed the hour I was born. I crawled about, as if drunk or stupid, tormented with a vague incessant fear, a dread, and anticipation of something frightful about to happen, of some uncommon danger besetting me at every turn. At last, I bethought me of the portrait, and gave it away to a nephew of mine, who had taken a great fancy

to it. Since then I have been much relieved; I feel as if a great stone had been rolled off my heart; I can sleep and eat, and am recovering my former spirits. It was a rare devil you cooked up there, my boy!"

"My father listened to his friend's confession with the closest attention.

"The portrait, then, is now in your nephew's possession?" he at last inquired.

"My nephew's! No, no! He tried it, but could stand it no better than your humble servant. Assuredly the spirit of the old usurer has transmigrated into the picture. My nephew declares that he walks out of the frame, glides about the room; in short the things he tells me, pass human understanding and belief. I should have taken him for a madman, if I had not partly experienced the thing myself. He sold the picture to some dealer or other; and the dealer could not stand it either, and got it off his hands."

"This narrative made a deep impression upon my father. About this time he became subject to long fits of abstraction, and incessant reveries, which gradually turned to hypochondria. At last, he was firmly convinced that his pencil had served as an instrument to the evil spirit; that a portion of the usurer's vitality had actually passed into the picture, which thus continued to torment and persecute its possessors, inspiring them with evil passions, tempting them from the paths of virtue and religion, rousing in their breasts feelings of envy and malice and all uncharitableness. A great misfortune which afflicted him shortly after, the loss, by a contagious disorder, of his wife, daughter, and infant son, he accounted a judgment of heaven upon his sin. He determined to quit the world, and devote himself to religion and prayer. I was then nine years of age. He placed me in the Academy of Arts, wound up his affairs, and retired to a remote convent, where he shortly afterwards assumed the tonsure. There, by the severity of his life, and by the unwearied punctuality with which he fulfilled the rules of his order, he struck the whole brotherhood with surprise and admiration. The

superior of the monastery, hearing of his skill as a painter, requested him to execute an altar-piece for the convent chapel. But the devout brother declared that his pencil had been polluted by a great sin, and that he must purify himself by mortification and long penance, before he could dare apply it to a holy purpose. He then, of his own accord, gradually increased the austerity of his monastic life. At last, the utmost privations he could inflict on himself appearing to him insufficient, he retired, with the blessing of the superior, to court solitude in the desert. There he built himself a hermitage out of the branches of trees, lived on uncooked roots, dragged a heavy stone with him wherever he went, and stood from sunrise to sunset with his hands uplifted to heaven, fervently praying. His penances and mortifications were such as we find examples of only in the lives of the saints. For many years he followed this austere manner of life, and his brethren at the convent had given up all hopes of again seeing him, when one day he suddenly appeared amongst them. 'I am ready,' he said, firmly and calmly to the superior: 'with the help of God, I will begin my task.' The subject he selected was the Birth of Christ. For a whole year he laboured incessantly at his picture, without leaving his cell, nourishing himself with the coarsest food, and rigid in the fulfilment of his religious duties. At the end of that time the picture was completed. It was a miracle of art. Neither the brethren nor the superior were profound critics of painting, but they were awe-struck by the extraordinary sublimity of the figures. The sentiment of divine tranquillity and mildness in the Holy Mother, bending over the Infant Jesus — the profound and celestial intelligence in the eyes of the Babe — the solemn silence and dignified humility of the three Wise Men prostrate at His feet — the holy, unspeakable calm breathed over the whole work — the combined impression of all this was magical. The brethren bowed the knee before the picture, and the superior, deeply affected, pronounced a blessing on the artist. 'No mere human art,' he said, 'could have produced a

picture like this. A power from on high has guided thy pencil, my son, and the blessing of heaven has descended on the work of thy hands.'

"About this time I finished my education in the Academy; I received the gold medal, and at the same time saw realised the delicious hope of being sent to Italy—the cherished dream of the boy-artist. Before departing, I wished to take leave of my father, whom I had not seen for twelve years. I had heard divers reports of the extreme austerity of his life, and expected to see the withered figure of a hermit, worn-out, exhausted, macerated with fast and vigil. My astonishment was great when I beheld my father. No trace of exhaustion was on his countenance, which beamed with a joy whose source was not of this world. A beard as white as snow, and long thin hair of silvery hue floated picturesquely down his breast and along the folds of his black robe, and descended even to the cord girding his monastic gown. Before we parted, I received from his lips precepts and counsels for the conduct of my life and for my guidance in art—precepts I have religiously remembered, and which will ever remain indelibly engraven on my soul. Three days I abode near him; on the third, I went to ask his blessing before my departure for the artist's home, the distant and much-desired shores of Italy. Already, in the course of our long communings, he had told me the story of his life, especially dwelling on the remarkable passage I have just related. 'My son,' these were his last words, 'my conscience, tranquillised in great measure by years of prayer and penitence, has yet its uneasy moments, when I recall the circumstances connected with that portrait. I have been told that it still passes from hand to hand, occasioning misery to many, exciting feelings of envy and hatred, fostering unlawful desires and unholy thoughts. By the memory of thy mother, and

by the love thou bearest me, I entreat thee, my son, truly and faithfully to perform my last request. Seek out that portrait; sooner or later you must find it; you cannot fail to recognise it by the strange expression, and by the extraordinary fire and vividness of the eyes. Purchase it, at whatever cost, and commit it to the flames! So shall my blessing prosper thee, and thy days be long in the land.'

"How could I refuse the pledge thus touchingly required by the venerable old man? Throwing myself into his arms, I swore by the silver locks that flowed over his breast, faithfully to do his bidding. We live in a positive age, and believers in any thing bordering on the supernatural grow each day rarer. But my path was plain before me; I had promised, and must perform. For fifteen years I have devoted a certain portion of each, to a search for the mysterious picture, with constant ill-success, until to-day—at this auction."

Here the artist, suspending his sentence, turned towards the wall where the portrait had hung. His movement was imitated by his hearers, who looked round in search of the wonderful picture, concerning which they had just been told so strange a tale. But the portrait was no longer there. A murmur of surprise, almost of consternation, ran through the throng.

"Stolen!" at last exclaimed a voice. And stolen the picture doubtless had been. Some dexterous thief, profiting by the profound attention with which the eyes of all were fixed upon the narrator, whilst all ears drank in his singular story, had managed to take down and carry off the portrait. The company remained plunged in perplexity, almost doubting whether they had really seen those extraordinary eyes, or whether the whole thing were not a fantasy, a vision, the phantom of a brain heated and fatigued by the long examination of a gallery of old pictures.

HOUNDS AND HORSES AT ROME.

ENGLISH KENNEL.

"The Dog-Star rages!"—POPE.

To do at Rome as the Romans do, is an adage which we English can no longer apply to our proceedings in that city; we now reverse this, and carrying thither our games, field-sports, and other whimsies, not only practise these ourselves, but would impose them upon her senate and people; for a senate she still has, and the Romans take a strange pleasure in exhibiting, on state occasions, the well-known letters, which tell of formerly allied, but long since departed glories. What would her ancient senate, the stern descendants of the wolf-nursed twins—

"Curius quid sentit, et ambo

Scipiadae?"

have said to the subserviency of their present *mis*-representatives, who go forth, not to give races, but to witness the feats of barbarian jockeyship, on a turf that once resounded only to the hoofs of their own favourite racers;

"Whose easy triumph and transcendent speed

Palm after palm proclaimed; whilst Victory,
In the horse circus, stood exulting by."

If the senator Damisippus once received such a castigation at the hands of the bard of Aquinum, for merely driving his own phaeton at noon, and for nodding *earnestly* to a friend as he passed, how would that poet's indignation or muse—

"Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum—"

have dealt with you, Princes Borghese and Cesarini, Doria and Colonna, who, changing your long robes for the scarlet jacket, (worse than any *Trechidipna*), have learned to vie with each other in acquiring a field-note, of which Alaric had been proud, to strive for precedence in a fox-hunt, and to glory more in winning his brush, than ever did your ancestors on wresting a trophy from

the Sicambri. But, thanks to Popes who have wisely prohibited satirists and satire, ye are free to follow, unscathed by the Iambic muse, this or any other pastime you please, however unsuited in character to the dignity of your descent. To one merely paying a transitory visit to Rome in the grand tour of twenty years ago, it might not have occurred as a likely contingency that a pack of English fox-hounds should be one day kennelled close up to her gates; but to him who witnessed the sporting monomania of some of our countrymen, and the difficulty they found (having nothing else to *kill*) in killing *time*, it would never have seemed improbable. The enthusiasm which every one gets up for the Coliseum, or the Arch of Titus, generally expends itself on the spot, and is not afterwards to be resuscitated. This leads many during a six weeks' sojourn in the eternal city, (which seems to them already an eternity), to ask themselves, with Fabricius, their business there; while some, following his example still farther, leave it in disgust. Till certain very recent arrangements had been completed for his equipment, no one's position was more to be compassionated—if you adopted his own view of it—than that of the English sportsman; it was really lamentable to hear him describe, while it would occasionally prompt a smile to see his expedients, to relieve it. Finding little that was congenial to his tastes or his talents in the arts or the society of the place, he would sometimes seek to abridge the tedium and length of his stay at Rome, by episodes of lark-shooting at Subiaco, or by looking after wild-boars at Ostia; and some, to whom hunting was indispensable, would hire dogs and make them chase *each other*, while they harked on the ragged pack, on the best hacks they could procure for the purpose. This, how-

ever, which might have proved excellent sport had the dogs always chosen to run properly, was oft-times tried and relinquished, in consequence of a practical difficulty, originating in the pack itself, which refused to supply from its ranks the necessary *quota* of amateur hares required by the riders. By this token, it was high time something should be done ! At length the auspicious day dawned when the sporting world (already on the alert to contrive less uunrnf-like proceedings than the last mentioned) was agreeably saved from the embarrassment of further thought on the subject, by a spirited announcement, noticed with becoming gratitude in *Galignani*, from Lord C—— that he had actually sent for his dogs from England. No time was lost; the groom, despatched in haste with the necessary instructions, returned within six weeks, leaving the kennel and *cavaille* that accompanied it only a few days behind on the road. One morning shortly after, it was announced at the Vatican, that a pack of hungry hounds was at the Popolo Gate, barking for admittance, and apparently threatening to eat up the whole Apostolic Doganieri if they kept them much longer. The matter pressed: a deputation of Englishmen waited on the governor, requesting permission for the establishment of a kennel in a spot already fixed upon for the purpose, (it was somewhere about the site where Constantine's mother was buried, and where, by tradition, Nero's ghost is supposed to brood, beyond the Pons Nomentana, and the Sacred mount); and having obtained the desired leave, the dogs were at once established in their new settlement. When they had recovered the fatigues of their journey, a notice was posted up, advertising the first "throw off" for the next day. On this occasion they hunted an old fox round the Claudian Aqueduct, into the body of which, on getting over his surprise, he secured a retreat, thus baffling the pursuers. The next field-day his successor was not so fortunate, losing both brush and life at the end of a long run. The third was distinguished by the feat of a Roman prince, who contrived to be in at the death, and received the

brush for his encouragement. After this the weekly obituary of foxes increased permanently in number. Meanwhile a few dogs disappeared in subterranean mystery, awkward falls occurred, wrists and ankles were dislocated; but no brains spilt. At last forty persons, having nothing better to do with themselves, agree to meet regularly twice a-week and to set up a subscription. While it is yet early in the winter, dogs come dropping in by couples, from various well-wishers in England; while large orders in the shape of scarlet coats and hunting-caps, duly executed and forwarded, are stopped at the Dogana Apostolica, and after a suitable demur on account of the Cardinalesque colour, allowed to pass, on paying a handsome duty. These *liveries* at first produced a great sensation in Rome, not only amongst the hierarchy, who were jealous of the profanation, but with the populace, both within and without the walls: from the prince to the peasant, every body had something to say about them. As they paced along the streets the men stared in silent admiration, while the women clapped their hands and cried, "*Guardi! Guardi!*" When they trotted out to cover, the delighted swine-herd whistled to his pigs to make way for them to pass; while the mounted buffalo-driver, from some crag above the road, would point them out with his long-spiked pole, to the man in the sheep-skin who was on foot. We do not know what comments *these* might make, but those of the Roman townsfolk were by no means in keeping with the flattering admiration they expressed. "What a gay livery!" said a Roman citizen, emerging from the Salara Gate, as a detachment of the "red-coats" was turning in. "Cazzo! how well they ride, and what a number too!" "Yes," said his friend at our elbow; "to whom do they belong—*a chi appartengono?*" "'Tis the livery of a Russian prince who came last week to Rome, and has put up at Serny's," said the other, affecting to know all about it. "Well, to my mind, they beat Prince Torlonia's postillions out-and-out." "Altro—I agree with you there; *ma abbia pazienza*—wait a bit, and depend on it our Prince, when he has seen

them, will not be long in taking the hint!" We hope he will; for, however we may elsewhere admire a mounted field, *here* it shocks every notion of propriety. That fox-hunters should have their *meeting* where the Fabii met; Gell's map of Rome's classic topography be studied, with no other reference than to *runs*; and Veii be scared in her lofty citadel by the cry of hounds and harum-scarum fellows sweeping along her ravines, are evident improprieties; while the having all one's senses assailed and offended together by the scent of highly-animated bandy-legged fellows in fustian or corduroy, (their necessary satellites,) who inundate street and piazza with the slang of the London mews, is something still worse.

"Quoi! Venue d'un peuple roi,
Toi, reine encore du monde!"

Thou who hast taken the lead by turns,
in legislature, literature, and the fine

arts, doomed at last to become the sovereign seat for hunting—the Melton Mowbray of the South! May thy *genius loci* forbid it; may thy goddess of fever visit the hounds in one of her ugliest types; *λοιμοὶ* or *λίμοι* destroy them; old Tiber rise with his yellow waves to drown, catacombs yawn to engulf, and aqueducts fall to crush them! Or, should inanimate nature disregard our row, two other hopes remain: the one, that the foxes, made aware by this time of the love with which the Roman princes contemplate *il loro brush*, will send them a yearly tribute of a certain number of these appendages, on condition that they forthwith dismiss the dogs; the other, that the Dominicans, who are well known to be jealous of our movements, will come to regard hunting as an heretical sport, especially as here practised by Protestant dogs and riders—and in Lent, too, against orthodox foxes—and persuade the Pope to abolish it!

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

In that grassy month of the Campagna, ere the sun has scared the standing herbage into hay—when anemones, cyclamens, crocuses, and Roman hyacinths, as prescient of the coming heat, lose no time in quickening, and burst out suddenly in myriads to cover the plain with their loveliness; while the towering *firula* conceals the sandy rock whence it springs, with its delicate tracery yet unspecked by the solar rays; and the stately teazle, bending under the clutch of goldfinch and linnet, or recoiling as they spurn it, in quest of their butterfly-breakfast, has still some sap in its veins. Early on one of the most exhilarating mornings of this truly delicious season, (alas, how brief in its continuance!) we are awaked by unusual sounds in the street. These proceeded from the young Romans vociferating to their friends to bestir themselves to procure places at the steeple-chase programmed for this 14th of March. An hour before Aurora had opened her *porte cochère* to Phœbus, and those sleek piebald coursers whose portraits

are to be seen in the Ludovisi and Ruspigliosi palaces, all the vetturini and cabmen of Rome had already opened *theirs*; and while some were adjusting misfitting harness to every specimen of horseflesh that could be procured for the occasion, others were trundling out from their black recesses in stable and coach-house, every mis-shapen vehicle that permitted of being fastened to their backs, in order to proceed out of the Porta Salara betimes. By six all Rome was awake, and by seven, in motion towards the race-course. On that memorable morning artists forewent their studios, the Sapienza its wisdom, the Roman college its theology; shopkeepers kept their windows closed; Italian masters barouched with their pupils, mottled Ariosto, and seemed highly delighted; while the professions of law and physic sent as many of their members as public safety could spare. In short, it had been long ago settled that all the world would be present; and all the world was present, sure enough, and long before the time. It was a lively and a pleasing spectacle, to

novelty lent another charm, when, about two miles beyond the Salara gate, we looked from our double-lined procession of Broughams and Britskas, fore and aft, and saw, for miles, scattered over that usually deserted plain, groups of peasants in the gay costumes of the adjacent villages, now animating it in every direction; some emerging from under the arches of aqueducts, or the screen of ruined columbaria, alternately lost to sight and again rising above those abrupt dips in which the ground abounds, all tending in one direction, all bent on one object. At length our carriage, (which has been intimating its purpose shortly to stop,) pulls up definitely, and Joseph, having already told us that he can neither move backward nor forward, touches his hat for orders. On such an occasion, we resigned ourselves to wait, without any feeling of impatience, finding sufficient amusement, both from the distant prospect and in the immediate vicinity; sometimes watching the wheeling of those sporting characters, the Peregrine Hawks overhead, now listening to the warbling of the loudest lark music we ever remember to have heard; then exchanging a few words with some roadside acquaintance, and anon giving ourselves up exclusively to the silent enjoyment of the weather. We were kept long enough in all conscience, waiting till even the quietly expectant Romans, drilled by their church into habits of great forbearance, at length began to murmur aloud disapprobation, and we could hear one coachman ask another "*Quando quel benidetto stippel-chess*" was to be; while the respondent, shrugging his shoulders, growled out for answer a "*Chi lo sa!*" Meanwhile our attention was fitfully resuscitated by a rider in costume doing a bit of turf, by an unsaddled racer led across the ground, or by men on horse-back carrying small flags to stake at the different leaps; sometimes by an English oath, startling the *Genius loci* or whoever heard it: or more agreeably by a display of voluble young countrywomen, standing tiptoe on their carriage seats, eager to see the first fall, and permitting the young men who swaggered by to scare them into the prettiest attitudes of dismay,

by a prophetic announcement of the bones that would be broken before the race was won. Some little buzz there is about unfairness and jockeyship, when we catch, from the mouth of our Anglo-Roman livery-stable-man, who chanced to be near, that "the oses is a-saddling." It took long to saddle; long to mount; and some time still before they started, during which interval

"The jockeys keep their horses on the fret,
And each gay Spencer prompts the noisy bet,
Till drops the signal; then, without demur,
Ten horses start,—ten riders whip and spur;
At first a line an easy gallop keep,
Then forward press, to take th' approaching leap:
Abreast go red and yellow; after these
Two more succeed; one's down upon his knees;
The sixth o'ertops it; clattering go two more,
And two decline; now swells the general roar."

And every horse on the right side of the hurdle strives to get his head, and every rider is wiser than to indulge this instinct. Soon another leap presents itself; up they all go and down again,—four close together! Hurrah! blue and yellow! Hurrah! green and red! A third leap, not far from the last, and no refusals! Over and on again. Another! and this time three favourites are abreast, the fourth is a second behind, but may still be in, for he has cleared the fence and is coming up with the others; the motion appears smoother as they recede; the riders, diminished to the size of birds, are still seen gliding on—on:—

"No longer soon their colours can we trace,
Lost in the mazy distance of the race;
Till at Salara's far-off bridge descried,
Like coursing butterflies, they seem to glide;
Then, dwindling farther, in the lengthening course,
Mere floating specks supplant both man and horse;
Till, having crossed the Columbarium gray,
They swerve, and back retrace their airy way."

At this point of the contest we cross the road—and there far away, two dots, a yellow and a blue one, are seen with increasing distinctness every

second; which may be in advance of the other we cannot say, notwithstanding the clearness of the air; they seem, from where we stand, in the same line of distance; the coloured dots disappear momentarily behind a slope, and on emerging the yellow is distinctly first; the green not far behind. Where are the others? have they broken their necks? No! there they come, in the rear. They were a little thrown out at the last leap, but two are making ground upon the green usurper; and now they are once more all in full sight and full speed, while the Roman welkin rings to strange sounds! "*Guardi il Verde*;" "*Per me guadagna il Giallo*." "I'll take you two to one on the Maid of the Mill." "Done." "Who's riding the bay-mare?" "Mr A. for Lord G. and a pretty mess he's making of it." "*Das ist wunderbar, nicht wahr?*" "*Ja, gut?*" "*Les Anglais savent manier leurs chevaux, parbleu!*" "I'll be blown if Lord G. don't win after all!" "Well, Miss Smith, I shall call for my gloves to-morrow." "*Bravi tutti quanti!*" "*Cazzo! che cavalli!*" "*Forwärts! Forwärts.*" "*Allons, Messieurs! avancez.*" "*Allez! Allez!*" "*Guardi! Guardi!*" And here a distant shout, fleetest in its journey than the fleetest of the horses that it sped onwards, reaches our ears; another moment brings the two foremost to the last leap, the blue hesitates—the red springs into the air, drops *d'aplomb*, then on again swifter

than before. The blue sticks close to him, is near, nearer still; comes up—

"Then anxious silence breaks in deafening cries,

His whip and spur each desperate rider plies;

The prescient coursers foaming, cheek by jowl,

Now see the stand and guess th' approaching goal;

True to their blood, and frantic still to win, Goaded, they fly, and spent, will not give in;

Exactly matched, with fruitless efforts strain

In rival speed, a single inch to gain.

Once more, the fluttering Spencers urge the goad,

Bend o'er their saddles, lift them, light their load

Just at the goal—one spur and it is done!

The rowel'd *Red* starts forward, and has won!"

After this exploit, the red, green, and yellow liveries could have done what they would with the uninitiated Romans. Captain Cooke's arrival at Otaheite; the first steamer seen on the Nile; the introduction of gun and gunpowder amongst people hitherto hunting or making war with bow and arrow,—are only parallel cases of that enthusiasm mixed with awe, with which the Romans viewed the English gentleman jockeys on this day. They would have been delighted to have it over again six times, but had to learn that races (unlike songs) are never *encored*.

ROMAN DOGS.

A "dog's life" has become a synonym for suffering; nor does the associating him with another domestic animal (if a second proverbial expression may be trusted) appear to mend his condition; but ill as he may fare with the cat, his position is less enviable when man is co-partner in the ménage, against whose kicks and hard usage should he venture upon the lowest remonstrative growl, he is sure to receive a double portion of both for his pains; and thus it has ever been, for the condition of a dog cannot have changed materially since the creation. Being naturally domestic in his habits, he was born to that con-

tumely "which patient merit from the unworthy takes," and can never have known a golden age. "*Croyez-vous,*" (demanda quelqu'un à Candide,) "*que les hommes ont toujours été rans?*" "*Croyez-vous,*" (repliqua Candide,) "*que les éperviers ont toujours mangé les pigeons.*" We entertain no more doubt of the one than of the other, and must therefore applaud the sagacity of Esop's wolf, who, when sufficiently tamed by hunger to think of offering himself as a volunteer dog, speedily changed his mind, on hearing the uses of a collar first fully expounded to him by Trusty. Not that every dog is ill-used; no; for every

rule has its exception, and every tyrant his favourite. Man's selfishness here proves a safer ally than his humanity, and oft-times interposes to rescue the dog from those sufferings to which the race is subject. Thus in savage countries, where his strength may be turned to account, size and sinew recommend him to public notice and respect;

“———— animalia muta
Quis generosa putat nisi fortia”

while among civilised nations, eccentricity, beauty, cleverness, or love of sport, may establish him a lady's pet or a sportsman's companion. Happy indeed the dog born in the kennel of a park; no canister for his tail, no halter for his neck; physiologists shall try no experiments on his eighth pair of nerves; his wants are liberally supplied; a Tartar might envy him his rations of horse-flesh, shut up with congenial and select associates with whom he courses twice a-week,

“Unites his bark with theirs; and through
the vale,
Pursues in triumph, as he snuffs the gale.”

He enjoys himself thoroughly while in health, and when he is sick a veterinary surgeon feels his pulse, and prescribes for him in dog-Latin! Benign too the star, albeit the “dog star,” under which are born those equal rivals in their mistress' heart, the silky-eared spaniel and the black-nosed pug, who sleep at opposite ends of a costly muff, lie on the sofa, bow-wow strangers round the drawing-room, and take their daily airing in the park! Nor are the several lots of the spotted dog from Denmark, who adds importance to his master's equipage; of the ferocious bull-dog, the Frenchman's and the butcher's friend; or of the quick-witted terrier from Skye, less enviable. But where caprice or interest do not plead for the dog, his condition is universally such as fully to justify the terms in which men speak of it. To see this exemplified, observe the misery of his life and death, in a country where he is neither petted nor employed. Throughout Italy, and particularly in Rome, (where we now introduce him

to the reader,) he lives “to find abuse his only use;” to be hunted, and not to hunt; now dropping from starvation without the gates, and now the victim of poison within. Ye unkennelled scavengers of the Pincian Hill,—ye that have no master to propitiate the good Saint Anthony, on his birth-day, to bless, nor priest to asperse you with holy water, (in consequence of which omissions, no doubt, your plagues multiply upon you)—poor friendless wanderers, who come up to every lonely pedestrian, at once to remind him that it is not good for man to be alone, and to alleviate his solitude with your company; good-natured, rough, ill-favoured dogs, with whom our acquaintance has been extensive, dull indeed would the Pincian appear, were it deprived of your grotesque forms and awkward but well-meant gambols! The life of a Campagna sheep-dog, kept half starved in the sight of mutton which he dare not touch, is hard enough, but that of the members of this large unowned republic more so. Hungry and gaunt as she-wolves, but with none of their fierceness, these poor animals seek the city gates, and, molesting nobody, find a foul and precarious subsistence from the *Immondezze* of the streets; but when their condition and appearance are improved, and they are beginning to think of an establishment, the fatal edict goes forth; nux vomica is triturated with liver, and the treacherous *bocconi* are strewn upon the dirt-heaps where they resort; the unsuspecting animals greedily devour the only meal provided for them by the State, and in a few hours experience the anguish of the slowly killing poison; an intense thirst urges them to the fountains, but the water only serves to dilute and render it more potent: their bodies swell, they totter, fall, try to recover their feet, but cannot; then piteously howling are carried off in the height of a tetanic convulsion. Often on returning at this season from an evening party, we discern dark receding forms and hear voices too, “*visæ canes ululare per umbras*,” as they glide moaning away and are lost in the obscurity of the off streets. Occasionally they anticipate their doom, by premature madness, when

the authorities issue orders to use steel, and sometimes fifty will perish in a single night. It is remarkable that notwithstanding these summary proceedings, the canine ranks, as Easter comes round again, are renewed for fresh destruction. Some few dogs of superior cunning contrive from year to year to elude these "*Editti fulminanti*," which make such havoc among their companions; these, by securing the favour and protection of the soldiers and galley-slaves of the district, obtain besides an occasional meal from the canteens, and plenary indulgence for themselves, and for an unsightly progeny, which they screen from public remark, and bring up amidst the *latebræ* of the brushwood; but aware at the same time of the precarious tenure by which such clandestine concessions must be held, they seek to keep alive the interest, exerted in their behalf, by the exhibition of many strange antics, evidently got up for the occasion, by affecting an extraordinary interest in man and his affairs, which they cannot feel, and by the display of a most obsequious gentleness, humouring, while they play with your favourite dog, and though his superior in strength, lying under on purpose to give him the advantage; but above all, they seek to make interest with the Pincian *bonnes*, whom they readily conciliate by withdrawing the attention of the children from any *collateral* object of interest which may engage theirs. Petted and patted by many little hands, which *bongré malgré* must give up their buns to his voracity, the large quadruped, in return for these snatched courtesies, follows the small urchin, who is learning to trundle his hoop, barking for it to proceed, and stopping when it stops. Any one observing their clever gambols and extreme docility, wishes straightway that their forms were less uncouth, and might next be tempted, as we were, to overlook external disadvantages, and to adopt one of the ragged pack in consideration of mental endowments; the experiment would fail if he made it; these animals resemble the *uneducated* negro, who shows to most advantage in difficulties — well housed, well fed, caressed, and cared for, both forget

their master and the part he has taken in securing their prosperity. Stand forth, ungrateful *Frate*, while, for the reader's caution, and your own misconduct, we rehearse your history.

We met *Frate* at the end of the fever season upon the unhealthy heights of Otricoli; a poor lean beast, with a penetrating gray eye, rough brown coat, a tail with no grace in its rigid half curl, and an untidy grizzly white beard. We had halted to bait the horses, and finding nothing for ourselves, preceded the carriage, and were winding down the steep hill, when he came suddenly upon us through a break in the hedge, and having first looked all around and satisfied himself that no fellow town-dog was in sight, raised his ill-shaped head, barked an unmistakable "*bon giorno*;" then, turning tail on the city of his birth, ran on gambolling a few yards in front, to look back, bark again, and encourage us to proceed. "What an ugly brute! what a *hideous* dog!" but as he engages the attention of our party, these expressions become modified, and before reaching the bottom of the hill, nobody cares about the remains of Otricoli, nor looks any longer at the yellow reaches of the pestiferous Tiber, that was winding far along the plain; the dog alone occupies every thought. "Such a discerning creature! What clever eyes he has! See how well he understands what we are saying about him; suppose we take him on to Rome? We might get his grizzly beard shaved; his rough coat would become sleek after a month's good feeding, his legs could be clipped below the knees. Oh! he is full of capabilities. See! he is now acting Sphinx, and looking up at us, as if he could delve into what is passing in our minds, and would turn these vague suggestions to account." Suddenly he sprang to his feet, barked, and seemed much agitated; in a minute we, too, hear the sound of wheels, which his more acute ear had already caught; as the carriage approached, his excitement increased; at first he only barked back as if to entreat it not to come on so quickly, but as it plainly did not heed his civil remonstrance, the bow-wow became still

more earnest in its expostulatory accents. Bōw (long) wōw (short). "Why such haste?" Then he tried his eloquence upon us; and while reiterating his canine *accidente* in his own way at the horses now close at hand, his voice assumes an elegiac whine as he turns to supplicate, in a tone that none accustomed to Italian beggars can mistake; "*non abbandonatemi*," being plainly the purport of its most dolorous and plaintive accents. We hesitate, the carriage draws up, down go the steps, and lo! in a twinkling, our new friend has darted in before us, taken possession, and there he sits ready to kiss our hand. Such audacity was sure to succeed, so, letting him gently down from the steps we left him to follow if he chose. Follow! trust him for that! he bounded along the Applan way, barking to encourage the horses, coquetting with a favourite pony, and winning over our Joseph, by the time we had arrived at *Civita Castellana*, to let him remain in their company for the night. Next morning he starts betimes, nor permits the carriage to overtake him, till all fear of being sent back is removed, by our near approach to Rome. Arrived there, he at once finds his way to the livery stables, and establishes himself permanently with the horses. Throughout the winter, we take with good humour the flippant comments of *flâneurs* and over-fastidious friends, touching the bestowal of our patronage upon such an ill-favoured cur, while we thought ourselves the objects of his gratitude and affection; but Frate's character (we gave him this name from the length of his beard, the colour of his coat, and because he had lived upon alms) did not improve upon acquaintance. One bad trait soon showed itself, he refused to hold communication with the less-favoured dogs of the Pincian, turning a deaf ear to their advances, or if they yet persevered, meeting them with set teeth and an unamiable growl; as he filled out, his regard for his patrons diminished perceptibly; attentions bestowed on a smaller colleague excited his jealousy; and we began to believe the truth of a report circulated to his prejudice, that Frate was really

on the look-out for a place where no other dog was kept, and where he might have it all his own way. No longer proud of notice, he seldom sought our society, but was glad to slink off whenever this could be done without observation. Toward the close of the winter, indeed, we were deceived by some renewed advances into the belief of a return of affection, which determined us, when we left Rome, to take him once more in our suite; we soon, however, found out our mistake. Already unprincipled in no ordinary degree, the society of the cafés and table-d'hôtes at Lucca completed his corruption. His misconduct at last became town-talk, and his misdeeds were in every body's mouth; so, when he had lamed half-a-dozen labourers, scared the whole neighbourhood like a second Dragon of Wantley, and fought sundry battles with dogs as ugly, for Helens scarce better-looking than himself, we yielded to public remonstrance, and removing our protective collar from his unworthy neck, consigned him to a village sportsman, who hoped to turn his fierceness to account in attacking the wild-boar. With him Frate remained for about six weeks, by which time, tiring of the *Cacciatore's* rough handling, he had the temerity, two days before our departure, to present himself again at our door. Too much disgusted to receive him after what had passed, we showed him a whip from an open window, which to a dog of his sagacity was enough; in one instant he was on his legs, and in the next out of sight, but whether to return to the sportsman, or the mountain, or to seek and find anew master to cozen, we never heard, as this was our last visit to Lucca. The lesson inculcated by Frate's misconduct has not been lost upon us; so whenever any queer canine scarecrow now meets us on the Pincian, and by his dejected looks seeks to enlist our sympathy, we cut short the appeal, stare him in the face, and then utter the word "never" with sufficient emphasis to send him off shaking his head, as if a brace of fleas, or a "fulminating edict" from the governor were ringing in both ears.

SONG,

FOR THE DINNER GIVEN TO THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE, AT EDINBURGH, 14th SEPTEMBER
1847, BEFORE HIS PROCEEDING TO INDIA AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

BY DELTA.

I.

LONG, long ere the thistle was twined with the rose,
And the firmest of friends now were fiercest of foes,
The flag of Dalwolsey aye foremost was seen ;
Through the night of oppression it glitter'd afar,
To the patriot's eye 'twas a ne'er-setting star,
And with Bruce and with Wallace it flash'd through the fray,
When " Freedom or Death " was the shout of the day,
For the thistle of Scotland shall ever be green !

II.

A long line of chieftains ! from father to son,
They lived for their country—their purpose was one—
In heart they were fearless—in hand they were clean ;
From the hero of yore, who, in Gorton's grim caves,
Kept watch with the band who disdain'd to be slaves,
Down to him, with the Hopetoun and Lynedoch that vied,
Who should shine like a twin star by Wellington's side,
That the thistle of Scotland might ever be green !

III.

Then a bumper to him in whose bosom combine
All the virtues that proudly ennoble his line,
As dear to his country, as stanch to his Queen ;
Nor less that Dalhousie a patriot we find,
Whose field is the senate, whose sword is the mind,
And whose object the strife of the world to compose,
That the shamrock may bloom by the side of the rose,
And the thistle of Scotland for ever be green !

IV.

It is not alone for his bearing and birth,
It is not alone for his wisdom and worth,
At this board that our good and our noble convene ;
But a faith in the blessings which India may draw
From science, from commerce, religion, and law ;
And that all who obey Britain's sceptre may see
That knowledge is power—that the truth makes us free ;
For rose, thistle, and shamrock, shall ever be green !

V.

A hail and farewell ! it is pledged to the brim,
And drain'd to the bottom in honour of him
Who a glory to Scotland shall be and hath been :
Untired in the cause of his country and crown,
May his path be a long one of spotless renown ;
Till the course nobly rounded, the goal proudly won,
Fame, smiling on Scotland, shall point to her son,
For the thistle—Her thistle !—shall ever be green !

MY FRIEND THE DUTCHMAN.

"And you will positively marry her, if she will have you?"

"Not a doubt of either. Before this day fortnight she shall be Madame Van Haubitz."

"You will make her your wife without acquainting her with your true position?"

"Indeed will I. My very position requires it. There's no room for a scruple. She expects to live on my fortune; thinks to make a great catch of the rich Dutchman. Instead of that I shall spend her salary. The old story; going out for wool and returning shorn."

The conversation of which this is the concluding fragment, occurred in the public room of the Hotel de Hesse, in the village of Homburg on the Ill — an insignificant handful of houses, officiating as capital of the important landgraviate of Hesse-Homburg. The table-d'hôte had been over some time; the guests had departed to repose in their apartments until the hour of evening promenade should summon them to the excellent band of music, provided by the calculating liberality of the gaming-house keepers, and to loiter round the *brunnens* of more or less nauseous flavour, the pretext of resort to this rendezvous of idlers and gamblers. The waiters had disappeared to batten on the broken meats from the public table, and to doze away the time till the approach of supper renewed their activity. My interlocutor, with whom I was alone in the deserted apartment, was a man of about thirty years of age, whose dark hair and mustaches, marked features, spare person, and complexion bronzed by a tropical sun, entitled him to pass for a native of southern Europe, or even of some more ardent clime. Nevertheless he answered to the very Dutch patronymic of Van Haubitz, and was a native of Holland, in whose principal city his father was a banker of considerable wealth and financial influence.

It was towards the close of a glorious August, and for two months I had been wandering in Rhine-land. Not after the fashion of deluded Cockneys,

who fancy they have seen the Rhine when they have careered from Cologne to Mannheim astride of a steam-engine, gaping at objects passed as soon as perceived; drinking and paying for indifferent vinegar as Steinberger-Cabinet, eating vile dinners on the decks of steamers, and excellent ones in the capital hotels which British cash and patronage have raised upon the banks of the flower of German streams. On the contrary, I had early dispensed with the aid of steam, to wander on foot, with the occasional assistance of a lazy country diligence or rickety *einspanner*, through the many beautiful districts that lie upon either bank of the river; pedestrianising in Rhenish Bavaria, losing myself in the Odenwald, and pausing, when occasion offered, to pick a trout out of the numerous streamlets that dash and meander through dell and ravine, on their way to swell the waters of old Father Rhine. At last, weary of solitude—scarcely broken by an occasional gossip with a heavy German boor, village priest, or strolling student,—I thirsted after the haunts of civilisation, and found myself, within a day of the appearance of the symptom, installed in a luxurious hotel in the free city of Frankfort on the Maine. But Frankfort at that season is deserted, save by passing tourists, who escape as fast as possible from its lifeless streets and sun-baked pavements; so, after glancing over an English newspaper at the Casino, taking one stroll in the beautiful garden surrounding the city, and another through the Jew-quarter—always interesting and curious, although any thing but savoury at that warm season,—I gathered together my baggage and was off to Homburg. There I could not complain of solitude, of deserted streets and shuttered windows. It seemed impossible that the multitude of gaily dressed belles and cavaliers, English, French, German, and Russ, who, from six in the morning until sunset, lounged and flirted on the walks, watered themselves at the fountains, and perilled their complexions in the golden sunbeams, could ever bestow themselves in the two

or three middling hotels and few score shabby lodging-houses composing the town of Homburg. Manage it they did, however; crept into their narrow cells at night, to emerge next morning, like butterflies from the chrysalis, gay, bright, and brilliant, and to recommence the never-varying but pleasant round of eating, sauntering, love-making, and gambling. Homburg was not then what it has since become. That great house of cards, the new Cursaal, had not yet arisen; and its table-d'hôte, reading-room, and profane mysteries of roulette and rouge-et-noir, found temporary domicile in a narrow, disreputable-looking den in the main street, where accommodation of all kinds, but especially for dinner, was scanty in the extreme. The public tables at the hotels were consequently thronged, and there acquaintances were soon made. The day of my arrival at Homburg I was seated next to Van Haubitz; his manner was off hand and frank, we entered into conversation, took our after-dinner cigar and evening stroll together, and by bed-time had knocked up that sort of intimacy easily contracted at a watering-place, which lasts one's time of residence, and is extinguished and forgotten on departure. Van Haubitz, like many Continentals and very few Englishmen, was one of those free-and-easy communicative persons who are as familiar after twelve hours' acquaintance as if they had known you twelve years, and who do not hesitate to confide to a three days' acquaintance the history of their lives, their pursuits, position, and prospects. I was soon made acquainted, to a very considerable extent, at least, with those of my friend Van Haubitz, late lieutenant of artillery in the service of his majesty the King of Holland. He was the youngest of four sons, and having shown, at a very early age, a wild and intractable disposition, and precocious addiction to dissipation, his father pronounced him unsuited to business, and decided on placing him in the army. To this the *Junker*, (he claimed nobility, and displayed above his arms a species of coronet, bearing considerable resemblance to a fragment of chevaux-de-frise, which he might have been puzzled to prop with a parchment,)

had no particular objection, and might have made a good enough officer, but for his reckless, spendthrift manner of life, which entailed negligence of duty and frequent reprimands. Extravagant beyond measure, unable to deny himself any gratification, squandering money as though millions were at his command, he was constantly overwhelmed with debts and a martyr to duns. At last his father, after thrice clearing him with his creditors, consented to do so a fourth time only on condition of his getting transferred to a regiment stationed in the Dutch East Indies, and remaining there until his return had the paternal sanction. To avoid a prison, and perhaps not altogether sorry to leave a country where his credit was bad and his reputation worse, he embarked for Batavia. But any pleasant day-dreams he may have cherished of tropical luxuries, of the indulgence of a *farniente* life in a grass hammock, gently balanced by Javan hours beneath banana shades, of spice-laden breezes and cool sherbets, and other attributes of a Mahomedan paradise, were speedily dissipated by the odious realities of filth and vermin, marsh-fever and mosquitoes. He wrote to his father, describing the horrors of the place, and begging to be released from his pledge and allowed to return to Holland. His obdurate progenitor replied by a letter of reproach, and swore that if he left Batavia he might live on his pay, and never expect a stiver from the paternal strong-box, either as gift or bequest. To live upon his pay would have been no easy matter, even for a more prudent and economical person than Van Haubitz. He grumbled immoderately, blasphemed like a pagan, but remained where he was. A year passed and he could hold out no longer. Disregarding the paternal menaces and displeasure, and reckless of consequences, he applied to the chief military authority of the colony for leave of absence. He was asked his plea, and alleged ill health. The general thought he looked pretty well, and requested the sight of a medical certificate of his invalid state. Van Haubitz assumed a doleful countenance and betook him to the surgeons. They agreed with the general

that he looked pretty healthy; asked for symptoms; could discover none more alarming than regularity of pulse, sleep, appetite, and digestion, laughed in his face and refused the certificate. The sickly cannonier, who had the constitution of a rhinoceros, and had never had a day's illness since he got over the measles at the age of four years, waited a little, and tried the second "dodge," usually resorted to in such cases. "Urgent private affairs" were now the pretext. The general expressed his regret that urgent public affairs rendered it impossible for him to dispense with the valuable services of Lieutenant Van Haubitz. Whereupon Lieutenant Van Haubitz passed half an hour in heaping maledictions on the head of his disobliging commander, and then sat down and wrote an application for an exchange to the authorities in Holland. The reply was equally unsatisfactory, the fact being that Haubitz senior, like an implacable old savage as he was, had made interest at the war-office for the refusal of all such requests on the part of his scapegrace offspring. Haubitz junior took patience for another year, and then, in a moment of extreme disgust and ennui, threw up his commission and returned to Europe, trusting, he told me, that after five years' absence, the governor's bowels would yearn towards his youngest-born. In this he was entirely mistaken; he greatly underrated the toughness of paternal viscera. Far from killing the fatted calf on the prodigal's return, the incensed old Hollander refused him the smallest cutlet, and, shutting the door in his face, consigned him, with more energy than affection, to the custody of the evil one. Van Haubitz found himself in an awkward fix. Credit was dead, none of his relatives would notice or assist him; his whole fortune consisted of a dozen gold Wilhelms. At this critical moment an eccentric maiden aunt, to whom, a year or two previously, he had sent a propitiatory offering of a ring-tailed monkey and a leash of pea-green parrots, and who had never condescended even to acknowledge the present, departed this life, bequeathing him ten thousand florins as a return for the addition to her menagerie. A man of

common prudence, and who had seen himself so near destitution, would have endeavoured to employ this sum, moderate as it was, in some trade or business, or, at any rate, would have lived sparingly till he found other resources. But Haubitz had not yet sown all his wild-oats; he had a soul above barter, a glorious disregard of the future, the present being provided for. He left Holland, shaking the dust from his boots, dashed across Belgium, and was soon plunged in the gaieties of a Paris carnival. Breakfasts at the Rocher, dinners at the Café, balls at the opera, and the concomitant *petits soupers* and *écarté parties* with the fair denizens of the Quartier Lorette, soon operated a prodigious chasm in the monkey-money, as Van Haubitz irreverently styled his venerable aunt's bequest. Spring having arrived, he beat a retreat from Paris, and established himself at Homburg, where he was quietly completing the consumption of the ten thousand florins, at rather a slower pace than he would have done at that head-quarters of pleasant iniquity, the capital of France. From hints he had let fall, I suspected a short time would suffice to see the last of the legacy. On this head, however, he had been less confidential than on most other matters, and certainly his manner of living would have led no one to suppose he was low in the locker. Nothing was too good for him; he drank the most expensive wines, got up parties and pic-nics for the ladies, and had a special addiction to the purchase of costly trinkets, which he generally gave away before they had been a day in his possession. He did not gamble; he had done so, he told me, once since he was at Homburg, and had won, but he had no faith in his luck, or taste for that kind of excitement, and should play no more. He was playing another game just now, which apparently interested him greatly. A few days before myself, a young actress, who, within a very short time, had acquired considerable celebrity, had arrived at Homburg, escorted by her mother. Fräulein Emilie Sendel was a lively lady of four-and-twenty or thereabouts, possessing a smart figure and pretty face, the latter somewhat wanting in re-

finement. Her blue eyes although rather too prominent, had a merry sparkle; her cheeks had not yet been entirely despoiled by envious rouge of their natural healthful tinge; her hair, of that peculiar tint of red auburn which the French call a *blond hasardé*, was more remarkable for abundance and flexibility than for fineness of texture. As regarded her qualities and accomplishments, she was good-humoured and tolerably unaffected, but wilful and capricious as a spoiled child; she spoke her own language pretty well, with an occasional slight vulgarism or bit of green-room slang; had a smattering of French, and played the piano sufficiently to accompany the ballads and vaudeville airs which she sang with spirit and considerable freedom of style. I had met German actresses who were far more lady-like off the stage, but there was nothing glaringly or repulsively vulgar about Emilie, and as a neighbour at a public dinner-table, she was amusing and quite above par. As if to vindicate her nationality, she would occasionally look sentimental, but the mood sat ill upon her, and never lasted long; comedy was evidently her natural line. Against her reputation, rumour, always an inquisitive censor, often a mean libeller, of ladies of her profession, had as yet, so far as I could learn, found nothing to allege. Her mother, a dingy old dowager, with bad teeth, dowdy gowns, a profusion of artificial flowers, and a strong addiction to tea and knitting, perfectly understood the duties of duennaship, and did propriety by her daughter's side at dinner-table and promenade. To the heart of the daughter, Van Haubitz, almost from the first hour he had seen her, had laid persevering and determined siege.

During our after-dinner tête-à-tête on the day now referred to, my friend the cannonier had shown himself exceedingly unreserved, and, without any attempt on my part to draw him out, he had elucidated, with a frankness that must have satisfied the most inquisitive, whatever small points of his recent history and present position he had previously left in obscurity. The conversation began, so soon as the cloth was removed and the guests had departed, by a jesting allusion on

my part to his flirtation with the actress, and to her gracious reception of his attentions.

"It is no mere flirtation," said Van, gravely. "My intentions are serious. You may depend Mademoiselle Sendel understands them as such."

"Serious! you don't mean that you want to marry her?"

"Unquestionably I do. It is my only chance."

"Your only chance!" I repeated, considerably puzzled. "Are you about to turn actor, and do you trust to her for instruction in histrionics?"

"Not exactly. I will explain. La Sendel, you must know, has just terminated her last engagement, which was at a salary of ten thousand florins. She has already received and accepted an offer of a new one, at fifteen thousand, from the Vienna theatre. Vienna is a very pleasant place. Fifteen thousand florins are thirty-two thousand francs, or twelve hundred of your English pounds sterling. Upon that sum two persons can live excellently well—in Germany at least."

Unable to contradict any of these assertions, I held my tongue. The Dutchman resumed.

"You know the history of my past life; I will tell you my present position. It is critical enough, but I shall improve it, for here," and he touched his forehead, "is what never fails me. This letter," he produced an epistle of mercantile aspect, bearing the Amsterdam post-mark, "I received last week from my eldest brother. The shabby *schelm* declares he will reply to no more of mine, that his efforts to arrange matters with my father have been fruitless, and that the old gentleman has strictly forbidden him and his brothers to hold any communication with me, a command they seem willing enough to obey. So much for that. And now for the finances."

He took out his pocket-book, opened and shook it; a flimsy crumpled bit of paper fell out. It was a note of the bank of France, for one thousand francs.

"My last," said he. "That gone, I am a beggar. But it won't come to that, either, thanks to Fratlein Emilie."

"Surely," said I, "you are too reckless of money, too extravagant and unreflecting. Six months ago, you told me, you had twenty such notes."

"Ay, twenty-two exactly, at the end of January, when I left Amsterdam. But whither was I bound? To Paris; and who can economize there? I've had my money's worth, and could have had no more, had I dribbled the dirty ten thousand florins over three years, instead of three months. I take great credit for making it last so long. Such suppers, and balls, and orgies, with the pleasantest fellows and prettiest actresses in Paris. But the louis-d'or roll rapidly in that sort of society. One must be a Russian prince, or French *feuilletoniste*, to keep it up. I never flinched at any thing so long as the money lasted. Then, when I found myself reduced to the last note, I got into the Frankfort mail, and came to rusticate at this rural roulette table. My next change will be to conjugation and Vienna."

"But if you had only a thousand francs on leaving Paris, and have got them still, how have you lived since?"

"You don't suppose these are the same? There are not many ways of getting through money here, unless one gambles, which I do not; but coin has somehow or other a peculiar aptitude to slip through my fingers, and the thousand francs soon evaporated. Meanwhile, I had written dozens of letters to my brothers, who seldom answered, and to my father, who never did. I promised reform and a respectable life, if they would either get me a snug place with little to do and good pay, or make me a reasonable yearly allowance, something better than the paltry three thousand florins they doled out to me when I was in the artillery, and on which, as I could not live, I was obliged to get in debt. They paid no attention to my request, reasonable as it was. The best offer they made me was five francs a-day, paid weekly, to live in a Silesian village. This was adding insult to injury, and I left off writing to them. A few days afterwards, taking out my purse to pay for cigars, a dollar dropped out. It was my last. I paid it away, walked home, lay down upon my bed, smoked and reflected. My position

was gloomy enough, and the more I looked at it, the blacker it seemed. From my undutiful relatives there was no hope; the abominable Silesian project was evidently their ultimatum. I had no friend to turn to, no resource left. I might certainly have obtained the mere necessities of life at this hotel, where my credit was excellent, and have vegetated for a month or two, as a man must vegetate, without ready money. But I had no fancy for such an expedient, a mere protraction of the agony. I lay ruminating for two hours, two such hours as I should be sorry to pass again, and then my mind was made up. I had a brace of small travelling pistols amongst my baggage; these I loaded and put in my pocket, and then, leaving the hotel and the town, I struck across the country for some distance and plunged into a wood. There I sat down upon a grass bank, my back against an old beech. It was evening, and the solitary little glade before me was striped with the last sunbeams darting between the tree-trunks. I have difficulty in defining my sensations at that moment. I was quite resolved, did not waver an instant in my purpose, but my head was dizzy, and I had a sickly sensation about the heart. Determined that the physical shrinking from death should not have time to weaken my moral determination, I hastily opened my waistcoat, felt for the pulsations of my heart, placed the muzzle of a pistol where they were strongest, steadying it on that spot with my left hand. Then I looked straight before me and pulled the trigger. There was the click of the lock, but no report; the cap was bad, and had been crushed without exploding. That was a horrible moment. I snatched up another pistol, which lay cocked to my hand, and thrust the muzzle into my mouth. As before, the sharp noise of the hammer upon the nipple was the sole result. The caps had been some time in my possession, and had become worthless through age or damp."

I looked at Van Haubitz, doubtful whether he was not hoaxing me. But hitherto I had observed in him no addiction to the Munchausen vein, and now his countenance and voice were serious; there was a slight flush

on his cheek, and he was evidently excited at the recollection of his abortive attempt at suicide,—perhaps a little ashamed of it. I was convinced he told the truth.

“I do not know,” he continued, “whether, had I had surer weapons with me, I should have had courage to make a third attempt upon my life. Honestly, I think not; the self-preservative instinct was rapidly gaining strength. I walked slowly back to the town, my brain still confused from the agitating moments I had passed. I was unable quite to collect my thoughts, and felt as if I had just awakened from a long heavy sleep. It was now dark; lights streamed from the open windows of the gambling-rooms: the voices of the croupiers, the stir and hum of the players and jingling of money were distinctly heard in the street without. I have already told you I am no gambler, not from scruple, but choice. Nevertheless, I used often to stroll up to the *Cursaal* for an hour of an evening, when the play was at the highest, to look on and chat with any acquaintances I met. Mechanically, I now ascended the stairs. On the landing-place, I found myself face to face with a man with whom I was slightly intimate, and who, a few evenings before, had borrowed forty francs of me. I had not seen him since, and he now returned me the piece of gold. ‘Try your luck with it,’ said he; ‘there is a run against the bank to night, every body wins, and *M. Blanc* looks blue.’ And he pointed to one of the proprietors of the tables, who, however, wore a tolerably tranquil air, knowing well that what was carried away one night, would come back with compound interest the next. The play was heavy at the *Rouge-et-noir* table; a Russian and two Frenchmen—the latter of whom, judging from their appearance, and from the complicated array of calculations on the table before them, were professional gamblers—extracted, at nearly every *coup*, notes or rouleaux of gold from the grated boxes in front of the bankers. I drank a glass of water, for my lips and mouth were dry and hot, and placing myself as near the table as the crowd of players and spectators permitted, watched the

game. My hand was in my pocket, the forty-franc piece still between its fingers. But in spite of the advice of him who had paid it me, I felt no disposition to risk the coin; not that I feared to lose it, for as my only one it was useless, but because, as I tell you, I never had the slightest love of gambling or expectation to win.

“A pause occurred in the game. The cards had run out, and the bankers were subjecting them to those complicated and ostentatious shufflings intended to convince the players of the fairness of their dealings. During this operation, the previous silence was exchanged for eager gossip. The game, it appeared, had come out that night in a peculiar manner, very favourable to those who had had *nous* and nerve to avail themselves of it. There had been alternate long runs upon red and black.

“‘*Mille noms de Dieu!*’ exclaimed a hoarse cracked voice just below me. ‘What a series of black! Twenty-two, and only three red! And to be unable to take advantage of it!’

“I looked down, and recognised the gray mustache, wrinkled features, and snuffy black coat with a ribbon of the *Légion of Honour*, of an old French colonel whom you may have seen limping in and out of the *Cursaal*, and who ranks amongst the antiquities of *Homburg*. He served under Napoleon, was shelved at the peace, and has lived since then on a moderate annuity, of which one-fifth procures him the barest necessities of existence, whilst the other four parts are annually absorbed in the vortex of *rouge-et-noir*. When gambling-houses were legal at Paris, *le colonel rapé*, the threadbare colonel, as he was called, was one of the most punctual attendants at *Frascati’s* and the *Palais Royal*. When they were abolished, he commenced a wandering existence amongst the German baths, and finally settled down at *Homburg*, giving it the preference, as the only place where he could follow his darling pursuit alike in winter and in summer. From the opening to the close of the play he is seen seated at the table, a number of cards, ruled in red and black columns, on the green cloth before him, in which he pricks with pins the progress of the game. That evening

he had been unfortunate, and had emptied his pocket, but nevertheless continued puncturing cards with laudable perseverance, of course discovering, like every penniless gambler, that, had he money to stake, he should infallibly make a fortune; predicting what colour would come out, and indulging, when he proved a true prophet, in a little subdued blasphemy because he was unable to profit by his acuteness.

"Extraordinary run! to be sure," repeated the veteran dicer. "Twenty-two black, and only three red! There'll be a series of red now; I feel there will, and when I don't play myself, I'm always right. I bet this deal begins with seven red. Who bets a hundred francs to fifty it does not?"

"Nobody accepted this sporting offer, or placed upon the colour which the colonel's prophetic soul foresaw was to come out. The cards were now shuffled and cut for dealing. The hell relapsed into silence.

"*Faites le jeu, Messieurs!*" was repeated in the harsh business-like tones of the presiding demon.

"Red wins," croaked the colonel. "Seven times at the least."

"Nearly all the players backed the black. By an idle impulse I threw down my forty francs, my entire fortune, upon the red. The old soldier looked round to see the judicious individual who followed his advice, smiled grimly, and nodded approvingly. The next moment red won. I let the money lie, and walked into the next room. Eighty francs were of no more use to me than forty, and I felt very sure that another turn of the card would carry off both stake and winnings. I took up a newspaper, but soon threw it down again, for my head was not clear enough to read, and I felt exhausted with the emotions of the day. I was about to leave the house when I heard a loud buzz in the card-room, and the next instant somebody clutched my arm. It was the French colonel, in a state of furious excitement; grinning, panting, perspiring, and stuttering with eagerness.

"Seven reds!" was all he could say. "Seven reds, Monsieur. Take up your money."

"I hastened to the table. By a strange caprice of fortune, the colonel's prophecy had come true. Red had won seven times, and my forty francs had become five thousand. I took up my winnings, the colonel looking on with a triumphant smile. This was suddenly exchanged for a portentous frown and fierce twist of the gray mustache.

"*Mille millions de tonnerres!* Not a dollar left to follow up that splendid run!" And with a furious gesture, he upset his chair, and dashed his cards upon the ground.

"I took the hint, whether intended or not. I could not do less in return for the five thousand francs the old gentleman had put in my pocket.

"If Monsieur," I said, "will allow me the pleasure of lending him —"

"Impossible, Monsieur!" interrupted the colonel, looking as stern as if about to charge single-handed a whole pult of Cossacks. But I knew my man. He was the type of a class of which I have seen many.

"*Cependant, Monsieur, entre militaires, between brother-soldiers—*"

"Ah! Monsieur est militaire!" exclaimed the old gentleman, his alarming contraction of brow and rigidity of feature instantaneously dissolving into a smile of extreme benignity. "That alters the case. Certainly, between brothers in arms those little services may be offered and accepted. Although, really, it is encroaching on Monsieur's complaisance . . . at the same time . . . a hundred francs . . . till to-morrow . . . quarters at some distance . . . &c. &c." which ended in his picking up his chair, cards, and pin, and applying all his faculties to break the bank with ten *louis* which I lent him, and which I need hardly say I have not seen from that day to this.

"Such a sudden stroke of good fortune would have made gamblers of nine men out of ten, but I decidedly want the organ of gaming, for I have never played since. My narrow escape from suicide had made some impression on me, and now that I had five thousand francs in my pocket, I looked back at the attempt as an exceedingly foolish proceeding. For a month or more, I lived with what

even you would admit to be great economy, writing frequent letters to Amsterdam, and trying to come to terms and an arrangement with my family. All in vain. They had no confidence in my promises, proposed nothing I could accept, talked of Silesian exile—roots and water in the wilderness—and the like absurdities, until I plainly saw they were determined to cast me off, and that if I was to be helped at all, it must be by myself. How to do this was the puzzle. There are few things I can do, that could in any way be rendered profitable. I can ride a horse, lay a gun, and put a battery through its exercise; but such accomplishments are sufficiently common not to be paid at a very high rate; and besides I had had enough of garrison duty, even could I have got back my commission, which was not very likely. So I put soldiering out of the question; and yet, when I had done so, I was infernally puzzled to think of any thing better. I had no fancy to turn rook, and rove from place to place in search of pigeons—no uncommon resource with younger brothers of an idle turn and exhausted means. I had fallen in with a few birds of that breed, and had come to the conclusion that to save themselves work and trouble, they had adopted by far the most laborious and painful of all professions. In the midst of my doubts and uncertainties, the fair Sendel and her mother made their appearance. The first sight of their names upon the hotel book was a ray of light to me. Within an hour I made up my mind to sacrifice my independence to my necessities, and become the virtuous and domesticated spouse of the charming and well-paid Emilie. A hint and a dollar to the waiter placed me next her at the table-d'hôte, and I immediately opened my intrinchements, and began a siege in due form."

"Which you expect will soon terminate by the capitulation of the garrison?" said I, laughing.

"Undoubtedly. The result of the first day or two's operations was not very satisfactory. I rattled away, and did the amiable to a furious extent; but the divinity was shy, and the guardian of the temple (an old

gorgon whom I shall suppress before the honeymoon is out) looked askance at me, and pulled her daughter by the sleeve whenever she seemed disposed to listen. They evidently thought the rattle might belong to a snake; did me the injustice to take me for an adventurer. On the third day, however, the ice had melted. I soon found out the cause of the thaw. The head-waiter, whom a little well-timed liberality had rendered my devoted slave, informed me that Madame Sendel had been making minute inquiries concerning me of the master of the hotel. The worthy man, who adored me because I despised *vis ordinaire* and looked only at the sum-total of his bills, said that I was a son of Van Hanblitz, the rich banker of Amsterdam, which was perfectly true; adding, which was rather less so, that I was a partner in the house, and a *millionnaire*. The effect of this information upon the speculative firm of Sendel *Mère et Fille*, was perfectly electric. Madame smoothed her horrid looks, and came out at that day's dinner in cherry ribands and fresh artificials. Emilie was all smiles and suavity, laughed at my worst jokes, nearly burst her stays by holding her breath to raise a blush at my soft speeches, and returned from that evening's promenade talking about the moon, and leaning with tender abandon on my arm."

"With such encouragement, I am surprised you did not propose at once."

"So hasty a measure—oh, most unsophisticated of Britons!" replied Van, with a look of grave pity for my simplicity—"would have greatly perilled the success of my scheme. Sendel Senior, having only the inn-keeper's report to rely upon, would have had her ungenerous suspicions re-awakened by my precipitation, and have instituted further inquiries; have written, probably, to some friend in Holland, and learned that the pretender to her daughter's hand, although unquestionably a son of the wealthy banker Van Hanblitz, is excluded beyond redemption from the good graces of that respectable pillar of Dutch finance, who has further announced his irrevocable determination to take not the slightest notice

of him in his testamentary dispositions. The excellent Herr Bratenbengel, whose succulent dinner we are now digesting, and whose very laudable *Rudesheimer* stands before us, had unwittingly laid the foundation of my success; it was for me to raise the superstructure. Now it was that I rejoiced at my economy since the lucky hit at the gaming-table. The greater part of my winnings still remained to me; golden grain, which I now profusely scattered, sure that it would yield rich harvest. On one manœuvre I particularly pride myself. Retaining a few napoleons for immediate use, I remitted the remainder to a friend in Amsterdam, requesting him to return it me in a bill on Frankfort drawn by my father's bank. I took care to have the letter containing the draft delivered to me at dinner when seated beside the adorable Emilie, and was equally careful to lay the bill open upon the table, whilst I took a hasty glance at the letter. Of course my neighbour pretended not to see the draft, and equally of course she made herself mistress of its contents, particularly noting the drawer's name, and communicating the same to her mother at the earliest opportunity. This had a good effect, establishing my connexion with the rich house of Van Haubitz; and I have taken care to confirm the favourable impression by the profuse expenditure which you, in your ignorance, have called extravagance, by treating money as if its abundance in my coffers made it valueless in my eyes, and by delicate generosity in the shape of presents to mother and daughter. The trap was too cunningly set to prove a failure: the birds are fairly snared, and to-night, when we take our usual romantic stroll, I shall raise the fair Sendel to the seventh heaven of happiness by asking her to become Madame Van Haubitz."

Although the tenour and tone of those confessions had by no means tended to elevate the Dutchman in my opinion, I could not forbear smiling at the coolness with which they were made and at the skill of his manœuvres. Still there was some good about the scamp; he had his own code of honour, such as it was,

and from that he would not easily have been induced to swerve. He would have scorned to do a dirty thing, to cheat at cards, or to have a debt of honour unpaid; but he would readily have got in debt to tradesmen and money-lenders beyond all possibility of reimbursement. And as he regarded his present conspiracy against the celibacy and salary of Mademoiselle Sendel, a synod of sages and logicians would have failed to convince him of its impropriety. He looked upon it as a most justifiable stratagem, a lawful preying upon the spoiler, praiseworthy in the sight of men, gods, and columns, and which he would perhaps have boasted of to a considerable extent to many besides myself, had not secrecy been essential to the welfare of his combinations. I, of course, did not feel called upon to betray his plot, or to put the Sendel on her guard against this snake amongst the roses. And whilst mentally resolving rather to diminish than increase the intimacy which the confident and confidential artilleryman had in great measure forced upon me, and which I, through a sort of easy-going indolence of character, had perhaps somewhat lightly accepted, I anticipated much diversion in watching the manœuvres of the high contracting parties. I considered myself as a spectator, called upon to witness an amusing comedy in real life, and admitted behind the scenes by peculiar favour of an actor. I resolved to watch the progress of the intrigue, and, if possible, to be present at the *denouement*.

"Are you quite certain," said I to Van, "that Mademoiselle Sendel's pecuniary position and prospects are so very favourable? The sum you mentioned is a large one for an actress who has been so short a time on the stage. Public report, very apt to take liberties with the reputation of theatrical ladies, often endeavours to compensate them by magnifying their salaries."

Van, I may here mention, lest the reader should not have perceived it, had a most inordinate opinion of his own abilities and acuteness. Like certain Yankees, he "conceded" it was necessary to rise before the sun to outwit him, and even then your chance

was a poor one. He had been in hot water all his life, never out of difficulties and scrapes, once, as has been shown, kept from suicide by a mere accident, and was now reduced to the alternative of beggary or of marrying for a living. None of these circumstances, which would have taken the conceit out of most men, at all impaired his opinion of his talent and sharpness. Replying to my observation merely by a slight shrug and smile of pity for the man who thus misappreciated his foresight, he again produced his pocket-book, and extracted from its innermost recesses a fragment of a German newspaper, reputed oracular in matters theatrical. This he handed to me, tapping a particular paragraph significantly with his forefinger. The paragraph was thus conceived:—

“THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE. —

That promising young actress, *Fräulein Emilie Sendel*—whose first appearance, in the spring of last year, at once established her in the foremost line of the dramatic genius of the day—has concluded her twelve months' engagement at the *Hof Theater* of B——, where she doubtless considered, and not without reason, that her talents and exertions were inadequately compensated by a salary of ten thousand florins. The gay society of that *Residenz* will sensibly feel the loss of the accomplished and fascinating comedian, who has accepted an engagement at Vienna, on the more suitable terms of fifteen thousand florins, with two months' *congé*, and other advantages. Before proceeding to ravish the eyes and ears of the pleasure-loving population of the *Kaiser-Stadt*, *la belle* Sendel is off to the baths, under the protecting wing of the watchful guardian who has presided at all her theatrical triumphs.”

“Clear enough, I think,” said Van, when I raised my eyes from the protracted periods of the penny-a-liner.

I had nothing to say against the lucidity of the paragraph, nor any thing to urge, at all likely to avail, against the prosecution of Van's designs upon the lady's hand and fifteen thousand florins, with “two months' *congé* and other advantages.” No possible sophistry, to which I was equal, could prove the marriage to be

against his interest; and as to trying him on the tack of delicacy—“imposition on an unprotected woman,—degrading dependence on her exertions,” and so forth—I knew the thick skin and indomitable self-conceit of the cannonier would repel such feather-shafts without feeling them, or that the utmost effect I could expect to produce would be to get myself into a quarrel with the redoubtable native of the Netherlands, a predicament in which, as a man of peace, I was by no means anxious to find myself. So after hazarding the fruitless hint with which the reader was made acquainted at the commencement of this narrative, I abstained from all further intermeddling, and retired to my apartment, leaving Van Haubitz to con the declaration with which he was that evening to rejoice the ears of the fair and too-confiding Sendel.

I went to bed early that night and, saw nothing more of the Hollander till the next morning, when I was roused from a balmy slumber at the untimely hour of seven, by his bursting into my room with more impetuosity than ceremony, with the gestures of a maniac and shouts of victory. Before my eyes were half open, he was more than half through the history of his proceedings on the previous evening. His success had been complete. Emilie had faltered, with downcast eyes, a sweet assent. The friendly gloom of eve, and the overarching foliage, beneath whose shade the momentous question was put, saved her the necessity of practising upon her lungs to produce a blush. *Mamma* Sendel had bestowed her blessing upon the happy pair, and in the ardour of her maternal accolades had nearly extinguished her future son-in-law's left ogle with the wire stalk of an artificial passion-flower. The first burst of benevolence over, and the effervescence of feeling a little subsided, the bridegroom elect, who could not afford delays, pressed for an early day. Thereupon Emilie was, of course, horror-stricken, but her maternal relative, nothing loath to laud the fish thus satisfactorily hooked, and well aware of the impediments that sometimes arise between cup and lip, ranged herself

upon the side of the eager lover, and their combined forces bore down all opposition. Madame Sendel at first showed an evident hankering after a preliminary jaunt to Amsterdam and a gay wedding, graced by the presence of the bridegroom's numerous and wealthy family. She also testified some anxiety as to the view Van Haubitz Senior might take of his son's matrimonial project, and as to how far he might approve of a hasty and unceremonious wedding. But the gallant artilleryman had an answer to every thing. He pledged himself, which he was perfectly safe in doing, that his father would not attempt in the slightest degree to control his inclinations or interfere with his projects, extolled the delights of an autumnal tour with his wife and mother-in-law before returning to Holland; in short, was so plausible in his arguments, so specious and pressing, pleading so eloquently the violence of his love and inutility of delay, and overruling objections with such cogent reasoning, that he achieved a complete triumph, and it was agreed that in one week Van Haubitz should lead his adored Emilie to the hymeneal altar. In the interval, he would have abundant time to obtain his father's consent and the necessary papers from Amsterdam—all of which he doubted not he should most satisfactorily procure by the kind aid of the accommodating friend who had made him returns for his remittance.

"There will be a small matter to arrange with respect to Emilie," said Madame Sendel in her blandest tones, and with affectation of embarrassment. "She has an engagement at the Vienna theatre, which must of course now be broken off. There is a forfeit to pay, no very heavy sum," added she—

"Not a word about that," interrupted Van, whose blood curdled in his veins at the mere idea of cancelling the engagement on which his hopes were built. "There is no hurry for a few days. Let me once call Emilie mine, and I take charge of all those matters."

Emilie smiled angelically; Madame patted her considerate son-in-law on the shoulders, and applied to her

snuff-box to conceal her emotion; and all matters of business being thus satisfactorily settled, the evening closed in harmony and bliss.

"Are you for Frankfort, to-day?" said Van Haubitz, when he had concluded his exulting narrative, and without giving me time for congratulations, which I should have been at a loss to offer. "I am off, after breakfast, to get some diamond earrings and other small matters for my adorable. I shall be glad of your taste and opinion."

"Diamonds!" I exclaimed. "Farewell, then, to the thousand franc note—"

"Pooh! Nonsense! You don't suppose I throw away my last cash that way. The Frankfort jewellers know me well, or think they do, which is the same thing. They have seen enough of my coin since I have been at Homburg. For them, as for my excellent mother-in-law, I am the wealthy partner in the undoubted good firm of Van Haubitz, Krummwinkel, & Co. I never told them so; if they choose to imagine it I am not to blame. My credit is good. The diamonds shall be paid for—if paid for they must be—out of Madame Van Haubitz's first quarter's salary."

I was meditating an excuse for not accompanying my pertinacious and unscrupulous acquaintance on his cruise against the Frankfort Israelites, when he resumed—

"By the bye," he said, "you will come to church with us. I have arranged it all. Quite private, for reasons good. Nobody but yourself, Madame Sendel, and Emilie. You shall act as father, and give away the bride."

The start I gave, at this alarming announcement, nearly broke the bed. This was carrying things rather too far. Not satisfied with rendering me, by his intrusive and unsolicited confidence, a sort of tacit accomplice in his manœuvres, this Dutch Gil Blas would fain make me an active participator in the swindle he was practising on the actress and her mother. I drew at sight on my imagination, quickened by the peril, for a letter received the previous evening from a dear and near relative

who lay dangerously ill at Baden-Baden, and to whose sick-bed it was absolutely necessary I should immediately repair; and, jumping up, I began to dress in all haste, rang furiously for the bill and a carriage, and requested Van Haubitz to present my excuses to the ladies, my unexpected departure at that early hour depriving me of the pleasure of taking leave of them. The Dutchman swore all manner of *donderwetters* and *sacraments* that he was grieved at my departure, trusted I should find my friend better, and be able to return to Frankfort in time for the marriage, but did not press me to do so, and in reality was too exhilarated by the success of his machinations to care a straw about the matter. And saying he must go and write to Amsterdam, he shook me by the hand and left the room, whistling in loud and joyous key the burthen of a Dutch march. In less than an hour I was on the road to Frankfort, and that evening I reached Heidelberg, where some friends of mine had passed the summer. I expected to find them still there, but they had left for Baden-Baden. Thither I pursued them, and—as if it were a judgment on me for my white lie to the Dutchman—arrived there the morrow of their departure. Baden was thinning, and they had gone down stream: I must have passed them on the Rhine. Having strong reasons to see them before they left Germany, I followed upon their trail. But their movements were rapid and eccentric, and after tracking them to one or two of the minor baths, the chase led me back to Frankfort. Here I made sure to catch them, or resolved to give up the hunt.

A week had been consumed in thus travelling to and fro. I had no great fancy for returning to Frankfort, lest my friend the Dutchman should still be there, and press his society upon me, of which, after his recent revelations, I was any thing but ambitious. Upon the whole, however, I thought it likely he would have departed. I knew he would accelerate his marriage as much as possible; I had been nine days absent, which gave him ample time to get over the ceremony and leave the neighbourhood. By way

of precaution I resolved to keep pretty close in my hotel during the period of my stay, which was not to exceed one or two days.

On arriving at the "White Swan," I found my friends were staying there, but had driven over to Homburg. Unwilling to follow them, and risk meeting my bug-bear, I awaited their return, which was to take place to a late dinner. As usual, there was much bustle at the "Swan;" many goings and comings, several carriages in the court-yard, others in the street packing for departure, a throng of greedy *lohn-butchers*, warm waiters, and bearded couriers, hanging about the door, and running up and down stairs. I entered the public room. It was past noon, and the tables were laid for dinner, but there were only two persons in the apartment, a gentleman and a lady. They stood at a window, outside of which a handsome Vienna-made berline, with a count's coronet on the panels, was getting ready for a journey. As I walked up the room, the lady turned her head, and I was instantly struck by her resemblance to Emilie Sendel. So strong was it that I for a moment thought I had fallen in with the very persons I wished to avoid. A second glance convinced me of error. The likeness was certainly startling, but there were many points of difference. Age and stature were the same, so were the hair and complexion, save that the former was less ruddy, the latter paler than in the case of the buxom Emilie. And there were grace and refinement about this person, far beyond any to which the Dutchman's lady-love could pretend. The expression of the interesting features was rather pensive than gay, and there was something classical in the arch of the eyebrow and outline of the face. The lady was plainly but richly attired in an elegant travelling dress, and had her hand upon the arm of a tall and very handsome man, about forty years of age, of singularly aristocratic but somewhat dissipated appearance. They were talking as I entered, and a sentence or two of their conversation reached my ear. They spoke French, with a scarcely perceptible foreign accent.

Curious to know who these persons

were, I returned to the court of the hotel, intending to question a waiter. It was first necessary to catch one, not easy at that busy time of day; and after several fruitless efforts to detain the jacketed gentry, I gave up the attempt, and took my station at the gateway. Scarcely had I done so, when a carriage drove up at a rattling pace, a small spit of a boy in a smart green suit, and with an ambiguous sort of coronet embroidered in silver on the front of his cap, jumped off and opened the door, and there emerged from the vehicle, to my infinite dismay, the inevitable Van Haubitz. Retreat was impossible, for he saw me directly; and after handing out Madame Sendel and her daughter, seized me vehemently by both hands.

"Delighted to see you!" he cried; "I wish you had been a day sooner. We were married yesterday," he added in a hurried voice, drawing me aside. "Have left Homburg, paid every thing *there*, and leave this to-morrow for Heaven knows where. Explanations must come first, (here he made a grimace) for my purse is low, and my mother-in-law makes projects that would ruin Rothschild. Lucky you are here to back me. Come in."

I was fairly caught, and in a pretty dilemma. My first thought was to knock down the Dutchman, and run for it, but reflection checked the impulse. Stammering a confused congratulation to the bride and her mother, and meditating an escape at all hazards, I allowed Madame Sendel to hook herself on my arm, and lead me into the hotel in the wake of the newly wedded pair, who made at once for the public room. A magnificent courier, in a Hungarian dress, with beard, belt, and hunting-knife, strode past us into the apartment.

"*Herr Graf*," said the man, addressing the distinguished looking stranger, who had attracted my attention, "the horses are ready."

The Count and his companion turned at the announcement, and found themselves face to face with our party. There was a general start and exclamation from the three women. The strange lady turned very pale and visibly trembled; Madame Van Haubitz gave a slight

scream; her mother flushed as red as the poppies in her head-dress, and hung like a log upon my arm, glaring angrily at the strangers. For one moment all stood still; Van Haubitz and I looked at each other in bewilderment. He was evidently struck by the extraordinary resemblance I had noticed, and which became more manifest, now the two ladies were seen together.

"Come, Ameline," said the Count, who alone preserved complete self-possession. And he hurried his companion from the room. Madame Sendel released my arm, and letting herself fall upon a chair with an hysterical giggle, closed her eyes and seemed preparing for a comfortable swoon. Her daughter hastened to her assistance and untied her bonnet; Van Haubitz grasped a decanter of water and made an alarming demonstration of emptying it upon the full-moon countenance of his respectable mother-in-law. I was curious to see him do it, for I had always had my doubts whether the dowager's colours were what is technically termed "*fast*." My curiosity was not gratified. Whether from apprehension of the remedy or from some other cause, I cannot say, but Madame Sendel abandoned her faint, and after two or three grotesque contortions of countenance, and a certain amount of winking and blinking, was sufficiently recovered to take a huge pinch of snuff, and ascend the stairs to a private room, with her daughter and son-in-law for supporters, and half a score waiters and chamber-maids, whom her hysterical symptoms had assembled, by way of a tail. Seeing her so well guarded, I thought it unnecessary to add to the escort. As she left the room, there was a clatter of hoofs outside, and looking through the window, I saw the coroneted berline whirled rapidly away by four vigorous postmen. Just then the dinner-bell rang, and the obsequious head-waiter, who with profound bows had assisted at the departure of the travellers, bustled into the room.

"Who is the gentleman who has just left?" I inquired.

"His Excellency, Count J—," replied the man. It was the name of a Hungarian nobleman of great

wealth, and of reputation almost European as one of the most fashionable and successful Lotharios of the dissipated Austrian capital.

"And his companion?"

"The celebrated actress, Frailein Sendel."

Had the cunning but unlucky Van Haubitz been a regular reader of the *Theater Zeitung*, or Journal of the Theatres, he would have seen, in the ensuing number to that whence he derived his information respecting Mademoiselle Sendel's confirmed popularity and advantageous engagement the following short but important paragraph:—

"ERRATUM.—In our yesterday's impression an error occurred, arising from a similarity of names. It is Frailein *Ameline* Sendel who has concluded with the Vienna theatre an engagement equally advantageous to herself and the manager. Her elder sister, Frailein *Emilie*, continues the engagement she has already held for two seasons, as a supernumerary *soubrette*. The amount stated yesterday as her salary would still be correct, with the abstraction of a zero. Talent does not always run in families."

This good-natured paragraph, evidently from the pen of a sulky sub-editor, smarting under a lashing for his blunder of the preceding day, did not come to my knowledge till some time afterwards, so that the waiter's reply to my question concerning Count J——'s travelling companion perplexed me greatly, and plunged me into an ocean of conjectures. In fact, my curiosity was so strongly roused, that instead of availing myself of the absence of the Dutchman to escape from the hotel, I sat down to dinner, resolved not to depart till I heard the mystery explained. I had not long to wait. Dinner was just over, when I received a message from Van Haubitz, who earnestly desired to see me. I found him alone, seated at a table, his chin resting on his hand, anger, shame, and mortification stamped upon his inflamed countenance. A tumbler half full of water stood upon the table, beside a bottle of smelling salts; and, upon entering, I was pretty sure I heard a sound of sobbing from an inner room, which

ceased, however, when I spoke. There had evidently been a violent scene. Its cause was explained to me by Van Haubitz, at first in rather a confused manner, for at each attempt to detail the circumstances he interrupted himself by bursts of fury. Owing to this, it was some time before I could arrive at a clear understanding of the facts of the case. When I did, I could scarcely help feeling sorry for the unfortunate schemer, although in truth he richly deserved the disappointment he had met. Never was there a more glaring instance of excess of cunning over-reaching itself,—for no deception had been practised by Madame Sendel and her daughter. They doubtless gave themselves credit for some cleverness and more good fortune in enticing a rich banker with more ducats than brains, into their matrimonial nets; and doubtless Frailein Emilie put on her best looks and gowns, her sweetest smiles and most becoming bonnets, to lure the lion into the toils. But neither mother nor daughter had for a moment imagined that Van Haubitz took the latter for the celebrated and successful actress whose name was known throughout Germany, whilst that of poor Emilie, whose talents were of the most humble order, had scarcely ever penetrated beyond the wings and green-room of the theatre, where she enacted unimportant characters for the modest remuneration of a hundred florins a month. By no means proud of her position as an actress, which appeared the more lowly when contrasted with her sister's brilliant success, Emilie had seldom referred to things theatrical since her acquaintance with Van Haubitz. On his part, the 'cute Dutchman, conscious of his real motives and anxious to conceal them, abstained from all direct reference to Mademoiselle Sendel's great talents and their lucrative results, contenting himself with general compliments, which passed current without being closely scanned. If he had never heard either his wife or mother-in-law make mention of Ameline, it was because they were on the worst possible terms with that young lady, who had lived, nearly from the period of her first appearance upon the boards, under the protection of the accomplished

libertine, Count J——, over whom she was said to exercise extraordinary influence. When she formed this connexion, Madame Sendel, who—in spite of her suspicion of paint and artificial floriculture—had very strict notions of propriety, wrote her a letter of furious reproach, renounced her as her daughter, and prohibited Emilie from holding any communication with her. Emilie, against whose virtue none had ever found ought to say, sorrowfully obeyed; and, after two or three ineffectual attempts on the part of Ameline to soften her mother's wrath, all communication ceased between them. Their next meeting was that at which Van Haubitz and myself were present. Its singularity, Madame Sendel's fainting fit, and the resemblance between the sisters, brought on inquiries and an explanation; and the Dutchman found, to his inexpressible disgust and consternation, that he had encumbered himself with a wife he cared nothing for, and a mother-in-law he detested, whose joint income was largely stated at one hundred and fifty pounds sterling per annum. At his first paroxysm of rage he taunted them with the mistake they had made when they thought to secure the love-sick millionaire, proclaimed himself in debt, disinherited, and a beggar; and, finally, by the violence of his reproaches and maledictions, drove them trembling and weeping from the room.

Van Haubitz had sent for me to implore my advice in his present difficult position: but was so bewildered by passion and overwhelmed by this sudden awakening from his dream of success and prosperity, that he was hardly in a condition to listen to reason. His regrets were so disgustingly selfish, his invectives against the innocent cause of his disappointment so violent and unmerited, that I should have left him to his fate and his own devices, had I not thought that my so doing would make matters worse for the poor girl who had thus heedlessly linked herself to a fortune-hunter. So I remained: after a while he became calmer, and we talked over various plans for the future. By my suggestion, Madame Sendel and her daughter were invited to the conference. The old lady was sulky and frightened, and

would hardly open her lips; Emilie, on the other hand, made a more favourable impression on me than she had ever previously done. I now saw, what I had not before suspected, that she was really attached to Van Haubitz; hitherto, I had taken her for a mere adventuress, speculating on his supposed wealth. She spoke kindly and affectionately to him, smiled through the tears brought to her eyes by his recent brutality, and evidently trembled each time her mother spoke, lest she should vent a reproach or refer to his heartless duplicity. She tried to speak confidently and cheerfully of the future. They must go immediately to Vienna, she said; there she would apply diligently to her profession; the manager had half promised her an increase of salary after another year—she was sure she should deserve it, and meanwhile Van Haubitz, with his abilities, could not fail to find some lucrative employment. He must get rid of his accent, she added with a smile, (he spoke a voluble but most execrable jargon of mingled Dutch and German,) and then he might go upon the stage, where she was certain he would succeed. This last suggestion was made timidly, as if she feared to hurt the pride of the scapegrace by proposing such a plan. There was not a word or an accent of reproach in all she said, and I heartily forgave the little coquetry, affectation, and vulgarity I had formerly remarked in her, in consideration of the intuitive delicacy and good feeling she now displayed. Truly, thought I, it is humbling to us, the bearded and baser moiety of humankind, to contrast our vile egotism with the beautiful self-devotion of woman, as exhibited even in this poor actress.

Madame Sendel by no means acquiesced in her daughter's project. The flesh-pots of Amsterdam had attractions for her, far superior to those of a struggling and uncertain existence at Vienna. She evidently leaned upon the hope of a reconciliation between Van Haubitz and his father, and hinted pretty plainly at the effect that might be produced by a personal interview with the obdurate banker. I could see she was arranging matters in her queer old noddle upon

the approved theatrical principle; the penitent son and fascinating daughter-in-law throwing themselves at the feet of the melting father, who, with handkerchief to eyes, bestows on them a blubbing benediction and ample subsidy. To my surprise, Van Haubitz also seemed disposed to place hope in an appeal to his father, perhaps as a drowning man clutches at a straw. He may have thought that his marriage, imprudent as it was, would be taken as some guarantee of future steadiness, or at least of abstinence from the spendthrift courses which had hitherto destroyed all confidence in him. He could hardly expect his union with a penniless actress to re-instate him in his father's good graces; but he probably imagined he might extract a small annuity, as a condition of living at a distance from the friends he had disgraced. He asked me what I thought of the plan. I of course did not dissuade him from its adoption, and upon the whole thought it his best chance, for I really saw no other. After some deliberation and discussion, he seemed nearly to have made up his mind, when I was called away to my friends, who had returned from their excursion.

I was getting into bed that night, when Van Haubitz knocked at my door, and entered the room with a downcast and dejected air, very different from his usual boisterous headlong manner.

"I am off to Holland," he said; "'tis my only chance, bad though it be."

"I sincerely wish you success," replied I. "In any case, do not despair; something will turn up. You have friends in your own country, I have heard you say. They will help you to occupation."

He shook his head.

"Good friends over a bottle and a dice-box," said he, "but useless at a pinch like this. Pleasant fellows enough, but scamps like"—myself, he was going to add, but did not. "I am come to say farewell," he continued. "I must be off before day-break. I have debts in Frankfort, and if my departure gets wind, I shall have a dozen duns on my back. Misfortunes never come alone. As for paying, it is out of the question. Amongst us we have only about

enough money to reach Amsterdam. Once there—*à la grace de Dieu!* but I confess my hopes are small. Thanks for your advice—and for your sympathy too, for I saw this morning you were sorry for me, though you did not think I deserved pity. Well, perhaps not. God bless you."

He was leaving the room, but returned.

"I think you said you should stay at Coblenz before returning to England."

"I shall probably be there a few days towards the end of the month."

"Good. If I succeed, you shall hear from me. What is your address there?"

"*Poste restante* will find me," I replied, not very covetous of the correspondence, and unwilling to give a more exact direction.

Van Haubitz nodded and left me. At breakfast the next morning I learned that the Dutch baron, as the waiter styled him, had taken his departure at peep of day.

The first days of October found me still at Coblenz, lingering amongst the valleys and vineyards, and loath to exchange them for the autumnal fogs and emptiness of London. Thither, however, I was compelled to return; and I endeavoured to console myself for the necessity by discovering that the green Rhine grew brown, the trees scant of leaves, the evenings long and chilly. I had heard nothing of Van Haubitz, and had ceased to think of him, when, walking out at dusk on the eve of the day fixed for my departure, I suddenly encountered him. He had just arrived by a steamboat coming up stream; his wife and mother-in-law were with him, and they were about to enter a fifth-rate inn, which, two months previously, he would have felt insulted if solicited to patronise. I was shocked by the change that had taken place in all three of them. In five weeks they had grown five years older. Emilie had lost her freshness, her eye its sparkle; and the melancholy smile with which she welcomed me made my heart ache. Madame Sendel's rosy cheeks had collapsed, she looked cross and jaundiced, and more snuffy than ever. Van Haubitz was thin and haggard, his hair and mustaches, formerly glossy and well-trimmed, were ragged and neglected, his dress, once so smart

and carefully arranged, was soiled and slovenly. My imagination furnished me with a rapid and vivid sketch of the anxieties and disappointments and heart-burnings, which, more than any actual bodily privations, had worked so great a change in so short a time. Van Haubitz started on seeing me, and faltered in his pace, as if unwilling to enter the shabby hotel in my presence. The hesitation was momentary. "Worse quarters than we used to meet in," said he, with a bitter smile. "I will not ask you into this dog-hole. Wait an instant, and I will walk with you."

Badly as I thought of Van Haubitz, and indisposed as I was to keep up any acquaintance with such an unprincipled adventurer, I had not the heart, seeing him so miserable and down in the world, to turn my back upon him at once. So I entered the hotel, and waited in the public room. In a few minutes he re-appeared with the two ladies, and we all four strolled out in the direction of the Rhine. I did not ask the Dutchman the result of his journey. It was unnecessary. His disheartened air and general appearance told the tale of disappointment, of humiliating petitions sternly rejected, of hopes fled and a cheerless future. He kept silence the while we walked a hundred yards, and then, having left his wife and mother-in-law out of ear-shot, abruptly began the tale of his mishaps. As I conjectured, he had totally failed in his attempt to mollify his father, who was furious at his temerity in appearing before him, and whose rage redoubled when he heard of his ill-omened marriage. Unfortunately for Van Haubitz, the jeweller and some other tradesmen at Frankfort, so soon as they learned his departure, had forwarded their accounts to the care of the Amsterdam firm; and, although his father had not the remotest intention of paying them, he was incensed in the extreme at the slur thus cast upon his house and name. In short, the unlucky artilleryman at once saw he had no chance of a single krenzer, or of the slightest countenance from his father. His applications to his brothers, and one or two to more distant relatives, were equally unsuccessful. All were disgusted at his irregularities, angry

at his marriage, incredulous of his promises of reform; and, after passing a miserable month in Amsterdam, he set out to accompany his wife to Vienna, whither she was compelled to repair under pain of fine and forfeiture of her engagement. Although living with rigid economy—on bread and water, as Van Haubitz expressed it—their finances had been utterly consumed by their stay in the expensive Dutch capital, and it was only by disposing of every trinket and superfluity (and of necessities too, I feared, when I remembered the slender baggage that came up with them from the boat) that they had procured the means of travelling, in the cheapest and most humble manner, and with the disheartening certainty of arriving penniless at Vienna. Van Haubitz told me all this, and many other details, with an air of gloomy despondency. He was hopeless, heart-broken, desperate; and certain circumstances of his position, which by some would have been held an alleviation, aggravated it in his eyes. He said little of his wife; but, from what escaped him, I easily gathered that she had shown strength of mind, good feeling and affection for him, and was willing to struggle by his side for a scanty and hard-earned subsistence. His selfish cares and irritable mood prevented his appreciating or returning her attachment, and he looked upon her as a clog and an encumbrance, without which he might again rise in the world. He had always entertained a confident expectation of enriching himself by marriage; and this hope, which had buoyed him up under many difficulties, was now gone. From something he said I suspected he had sounded Emilie on the subject of a divorce, so easily obtained in Germany, and that she had shown determined opposition. She evidently possessed a firmness of character more than a match for her husband's impetuosity and violence.

"I have one resource left," said Van Haubitz. "I have pondered over it for the last two days, and have almost determined on its adoption."

"What is it?" I asked.

"If I decide upon it," he replied, "you shall shortly know. 'Tis a desperate one enough."

We had insensibly slackened our pace, and, at this moment, the ladies came up. Van Haubitz made a gesture, as of impatience at the interruption.

"Wait for me here," he said, and walked away. Without speculating upon the motive of his absence, I stood still, and entered into conversation with the ladies. We were on the quay. The night was mild and calm, but overcast and exceedingly dark. A few feet below us rolled the dark mass of the Rhine, slightly swollen by recent rains. A light from an adjacent window illuminated the spot, and cast a flickering gleam across the water. Unwilling to refer to their misfortunes, I spoke to Emilie on some general topic. But Madame Sendel was too full of her troubles to tolerate any conversation that did not immediately relate to them, and she broke in with a long history of grievances, of the hard-heartedness of the Amsterdam relations, the cruelty of Emilie's position, her son-in-law's helplessness, and various other matters, in a querulous tone, and with frightful volubility. The poor daughter, I plainly saw, winced under this infliction. I was waiting the smallest opening to interrupt the indiscreet old lady, and revert to commonplace, when a distant splash in the water reached my ears. The women also heard it, and at the same instant a presentiment of evil came over us all. Madame Sendel suddenly held her tongue and her breath; Emilie turned deadly pale, and without saying a word, flew along the quay in the direction of the sound. She had gone but a few yards when her strength failed her, and she would have fallen but for my support. There was a shout, and a noise of men running. Leaving Madame Van Haubitz to the care of her mother, I ran swiftly along the river side, and soon reached a place where the deep water moaned and surged against the perpendicular quay. Here several men were assembled, talking hurriedly and pointing to the river. Others each moment arrived, and two boats were hastily shoved off from an adjacent landing-place.

"A man in the river," was the reply to my hasty inquiry.

It was so dark that I could not distinguish countenances close to me, and at a very few yards even the outline of objects was scarcely to be discerned. There were no houses close at hand, and some minutes elapsed before lights were procured. At last several boats put off, with men standing in the bows, holding torches and lanterns high in the air. Meanwhile I had questioned the bystanders, but could get little information; none as to the person to whom the accident had happened. The man who had given the alarm, was returning from mooring his boat to a neighbouring jetty, when he perceived a figure moving along the quay a short distance in his front. The figure disappeared, a heavy splash followed, and the boatman ran forward. He could see no one either on shore or in the stream, but heard a sound as of one striking out and struggling in the water. Having learned this much, I jumped into a boat just then putting off, and bid the rowers pull down stream, keeping a short distance from the quay. The current ran strong, and I doubted not that the drowning man had been carried along by it. Two vigorous oarsmen pulled till the blades bent, and the boat, aided by the stream, flew through the water. A third man held a torch. I strained my eyes through the darkness. Presently a small object floated within a few feet of the boat, which was rapidly passing it. It shone in the torch-light. I struck at it with a boat-hook, and brought it on board. It was a man's cap, covered with oilskin, and I remembered Van Haubitz wore such a one. Stripping off the cover, I beheld an officer's foraging cap, with a grenade embroidered on its front. My doubts, slight before, were entirely dissipated.

When the search, rendered almost hopeless by the extreme darkness and power of the current, was at last abandoned, I hastened to the hotel, and inquired for Madame Sendel. She came to me in a state of great agitation. Van Haubitz had not returned, but she thought less of that than of the state of her daughter, who, since recovering from a long swoon, had been almost distracted

with anxiety. She knew some one had been drowned, and her mind misgave her it was her husband. The foraging-cap, which Madame Sendel immediately recognised, removed all uncertainty. The only hope remaining was, that Van Haubitz, although carried rapidly away by the power of the current, had been able to maintain himself on the surface, and had got ashore at some considerable distance down the river, or had been picked up by a passing boat. But this was a very feeble hope, and for my own part, and for more than one reason, I placed no reliance on it. I left Madame Sendel to break the painful intelligence to her daughter, and went home, promising to call again in the morning.

As I had expected, nothing was heard of Van Haubitz, nor any vestige of him found, save the foraging-cap I had picked up. Doubtless, the Rhine had borne down his lifeless corpse to the country of his birth. The next day Coblenz rang with the death of the unfortunate Dutchman. A stranger, and unacquainted with the localities, he was supposed to have walked over the quay by accident. I thought differently; and so I knew did Madame Sendel and Emilie. I saw the former early the next day. She was greatly cast down about her daughter, who had passed a sleepless night, was very weak and suffering, but who nevertheless insisted on continuing her journey the following morning.

"We must go," said her mother; "if we delay, Emilie loses her engagement, and how can we both live on my poor jointure? Weeping will not bring him back, were he worth it. To think of the misery he has caused us!"

I ventured to hint an inquiry as to their means of prosecuting their journey. The old lady understood the intention, and took it kindly. "But she needed no assistance," she said; "Van Haubitz (and this confirmed our strong suspicion of suicide) had given their little stock of money into his wife's keeping only a few hours before his death."

That afternoon I left Coblenz for England.

On a certain Wednesday of the present year, after enjoying the excel-

lent acting of Bouffé in two of his best characters, I paused a moment to speak to a friend in the crowded lobby of the St James's Theatre. Whilst thus engaged, I became aware that I was an object of attention to two persons, whom I had an indistinct notion of having seen before, but when or where, or who they might be, I had not the remotest idea. One of them was a comfortable-looking, middle-aged man, with a bald head, a smooth, clean-shaven face, and an incipient ventral rotundity. His complexion was clear and wholesome, his countenance good-humoured, his whole appearance bespoke an existence free from care, nights of sound sleep, and days of tranquil enjoyment. His face was too sleek to be very expressive, but there was a shrewd, quick look in the eye, and I set him down in my mind as a wealthy German merchant or manufacturer (some small peculiarities of costume betrayed the foreigner) come to show London to his wife—a well-favoured *Frau*, fat, fair, but some years short of forty—who accompanied him, and who, as well as her better-half, seemed to honour me with very particular notice. My confabulation over, I was leaving the theatre, when a sleek soft hand was gently passed through my arm. It was my friend the fat foreigner. I strained my eyes and my memory, but in vain; I felt very puzzled, and doubtless looked so, for he smiled, and advancing his head, whispered a name in my ear. It was that of Van Haubitz.

I started, looked again, doubted, and was at last convinced. *Minus* mustache and whisker, which were closely shaven, and half his hair, of which the remainder was considerably grizzled; *plus* a degree of corpulence such as I should never have thought the slender lieutenant of artillery capable of acquiring; his heated, sun-burnt complexion, and dissipated look, exchanged for a fresh colour and benevolent placidity; the Dutchman I had left on the Rhine stood beside me in the lobby of the French theatre. I turned to the lady: she was less changed than her companion, and now that I was upon the track, I recognised Emilie Sendel. By this time we were in the street. Van

Haubitz handed his wife into a carriage.

"Come and sup with us," he said, "and I will explain."

I mechanically obeyed, and in less than three minutes, still tongue-tied by astonishment, I alighted at the door of a fashionable hotel in a street adjoining Piccadilly.

A few lines will convey to the reader the substance of the long conversation which kept the resuscitated Dutchman and myself from our beds for fully two hours after our unexpected meeting. I had been right in supposing that he had thrown himself voluntarily into the river; wrong in my belief that he meditated suicide. An excellent swimmer, he had taken the water to get rid of his wife. He might certainly have chosen a drier method, and have given her the slip in the night-time or on the road; but she had shown, whenever he referred to the possibility of their separation, such a determination to remain with him at all risks and sacrifices, that he felt certain she would be after him as soon as she discovered his absence. He had formed a wild scheme of returning to Amsterdam, and haunting his family until, through mere weariness and vexation, they supplied him with funds for an outfit to Sumatra. There he trusted to redeem his fortunes, as he had heard that others of no greater abilities or better character than himself had already done. A more extravagant project was never formed, and indeed all his acts, during the six weeks that followed his marriage, were more or less eccentric and ill-judged. This he admitted, when relating them to me, and probably would not have been sorry to place them to the score of actual mental derangement. The only redeeming touch in his conduct, at that, the blackest period of his life, was his leaving, as I have already mentioned, what money he had to his wife and her mother, reserving but a few florins for his own support.

With these in his pocket, he proposed proceeding on foot to Amsterdam. After landing on the right bank of the Rhine, he walked the greater part of the night, as the best means of drying his saturated garments. When weariness at last

compelled him to pause, it was not yet daylight, no house was open, and he threw himself on some straw in a farm-yard. He awoke in a high fever, the result of his immersion, of exposure and fatigue, acting on a frame heated and weakened by anxiety and mental suffering. He obtained shelter at the neighbouring farm-house, whose kind-hearted inhabitants carefully tended him for several weeks, during which his life was more than once despaired of. His convalescence was long, and not till the close of the year could he resume his journey northwards, by short stages, chiefly on foot. Unfavourable as his prospects were, his good star had not yet set. This very illness, as occasioning a delay, was a stroke of good fortune. Had he at once proceeded to Holland, his family, in hopes to get rid of him for ever, would probably have given him the small sum he needed for an outfit to the Indian Archipelago, and he would have sailed thither before the 31st of December, on which day his father, a joyous liver, and confirmed votary of Bacchus, eat and drank to such an extent to celebrate the exit of the old year and commencement of the new, that he fell down, on his way to his bed, in a thundering fit of apoplexy, and was a corpse before morning. The day of his funeral, Van Haubitz, footsore and emaciated, and reduced to his last penny, walked wearily into the city of Amsterdam. There a great surprise awaited him.

"Your father had not disinherited you?" I exclaimed, when the Dutchman made a momentary pause at this point of his narrative.

"He had left a will devising his entire property to my brothers, and not even naming me. But a slight formality was omitted, which rendered the document of no more value than the parchment it was drawn upon. The signature was wanting. My father had the weakness, no uncommon one, of disliking whatever reminded him of his mortality. He would have fancied himself nearer his grave had he signed his will. And thus he had delayed till it was too late. I found myself joint heir with my brothers. By far the greater part of my father's large capital was embarked in his bank, and in extensive financial operations,

which it would have been necessary to liquidate at considerable disadvantage, to operate the partition prescribed by law. Seeing this, I proposed to my brothers to admit me as partner in the firm, with the stipulation that I should have no active share in its direction, until my knowledge of business and steadiness of conduct gave them the requisite confidence in me. After some deliberation they agreed to this; and three years later their opinion of me had undergone such a change, that two of them retired to estates in the country, leaving me the chief management of the concern."

"And Madame Van Haubitz; when did she rejoin you?"

"Immediately the change in my fortunes occurred. Reckless as I at that time was, and utterly devoid of feeling as you must have thought me, I could not remember without emotion the disinterested affection, delicacy, and unselfishness she had exhibited on discovery of my real circumstances. During my long illness I had had time to reflect, and when I left my sick-bed in that rude but hospitable German farm-house, it was as a penitent for past offences, and with a strong resolution to atone them. Within a week after my father's funeral, I was on my way to Vienna, to fetch Emilie to the opulent home she had anticipated when she married me. Her joy at seeing me was scarcely increased when she heard I now really was the rich banker she had at first thought me."

"And Madame Sendel?"

"Returned to Amsterdam with us. There was good about the old lady, and by purloining her artificials, limiting her snuff, and soaking her in tea, she was made endurable enough.

Until her death, which occurred a couple of years ago, she passed her time alternately with us and her younger daughter."

"She became reconciled to Made-moiselle Ameline?"

"Ameline had been Countess J—all the time. She was privately married. For certain family reasons the Count had conditioned that their union should for a while be kept secret. Seeing that her equivocal position and her mother's displeasure preyed upon her health and spirits, he declared his marriage. She left the stage to become a reigning beauty in the best society of Austria, lady of half a dozen castles, and sovereign mistress of as many thousand Hungarian boors."

Van Haubitz remained some time in London, and I saw him often. He was as much changed in character as in personal appearance. The sharp lessons received, about the period of our first acquaintance, had made a strong impression on him; and the summer-tide of prosperity suddenly setting in, had enabled him to realise good intentions and honourable resolves, which the chill current of adversity might have frozen in the germ. Some of those who read these lines may have occasion, when visiting the country stigmatised by the snarling Frenchman as the land of *canards*, *canaux*, and *canaille*, to receive cash in the busy counting-house, and hospitality in the princely mansion of one of its most respected bankers. None, I am well assured, will discern in their amiable and exemplary entertainer any vestige of the disreputable impulses and evil passions that sullied the early life of "My Friend the Dutchman."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

Vol. LXII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET;
AND 37, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

sea-coast of Africa is deadly to Europeans, and this effort failed through general disease.

The next experiment was made by land—from Tripoli across the Great Desert—under Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney. This effort was partially baffled by sickness, but still more by the arts of the native chiefs, who are singularly jealous of strangers. In a second attempt Clapperton, the only survivor of the former, died.

The problem of the course of the Niger was reserved for Richard Lander, who in 1830, sailed down the Niger from Baossa, and reached the Atlantic by the river Nun, one of its branches.

Other travellers, more highly accomplished, but less fortunate, had in the meantime explored the countries to the east and north of the Mediterranean. Of these, Burckhardt, a German, was among the most distinguished. After preparing himself for the most complete adoption of Mahometan life by a sojourn of two years at Aleppo, and even risking the pilgrimage to Mecca, he was on the point of travelling to Fezzan, when he died of a country fever. His works throw much light on the habits and literature of Syria and Palestine. The narratives of Hamilton, Leigh, Belzoni, and of Salt the consul in Egypt, largely increased the public interest in countries, universally known to have been the birth-places of religion, science, and literature; and Lane and Wilkinson have admirably availed themselves of those discoveries, and added important information of their own.

The old connexion of trade with China naturally suggested a wish for more direct intercourse with that mysterious region, and in 1792, an embassy conducted by Lord Macartney was sent to Peking. The narrative of the embassy, by Sir George Staunton, contributed largely to our knowledge of the interior. But the late Chinese war, and the freedom of our commerce, will probably open up all the secrets of this most jealous of empires.

The geographical discoveries of this embassy were of more value than its diplomatic services. The coast of

Corea was found to be bordered by a vast and fertile Archipelago. The sea is actually studded with islands; and the narratives of Macleod, and Captain Basil Hall, the latter one of the liveliest narrators of his time, gave the impression, that they contained scenes of singular beauty.

On the cessation of the war in 1815, the British Admiralty directed their leisure to the promotion of science; and the exploration of the northern coasts of America was commenced in a series of expeditions under the command of Parry, Ross, Back, Franklin, and other enterprising officers. Their narratives gave us new islands and bays, but the great problem of the north-west passage continues unsolved.

It has been alleged, that such expeditions are useless. But it must be remembered, that true philosophy disdains no advance of knowledge as useless; that, however difficult, or even to our present means impassable, the route may be, no man can decide on the means of posterity; that we may yet find facilities as powerful for passing the ice and the ocean, as the railroad for traversing the land; and that the evident design of Providence in placing difficulties before man is, to sharpen his faculties for their mastery. We have already explored the whole northern coast, to within about two hundred miles from Behring's Straits, and an expedition is at present on foot which will probably complete the outline of the American continent towards the Pole.

Within the last quarter of a century, discovery has turned to the islands of the Pacific, perhaps the most favoured region of the globe. Our great continental colony of Australia, its growing population, and its still more rapidly growing enterprise—its probable influence on our Indian empire, and its still more probable supremacy over the islands which cover the central Pacific, from the tenth to the forty-fifth degrees of south latitude; have for the last thirty years strongly directed the observation of government to the south. And a succession of exploring voyages, from the days of Vancouver to the present time, have been employed in ascertaining the character

of superb shores, and the capabilities of vast countries, which will perhaps, in another century, exhibit the most vivid prosperity, cultivation, and activity, of any dominion beyond the borders of Europe.

Australia has an importance in the eyes of England, superior perhaps to all her other colonies. The climate is obviously more fitted for the English frame than that of Canada or the West Indies. The English settler alone is master of the mighty continent of New Holland; for the natives are few, savage, and rapidly diminishing. The Englishman may range over a territory of two thousand miles long, by seventeen hundred broad, without meeting the subject of any other sovereign, or hearing any other language than his own. The air is temperate, though so near the equator, and the soil, though often unfertile, is admirably adapted to the rearing of sheep and cattle. The adjoining islands offer the finest opportunities for the commercial enterprise of the Englishman; and its directness of navigation to India or China, across an ocean that scarcely knows a storm, give it the promise of being the great eastern *dépôt* of the world. Van Diemen's Land, about the size, with more than the fertility of Ireland, is said to resemble Switzerland in picturesque beauty; and New Zealand, a territory of fifteen hundred miles in length, and of every diversity of surface, is already receiving the laws and the population of England.

The distance is the chief drawback. Sydney is, by ordinary ship's course, sixteen thousand miles from London, and the voyage, under the most prosperous circumstances, has hitherto occupied about four months. But better hopes are at hand.

On the 20th of last May, a charter was obtained by a company for establishing a steam communication with Sydney, which proposes to make the whole course within about *two months*. The route is as follows,—making twelve thousand seven hundred and thirty miles in sixty-four days:—

From England to Singapore, by Egypt, eight thousand three hundred and ninety miles. From Singapore to Port Essington, by Batavia, two thousand miles. From Port Essing-

ton to Sydney, two thousand three hundred and forty miles; the rate being one hundred and ninety-nine miles a-day. The first portion occupying forty-two days,—the second, ten,—and the third, twelve.

The subject was, for a considerable time, before government, and various plans of communication had been suggested.—A route by the Isthmus of Darien, and a route by the Cape with a branch to the Mauritius. The route by Egypt and India has at length been chosen, and the most sanguine hopes are entertained of its success. The steam establishment will have the farther advantage of shortening the distance by one-half between Calcutta and Sydney; and reducing it to thirty days, or perhaps less.

Bright prospects, too, are opening for India herself. The great railway is decided on, the engineers are about to embark, and the harvests of cotton and the thousand other tropical productions with which that most magnificent of all countries is covered, will be poured into the bosom of Australia and the world.

It is scarcely possible to look upon the results of establishing railroads in India, without something of the enthusiasm which belongs more to poetry than to statistics. But, "in the Golden Peninsula," there spreads before the Englishman a space of nearly a million and a quarter of square miles, inhabited by about one hundred and thirty-four millions of souls, with a sea-coast of immense extent, washed by two oceans, and bordering on vast countries of hitherto unexplored opulence. The resources of Birmah, Siam, and the Eastern Archipelago, have been scarcely touched by the hand of man. Savage governments, savage nations, and savage indolence, have left these countries almost in a state of nature; yet it is within the tropics that the true productiveness of the earth is alone to be looked for. Our long winters, our mountains, and the comparative sterility of Europe, prohibit that richness of produce which only waits the hand of man in the South, and it is only when the industry of the European shall be suffered to throw its strength into the Asiatic soil, that man will ever be able to dis-

cover the true extent of the bounties provided for him by creation.

The three great divisions, or rather three zones of India—the country comprehending the great northern chain of mountains, the belt of plains, from the foot of the mountains to the head of the peninsulas, a breadth of twelve hundred miles; and the peninsula itself, a territory extending from thirty-five degrees north latitude to the equator—give every temperature and every product of the world. The mighty rivers intersecting this region, the Indus, the Ganges, and their tributaries, will soon be occupied by the steamboat; and the railway, running through immense plains on which the harvests of thousands of years have been suffered to perish, will soon develop the powers of the people and the fertility of the soil, by opening to India the market of all nations.

It is to India, that the chief enterprise of British commerce and civilisation should be directed by an intelligent legislature. The country will naturally become a vast British province, and this, not by violence or injustice, but by the course of things, and the interests of India itself. The native princes, reared in vice and indolence, will be speedily found unfit to meet the requisitions of a people growing in instruction. The race will perish, and their power will be made over to England. The Indian, hitherto the slave of a capricious tyranny, will then become the object of a judicious protection,—his property secure, his person safe, his rights guarded, and with equal law, in place of the grasping avarice of a crafty minister, or the hot fury of a drunken tyrant. The Indian subject of England will then form a contrast to the wretched serf of a Rajah, that will be a more powerful pledge of obedience than fifty conquests.

Even now, it can be no longer said, in the words of the eloquent appeal of Burke, that if we left India, we should have no more monuments of our sojourn to show, than if we had been lions and tigers. We shall have to show the steamboat, the railroad, and the true origin and foundation of both,—public honour, public intelligence, and a sense of the rights of subjects and the duties of sovereigns.

The increasing passage of the south-

ern commerce through Torres Strait, had attracted the notice of the British government to the peculiar perils of the navigation. The Strait is one of difficult passage from the state of the currents, reefs, &c., and the difficulty was enhanced by the imperfect nature of the charts. Along the east coast of Australia, and as far to the north as New Guinea, an immense ridge of coral rock extends; and through the gaps in this barrier reef, vessels must find their way to the Torres Strait. The two government vessels, the *Fly* and the *Bramble*, were sent out to make a survey of the barrier reef. The especial objects of the expedition being—the survey of the eastern edge of the great chain of reefs—the examination of all the channels through the barrier reef, with details of those which afford a safe passage—and the erection of beacons on their outer islands as guides to the navigation.

The commanders of the vessels were directed to give marked attention to all circumstances connected with the health of the crews, the climate, temperature, products, and science; and especially the phenomena of magnetism. A geologist and a zoologist were added to the expedition, the whole under the command of Captain Francis Blackwood. In order to make the subsequent details more intelligible, we give a brief abstract of the voyage. The *Fly*, with her tender the *Bramble* schooner, sailed from Falmouth, April 11, 1842, and made the usual course to the Cape, touching at Teneriffe on the way, where a party ascended the Peak, and determined its height to be twelve thousand and eighty feet above the sea. Reaching Van Diemen's Land in August, and Australia soon after, they sailed from Port Stephens December 19, to commence their survey. After an examination of the Capricorn Group, they commenced the survey of the northern part of the great barrier-reef, up to the Murray Islands.

In the next year, they erected a beacon on Raines Islet to mark the entrance of a good passage through the reef. The rest of the year was spent in surveying Torres Straits. They remained thus occupied till the beginning of 1845, when they sailed for Europe, and anchored at Spithead

in June 1845, after an absence of three years.

The result of those investigations was, a large accession to our previous knowledge of the sea to the eastward of Australia, now become important from our settlements; and a survey of five hundred miles of the great chain of coral reefs which act as the break-water against the ocean.

We have heard much of coral islands, certainly the most curious means of increasing the habitable part of the world; in fact, a new insect manufacture of islands. They are of all sizes. We give the description of a small one of this order in the Capricorn Group, an assemblage of islands and reefs on the north-east coast of Australia, so called from the parallel of the Tropic of Capricorn passing through them.

"The beach was composed of coarse fragments of worn corals and shells bleached by the weather. At the back of it, a ridge of the same materials four or five feet high, and as many yards across, completely encircled the Island, which was not a quarter of a mile in diameter. Inside this regular ridge was a small sandy plain. The encircling ridge was occupied by a belt of small trees, while on the plain grew only a short scrubby vegetation, a foot or two in height. Some vegetable soil was found, a few inches in thickness, the result of the decomposition of vegetable matter and birds' dung. On the weather side of the island was a coral reef of two miles in diameter, enclosing a shallow lagoon. In this lagoon were both sharks and turtles swimming about. The island was stocked with sea-fowl, and the trees were loaded with their nests."

It was a sort of bird-paradise, into which the foot of man, the destroyer, had probably never entered before.

There is considerable beauty in a small coral reef, when seen from a ship's mast-head, at a short distance, in clear weather. A small island with a white sand-beach and a tuft of trees, is surrounded by a symmetrically oval space of shallow water, of a bright grass-green colour, enclosed by a ring of glittering surf as white as snow; immediately outside of which is the rich dark blue of deep water. All the

sea is perfectly clear from any mixture of sand or mud. It is this perfect clearness of the water which renders navigation among coral reefs at all practicable; as a shoal with even five fathoms water on it, can be discerned at a mile distance from a ship's mast-head, in consequence of its greenish hue contrasting with the blue of deep water. In seven fathoms water, the bottom can still be discerned on looking over the side of a boat, especially if it have patches of light-coloured sand; but in ten fathoms the depth of colour can scarcely be distinguished from the dark azure of the unfathomable ocean. This bed of reefs stretches along the coast of Australia, and across Torres Strait, nearly to the coast of New Guinea, a distance of one thousand miles!

One of the charms of Natural History is, that it gives a perpetual interest to Nature,—that things, to the common eye of no attraction, have the power of giving singular gratification; and that, in fact, the intelligent naturalist is indulged with a sense of beauty, and an accession of knowledge in almost every production of nature. We cannot avoid quoting the example in the writer's own words. The subject was a block of coral, accidentally brought up by a fish-hook from the bottom of one of the anchorages. Nothing could have been less promising, and any one but a naturalist would have pronounced it to be nothing but a piece of rock, and have flung it into the sea again. But what a source of interest does it become in the hands of the man of science.

"It was a mere worn dead fragment, but its surface was covered with brown, crimson, and yellow *Nullipora*, many small *Actinia*, and soft branching *Corallines*, *Flustra*, and *Eschara*, and delicate *Retepora*, looking like beautiful lace-work carved in ivory. There were several small sponges and *Alcyonia*, seaweeds of two or three species, two species of *Comatula*, and one of *Aphisura*, of the most vivid colours and markings, and many small, flat, round corals, something like *Nemumites* in external appearance.

"On breaking into the block, boring shells of several species pierced it in all directions, many still containing their inhabitants; while two or three

Nereis lay twisted in and out among its hollows and recesses, in which, likewise, were three small species of crabs."

If it should be supposed that the receptacle or *nidus* of all those curious and varied things was a huge mass of rock, we are informed that,—

"The block was not above a foot in diameter, and was a perfect museum in itself, while its outside glared with colour, from the many brightly and variously coloured animals and plants. It was by no means a solitary instance; every block which could be procured from the bottom, in from ten to twenty fathoms, was like it."

The reflection on this exuberance of nature is striking and true.—"What an inconceivable amount of animal life must be here scattered over the bottom of the sea! to say nothing of that moving through its waters; and this through spaces of hundreds of miles: every corner and crevice, every point occupied by living beings, which, as they become more minute, increase in tenfold abundance."

And let it be remembered, too, that those creatures have not merely life, but enjoyment; that they are not created for any conceivable use of man, but for purposes and pleasures exclusively suited to their own state of existence; that they exist in millions of millions, and that the smallest living thing among those millions, not merely exceeds in its formation, its capacities, and its senses, all that the powers of man can imitate, but actually offers problems of science, in its simple organisation, which have baffled the subtlest human sagacity since the creation, and will probably baffle it while man treads the globe.

In the navigation along the coast, the officers had frequent meetings with the natives, who seemed to have known but little of the English settlements, for their conduct was exactly that of the savage. They evidently looked with as much surprise on the ships, the boats, and the men, as the inhabitants of Polynesia looked upon the first navigators to their shores. They were all astonishment, much craft, and a little hostility on safe occasions.

But some parts of the coast still invite the settler, and the communica-

tion of this knowledge from a pen so unprejudiced as that of the voyager, may yet be a service in directing the course of colonisation. We are told that the tract of coast between Broad Sound and Whitsunday Passage, between the parallels of twenty-two degrees fifteen seconds, and twenty degrees twenty seconds, exhibits peculiar advantages. Superior fertility, better water, and a higher rise of tide, are its visible merits. A solid range of hills, of a pretty uniform height, cuts off from the interior a lower undulating strip of land from five to ten miles broad, the whole seeming to be of a high average fertility for Australia. The grass fine, close, and abundant; the timber large-sized and various. The coast is indented with many small bays and inlets. The great rise and fall of tide is, of course, admirably adapted for the construction of docks for the building and repair of ships.

Nor are those advantages limited to the soil. The coast is protected, as well as enriched and diversified, by numerous small islands, lofty, rocky, and picturesque, covered with grass and pines.

The most vexatious part of the narrative relates to the natives; whether they have been molested by the half-savage whalers, or are treacherous by habit, it was found necessary to be constantly on the watch against their spears. The parties who were sent on shore merely to take astronomical observations, were assailed, and were sometimes forced to retaliate. Instead of the generally thin and meagre population of Australia, some of those tribes were numerous, and of striking figure, especially in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Bay. These were friendly and familiar at first, often coming to the ships; and so much confidence was at last placed in them, that the boats' crews neglected to take their arms with them when they went for water, or to haul the seine; but this was soon found to be perilous confidence.

"On the very last night of our stay, after catching a good haul of fish, and distributing some of them to the natives, the boats were suddenly assailed by a shower of spears and stones from the bushes. The boat-swain was knocked down by a large stone and much hurt. Luckily, one

of the men had a fowling-piece, and after firing it without producing any effect, a ball was found in the boat, with which one of the black fellows was hit, and the attack immediately ceased.

"The man who was struck, after giving a start and a scream, showed the marks on his breast and arms to his companions; and then going to the water, and washing off the blood, seemed to think no more of it, but walked about with perfect unconcern."

Their spears exhibited a degree of ingenuity, which deserts them in every instance of supplying the better wants of life. Into a piece of bamboo, six feet three inches long, is inserted a piece of heavy wood, two feet seven inches long, the junction being very neatly and firmly secured with grass and gum. This piece of wood tapers to a point, on which is fastened an old nail, very sharp, and bent up, so as to serve for a barb; behind which, again, are two other barbs, made of the spines from the tail of the sting-ray. All these are so secured by fine grass and gum, that while quite firm against any ordinary resistance in entering the body, a much less force would tear them off, in endeavouring to withdraw the spear.

The beauty of some of the coral reefs occasionally excited great admiration.

"I had hitherto," observes the writer, "been rather disappointed by the coral reefs, so far as beauty was concerned; and though very wonderful, I had not seen in them much to admire. One day, however, on the lee side of one of the outer reefs, I had reason to change my opinion.

"In a small bight of the inner edge of the reef was a sheltered nook, where every coral was in full life and luxuriance. Smooth round masses of *Maandrina* and *Astræa* were contrasted with delicate leaf-like and cup-shaped expansions of *Explanaria*, and with an infinite variety of *Madreporeia* and *Seriatopora*, some with more finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and others again exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. Their colours were un-

rivalled—vivid greens, contrasting with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue. Bright red, yellow, and peach-coloured *Nulipora* clothed those masses that were dead, mingled with beautiful pearly flakes of *Eschara* and *Retepora*.

"Among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated many beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens and crimsons, or fancifully banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses, beneath overhanging masses and ledges. All those, seen through the clear crystal water, the ripple of which gave motion and quick play of light and shadow to the whole, formed a scene of the rarest beauty, and left nothing to be desired by the eye, either in elegance of form or brilliancy and harmony of colouring."

This description we recommend to the rising generation of poets. It may furnish them with a renewal of those conceptions of the dwellings of sea nymphs and syrens, which have grown rather faded, from hereditary copying, but which would be much refreshed by a voyage to the Great Barrier Reef, or its best substitute, a glance at Mr Jukes's clever volumes.

We now pass generally over the prominent features of this part of the expedition. As it had been among the directions given by the Admiralty, to mark the principal passage through the great reef by a beacon, they fixed on Raine's Island, where they disturbed a colony of another kind. The whole surface of the island, (a small one, of one thousand yards long by five hundred wide, and in no part more than twenty feet above high-water mark,) was covered with birds, young and old; there were frigate birds, gannets, boobies, noddies, and black and white terns; the only land birds being land-rails. The description is very peculiar and picturesque. The frigate birds, (who may have acted as a sort of aristocracy,) had a part completely to themselves; their nests were a platform of a foot high, on each of which was one young bird, (the heir to the estate.) But there were young of all growths,

some able to fly, some just hatched, and covered with a yellowish down. Those which could not fly assumed a fierce aspect at the approach of strangers, and snapped their beaks. The boobies and gannets each also formed separate flocks, but few of them had either eggs or young ones. All the rest of the island was covered with the eggs and young ones of the terns and noddies. The terns' eggs lay scattered about the ground, without any nest; the young terns also seemed each unalterably attached to the spot where it had been hatched, and immediately returned to it on being driven off.

As night closed in, it was curious to see the long lines and flocks of birds streaming from all quarters of the horizon towards the island. The noise was incessant and most tiresome. On walking rapidly into the centre of the island, countless myriads of birds rose shrieking on every side, so that the clangour was absolutely deafening, "like the roar of some great cataract." The voyagers could see no traces of natives, nor of any other visitors to the island.

Among the wonders of creation is the existence of those myriads of creatures, wholly beyond the uses of man, living where man had probably never trod since the Deluge, enjoying life to the full capabilities of their organisation, sustained by an unfailing provision, and preserved in health, animation, and animal happiness, generation after generation, through thousands of years. Such is the work of divine power; but can it be doubted that it is also the work of divine benevolence; that the Great Disposer of all takes delight in giving enjoyment to all the works of his hand; that He rejoices in multiplying the means of enjoyment, its susceptibilities and its occasions, to the utmost measure consistent with the happiness of the whole; and that—even in those vast classes of inferior being which can have no faculty of acknowledging their benefactor, from whom He can obtain no tribute of affection, no proof of obedience, and no return of gratitude—His exhaustless desire of communicating happiness acts throughout all?

This view certainly cannot be got

rid of by saying, that all classes of nature are essential to each other. What was the importance of a flock of sea fowl in the heart of the Pacific to the human race for the last four thousand years? or what may it ever be? Yet they pursue their instincts, exert their powers, sweep on the winds, range over the ocean, and return on the wing night by night to their island, nestle in their accustomed spots, and flutter over their young, without a shock or a change, without a cessation of their pleasures or a diminution of their powers through ages! What must be the vigilance which watches over their perpetual possession of existence and enjoyment; or what conclusion can be more just, natural, or consolatory than that, "if not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge and supervision of Providence," a not less vigilant care, and a not less profuse and exalted beneficence will be the providential principle of the government of man, and the world of man!

The examination of Torres Strait was a chief object of the expedition; and we therefore give a sketch of a passage which is constantly rising in importance.

All the islands which stretch across the Strait have a common character; all are steep and rocky, and some six hundred feet in height. They are, in fact, the prolongation of the great mountain chain of the eastern coast of Australia. The especial importance of Torres Strait is, that it must continue to be almost the only safe route to the Indian Ocean from the South Pacific—the S.E. trade-wind blowing directly for the Strait nearly the whole year within the tropics, and during the summer being the prevailing wind over a large part of the extra-tropical sea. The attempt to pass to the north of New Guinea would encounter a longer route, with dangers probably much greater, in a sea still comparatively unexamined.

But it is admitted that the navigation of the Torres Strait and the Coral Sea, however exactly surveyed, must always be hazardous. Hazy weather, errors of reckoning, errors in the chronometer, &c., must always produce a considerable average of

casualties in the Strait. Yet, from the nature of the reef, when these casualties do occur, the vessel will generally be fixed on the rocks long enough for the crew to escape in their boats. There, however, a new hazard begins. The only places of refuge for these boats at present are Port Essington, six hundred miles beyond Cape York; or Coupang, in Timor, five or six hundred miles further to the westward.

Mr Jukes strongly recommends the formation of a post at Cape York, as not merely enabling the shipwrecked crews to arrive at an immediate place of safety, but as affording assistance to the vessel, and securing her cargo. From Cape York there would be easy opportunities of a passage to Singapore. In case of war, the advantages of having a military station at this point would be of the highest value; as, otherwise, an enemy's corvette might command the Strait. It would also make a valuable *dépôt* for stores necessary for the relief of vessels. In case of the further extension of steam navigation between India and New South Wales, of which there can now be no doubt, Cape York would make an excellent coal *dépôt*. In short, unless the narrator's imagination runs away with him, it would answer any necessary purpose of navigation, and ought to attract the consideration of government without loss of time.

Allowing for all the ardour of fancy, there can be no question that the period is coming rapidly when the mind of Europe will be strongly directed to the natural wealth of the vast chain of islands reaching from New Caledonia to New Guinea. China, the Moluccas, and the great islands of the South, will hereafter supply a commerce unequalled in the East, or perhaps in the world. Of this Torres Strait must inevitably be the channel; a new city will be necessary to concentrate that commerce, and Cape York offers the foundation for a new Singapore.

If a philosopher were to inquire, in what portion of the globe man might enjoy the largest portion of physical happiness; or if a politician were to search for a new seat of empire, combining the capacity of sustaining the largest population and the most direct action on the great adjoining conti-

nent; or if the merchant were to examine the Asiatic hemisphere, with a mere view to the richness and variety of products—each would probably decide for the Indian Archipelago; that immense region of immense islands lying between Sumatra and New Guinea, east and west, and the Philippines and Timor, north and south.

They are at least a wholly new region; for though peopled for hundreds, or perhaps thousands of years, and visited in the old times of European commerce with more frequency than even in our active day, their actual condition remains nearly unknown: their fertility is comparatively neglected; their spontaneous products are left to waste; their singular beauty is disregarded, and their mineral wealth is unwrought. Their people are content with savage existence, and the bounty of Heaven is thrown away in the loveliest portion of the globe. Piracy at sea, war on land, tyranny, vice, and ignorance, are the habits and characteristics of a zone which could sustain a population as numerous as that of Europe, and supply the wants and even the luxuries of half the world. Celebes, New Guinea, Timor, Java, Borneo, that most magnificent of all islands, if it should not rather be called a continent: the vast group of the Philippines, only await the industry and intelligence of Europe. They will yet be brilliant kingdoms and mighty empires.

Why such noble realms should have been long given over to barbarism is among the most curious questions of the philosopher, and of the Christian. May they not have been kept back from European possession and utility on the providential principle, which we discover so often in the general order of the divine government; namely, to be reserved as a reward and a stimulant to the growing progress of mankind? They may have been suffered to remain in a state of savage life as a penalty for the profligacy of their people, or they may have been condemned to their mysterious obscurity until the impress of British power on India and China should have been deeply made, and England should be led, by the possession of India and the

opening of the Chinese coasts, to follow the new course of wealth prepared for her in the commerce of the Indian Ocean.

Whatever may be the truth of those suggestions, nothing can be more evident, than that British discovery and British interests are now involuntarily taking that direction. The settlement on Borneo by the enterprise and intelligence of Mr Brookes has given our commerce a sudden and most unexpected footing in this queen of the Indian Ocean. The English colonisation of Australia will inevitably sustain that intercourse. The flourishing settlement of Singapore, and the growing population of the west coast of America, from Oregon down to California, all convergetoward the same result, the increased commerce and civilisation of the Indian islands.

It is also to be remembered, that those are all events of the last ten years. But when Mexico shall have given up the Californias, which there seems every probability of her being compelled to do, or to see them overrun by the active emigration from the United States, the impulse will be still more rapid, powerful, and extensive. We look upon the whole series of these coasts as an indication of some striking advance prepared for the general family of man.

In October 1844 the Fly left Port Essington, on her way to Java to refit. On the way they passed a succession of islands, known by scarcely more than name to the English navigator. They all seem to be volcanic, though their volcanoes may sleep; and rapid as the glance of the voyagers was, they all, even in the wildness of precipitous shores and mountain peaks, exhibited beauty.

They steered up the channel which passes between the shores of Java and Madura, an island which seems to have been cut out of Java. The Madura shore showed a continuous belt of the richest tropical vegetation. The Java shore, though flat and swampy in this part, showed a back ground of mountains, some of them from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet high. They were now in Dutch territory; and, passing by some Dutch steamers and vessels of war,

cast anchor near the town of Sourabaya. Here the captain and some of the officers landed, found a large new fort or citadel in the act of fortifying; walked through the town, which contained many good European houses, mingled with hovels of the natives and Chinese; dined at a good *table-d'hôte*, got into a *calèche*, and drove round the town, which seemed very extensive, and its suburbs still more so. Here, except for the visages of the natives and the lamps of the Chinese, they might have imagined themselves in Europe again. They drove up one road and down another for several miles, under avenues of trees, interrupted here and there by the country-houses of Europeans. Many of those seemed spacious; and all were thrown open, and lighted with many lamps. In front of the houses were parties of ladies and gentlemen, sitting in verandas and porticoes, taking tea or wine, smoking or playing cards, and chatting. They met one or two carriages of ladies in full dress, driving about without bonnets to enjoy the cool of the evening.

Then came a scene of another kind. They re-entered the town by the Chinese quarter. There they found grotesque-looking houses, lit up with large paper lanterns of gaudy colours, with Chinese inscriptions or monsters on them, and long rows of Chinese characters up and down the door-posts or over the windows. Crowds of people swarmed along the streets, and strange cries, in a Babel of languages, resounded in their ears, and every variety of Eastern figure flitted about them, from the half-naked Couli to the well-clothed Chinese in a loose white jacket like a dressing-gown, the Arab merchant in his flowing robes, and the Javanese gentleman in smart jacket and trousers, sash petticoat, curious pent-house-like hat, and strange-handled creese or dagger stuck in his girdle. The view of the country in the morning was, however, much less captivating; it was flat and marshy, and intersected by large ditches. The roads are on dykes four or five feet above the level of the fields, and lined with rosewood trees, an Eastern Holland.

The Dutch have introduced a club, which they call *Concordia*, with bil-

liard-tables, magazines, a reading-room, and a department for eating and drinking. Of this the voyagers were invited to be ordinary members. There was a book club among the English residents, where they enjoyed the sight of several new publications and periodicals. All this was a pleasant interchange for cruising among coral reefs, and being tossed about or starved in Torres Strait; and they seem to have enjoyed it completely. Besides the Dutch civilities, they had a general invitation from an English merchant, Mr Frazer, to his house a few miles in the country.

In those climates fresh air and cool rooms are the chief points. Mr Frazer's house was on the Indian model. It had but one story and one principal room, in the centre of the house, opening both before and behind, by two large doorways, into spacious porticoes, as large as the room itself, and supported by pillars. Each of the wings was occupied by three good bed-rooms. It stood in an enclosure of about an acre, with lawn, stables, and servants' offices. The floors were tiles, covered with cane matting in the principal room. As soon as it grows dusk, the central saloon is lighted up with many lamps, the doors and windows still remaining open; and every now and then a carriage drives up, some acquaintance drops in for an hour or two, joins the dinner-table, if he has not dined, or smokes a cigar if he has, and drives away again. This seems an easy life: and the colonist who can thus lounge through the world certainly has not much reason to exclaim against fortune. Yet this is the general life of all foreign settlements. Among the guests at Mr Frazer's they met a remarkable character, a Mr McClelland, a Scotsman. His history was adventurous; he was the individual mentioned in Washington Irving's *Astoria*, who, on the return of the party overland, left them, and pushed on ahead by himself across the Rocky Mountains. From America he went to China, and then fixed in Java, where, by energy and intelligence, he has made an ample fortune. He is now possessor of a large foundery in the island. The

population of the town was about sixty thousand. The Javanese are described generally as an excellent race of people, patient, good-tempered, and very handy. The man who is to-day a carpenter, will turn blacksmith the next, and the peasant will become a sailor. They seem also to be as candid as they are ingenious. One of the officers at table said that a servant who had been for several years his coachman, asked one day for permission to leave his service and go as a sailor. On his being asked in turn whether he had any complaint to make, the answer was, that he was only "tired of seeing the Colonel's face every day."

The Javanese gentleman is fond of dress, and his dress argues considerable opulence among his class. He usually wears a smart green velvet or cloth jacket with gold buttons, a shirt with gold studs, loose trousers, and sometimes boots, and a petticoat and sash, in the latter of which is always a large creese or dagger, ornamented with gold and diamonds. The women of the higher class live retired, those of the lower are seen every where.

Life seems singularly busy in Sourabaya. The Chinese gentleman is driving about all day in his pony chaise; the Chinese of the lower order is running about with his wicker-cases as a pedlar, or else selling fruit or cooked provisions, with a stove to keep them warm; or sitting, in the primitive style, under a tamarind tree, with silver and copper coinage before him to cash notes. And the river is as busy as the shore; there are always groups of people bathing; men and women are washing clothes; boats of all sizes, and for all purposes, laden with produce, or crowded with people, are constantly passing along. Then there are the troops, who, under the Dutch uniform, exhibit all castes and colours, from the European to the Negro—a force amounting to about two thousand infantry, besides artillery and cavalry; and all this goes on amid a perpetual clamour of voices, cries of every trade, tongues of every barbarism, and that wild haste and restless eagerness in every movement which belongs to seaport life in every portion of the globe.

The present discussions with the

Dutch government on the subject of labour make it of importance to know something on the subject of their colonies in the East. It is a curious circumstance in the history of a people priding themselves on the liberty of commerce and their openness of dealing with mankind, that they seem to have always hidden their Indian policy under the most jealous reserve. They adopted this reserve from the first hour of their Indian navigation. But then Holland was a republic, and a republic is always tyrannical in proportion to its clamour for liberty, always oppressive in proportion to its promise of equal rights, and always rapacious in proportion to its professed respect for the principle of letting every man keep his own.

But though the cap is now exchanged for a crown, and the stadtholder is a monarch, the policy seems to flourish on the old footing of their close-handed fathers.

The Eastern dominions of Holland are under the authority of a governor-general and a council, composed of four members, and a vice-president; the governor-general being president. This sounds well at least for the liberty of discussion. But the sound is all. The power of the council consists simply in giving its opinion, to which the governor may refuse to listen. The governor receives his orders directly from the colonial minister at home, and the colonial minister, though apparently responsible to the sentiment of the Chambers, yet echoes those of the King.

But there is another authority which is supposed to rule the government itself. This invisible prime mover is a joint commercial company, the Maatschappij, established in 1824, with a charter giving it a strict monopoly of all commerce to the Indies for twenty-five years, which has been recently renewed for ten years more. The late King was a large shareholder, the present King is presumed to inherit his father's shares; most of the members of the Chambers are shareholders; and the Maatschappij, besides the supply of the islands with all necessities, acts as agent for the Crown, receives the produce gathered by the authorities of Java, carries it home, sells it, and

accounts for the proceeds to the Dutch government. But the company have a still heavier hold on the government, a debt for £3,340,000 sterling; and for this they have in mortgage the whole produce received in the East, the company deducting their own interest and commission before they pay the proceeds.

But we have the gratification of being told that even the Maatschappij does not carry every thing in triumph, and that there is a proposal to release one-third of the sugar produced by parties having contracts with them, on condition of the other two-thirds being delivered of a superior quality; and it is added that this relaxation has taken place simply from the distresses of the colonies, and in the hope of introducing specie, there being nothing in use at present but a debased copper coin. This measure would add to the trifling free produce of Java about 18,500 tons.

The Dutch possessions in the East are very large, and under due management would be of incalculable value. They comprise part of the island of Sumatra; the islands of Banca and Billiton; the islands of Bintang and Linga; the Macassar government, including parts of Celebes and Sumhara; the Molucca islands; the south-west half of Timor; some late conquests in Bali; and large portions of the southern part of Borneo, which have been recently formed into two residencies. For these statistics we are indebted to the narrative of Mr Jukes.

Java was first made known to us, with any degree of historical or physical accuracy, by the late Sir Stamford Raffles, the amiable and intelligent British Resident during its possession by our government between 1811 and 1816. But it was known to Europe for three centuries before. The Portuguese, once the great naval power, and most active discoverers in Europe,—so much do the habits and faculties of nations change,—had made to themselves a monopoly of eastern possession, after the passage round the Cape by De Gama, and fixed upon Java for their first settlement in the Indian Ocean. Almost a century passed, before their supremacy was

disturbed. But then a new and dangerous rival appeared. The Dutch, already an enterprising and warlike nation, sweeping every sea with their commercial or military ambition,—so much have times been changed with them too,—also fixed on Java, and formed a vigorous and thriving settlement at Bantam. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the English, making a first and feeble attempt at eastern commerce, to the south of India, formed a factory at Bantam. But the Dutch, indignant at even the shadow of rivalry, broke down alike the decaying influence of the Portuguese and the rising influence of the English, planned a new and stately Eastern Capital, which, in the spirit of the Hollander, they planted in the most swampy part of the island; and, surrounded with ditches, in the closest resemblance to Holland, led a pestilential existence in the fatness of fens passable only through canals. Batavia was built, the proverbial place of filth and opulence. The Dutch gradually became masters of this fine island; divided it into seventeen provinces, and occupying the commercial coast, left the southern to the divided and helpless authority of the two native princes, the Sultan and the Susuhunan.

The French revolutionary war naturally involved the Dutch in the general conquest of the Netherlands. The rash republicanism of the factions which had expelled the stadtholder, was speedily punished by the plunderings and corruptions of their new allies, and the insolent and atrocious annexation of Holland to the French empire was followed by the additional calamity of a war with England, which stripped her of all her colonies. An English expedition sailed for Java, stormed its defences, and took possession of Batavia and the Dutch possessions on the island in 1811. An English government was established, Sir Stamford Raffles was placed at its head, and Java with its infinite natural resources and incomparable position, promised to become one of the most important of the Indian colonies of England.

But at the peace of Paris, in 1815, the British policy, which was directed to the conciliation of the Dutch, and

the erection of Holland into a barrier against France, induced the restoration of Java. This act of liberality met with strong remonstrance; and a memorial from the British Resident placed in the fullest point of view the probable value and actual advantages of retaining Java. But the policy was already determined on. It is said that, on the Resident's return to England, he found his original memoir in some of the depositories of strangled remonstrances, with its seals unbroken. The reason however, may have been, that the restoration was *un fait accompli*.

But the sacrifice was useless. The sudden whim for Radicalism at home, and revolution abroad, which seized British statesmen in the first frenzy of the Reform Bill, instead of punishing the revolt of the Belgians, suffered the dismemberment of the kingdom of the Netherlands; a measure of the most shortsighted policy, which has now placed Belgium in the most serious hazard of being absorbed by its all-swallowing neighbour France, on the first convulsion of the continent. But, as England has no inclination to disturb her neighbours, and is never guilty of that last atrocity of nations, breach of treaties; the great colony is still left in Dutch hands, and will be left, until some new folly compels its resumption.

Java is a noble island; singularly shaped, for its length is about four times its average breadth; six hundred miles by about one hundred and fifty. Its whole extent is fifty thousand square miles, or nearly the size of England. But its fertility of all kinds is incalculably superior. From its diversity of climate, it is obviously capable of raising European as well as tropical productions. Its climate, too, is healthful, notwithstanding the illfame of Batavia. Even there, the inhabitants have at length learned to prefer fields to swamps, and fresh air to the vapour of ditches; for the greater portion have either gone into the interior, or live in suburbs extending to considerable distances. In fact, the original fen-loving Hollander has passed away, and another generation has sprung up, which prefers health and long life even to dollars and dyspepsia. Yet, what is Java, to the

islands almost within her view? To Sumatra, with her one hundred and sixty thousand square miles, and Borneo, with her two hundred and eighty-six thousand—almost a continent; and those vast territories not wild and barren plains, like the huge spaces of Australia, nor frozen for one half of the year, like our settlements in America, but overflowing with the richest vegetable products of the earth, covered with herds of the buffalo and other cattle, and sheeted with forests up to the summits of their ranges of mountains. What their mineral wealth may be, remains for European investigation; but gold has been found in their rivers, and from the various heights of their hills, we may fairly suppose them, in some instances at least, metalliferous.

Yet Java—of the same extent with England, produce almost spontaneous, without any endemic disease, and with the dissensions of the natives kept down by the Dutch authority—is calculated to have but nine millions of people, about less than half of the souls of England. So little does population depend upon plenty, climate, or even upon peace. The Dutch government appears to be honest, and the reverse of severe; its offices are well conducted, its salaries seem to be substantial and sufficient, and its general rule of the island appears to be directed to suppressing violence among the native tribes.

But the sudden impulse which now urges European enterprise to the extremities of the earth; which sends expeditions to invade the territories of the seal and the whale at the South Pole, and plants cities within the gales of the arctic snows, must at length turn to the golden islands of the Indian Ocean. There, new powers will be awakened, new vigour will take place of old stagnation, and those matchless portions of the globe will give their treasures to the full use of man.

As it was determined to refit the ship in Java, time was given for the curiosity of Mr Jukes and the officers to employ itself in examining the interior. After various difficulties, connected with official forms in passing through the different Dutch provinces,—in which, however, it is only justice to the governors to acknowledge, that

in general they conducted themselves with much civility,—the party, consisting of four, at length set out. They found post-houses at every half dozen miles apart, with a good carriage-road; they passed by a succession of villages, through a flat country covered with rice and sugar-cane, interspersed with large belts of wood. But those were villages concealed by groves of fruit trees. On their way, they stopped to see a sugar-manufactory—a Belgian partnership. The house was large and handsome, and the establishment complete. This is a new manufacture in Java. They were now running along the northern coast of the island, and after a drive of forty miles in six hours, they arrived at Passarouan, which they unexpectedly found to be a large town with several wide streets, Chinese houses in court yards, and European residences, having lawns and carriage drives. The native Javanese resided in separate quarters, each of which is surrounded by a fence of bamboo paling, or a wall. We should conceive these people to lead a primitive and pleasant life, for in those quarters the bamboo houses seemed to be scattered indiscriminately under the shade of bananas, cocoa nuts, and other fruit trees.

The Dutch residents or governors, appear also to be very much at their ease. The salary of the resident of Passarouan, though nominally but £1,500 a-year, amounts to £3,400 sterling besides, as it is the custom that each resident has a per centage on the coffee, sugar, tobacco, rice, &c., raised in his district. An income of this order, when we consider the cheapness of all the necessaries of life in the island, must be regarded as a very liberal provision.

They saw, as they passed through the rice fields, a curious but simple contrivance for preserving the growing crops from the flocks of sparrows. In the centre of the fields small sheds were erected on posts, from which strings with feathers radiated in every direction. A boy, or girl, was stationed in the shed to keep the strings in motion, in order to frighten away the birds.

On the road they passed a large market, crowded with people. They

found rows of stalls or long sheds, in some of which European articles, such as cutlery and drapery, were offered for sale; in others were drugs, fruit, confectionery, or salt fish. The traffickers, too, seemed to be enjoying themselves, as some of the stalls had benches before them, on which sat people drinking coffee, and eating rice, hot sweet potatoes, fruit, and sweet-meats. Their next stage was a town named Proboling, and they were again surprised at the extent of a place perfectly new to them. Broad roads with avenues of lofty trees intersected each other at right angles, bounded by the fences of the native Kampangs, or Javanese quarters, which looked like large orchards. There were also at intervals European houses of good size and appearance, each in its own grounds, with a carriage-drive under the trees. They found, also, the still rarer evidence of a comfortable condition of general intercourse,—a good hotel; of which the master, however, spoke “but little English.” Our curiosity is left in doubt, whether his accomplishments were Dutch or Javanese.

There were some English settlers in this neighbourhood; and some of the party drove out to visit the sugar establishment of Mr Etty—brother of the well-known artist—about three miles from the town. He was in England, but his sons came down in the evening to the hotel to offer their civilities. They had been out pig-shooting, and had enjoyed their sport, such as it is, for they had killed thirteen pigs. The party were invited to similar shooting for the next day.

On the next day they went; but an old carriage and a clumsy charioteer delayed them, and they arrived some three hours after their appointment. But etiquette does not seem to have been the order of the day, for the inviters had gone out to enjoy their pig-shooting by themselves. The invited were left to amuse themselves as they might until seven or eight o'clock, when the inviters returned, and the whole party sat down to dinner. At dinner, their talk was of tigers.

Whether Mr Jukes gives this incident in wrath, or simple recollection, we know not; but we surmise, that he and his friends would have been

just as well pleased if the owners of the sugar establishment had not brought them out so far for nothing.

Next day they proceeded on their excursion, and found native civility on the alert every where. Some orders to this effect appeared to have been sent to the Dutch authorities. At the first post-house where they stopped, a man stepped forward with a tray of cups of tea, glasses of cocoa and water, and rice-cakes; and a large party were awaiting them with ponies. Each of them also found a man on horseback ready to attend him, and carry his gun and game-bag. A petty chief rode before them, and another with a small party brought up the rear, so that they formed quite a cavalcade. But the natives with their gaily-coloured dresses, blue and red coloured saddles, silver trappings to their horses, and ornamented creeses in their girdles, “quite cut out the Englishmen in appearance, with their dingy shooting-jackets and soiled trousers.”

And here we may fairly ask the question, why those gentlemen should have appeared in “dingy shooting-jackets and soiled trousers?” This is not a question of dandyism. They were to appear before the authorities of another country, before the gentlemen of another nation. They were also to be presented to native gentlemen and rajahs, who have as quick an eye for the outward man as any people in the world. And while those showy costumes—even in so trifling a matter as the attendance on a shooting-party—exhibited the taste of the people in those matters, why should the Englishman exhibit his own, in dingy shooting-jackets and soiled trousers? In fact, in matters of this kind, a man in foreign countries, and especially in the military and naval service of his country, should recollect the effect of this beggarliness on the mind of strangers. The party must have been the objects of ridicule and contempt to the very peasants around them.

As they rose towards the hills, the country appeared to be in general richer and more picturesque. From the summit of the first ridge the country before them was gently undulating, interspersed with patches of wood, that looked like a wide-spread

park, till at some miles distance it rose up the slopes of a volcanic mountain—the Lamongan. On the sides of this huge volcano, the woods became thicker and more continuous, till they reached the bare piles of ashes and cinders forming the upper cone.

The road then lay through coffee plantations. These were very pleasant-looking places. The coffee shrubs were planted in rows, with tall trees between each row to shelter the coffee from the sun. The alleys between the trees were carpeted by rich green turf, forming pleasant glades. The plantations were generally neatly fenced and often extensive; as much as twenty or thirty acres in one plot. Every now and then they passed on the roadside a noble tree, with wide-spread, drooping branches, a species of banyan tree, under which was often seen a bullock-waggon with its team.

All this was oriental and picturesque; but the scenery sometimes reminded them of spots in Devonshire, so green and fresh was all the vegetation, and so pleasant were the deep narrow lanes and sparkling brooks. Their halting-place for the day was a large and lofty bamboo-house on a raised terrace of brick, having a broad veranda all round, a large central saloon, and two or three good and well-furnished bed-rooms on each side. This veranda had the advantage also of a noble landscape. At the back, it looked down a steep bank to a beautiful circular lake about a quarter of a mile across, bordered by a thick belt of wood, and right over it at a few miles' distance, the stately cone of the Lamongan, upwards of four thousand feet high, with a wreath of white smoke curling from its summit.

To this feast of natural beauty was added the more substantial one of the table. In the veranda they found a table spread with a snow-white cloth, and all the conveniences of plate, glass, and cutlery. A troop of willing servitors was in attendance, who covered the table with a smoking-hot breakfast, piles of rice curries, pillaus, and fruits, with tea and coffee. All this seemed to be done by enchantment; there was no host, no master of the house to trouble them with ceremony; the house and all that

belonged to it seemed to be theirs as long as they chose to stay. Whose was the furniture, or who provided the entertainment, they knew not. In those comfortable quarters, they determined to halt for the next day, and try to get a little shooting.

The naturalist, however, on this evening, employed himself more rationally than his companions. While they went out shooting, he took his hammer and went to the ravine, to learn something about the masses of lava and basalt which lay every where. The whole ground gave evidences of the existence of an ancient volcano. The circular lake seemed to have been a crater; its depth was said to be three hundred and ninety feet. But the noble proportions of the landscape still attracted the eye, and within the horizon shot up the pile of the Semmi,—the loftiest, most perfect, and most majestic-looking cone that they ever saw in Java, its height being twelve thousand two hundred and ninety-two feet—a greater elevation than that of the Peak of Teneriffe. Every thing was lovely in form and colour, and glittered in the hot sunshine, while a fine fresh breeze from the south tempered the heat, and gave it the feeling of a summer day at home.

Still, though all this seemed a land of magic, to those who probably had never thought of Java but as a place of pestilence, of burning soil, and scorching sunshine, it was not all fairy land. After dinner, at dusk, as Mr Jukes was strolling round the house smoking a cigar, a man with a long spear came up to him, and began to turn him back with an earnest speech, of which the only word he understood was *machan*; but it was an important one, and the point of the whole oration, for it is the Javanese for tiger.

Having recourse to one of the party as interpreter, he found that the spearman was begging of him not to walk in the dark, as tigers were abundant there; which, he emphatically assured them, cat men, and that they had even sometimes come into the house. In the veranda they found a guard of four spearmen, keeping watch for the same purpose. The Englishman thought that they were

jesting, until he saw that none of the people themselves went a few yards beyond the house without a torch. One man going to bathe in the lake just below, another accompanied him with a torch. They also saw four men coming up the road with two large torches, who, they said, were returning from their work from the village hard by. They still thought their fears a little exaggerated; but on that very night a man was killed by a tiger at a village about two miles off, as he was going to his work before daylight with two others. His body was recovered the next day.

In the morning, the party went out to shoot any thing that came in their way. Their success, however, was limited to a pig, and a brace of jungle fowl. Some of the party saw tracks of tigers, but they attack nobody during the day; the night being their time for retaliation. Another division of their party coming home by a straight course across the country, and just before it got dark, found themselves on the borders of a district which had been mentioned to them as the most noted haunt of tigers in the whole country. Cocking their guns, however, they pushed through the grass, that rose often three feet above their heads, for about half a mile, not without a feeling of half hope, half fear, of the rush of a tiger through the jungle. From this nervous predicament, however, they escaped. Half an hour later they might have told a different story, or perhaps would have been left without the power of telling one. Their shot-pouches would have made but an indifferent defence against the charge of a superlative tiger; and the philosopher might have finished his earthly career in the retaliatory jaws of the lord of the jungle.

We recommend Java to all country gentlemen tired of time; they will have plenty of shooting of every kind there—the lion alone excepted; bears are in abundance and great ferocity; wild boars in droves; with the wild buffalo, the most dangerous of all animals to meet with, and far more dreaded by the natives than the tiger himself. The tiger is to be found every day throughout the year, and every where from twilight to sunrise. For the

more *récherchés* in shooting, there is the rhinoceros, the most capital of all sport, as it is called; for in nine instances out of ten he kills his man. Unless the sportsman hits him in the eye, double barrels are unavailing; his hide would turn off every thing but a cannon ball. If the shot is not imbedded in his brain, he dashes after the sportsman at once; escape then can only be by miracle, for unwieldy as he looks, he runs like a race-horse, rips up the fugitive with his horn, and finishes by trampling him into a mass of mortality that leaves not a feature distinguishable. Thus, field-sports are not altogether confined to gentlemen.

But for glories of this order, the amateur must travel to some distance; he must penetrate the deep and trackless forests of the southern Sultan, or ascend to the volcanic regions of the interior.

We now hasten to the close of these interesting volumes. The whole party seem to have been treated with remarkable civility, and to have been shown all kinds of strange things. Among the other curiosities, they were taken to visit the Sultan of Madura, a hospitable old man, who treated them like fellow sultans, paraded his guards for them, gave them a feast which seemed to be all but interminable, played the native fiddle for them, led his own royal orchestra with some skill, played *vingt-et-un* with them, and finished by a species of *ombres Chinoises*, or shadowy drama, which lasted through the whole night. As the Englishmen began to droop, he exercised all the English which he possessed, to offer them “a glass of grog,” which he evidently considered to be essential to English enjoyment; and after his visitors had retired to rest, he continued to sit out the play—which lasted the mortal measure of ten hours; a feat exceeding the endurance, though probably not the *enuei*, of a regular amateur of the Italian Opera. The populace, too, exhibited the same dramatic ardour, for they continued gazing, laughing, and shouting, with all the perseverance of their old sovereign.

The revenues of this chief are enormous, though they amount only to £8,000 sterling; but then we are to recollect that the wages of a Javaneese

workman are but five duits, or five-sixths of an English penny; and that for this he can "live very well." Man gets plantains and fruits for almost nothing. His clothing is made of a simple wrapper, and a day or two's cutting of bamboo gives him a very sufficient house. Let this be compared with the Irish peasant, shivering through three months of winter, and six months of wet, paying five pounds an acre for his swampy potatoes, and out of his holding paying tithe, tax, county rates, and all the other encumbrances of what the political economists call "a highly civilised state of society." We say "*vive le système féodal, vive la sauragerie Javanaise.*"

One half of the Sultan's revenue arises from a singular source — the sale of birds' nests, which are found in the rocks, and which the Chinese purchase as a restorative. The Chinese, a remarkably gross and voluptuous people, are the greatest quacks on earth, and are continually attempting to reinstate by medicine, what they have ruined by excess. But soup is pleasant physic, and they boil these birds' nests into soup, in full reliance on the miracle.

The Englishmen tasted some of this soup, among the luxuries of the Sultan's table, and highly approved of it; but its merits depended on many capital ingredients, the birds' nests merely acting as a sort of connective, an isinglass to the whole. It is probable that their whole virtue is in the fashion.

In looking at the future, through all the mists which beset the vision of man, it seems scarcely possible to doubt that these regions are intended for a vast and vigorous change. It may not be a European change. Society may not be cast into the furnace, as it has been by those struggles, wars, and revolutions, which were essential to the working of the iron temperament of Europe. But Providence, if we may so speak without irreverence, evidently delights in the variety, multitude, and novelty of its highest expedients. If no two great portions of the physical world are like in form, climate, product, and even in the colouring of their skies, why are we to insist on uniformity in government, in human feeling, or in those national

impulses which shape society? The throne, the constitution, and the laws of England, noble advances as they are to the perfection of the social system, may be unfit for the man sitting under his palm tree within the tropics, the navigator in the summer seas of the Indian Ocean, or even for the rude vigour and roving enterprise of Australia. But we have no fears of the failure of that glorious and beneficent Cycle, by which happiness seems revolving, by whatever slow degree, through every race of mankind. There is but one thing which is indispensable among all, and that one thing is, the only nation on earth qualified to give Christianity; and we, with no presumptuous glance, but with no hesitating belief, regard the almost boundless colonial empire of England as conferred upon our island for the express purpose of spreading pure religion through the various regions of the globe. With all our sense of the caution necessary in struggling against the rude prejudices of the barbarian, and with no inferior sense of the caution necessary in the admixture of human conceptions, with the will of Him who "walketh in clouds;" with all our regret for the extravagance of enthusiasm, and all our conviction of the evil which is daily done to truth by the rashness of conjecture, we yet believe that a time is approaching, when the elements of society will be, at least, partially dissolved, for the sake of their replacement in higher purity and power; when the general frame of dominion throughout the world, will be, at least, dislocated, that it may be renewed in higher activity and beauty; and when a world in which a new obedience, a new integrity, a new beneficence to man, and a new homage to heaven, will be the characteristics, shall be formed to vindicate the justice of Providence, and complete the happiness of man.

Then we shall see the original powers of those neglected nations brightened, enlarged, and elevated into forms and uses, of which they themselves have been unconscious since their birth. Then shall we see governments on principles adapted to the nature of the dweller in the Asiatic plains, of the hunter of the everlasting Himalaya, and the navigator of the

waveless Pacific; calling out the native faculties of those vast divisions of mankind, raising the natural products of inexhaustible soils, whose fertility is now buried in their bosom, and sharing with the nations of the earth the countless mineral treasures which have been locked up in their hills since the Creation; the whole being poured out, to meet the new demands, increase the new engagements, and stimulate the new animation of the increasing millions of mankind.

The observations made by Mr Jukes on the mental effect of the southern climates of Asia, are striking, but they are the same which have been made for thousands of years. The European is not made for those climates. Carrying with him, in his first adventure, his original energy of mind and frame, he is astonished to see the land tenanted by human beings who are content with mere existence. The bold climber of the hills,—the daring mariner,—the intelligent and delighted inquirer into all the wonders of earth and ocean, sees himself surrounded by men lying on sofas, living only to eat, and careless of the whole brilliant profusion which tissues the ground, or fills the forest, or variegates the shore.

But the second generation inevitably feels the influence, and the son of the sinewy and susceptible European becomes the languid, self-satisfied, and voluptuous Oriental.

In fact, the two races are totally different. The Asiatic has some noble qualities. The Creator has not altogether effaced his own image in any region of human habitation. He has fancy, keenness of conception, desperate but unwilling bravery, scientific faculties, and a quiet delight in the richness of his own lovely islands and pyramidal mountains.

But, to the European alone is al-

lotted the master quality of energy; and by that gift he drives the world before him. This resistless quality he perhaps owes chiefly to his sullen skies and rugged soils. Even in the East, the man of the desert, the son of the storm and the snow, has always been the conqueror of India. The Osmanli sultans were forced to raise the boldest of their battalions among the Christians of the north of Greece. And we shall yet see the Australian sweeping before him the indolence of the Birman and the Javanese. This he will owe to the sterility of his fields and the half European blasts of his more salubrious and stringent atmosphere. The maxim of Montesquieu, that "poverty always conquers wealth," solves but half the problem. The true solution is, that the poverty of the soil compels the exertion of a vigour, which severity of climate alone can generate among a people. For three hundred years the population of Jutland and Denmark almost annually swept the southern shores of Europe itself. The Norman was invincible on land. Even the great barbarian invasions, which broke down the Roman empire, were the work of nerves hardened in the forest and in the desert. The same causes have made the storm-beaten Englishman lord of India. But India will never be a British colony. It will never be, like America, a land of Englishmen. The second generation will be Indians, while Australia will be the southern England. This is evidently the law of a Will above man.

We must congratulate Mr Jukes on the value of his publication. Scientific without being abstruse, and picturesque without being extravagant, he has made his volumes a striking and graceful addition to our knowledge of countries, highly interesting in themselves, and assuming hourly importance in the eyes of the people of England.

AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

New York, August, 1847.

MY DEAR GODFREY,—I am sorry to begin my letter with an apology, but I feel that one is due for the very unsatisfactory manner in which, on a former occasion, I answered your grave inquiries about the pirates who thrive on the plunder of Maga. The jocular vein which I incontinently struck and perseveringly followed up, led me very wide of your mark, and I was obliged to leave you quite unsatisfied on another point, about which, for one who is not an author, you seem to be singularly excited. To waive my astonishment at the *Benthamism* of the phrase, pray what is "International Copyright" to Godfrey, that he should weep for such a Hecuba? I should have been as little surprised, had you asked me to inquire the opinion of the Indians as to the best regimen for infants. A veritable author, suffering by wholesale American rapine, would have commanded my sympathies, and I should have replied instinctively, in that tone of consideration which is always due to dignified misfortune; but when you, with your rod and gun, soberly popped me a query in which I could not see that either widgeon or gudgeon were particularly concerned, I confess I feared you were quizzing me, and was fairly off my guard. Forgive me that I was so slow to appreciate the true state of the case. It has only very lately occurred to me that both you and I are somewhat changed since we placed the *summum bonum* in Waltonian idleness, and that you have very possibly renounced fly-fishing, and settled down into a literary incubation, likely to bless the world with a brood of booklings. With this consideration, I now again address you, intending to preserve that propriety of thought and speech, which on the subject of literary property, I feel due to the future Great Unknown of Southern Britain. You observe that I take it for granted, you will affect the anonymous; and I would venture to add my counsel to your choice of a course so judicious.

You have no idea how great an inconvenience you would suffer, should Godfrey Hall be turned prematurely into another Abbotsford—an event which is certain, should you allow the secret of your new character to transpire. Your comparative nearness to the metropolis would greatly facilitate the irruption of bores; especially as there would probably be a branch railway chartered forthwith, for the express purpose of setting down company at the nearest possible point of access to your venerable gateway. Besides, even you have too much regard to the land of Kit North, to entertain any desire to see its most attractive shrine of pilgrimage too suddenly eclipsed; and why should you court such an exposure of popular fickleness, when about to become yourself "the comet of a season," and to go through that brilliant perihelion, in which, reversing the feat of Horace with his *lofty head*, you will sweep away all other stars with a swinge of your luminous *caudality*? Yes, Godfrey—spare your own feelings, and treat us to another Great Unknown! I am sure such will be your determination, and so I will simply subjoin the hope that nothing will interfere with the speedy completion of your maiden effort—"NAFFER TANDY; or, 'TIS FIFTY YEARS SINCE." Don't startle at my naming your hero, and suggesting your plot; for though I will venture to say that I have hit the nail on the head, I assure you it is only a happy surmise. You must know that nothing could be so interesting as a recurrence to the exciting epoch of Ninety-eight; and why should not the sister kingdom have its romance, as well as the land of the Scots? I have always thought that Stuart rising very much overrated—a mere scratch to what happened in Ireland. Kilmarnock was a poor-spirited fellow compared with Emmet; and though there were many better men than Balmerino among the United Irishmen, it would be hard to find a worse one than Lord Lovat. I suspect, therefore, that besides your design, I have

actually discovered your title page; though it is barely possible that the melancholy fate of Wolfe Tote, with the indistinct tone of ferocity that is perceptible in his name, may have suggested the compellation of that unfortunate gentleman, as more significant of the wolfish atrocities with which your tale will necessarily abound. Whatever be the name, make haste with the book, and do not wait ten years in order to have another "Sixty Years Since." You must see that congruity requires the semi-centenary, and that Sir Walter was a full decennium behind-hand. The demise of O'Connell at this interesting juncture, must be regarded as a coincidence every way satisfactory, whether we consider the fulness of his fame, the conclusion of an era, or the interests of your forthcoming work. It has prepared public sympathy, and tuned the strings upon which you can successfully play for the next quarter of an age; and I hazard little in arguing that your literary nativity will be accomplished under the ascendant of the most favourable planet.

Regarding you, then, as what you will speedily become—a successful adventurer, with a whole navy of American corsairs in chase of your literary cargo—the question takes this shape:—How does the American law of copyright affect you as a British author, and what can be done to save "Napper Tandy"? To answer you properly, let me first expound the law itself, which, for your special benefit, I have taken pains to examine.

You are doubtless aware that the constitution of this republic is one which answers the great test proposed by Tom Paine, who imagined it to be of the essence of a free constitution that it should be capable of being *put into the pocket*! That splendid capability was never more fully realised by the laws of a sixpenny club, than by the great charter of American liberties. It is a thing written on paper, and may be thrust into the breeches, or hung up on the wall, as best suits the notions of its worshipper, and his manner of exhibiting respect. Now the law of copyright is not here, as you suppose,

a mere matter of statute; nor is the doctrine that an author has no perpetual property in what his intellect creates, a simple decision of courts. It is a part of the constitution, which empowers the national Congress "to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for *limited times*, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." An American writer has remarked, that its equivalent would have been the concession of a power to *promote* the fisheries, by allowing to fishermen a *limited number* of the cod-fish and herrings which they take on a Newfoundland fog-bank. Here then, you will say, is a fundamental obstruction to literary justice in America! But your hasty conclusion will show that you have thought but little on written constitutions. I agree with the Count de Maistre, that such instruments are of all things the most slippery. What is easier than for Congress to evade its restriction, and make the *limited time* exactly the years of Methusaleh! Such a limit would be about as good as "to one's heirs for ever." But there is yet another facility in written constitutions: "a breath unmakes them, as a breath has made." In America, a constitution is as easily overhauled, new-ribbed, and launched again, as ever a sloop-of-war was dry-docked and new-coppered. Here, for instance, is the great "Empire State" of New York, with a constitution hardly a year old! The stripling who has just attained his majority, has actually survived the whole life of its predecessor; and he who lives half as long again, will see the new one superannuated and going the way of all written constitutions. The late constitution of this State was in many respects a noble one; but its successor plays the mischief with every thing; and I have heard an old freeholder complain that he hardly knows whether he has a house, a wife, or a head on his shoulders; so radically has the revolution affected whatever is social and civil. This will show you that there is, after all, no necessary perpetuity in the present condition of things; and so I come to the statute, which is the only just cause of complaint.

The English origin of the law is very apparent. It retains some features of the old statute of Queen Anne, with others of 54 Geo. III., which has lately been made so familiar in parliamentary reports. It secures authors in their property for a term of twenty-eight years, and provides for renewing this security for half that period upon a renewal of entry. One copy of every work thus protected, must be deposited with the Clerk of the United States' Court for the District where it is entered; and by a late enactment, the author must contribute another copy to the library of "the Smithsonian Institute,"—that unmeaning benevolence of an unfortunate son of the Northumberland family, which is already beginning to be regarded as a folly, and which one would think might have been made to subserve the interests of authors, rather than furnish another occasion for the exercise of legislative ingenuity, in adding to their many annoyances. The other important features of the Act are the penalty for piracy, and the restriction of protection to citizens and residents: in other words, the punishment of piracy in certain cases, and its license in others. Thus the same Act is dainty of rights, if the craft swim in rivers and bays, but hands over to the black flag whatever is found on the highway of nations. Persons pirating a copyright work are liable to a forfeiture of every copy in their keeping, whether of their own manufacture or otherwise; and besides this, to a fine of one dollar a sheet upon the same, of which one moiety goes to the author, and the residue to the government. Why should it be culpable to steal from a resident, and laudable to do the same thing with a stranger? If a foreign mechanic exports his goods, they are as safe in New York, as the wealth of John Jacob Astor; but no kind of mercy is shown to the product of a foreigner's brain—than which one would think nothing but his soul should be more sacred among all Christian men. On the contrary—not content with leaving him unprotected, there is in the tariff an express provision for the encouragement of plunder. No one pretends that the revenue of the United States

requires the tax of ten per cent. *ad valorem*, upon all importations of "book-printed magazines, pamphlets, and illustrated newspapers, bound or unbound;" yet, such are the terms of the tariff of 1846, and it was designed expressly to prevent importations, and encourage the piratical manufacture of such things at home. I say so, because it is notorious, and has been exposed by American writers themselves.

Now, let us see how "Napper Tandy" is likely to fare under regulations like these! Can it be possible, you will say, that the Model Republic cherishes designs so predatory; and is there no other explanation of a law which seems so outrageous? There are laws, I am aware, which are by no means what they seem, and British law is the last to dispense with a concession so important. I have, therefore, put this American statute into every light that seemed likely to show it to better advantage, and I confess there is one view of the subject, which, as being myself a resident, it gives me pleasure to suggest. Is it not conceivable, after all, that the original purpose of the statute was merely to extend, to exactly such worthies as the author of "Napper Tandy," a polite invitation to a literary sojourn in America? You know how many British authors, with no such inducements, have preferred Italy to their native land; and why should not this country, at least in the partial eyes of its own legislators, be worthy of a share of their company? The suggestion is equally complimentary to the law-givers, and to those whose society is thus held at a premium. It is true, that, excepting Will Cobbett, few English writers of eminence have taken the hospitable hint; but who could have foreseen this result, when so many of the literary race are perpetually sighing for lodges in the wilderness, and dwellings in the desert! Monsieur Dumas might indeed be reluctant to accept the flattering overtures of a country which is known to cherish such antipathies to his great ancestor Ham, and all that interesting family; and is quite excusable for preferring the persecutions of French courts of justice, to

the patronage which American law would more fully accord to his books than to his person; but why should not you, my dear Godfrey, become as original in your manner of life, as I am sure you will be in the productions of your genius? Why should you not court a "boundless contiguity of shade," and issue your immortal works from the depths of a Pennsylvanian forest, as gracefully as Lord Byron sent forth his from the more vulgarised retirement of Tuscany? Residing here, you could hold the sons of rapine at bay, enjoying at once your American harvests, and the golden remittances of your publishers in England. But the crowning consideration is this, that should you undertake the protection of your darling *Maga*, an arrangement with Mr Blackwood, and the publication of "*Napper Tandy*" in his incomparable pages, would seal the fate of the counterfeit, and forcibly recall to the mind of Reprint & Co. the sigh of Othello over his lost occupation. You stare—but it follows, by demonstration—

"For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty."

You enter "*Napper Tandy*" in the "Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New York." The next number of *Blackwood* comes out with your first chapter, which Reprint unguardedly produces in his *fac simile*. Don't you see, my dear fellow, that if you ever hooked a gudgeon, you have as certainly caught the re-publisher? You seize ten thousand copies in his warehouse, just as they are about to be distributed over the land. On each copy, he must pay, in addition to his forfeiture, one dollar a sheet; that is to say, ten thousand dollars for your first chapter; of which, after the government has gone snacks, one thousand guineas are your guarantee for the interest which the Republic takes in her invited guests; and (to the dismay of piracy.)

"The law allows it, and the court awards."

Mr Blackwood will doubtless take care that your work shall not be completed too fast; and as long as the interminable "*Napper Tandy*" continues, the press of the *fac-simile* must stand still. Meanwhile, you commence a legitimate reprint, under the

genuine *Ebony* arms, and reign as a kind of lord-lieutenant, under his ambrosial majesty, Christopher the Great. The stereotype plates of *Maga* reach you every month, and the American public discern the difference between a true *fac-simile* and a cunning counterfeit. Instead of the sham *tête-de-Buchanan*, they see the very "trick of *Cœur-de-lion's* face;" and finding themselves as little taxed for the original, as ever they were for the humbug, vote you a public benefactor, and send a round-robin to Congress demanding the instantaneous enactment of a universal copyright law, if not the grant of a gold medal to the beneficent Godfrey. I anticipate, however, your reply. Ten thousand copyrights would not tempt you to pass more than three months in the year away from your Kentish comforts and cousins! Very well—then perish dreams of lord-lieutenancy; and learn the inevitable fate of your neglected literary offspring. The same day that Import and Profits advertise their London copies of "*Napper Tandy*," at five dollars a volume, any number of shirtless little vagabonds will be crying it in a pamphlet edition from Astor House to Wall Street, and through all the thoroughfares, for a currency shilling. I wish you might see your own degradation, as I shall be forced to behold that of my friend. Think of an illustrated edition coming out, under the auspices of *Napper Tandy M'Dermot, Esq.*, in which that namesake of your hero undertakes to give your biography, and describes you as the occupant of a garret, in the receipt of wages from government, for manufacturing false representations of characters inestimably dear to patriots, and odious to tyrants only! Think of that person actually taking out a copyright for his edition of your own book, on the grounds of his thus doing for your character the very thing which he reprobates as your detestable trade; and so enjoying for no very "limited time," the enormous profits of the "standard American edition" of your outcast work. Permit me to add, significantly—

"The fault, dear Godfrey, is not in the laws,
But in yourself, if you are pirated!"

However, if you seriously ask me

whether there is no chance of an alteration in the laws, even should you persist in refusing the invitation to America, I will candidly answer, that the progress of civilisation is probably independent even of you, and may very likely win the honours which would be yours, had you the boldness which fortune delights to favour. If you think me too sanguine, you can possibly obtain an interview with Mr Dickens, and qualify my representations by the discouraging views he will give you. They say here, that he came out to America on purpose to dun brother Jonathan, and it is still spoken of with surprise, that though shrewdly invited to dinner, he was not deterred from presenting his bill at the table. The slight misunderstanding to which such a manœuvre very naturally gave rise, may have seemed to justify his doubts, as they did to check the good intentions of his entertainers, with regard to the speedy adjustment of grievances; yet I think I am not mistaken in believing that popular sentiment in this country is just now setting strongly in favour of a community of copyright between America and Great Britain.

As a mere question of ethics, it can hardly be expected that while doctors disagree, the popular conscience should be much disturbed by the flagrancy of the present laws; yet it is only justice to the tone of moral feeling which characterises what may fairly be called society in America, to say that it is correct, if not even generous. The leading periodicals, which may be taken as an index of the opinions of educated men in general, have always been true to principle in the discussion of this matter. The *New York Review*, which, during a brief but honourable career was regarded as speaking the high-toned sentiments of American churchmen, contained an elaborate article, as early as in 1839, in which the conduct of Congress, with reference to the famous "British Authors' petition," was severely rebuked, and criticised as scandalously unprincipled and disgraceful. About the same time, under cover of

its provincial blue and yellow, the *North American*, or, as Mr Cooper calls it, the *East American* came out in defence of justice as toweringly as even Maga herself. The "British Authors' petition" had been fiercely opposed by a "Boston booksellers' memorial," which, among other things addressed to the lowest passions of the mob, argued against a copyright law, that it would prevent them from altering and interpolating English books, to accommodate republican tastes! Hear then how the Boston reviewers—who in spite of that snobbish sectarian air of perkiness and pretension which is usually ascribed to them, can now and then do things very handsomely—pounce upon their townsmen's morality. "We cannot help expressing our surprise," say they,* "that the strange and dishonourable ground assumed in that memorial, has not been more pointedly reprobated. We can only account for the adoption of such a document at all, by a body of respectable men, on the supposition that its piratical doctrine, respecting literary property, escaped the notice of the convention; . . . for in our view, the doctrine to which those respectable gentlemen seemed to give their public support, was one to be mentioned, not in the company of honest men, but only in the society of footpads, housebreakers, and pickpockets." In an earlier number of the same work†—which was lashed by the *New York Review* for its astounding ignorance of the most celebrated letters of Jnnius, and for quoting a judicial opinion of Lord Kaimes's as a speech in the House of Lords—the reviewer, whose blundering intrepidity is only saved from the ridiculous by the honesty of his attempt, comes down on a nobler quarry, and thrucks the memory of Lord Camden as if he had been another Thersites. Sir Joseph Yates gets a sound drubbing from the same sturdy avenger of literary property, for his share in the celebrated case of *Millar versus Taylor*, as given in *Burrow's Reports*.‡ I have been pleased too with the succinct decision of a writer§

* *N. A. Review*, vol. lvi. p. 227.

‡ Vol. iv. 2354.

† *N. A. Review*, vol. xlviii. p. 257.

§ *Lieber's Political Ethics*, vol. i. p. 132.

who has produced an elaborate work on political ethics, in which he lays it down that "the right of property in a book seems to be clearer and more easily to be deduced from absolute principle than any other." Except among the most ultra and radical of theorists, I have met with nothing in American society, but a most hearty subscription to such views as these: but, alas!—said one in conversation upon this subject,—it is nothing that we think right, nor would it be much to bring the people to agree with us, unless something shall force it upon our demagogues.

Public opinion is not always sovereign in America, as the remark of my friend implies. It is curious to see how often a written constitution deprives a people of the very privileges it was intended to perpetuate and secure; and how the practical working of the American constitution is frequently the very reverse of its design. By the constitutional provisions, it would seem apparent, for instance, that the president of this confederacy must always be the choice of a majority of the nation's wisest men, themselves the free choice of the majority of the people. Yet here I have lived under three successive presidents, General Harrison, Mr Tyler, and Mr Polk, not one of them succeeding by the *free choice* of any one, and Mr Tyler against the suffrages of all. The undefiled patriotism which is the hypothesis of the constitution, does not exist; party, which it seems hardly to anticipate, carries every thing; and parties are ruled by cabals. Thus the greatest national measures, instead of originating with the people, and taking shape in the hands of their servants, are begotten in closets and conclaves, dictated to time-servers and adventurers, and forced on the people, they cannot tell how—but in the name of democracy and freedom. Yet, after all, public opinion is important, because when even demagogues are inclined to do right, it is fatal to their action if public opinion be wrong. For this reason, it may be well for you to understand how far public opinion has advanced with regard to our question. Its progress has been slow, but I believe always in the right

direction. Things promised well, when the Oregon dispute became the occasion of an unnatural animosity against Great Britain, and every measure which she was supposed to approve. In the hurly-burly of wind and dust that was blown up under that passing cloud, it is not to be wondered that Dickens and copyright were as completely forgotten as orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody, and whatever else goes to the art of using language correctly. A strip of land that would not purchase the copyright of an almanac, became the subject of the fiercest congressional interest; and the rights of authors, and with them the noblest relations of the republic to the other estates of the world, for the time were wholly lost sight of. "Copyright" then passed into a watchword with some of those underlings of literature, who thought to ride into favour as Cobden has been carried into fortune, by taking the tide at its ebb and ("like little wanton boys that swim on bladders") invoking the flood, as if their yelping and outcries would bring the turn any sooner. A copyright club was got up, it is said by a mere clique in this city, to which, from the mere justice of its proposed ends, large numbers of respectable men, throughout the country, gave in their nominal adhesion. I am not aware that it has accomplished any other result than to favour some ambitious young gentlemen in acquiring the autographs of eminent persons abroad, with whom they opened an officious correspondence; for it has been very generally voted a humbug, and has served to disgust many with the very sound of "copyright," which has thus been degraded into harmony with the scream of "Repeal" and "Free Trade." For awhile, none joined the vociferation, according to my informant, but persons whose stake in literary property was about as deep as the grievances of others in England under the income-tax, or the impost on wheel-carriages, hair-powder, and coats-of-arms.

From a temporary stagnation, however, the question has again revived; and during the last six months it has been debated in the daily newspapers, with very encouraging tokens of an

improvement in the moral sensibility of journalists. Even the tone of those who oppose the progress of principle, has become so much modified, that they rather excuse than defend the existing laws, representing them as practically less grievous than is imagined. A journal which has signalised itself by its resolute anti-copyright spirit, endeavours to support this representation, by asserting that about as much is now paid to British authors, for their proof-sheets, as would ordinarily be paid for their copyrights! It is asserted in this gazette, that Bulwer receives regularly from one hundred-and-fifty to two hundred guineas for a copy of every novel, which he sends out in advance of its publication in London. For similar proof-copies of their works, James is said to command very nearly as much; and such writers as Dr Dick, of Scotland, from fifty to a hundred guineas. What of it! It is plain that if a single edition of such books be worth these prices, the copyright must be considerably more valuable; and one would think it apparent, that such occasional premiums have no more to do with justice, than a levy of black mail, paid by its victim, because he would fare no worse. The *New York Express* exposes the sophistry of its contemporary, by simply asking what is paid to authors of less reputation, who may possess even superior merit; and *The Literary World*—a periodical of *The Spectator* class, —though it growls a little at *Punch*, and now and then takes too much in dudgeon the provocations of *Maga*, by no means allows its moral optics to be put out, by the pepper occasionally thrown into them by foreign jesters and critics. Perhaps it should be added, as somewhat significant, that Mr Bryant, the poet, a prominent democrat and editor of the *New York Evening Post*, has exerted himself in behalf of another memorial to Congress for justice to authors; which is the more observable, because Mr Legget, his late coadjutor and intimate friend, was perhaps the most radical writer on the other side that has ever appeared in this country, and regarded the maintenance of his

extraordinary opinions as essential to genuine democracy. It seems evident to me that no one's political creed will be able to exclude much longer a principle, which, if not instinctively discerned to be sound by every man's conscience, commends itself so much the more forcibly to him who subjects it to a rigid and thorough examination.

So much for those great manufacturers and exponents of popular opinion, the periodical and daily press. The influence of "the trade" is next worthy of consideration; and I shall be able to report as favourably of it. Although the "Boston memorial" was the doing of a convention of booksellers, who faithfully represented, at that time, the sentiments of their brethren of the craft, it is now very evident that they are generally ashamed of it, and that another such convention would be very likely to terminate in precisely the opposite result. The *North American Review** some time since announced the conversion of no less important a personage than the chairman of the committee which emitted the remarkable memorial itself; and the gentleman is certainly to be congratulated upon the improved condition of his moral health. Perhaps you saw in *The Times*—I think it was in May last—the letter of an eminent American publisher, who not only resented the impeachment of his professional species, as "the Fagins of literature," but adroitly retorted the compliment upon divers respectable houses in London. You must have noticed his declaration, that the commercial house of which he is a member has uniformly exerted its influence on the side of right. With some qualification, I am happy to say that I believe the worthy bibliopole claims no more than his due. Theoretically, his house has encouraged the copyright movement; but I hope I am mistaken in fearing that it has not always exhibited a practical consistency. The "Proverbial Philosophy" of Mr Martin Farquhar Tupper was lately published in Philadelphia, with an announcement, by the author himself, that his publisher had purchased the privilege of its manufac-

* Vol. lvi. p. 227.

ture and sale; and this announcement was accompanied by an appeal to respectable booksellers to regard the moral right, in the absence of legal protection. The book has had remarkable success, and more than one publisher, who would be called respectable, has shown himself too weak to resist even the poor temptation to disregard this reasonable claim. I am sorry to add, that an advertising sheet is now lying on my table which describes the "Proverbial Philosophy" of Tupper as part of Messrs Wiley and Putnam's library of choice reading. Perhaps this internecine piracy among booksellers themselves has had something to do with the convictions of the craft, that the protection of authors would be their own best defence and security.

It needs now some resolute friend in Congress, and the copyright measure would not long fail of success. Unhappily, the gentleman who seemed best fitted for this purpose, and whose former exertions deserve honourable mention, Mr Senator Preston, of South Carolina, has retired from his public career, under the depressing influence of disease; and my knowledge of the public men of America does not enable me to mention any one who will immediately supply his place. Few men of letters sit in Congress. It is too much the paradise of hack politicians and menials of party. Great questions of right have little interest in the eyes of such men. Nothing gains from them a natural patronage, unless it be capable of being manufactured into "political capital." It is surprising that the Americans endure the selfishness with which their legislators will devote the greater part of a session of Congress to personal intrigues and private interests, while great national measures, demanded often by the whole people, are trifled with, or absolutely neglected. The great matter of "cheap postage," for example, though strongly urged by the mass of citizens, without distinction of party, can scarcely gain a hearing; and the fate of literary property must be the same, until some one arises to emulate the examples of Talfourd and Lord Mahon, and give completeness to their achievements, by carrying a corresponding

measure through the American Congress. Till then, we must leave them to their responsibilities in "extending the area of freedom," which are, just now, too great to afford them an opportunity of doing as much for the area of copyright.

Meantime, I may safely say, that public sentiment cannot but mature into an eager desire of the consummation: not because of its justice, but because of its policy. I should look for a triumph of principle, rather than of interest, were I not pained to observe how seldom political leaders in America are wont to address the conscience, and rest any cause upon abstract right. The fathers of the republic knew better than to leave the moral powers of the people unexercised; but their successors seem to lack such faculties themselves, or to doubt their existence in the people. The copyright measure, however, may be safely left to the national sense of expediency. America is beginning to feel the value of literary eminence, and must be pardoned, on this account, for absurdly overrating at times the little that she already possesses. You will be surprised to see in how many ways her literature suffers by her present laws, and how safely avenging justice may be trusted to repair its own injuries. Let me show you.

The political theorist would say beforehand, that under the proposed copyright law the people would be deprived of cheap books; and this is one of the popular delusions that experience must dispel. The present laws do indeed make books very cheap, if cheapness is to be estimated only by the cost per copy, and if legibility, convenience, durability, and honesty are to go for nothing; and if the *price which a whole nation pays for such books in many serious losses*, is also to be excluded from the calculation. The present laws encourage the rapid manufacture of such books as will sell rapidly. Novels and light reading of all kinds are thus multiplied, to the exclusion of more valuable books, which sell slowly; and in consequence, an entire nation becomes infected with the depraved appetite of mawkish school-girls. But these novels must be printed at the lowest rate; for being unprotected, some one

will bring them out as cheaply as possible, and he who does so will command the market. Thus book-making becomes a mean and debased art; and books are crowded upon the public, at prices merely nominal; having much the appearance, and sharing the fate, of newspapers, which perish in the using. At the same time, these worthless books affect the prices of all books. Valuable works required for libraries must be printed with the least possible investment of capital, or not printed at all. If any one undertakes such publications, he must stint the editor, shave the paper-maker, grind the printer, starve the stitchers, and make the binder slight his work. This is the kind of "living" which the report of Congress says is furnished to *thousands of persons* by the republishing of English works; and such it must be, where every publisher has to make books to sell. The books thus published are dear at any price; and the best works do not get before the public at all. No choice American editions can be found of Burke, of Gibbon, of Hume, or even of Robertson, the historian of the continent; but if one imports such an edition, he finds himself taxed at the Custom-house to pay for the miserable thing he refuses. You look in vain for an edition of Jeremy Taylor; and if you import that of Bishop Heber, you pay a guinea to the Customs to sustain the privilege of American publishers to publish it if they choose. The writings of Lord Clarendon cannot be had in an American edition; your importation is taxed, because at some future day it may be convenient for some one to get up the whole in one volume. The same is the case with the whole works of Milton, of Dryden, and many others quite as essential to libraries: but the case is still more provoking with the better class of modern works, such, for instance, as Alison's "History of Europe." Under a copyright law, it could be published in New York from the English plates, and sold almost as cheap as the poor affair now in the market, which cannot be better, because it would be immediately ruined by a less expensive rival reprint. Yet, if I import a copy, to save my eyesight, I must pay for

refusing this. Thus every time an American buys a foreign book—and such books are bought by thousands—he is paying for the broad privilege of booksellers to make the books they import; a privilege which they do not in general care to use, except in the case of new and chiefly ephemeral works.

Cheap books are now furnished, because the manufacturers dread competition; but better books, for the same money, will be readily supplied when the publisher has the market to himself, and fears no competitor. You remember the article on Copyright, which appeared in *Blackwood* in January 1842, in which it is noticed that Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" sells at a shilling; that Moore, Wordsworth, and Southey, are handsomely published at three shillings and sixpence a volume; and that such a work as "Hallam's Middle Ages," is as cheap in the London market as books can be made; yet all these pay their authors, and are published in cheap editions, because they find it for their interest. Under a community of copyright, the plates of these very editions would be sent to New York, and the works would be in the market at a slight advance upon the cost of press-work and paper—the latter item being much less expensive here than in England.

But the nation pays for its cheap books more dearly still, when you consider the effect of its present system upon its literary men. It forces this class of its citizens to "make brick without straw." For the reasons I have shown, the books from which authors collect their materials are not to be found at home, and can only be imported at an aggravated expense, and often with great delays and trouble. Think of my waiting ninety days in New York, to procure a work like "Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion!" Now, I hazard nothing in saying that many an American author has given up projected works of great importance, from the discouragement of similar delays; whilst proofs are manifold, that the chief defects of valuable works actually produced in America may be traced to such incon-

veniences. The patient author often confesses as much in his preface, without seeming to know that his country, in stimulating the almost exclusive publication of trash, and taxing him to support such publications, is the fostering patron to which he owes his difficulties. Thus does America nip her young genius in the bud; and when it perchance comes to flower and fruit, she is not behind-hand with a blight. The unknown production of the American author is brought into a depressing competition with works which have been tried in England, and found certain of success in America. The popular British author, whom the public have long demanded, is furnished at the lowest price—while the yet unheard-of native aspirant, who can only hope for a limited patronage, and cannot dispense with his copyright, must of course be paid more. Whilst all the poems of Mr Tennyson, or his betters, may be had for a dollar, the maiden effort of an American youth cannot be furnished for much less. Of course, his country has crushed her child, under the weight of an unnatural disadvantage; and in proportion as he is worth any thing, the chances are less that he will persevere against such odds. I know of a man of sterling genius, whose early writings attracted the notice of *Maga*, who has long since ceased to write for the public, in consequence of the evils I now depict. His country may thank herself that he has not taken rank with the first English authors of his class. But the same system which thus deprives American authors of natural patronage, destroys their chances abroad. Until their own country relieves them, by putting foreign works on a level with theirs as to chance of success, England gives them no copyright, and they cannot get aid from her as heretofore. Cooper and Irving were encouraged by England under a different state of things; and it is safe to say, that under present circumstances there will be no more Irvings and Coopers. I am surprised that American scholars submit with such equanimity to grievances under which genius must languish and emulation dies.

I have now in my mind the case of

a man of learning—whom I should rejoice to name—of whom this country might well be proud, but whom she hardly knows; a man, of whom I venture to say, that had he been born an Englishman, he would have bequeathed his country another immortal name. He would have done as much to ennoble his native land, had she known how to foster instead of depressing his early enthusiasm. With a mind fitted for the deepest and most accurate research, and an education, of which the perfection is attributable to his natural love of learning, he undertook, in the prime of life, to accomplish a certain literary work, still a desideratum. With untiring zeal and diligence under many discouragements, he devoted to his grand design the best years of his manhood. In the collection of materials—doubly difficult by reason of the evils of which I have spoken—he spent much time, and exhausted his patrimony. After gathering a noble store, and traversing the ocean to perfect his acquirements in foreign libraries, he at length completed his task, and laid before competent judges the results. These were pronounced of the richest intrinsic value, and the earnest of future works in the same department of letters, yet more honourable to their author and more important to learning. But the very devotedness with which my admirable friend has pursued his one great object, has deprived him of a popular reputation. Though by birth and habits of life a gentleman, refined by intercourse with the choice society of Europe, and furnished with the best introductions, his overtures to publishers here were repulsed with a rudeness of negative, which would have shocked the sensibilities of a footman. Who cared for him, with his parcel of manuscript, when some European work, which had gone through the experiment of success, could be produced with a smaller expenditure, and without per centage to the author! Can it be wondered at that Harpy & Co. refused to treat with him, when a new treatise on the inside of the moon, for which lunatics in general were gaping, and for which twenty guineas had actually been paid to the learned Dr Snooks, of North Britain, was actually waiting its turn

for immediate reproduction? Would Snatchett and Brothers cast an eye on their compatriot's scrawled and blotted quires, when they had just run the pen-knife through a new "Dombey," for which fifty composers waited stick-in-hand, and which the million expected with insatiable greediness? The excellent person to whom I refer ran the gauntlet of such patrons with no better success than my questions imply; and if the dignified production to which I have referred shall ever see the light, I am informed that it will first issue from the English press; for should its author publish it here, at his own expense, he will be forced to put it at a price which, compared with the pirated works of British authors, will appear unreasonable, and kill it in the birth. No American is patriot enough to buy a book, simply because it is valuable, and the product of national genius: and Congress takes care that if any be found to do so, they shall be roundly taxed for their patriotism.

I have given this instance because it has come under my immediate notice; but you will not doubt, dear Godfrey, that the country which, even in existing circumstances, has bred such writers, in their several departments, as Prescott, and Audubon, and Wheaton, and Kent, and Story, has crushed at least as many more by the pressure of her copyright laws: and, if so, America has deprived herself of intellectual sons, whose gifts, in their stimulated exercise, would have made her rich, as well as illustrious in the sure sequel of their fame. The "Calamities of Authors" are indeed proverbial, but few are the unnatural mothers who, to prevent them, destroy genius in the embryo. Yet there is an ingenuity of mischief in this government, from which every thing that can be of benefit to letters, is sure to suffer. Even the poor permission to import books *duty free*, which has heretofore been enjoyed by the few public libraries that are struggling into existence from private liberality, was, by the tariff of 1846, peremptorily withdrawn; whether through a niggard parsimony, or a besotted indifference to learning, more worthy of Caliph Omar than of an

enlightened state, it is difficult to conjecture.

If things continue as they are, one thing is certain—it will be long before America will have a literature. Nor am I disposed to sneer, when I think of it, at the alarm of the *New York Gazette*, which is afraid lest the Tories of Maga should gain a preponderating influence in the minds of educated American youth. Why is it absurd to suppose that, if given up to such teachers, the next generation of educated Americans will be less democratic? In republican countries, the *studiosi novarum rerum* are always the well-bred and the travelled. Wealth and foreign associations must produce, in a nation, the same effects that fortune and admission to society create in a family. A love of simplicity and of home give place to a sense of the importance of fashion, and the value of whatever is valued by the world at large. *Give us a king that we may be like other nations*, was not an outcry peculiar to antiquity and to the Hebrews. In like circumstances, 'tis the language of man's heart. It is an appetite to which all nations come at last. Cincinnatus and his farmer's frock may do at the beginning; but the end must be Cæsar and the purple. Republics breed in quick succession their Catilines and their Octavians. They run to seed in empire, and so fructify into kingdoms—the staple form of nations. The instinctive yearning for the first change is sure to be developed as soon as the exhilaration of conquest makes evident the importance of concentrated strength, and imperial splendour. If so, the hour that will try the stability of this republic cannot be distant. Already I have heard Americans complaining of the thanklessness of bleeding for such a government as theirs; and remarking, that under an empire, the army would return from Mexico with Field-Marshal the Earl of Buena Vista, and Generals Lord Viscount Vera-Cruz, Lord Worth of Monterey; Sir John Wool, Bart, and Sir Peter Twiggs, Knight; and that the other officers would have as many decorations on their breasts as feathers in their caps! The truth is, that for lack of such baubles, they will all take their turns as Presidents of the United

'States. But I cannot say that honest democrats are altogether to be laughed at, for rightly estimating the effects of a literature exclusively foreign, and generally adverse to the manners and institutions of a people whose strength is to "dwell alone, and not to be numbered among the nations."

If you are meditating an article for *Maga* on American copyright, you may employ my information for the purpose; but it will not be fair to leave out of view the most efficient objections which are urged by anti-copyright politicians, two of which I have not as yet mentioned. It is said to be against American interests to grant copyright, because the American value of British copyrights will far exceed the British value of American copyrights. Whether this be true or not, the argument is worth nothing, unless it be followed by the conclusion—therefore it is expedient to steal. Yet, perhaps, if the experiment were tried, the assertion would not prove to be true. The most valuable American copyrights are those of *children's schoolbooks*, in which extraordinary ingenuity has been shown, and which are generally such as, with small emendations, would become very popular in England. But however it may be at present—since the present standard literature of England can never be copyrighted, who can doubt that, with a more liberal system, the land of Washington Irving would breed such popular authors, as would soon very nearly equalize the exchanges, while America would still be immensely the gainer in the increase of her celebrated men, commanding no longer a merely provincial reputation, but taking rank in the broad world, and ensuring foreign rewards, with universal renown. At all events—honesty is always policy. Raising to the great standard of right, this country would soon find her reward; if but in that wealth of self-respect which comes only with a conscience void of offence, and which no country can possess that is not nationally great and generous, or at least honest enough to pay for what it needs, and appropriates, and enjoys.

The only remaining objection which need be mentioned has been very operative with the vulgar, for whom alone it could have been intended. It is said that England, however nearly allied, is still a foreign country; that her writers write for their own countrymen; that, so far as they are concerned, America is a mere accident; and that, consequently, right has nothing to do with the case. It is conceded that the comity of nations may furnish grounds for a fair consideration of what is policy; but it is denied that moral obligation invests the British author with any claim to literary property in America. I must let you know how handsomely the answer has been put by Americans themselves. The Boston reviewers say,*—"It is true we are distinct nations—scarcely more so, however, than the different Italian states. We have, like them, a community of language, and although an ocean rolls between us, the improvements in navigation have brought us nearer to each other, for all practical purposes, than is the case with some of the nations of Italy. Yet such is the indifference of our government to the interests of a national literature, that our authors are still open to the depredations of foreign pirates; and what is not less disgraceful, the British author, from whose stores of wisdom and wit we are nourished, is turned over, in like manner, to the tender mercies of our gentlemen of trade, for their own exclusive benefit, and with perfect indifference to his equitable claims." The *New York Review** strongly reprobates the same outrages, "especially between two nations descended from a common stock, speaking the same language, whose political and civil institutions, though differing in form, are essentially the same in their liberal spirit and free principles—between two nations who are ONE PEOPLE." This is a sentiment which even you, my dear Tory, will not be unwilling to reciprocate; and I'll tell you when I felt its truth with peculiar force. I was walking in a quiet part of this city the other day, when I saw at a little distance a mutilated statue of marble, represent-

* *North American Review*, vol. liv., p. 355.

† Vol. iv., p. 300.

ing some one of senatorial dignity in a Roman toga. As I drew near I discovered an inscription at its foot, which informed me that it was a grateful tribute, erected by the people of the province of New York in 1775, to WILLIAM PITT. During the revolution which immediately followed, it had been lost, and was only dug up this year from the dirt and rubbish of an obscure part of this great metropolis. It comes again to light, to remind America that, when she reckons up the earliest champions of her rights, she must never forget how much she owes to that noble British statesman. It thrilled me to stand before that silent witness of a brotherhood which revolutions cannot change. That England and America are twain is politically for the benefit of each; that they are *one flesh* is the unalterable fact which perfects the prosperity of both. The reality of their union, which that marble attests, is as fixed as the immovable past; and I felt it enough that each people can boast,—

“That CHATHAM’S language is their mother tongue.”

How good it is, then, to strengthen the bond by which Almighty God has made two households still one family, especially when so many ties of mutual interests, commerce, and literature work together to corroborate the operation of nature!

Speaking of Chatham, I am reminded of America’s great friend in the other House, and wish I could quote to Congress what was uttered in her behalf, in her darkest hour, by the noble-hearted Burke.*—“Every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter. We balance inconveniences; we give and take; we remit some rights that we may enjoy others. . . . As we must give away some natural liberty to enjoy civil advantages, so we must sacrifice some civil liberties *for the advantages to be derived from the communion and fellowship of a great empire.*” This is what the orator called so beautifully “the chords of a man;” and when America has well digested a principle thus laid down for her sake in the Parliament of England, she will feel that her political right to

refuse just protection to the British author will be a moral right only when she is able to forego the advantages of literary communion and fellowship with the British empire.

This matter of copyright has been so naturally debated as concerning the Anglo-Saxon race alone, that I too have written as if the same principles (though with less glaring necessity) did not extend to all nations and languages of the earth. But I, for one, shall not be content with less than their universal application. Happy, indeed, will be the day when a British author puts pen to paper, feeling that he addresses himself at once to—what is almost equivalent to posterity—twenty millions of men in another hemisphere, and extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the mouths of the St Lawrence, among whom the author’s is a sacred name, and when the aspiring American youth can thank his Government for making him proprietor of his literary creations wherever the law of England prevails upon the surface of the round world. But there are interests in which all men are brethren, and in which their brotherhood should be mutually and heartily conceded. Next to our holy religion is that interest which belongs to the interchange of ideas and a knowledge of each other’s humanities. Best of all will be the time, then, when the literature of all Christian nations acquires an essential unity, not by spoliation and wrong, but by mutual good offices; promoting the fraternization of cotemporary literatures, and holding together that precious wealth bequeathed to the world by the bountiful and often suffering genius of bygone generations.

Forgive me, dear Godfrey, that my letter, which began with a song, should thus conclude with a sermon. It is a very long letter, and I wish I could advise you to defer the reading of it till our friend the Vicar comes again to dine at the Hall. I would get you to read the first half to him, and ask him to declaim the remainder to you; but I know you would fall into your inveterate failing of shutting your eyes to meditate, and going into a sound sleep at the most interesting point of the discourse. Yours, &c.

To Godfrey Godfrey, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

* Speech on Conciliation with America.

EVENINGS AT SEA.—NO. II.

OUR next narrator was a retired officer of the army, who had become a settler in South America, after many years unprofitable service at home and abroad. He had rapidly advanced in worldly wealth in the country of his adoption, but memory seemed ever to do him a kindness, when it bore him back to the days when he first entered on life's journey; his sword, and a hopeful heart, his sole possessions. When the subjects of our discourse chanced to awaken any

of these recollections, he would usually hold forth with such an energy of prosiness, that we were fain to submit with as good a grace as possible, where there was no escape, and endeavour to interest ourselves in the adventures he had met with, and the fates and fortunes of the companions of his youth. The story I give here, was one he told us of a young officer, who had served in the regiment with him.

HENRY MEYNELL.

In the *Gazette*, dated "War Office, 14th June, 1828," was contained the following announcement:—"Henry Wardlaw Meynell, gentleman, to be ensign"—the regiment does not matter, but its mess-room was honoured by the presence of the above-named military aspirant one day, about two months after the date of his commission. He was introduced to his brother officers, examined by them from head to foot, shown into a bare uncomfortable garret—of which he was installed proprietor, allotted a tough old grenadier as his valet-de-chambre, and then left to his own devices till dinner-time.

While the iron-fingered veteran was extracting the smart new uniform from the travelling chest, and arranging it on the oak table, under the directing eye of his master, the officers in the mess-room were forming their opinions of the appearance of the newcomer, with the balmy assistance, in this mental effort, of strong military cigars. His age was nearly twenty-one years, and he looked perhaps older. His figure was tall, slight, and graceful, more formed than is usual in early youth, and bespeaking strength and activity. His face was almost beautiful in feature and form when silent, but as he spoke, a certain thinness of the lips betrayed itself, and somewhat marred its singular attractiveness. Dark brown hair, high clear forehead, teeth perfect in regularity and whiteness, oval outline, head and neck shapely, and well set on—in short

altogether such a person as one rarely sees, either in a regiment, or elsewhere.

As the "who is he?" is always a most important point of English introduction, and I would fain hope that you may take some interest in this person as we proceed, you should be told, that he is the second son of the only brother of a bachelor squire of very large estate in Yorkshire; his father, a profligate and spendthrift living at Boulogne, while he and his brother are adopted by the uncle. His poor broken-hearted mother has slept sweetly for many years near the village church where she was wed.

Eton received him when very young; he there lost his Yorkshire manners, learnt to row and swim, and acquired a certain precocious knowledge of the world, and proficiency in tying a white neckcloth. The labours of the classics and science were alike distasteful to him; study of any kind he abhorred; yet so acquisitive was his intellect, retentive his memory, and powerful his ability, that when he left Eton at eighteen, few youths presented a more showy surface of information. He had had one or two narrow escapes from expulsion for offences, in which the vices of maturer years were mixed up with boyish turbulence; but a certain element of depth and caution, even in these outbreaks, saved him from incurring their usual penalties. He was admirable in all active exercises, had a magnificent voice, and singular taste and talent for music and

painting. As a social companion, he was brilliant when he thought fit to exert himself; at other times he was silent and rather thoughtful, perhaps too thoughtful for his years. Though he always lived with the most dissipated and uproarious set, in his vices there was a degree of refinement, less of the brute, more of the devil; he did not err from impulse, but when opportunity presented itself, he considered whether the pleasure were worth the sinning, and if he thought it was, he sinned. He was more admired than liked among his young companions; and those in authority over him were quite uncertain whether he would turn out a hero or a villain.

From Eton he went to Oxford, there took to dissipation and extravagance, neglected all rules and application, wore out the patience of the authorities, and the liberality of his uncle, and, after about a year's trial, was withdrawn from the University to save him from retiring by compulsion. He was then sent to travel for a year under the prudent care of his elder brother. It will be unnecessary to track them through their wanderings; suffice it to say, that they did what young gentlemen travelling usually do, and visited the places that every body visits, but with this difference, with regard to Henry Meynell, that he acquired the principal European languages as he went along, and travelled with his eyes open; what was gained with great labour by others seemed to be as a gift to him. He had also begun to consider that he might at last provoke his uncle too much, and injure his prospects; so that he conducted himself with caution and tolerable steadiness during his time of travel. To finish this apparent reformation, a commission was obtained for him in an infantry regiment under a martinet colonel, and a moderate allowance provided for his support. Having given this sketch of his appearance, family, character, and antecedents, he is now fairly entitled to take his seat at the mess-table.

His corps was what the young warriors of the present day, call "rather slow;" it had, indeed, been very much distinguished in the Penin-

sula, but since then a severe course of Jamaica and Demerara had excluded from it all wealthy and aristocratic elements; and the tablets it left behind in the West Indies were only raised to the memory of Smiths and Joneses, whose respective vacancies had since been filled up with Joneses and Smiths. In those days the rotation system had not been yet adopted, and the young gentlemen in "crack regiments," only knew of yellow fevers and land-crabs, through reading of them in books; and even through that channel, it would, perhaps, be unsafe to assert that they were much informed on these subjects, or indeed on any other.

At the head of the mess-table sat a gray-headed captain, who had been frost-bitten in Canada, wounded in the Peninsula, and saved by an iron constitution from the regimental doctor and yellow fever on Brimstone Hill, St Kitts; and, despite his varied adventures and ailments, had contrived to accumulate an immense rotundity in his person, and quantity and vividness of colour in his countenance. At the foot, was a tall young gentleman, with high cheekbones and a Celtic nose, who had lately joined from Tipperary. The colonel sat in the centre of one side of the table, stiff in attitude, sententious in discourse, invulnerable in vanity; a fierce-looking navy captain, and the meek mayor of the town, supported him to the right and left. A few diners out, fathers of families, and men who played a good game of billiards, and preferred the society of ensigns, were the remainder of the guests; the other gentlemen in red were variations on the fat captain and the Tipperary lieutenant.

The mess-room was long and narrow, with a profusion of small windows on both sides, causing the light to fall on every one's face. There were two doors at each end of the room, and one at the side, which last, as it led nowhere, and made a draught like a blow-pipe, had been lately stopped up with a different coloured plaster from the rest of the wall. But indeed there was such a curious variety of draughts, that one was scarcely missed; every door and window in the room sent in its current of

air, to search under the table, flare the candles, bear in in triumph the smell of burnt fat from the kitchen, and poke into the tender places of rheumatic patients; while, in spite of all these, the room was so close and redolent of dinner, that fish, flesh, and fowl were breathed in every breath. A scant and well-worn carpet covered the space on which the dinner-table stood; and portable curtains of insufficient number and enormous size ornamented a few favoured windows, waved in the erratic draughts, and tripped up incautious attendants, diffusing all the while the stale odour of tobacco smoke through the other varied smells. At one end of the room was a round table with a faded red cloth, strewn with newspapers, the corners of which had generally been abstracted for the purpose of lighting cigars,—the “Army List,” the king’s regulations, and the *Racing Calendar*. At the other end, a large screen, battered at the edges from frequent packings, diverted the course of the kitchen steam which entered by the door next it; this piece of furniture was covered with prints, some caricatures of other days, some sporting sketches—breaking cover—the Derby—fast coaches—the ring, &c.—some opera beauties, on whom sportive and original ensigns had depicted enormous moustaches, and others of rather an equivocal description.

At a given signal, the covers were removed, and some dozen of iron-heeled soldiers, dressed in various liveries, commenced scattering the soup and fish about with the same reckless indifference to consequences with which they would have stormed a breach. While Maynell was gradually coughing himself into a recovery from the effects of some fiercely peppered mulligatawney, he was asked by the stiff colonel to take wine, when the fat captain, and all the others at brief intervals followed the example. For some time, there was steady attention paid to eating and drinking, and but few words spoken, beyond “mut-ton if you please—thank you—rather under done—glass of sherry—with pleasure—your health—I’ll trouble you for a wing, &c.” But as the dinner progressed, and the fiery wine began to tell, horses and dogs, wine

and women, guards and grievances, promotion and patronage, began to exert their influence on the discourse, and by the time the cloth was removed, every one seemed to talk louder than his neighbour, and the din was almost insupportable. Then, through the roar of the many voices, was heard an ominous shuffling behind the screen, now extended all across the room; an attuning scream of the clarionet, moan of the violin, and grunt of the bassoon, faintly foretold the coming storm, which in a few seconds burst upon the ears in the most furious form of the “overture to Zampa” by the regimental band; this continued, with variations, but scarcely a lull, for a couple of hours.

Meanwhile the bottles pass freely round, and the roar of voices continues louder and thicker than ever; some of the younger officers, mere boys, have yielded to their potent draughts, and sought their rooms; others, maddened with the wine and din, shout snatches of songs, argue vociferously, and loudly offer absurd bets, which the sporting gentlemen, who are strong in billiards, note down in little pocket-books. The band retires, whist tables are laid, brandy and water and cigars make their appearance, and the mess-room is soon in a cloud. After a couple of rubbers of whist, the colonel, and most of the older officers and guests, retire. As the door closes behind them, a flushed youth with swimming eyes and uncertain step, rushes to the table and shouts, “Now we’ll make a night of it,—the bones! the bones!” Dice are soon brought, and the work of mischief begins. “Don’t you play, Maynell?” said the flushed youth. “Not to-night, thank you,” was the answer. Not to-night—for to-night he is cautiously feeling his way,—the scene’s new to him,—he does not yet find himself at home, or on his strong point. He sits quietly down on the well-worn sofa and looks on; his head, in spite of the fiery wine and distracting band, is quite cool; he has watched himself and drunk but sparingly, and now he watches others.

The players are seated at the round table, with eager faces and straining eyes watching the chances of the game. One of the guests is among

them, a man with black monstaches and rather foreign appearance, a billiard-room acquaintance of the flushed youth; a capital fellow, they said, up to every thing, and very amusing. It was unlucky, however, for the cause of conviviality, that he was rather indisposed that day, and could take very little wine. But fortune now seemed to make amends to him for this deprivation, for he won at almost every throw. The flushed youth curses his luck, but doubles his stakes till he has lost a heavy sum. Meynell's quick eye observed that the foreign-looking gentleman lowered his hand under the table before each of these very successful throws. "You had better change the game," said he coolly to the loser, "luck is against you." The youth dashed the dice on the floor, seized the cards, and challenged the party to "*vingt-et-un*;" as he had been the heaviest loser, the others agreed, and the cards were dealt rapidly around.

It is by this time well on towards the dawn, the gray light already shows the shadowy outline of the distant hills, the dewy morning air breathes softly in through the open windows, on the parched lips and fevered brows of the gamblers; but it is an unheeded warning. Stake after stake is lost, some light, others heavy, all, perhaps, more than can be spared; but the worst loser is losing still. The loss is very great, ruinous indeed; the pale man with the black moustaches has the same strange luck as ever; he says he quite wonders at it himself. He is dealer, and turns up a "*vingt-et-un*" almost every time. Now the flushed youth flushes deeper, his teeth are set—his eyes fixed on the table—an enormous sum is risked upon this chance, he has drawn winning cards, but the dealer may have a "*vingt-et-un*," and beat him still. The foreigner's hand is pressed on the table, outspread close to his cards. All this time Meynell had keenly watched the play; he had risen from the sofa noiselessly, taken a large carving-fork from the supper table, and, unobserved by any of the excited players, stood behind the dealer's chair; his thin lips firmly compressed, and the fork grasped in his right hand, he leant over the table. This was at the point of the

game when the decisive card was to be turned. Quick as thought, Meynell drives down the heavy fork through the dealer's hand, nailing it to the table—there is an ace underneath it; writhing with pain and shame, the unmasked cheat is hunted from the house.

Meynell at once became the leading man of the regiment; petted by the colonel on account of his aristocratic connexions, admired by the older officers for his knowledge of the world, and looked up to by the younger as the most daring in adventure, the most reckless in dissipation and expense. He repaid himself for the moderation of the first night at mess, when he was feeling his ground, by constant self-indulgence when he knew his power,—while the influence of his popularity and extraordinary social gifts, drew most of the youths, already, perhaps, too much disposed for such pleasures, to follow his example. The regiment had been rather dissipated before, but Meynell's presence in it was oil to the flame; drinking, waste, and gambling, became general, ruining the circumstances and constitution of many, and injuriously affecting the morals of all. Scarcely a year had passed after this time, when several mere boys, who had entered this fatal corps with fair prospects and uncorrupted minds, were sent back to their unhappy parents with blasted characters and broken fortunes. In these sad catastrophes Meynell found a secret pleasure, strange as it was diabolical. Though he used all his address to gain followers and companions in his career, there was something flattering to his malignant pride when any one broke down in the attempt to keep pace with him. Sometimes after deep play, in which he was rarely a loser, he would confer apparent kindnesses on the sufferers, forgive them their liabilities, and render them pecuniary assistance; but such help only postponed for a season the ruin that was almost sure to follow his fatal patronage, while his seeming generosity increased his influence, and silenced those who might have spoken against him. In equipage, appearance, and manners, he was the ornament of the regiment, and considered by those authorities who did not inquire into

morals, as a most promising young officer of high character and attainments.

I shall not weary you with any details of the next five years of his military life, of his peace campaigns, and marches from one town to another. But his track was marked with mischief wherever he went. He had several times, from his expensive mode of living, been obliged to appeal to his uncle for assistance, which was always rendered, accompanied, of course, by long and ineffectual lectures on the necessity of reformation. But the old man was flattered at his nephew's popularity, and pleased with his varied powers and accomplishments; by plausible representations, too, he was convinced that the irregularities which occasionally reached even his ears, were but the exuberance of youth, and the effervescence of a high spirit. Latterly, however, when the applications for money became more frequent, and the rumours of his dissipated life more numerous and authentic, the Squire, after having discharged all existing debts, communicated his determination to limit his nephew strictly within the allowance for the future, and to refuse to meet any further liabilities.

Cautious, cool-headed, and able as Meynell was, he was wanting in that self-command necessary to alter his mode of life; his expensive habits and vices had, through long indulgence, become almost necessities of existence. With his eyes fully open to his danger, he still kept on in the dark path that led to the ruin to which he had ruthlessly consigned many an other, supported the while by a vague hope that some lucky chance would turn up to carry him through his difficulties. Tradesmen became pressing with their accounts,—he drew bills on his agent, renewed these when they became due, and drew others. This could not last long; the value of his commission was soon mortgaged; he borrowed money of advertising bill-discounters at enormous interest, and, in short, by the summer of 1834, Henry Meynell was a ruined man.

At this period he had just marched with his regiment into a large seaport town in the south of England, where they were to be quartered for some

time. About two miles inland from this town there is a small country place of singular beauty. The house stands on the brow of a green hill, the front looking over a magnificent neighbouring park, varied with grove, and lake, and rivulet. At the back is a trimly kept garden of tufts of flowers, like enormous bouquets thrown on the green velvet sward, with here and there a sombre cypress or cedar in pleasant contrast. A succession of small terraces, with steep grassy steps, leads down to a rapid brook that forms a little waterfall below. Half an arch of a bridge, ruined, no one knows how, many years ago, now covered with thick clustering ivy, projects over the stream. Beyond, lie rich undulating pastoral lands, where cattle and sheep are grazing peacefully; on either side of the garden thick woods of beech and sycamore reach from the brook up to the house, shutting in this lonely spot with their dark green wall. The dwelling was originally Elizabethan, but had been so often added to or diminished, that it would be hard to say now what it is; but somehow the confusion of gables and excrescences have altogether a very picturesque effect, and luxuriant clematis and ivy conceal the architectural irregularities, or at least divert the eye from their observation. At the entrance to the house from the garden there is a porch; up a short flight of gray stone steps; its sides are of trellis-work, covered with flowering creepers.

One sunny afternoon towards the end of June, in the year mentioned above, a fresh breeze rustled through the leaves, shook the rich clusters of fragrant roses that hung about the porch, and fanned the cheek of a young girl standing on the steps, who looked as fair and innocent as the flowers themselves. She was her mother's only child, and had seen but eighteen years. Her father had been a gallant sailor, knighted for his conduct in one action, and slain in the next. Her mother, Lady Waring, was thus left widowed while yet young; but her loved husband's memory, and the care of her little daughter Kate, proved enough of earthly interests for her, and she remained single ever afterwards. Sir William Waring had possessed a considerable share, as

sleeping partner, in an old-established banking-house that bore the name of his family, as well as the residence I have tried to describe, so that his widow and child were left in very affluent circumstances. He was a first cousin of old Mr Meynell, the Yorkshire squire.

Lady Waring was seated on a rustic bench in the garden with a book in her hand, but her eye fixed with fond admiration on her daughter. The fair girl stood on the steps in the porch as on a pedestal surrounded with a frame-work of flowers. A straw hat, with a wide leaf, was placed coquettishly on one side of her head, and from its shade an abundance of black glossy ringlets fell over the sunshine of her face. She had never known a moment's sickness or sorrow; her eye had never met a frown; her ears never heard a chiding. She seemed almost radiant with health and happiness—her joyous smile the overflow of her glad heart.

Lady Waring beckoned her over, and as she moved to obey the summons, the shadow of her graceful sinuous figure scarcely appeared to touch the sward more lightly than herself. Kate sat down beside her mother, put an arm round her, and looked up joyfully into her face. It was one of those peculiar English days, when the sun shines with a fierce heat, but the east wind is sharp and cold, and the air ungenial where the rays do not reach. At the moment when Kate joined her mother, a thick cloud passed above their heads, throwing a heavy shade over them, while a breeze sweeping up from the brook cast a sudden chill. With an involuntary shudder they pressed for a moment closer together. At the same time a servant ushered a tall, strange gentleman into the garden, "Mr Henry Meynell," he announced, and then withdrew.

The kinsman received a cordial greeting, and, of course, an invitation to remain that day, which was accepted. The charm of his manner and conversation was irresistible when he strove to please: he strove his utmost that night, and fully succeeded—mother and daughter were alike won by him. When he rode away from the door at a late hour, Lady

Waring was eloquent in his praise. Kate's eloquence was silence, but it spake quite as much, and that night she did not sleep so tranquilly as was her wont.

As Henry Meynell galloped home over the lonely road, the bland and winning smile which had played over his face all the evening contracted into a moody and sinister expression. The thin lips became compressed, and his arched brows extended into a hard dark line over his eyes. He was planning evil, and had no witness; at such times his features seemed to take this peculiar appearance as their natural cast; yet it was scarcely possible to believe that one, before so handsome, could suddenly become repulsive and painful to behold. His self-indulgent and dissipated life had already marked him with some of the symptoms of premature decay. Though still in early manhood, a slight wrinkle or two was perceptible; his cheek was pale when not flushed with excitement; and his eye, betimes glassy and bloodshot, would betray the excesses of the previous night. But still, with the assistance of a judicious toilet, he could make his appearance present a very respectable degree of youthfulness; and this had been an occasion where no pains were spared to create a favourable impression. He had an object in view. In the desperate state of his finances, an advantageous marriage suggested itself to him as the easiest and readiest mode of extricating himself from his difficulties, and continuing his career of self-indulgence. His regiment having been ordered into the neighbourhood of his wealthy cousin appeared an opportunity too favourable to be neglected, so he had not lost a day in making her acquaintance. He hated the prospect of marriage as an inconvenience, but mocked at the idea of its being a restraint. The fair girl he had marked for his own rather pleased him; he liked her beauty, and was amused at her trusting innocence. He probably would have made love to her for pastime even had she not been rich. As it was, the sacrifice to his necessities which he intended to make was somewhat mitigated in its severity. "I must have her money, so I am in for the stupid folly of virtuous love-

making and marriage," was the sum of his thoughts as he dismounted at his stable-door. His spaniel had been watching for his return, and ran out, barking joyously, and leaping upon him. He was irritated at being thus disturbed in his calculating reverie, and struck the faithful brute with his heavy whip, driving it yelping away. "Go, stupid cur, you plague me with your fondness," cried he, as he struck at the dog again. Alas for the fair girl who filled this bad man's thoughts, and who thought but of him that night! down in his cold heart she may not find one solitary gem of tenderness or love to light her with its ray to hope and happiness.

Henry Meynell's visits to the Warings became very frequent, and at length daily occurrences. These simple-minded people, who had lived so long secluded from the world, had little opportunity of hearing the unfavourable rumours of their guest's character, which were pretty generally abroad; and if now and then a suspicion was suggested to the elder lady, the tact and plausibility with which it was discovered and removed, rather tended to strengthen than weaken his position in her esteem. As for Kate, the advice and cautions of meddling friends of course only fixed her more firmly in her preference.

About six weeks thus passed away. He had played his game coolly and steadily; his attentions were evident, but they were yet so mixed up with respectful regard to Lady Waring and apparent interest in her conversation, that the good lady had been more accustomed to look upon him as the kinsman and friend of the family than as the suitor of her child. So gradual had been his advances, that one day, when she found her daughter depressed and weeping, and at length guessed that Meynell's temporary absence was the cause, the state of affairs flashed upon her with the suddenness of a surprise. When enlightened, she wondered with reason at her dulness in not having before discovered a matter of such surpassing interest. "Why should I have any secret from you, mother?" said Kate; "it is true I love him, and dearly, and I am sure he loves me too, though he has never told me so. I wonder why he has

not come to-day; he promised to bring me the song he sang to us last night on the broken bridge." Nevertheless, Meynell came not that day; and it was getting late in the evening when Kate's quick ear recognised the sound of his horse's feet on the approach—the sweetest music she could hear.

She was alone in the house when he entered, her mother being in the garden on the favourite rustic seat. After the usual greetings, and some hurried apologies for his late arrival on the ground of business or duty, they walked out together to where Lady Waring sat. Her mind was on them as they drew near; she had thought of them for hours in anxious consultation within herself. She reflected on the lonely condition of her child in case of her death; the apparent attachment of the young people to each other; the amiable manners and brilliant accomplishments of her kinsman; and her own affluence, which would enable her to make amends for the want of fortune on his part. When she looked on the manly and graceful soldier bending to her daughter's ear, and saw the pale cheek of the fair girl become red, and the face, lately sad and tearful, now beaming with happiness and content, she thought she had found a fitting protector for her child, and that to him it should be given to love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health.

The mother held out a hand to each as they joined her, and welcomed Henry Meynell with peculiar kindness of manner; then, as they strolled down the terrace to the brook side, followed them with loving eyes, suffused and dim with tears of pleasure.

I would fain dwell upon this happy meeting and lengthen it to the utmost. Why do the shadows fall so quickly? Why does dark night chase away this gentle twilight, and the murmur of the brook grow loud and hoarse, as all other sounds are sinking into silence? The winged hours have flown rapidly away; the fair girl still wanders by the water's edge, or leans over the parapet of the broken bridge. Through the stillness of the evening air a voice has fallen softly on her ear that fills her heart with happiness. Joy! joy! his love is spoken; his

manly troth is plighted. And she, too, in a few broken words of maiden modesty but deep affection, has pledged away her faith, wealth, youth, and beauty. Then the fond mother comes to seek her child; she needs no tongue to tell her what has passed, for that fair young face is radiant with happiness, bright and pure as a star in heaven; and Henry Meynell's glance is full of fond and silent admiration. She bestows an approving blessing. But while the group stands, as it would seem, lost to all consciousness of the world beyond, the night has fallen dark and sombre, and louder and hoarser than before is heard the murmur of the brook in the silence of all other sounds.

Meynell had been detained in the morning by a most disagreeable visit from one of his discounting acquaintances. A large bill had become due that day, and the man to whom it was owed insisted on immediate settlement, under the threat of an arrest for the amount. Of course there were no funds forthcoming, and credit was quite exhausted. Something was necessary to be done; the scandal of being seized would probably damage his hopes of success with Kate Waring; and he felt that if he could only stave off this difficulty for a week or a little more till the affair was concluded and her property in his power, that all might yet be well. When other persuasions, entreaties, and promises had failed to move his obdurate creditor, he at length confided the hopes which he entertained of being very soon able, by a judicious marriage, to meet his engagements; and gave a full account of the progress which, he flattered himself, he had made in the lady's good graces. The only terms, however, that he could obtain were, that he should have two hours more allowed him to be introduced to a Jewish gentleman, who might perhaps advance him the money required at a remunerative rate of interest. There was nothing for him but to accept this offer, and the Jewish gentleman was shown into his room.

The money-lender was a slight, shallow man, with black hair, cut very short, and face close shaven. As Meynell was introduced, he thought he had a confused recollection of

having met the man before, but a second glance persuaded him that the face was strange. Exorbitant terms were required and acceded to for the loan of the required sum for a fortnight, but that signified little; he had no doubt of success, and then a few hundreds more or less would be of little consequence. He was, to say truth, agreeably surprised at the loan being given at any price under his apparently desperate circumstances, when the only security was the chance of a mercenary marriage. The usurer seemed, indeed, quite in a hurry to write the check and receive the bond for the debt. As he wrote, Meynell leant over him and observed that he moved his pen with some difficulty and stiffness; on the back of his right hand were two small, but deep scars close together.

Never was bridegroom more eager to hasten the hour of his happiness. The tedious arrangement of the necessary legal affairs was hurried on by every means in his power; a fortnight was but little law, and he now knew well that he must fall into the hands of one that would not spare him; for though he did not appear to have recognised the detected and punished cheat of his first night's mess party in the money-lender, nor did the other show any knowledge of him, he could not but suspect that there was something more than an accident in his being thus put into the power of a man he had so dangerously provoked. Lady Waring and Kate only attributed his pressing haste to the ardour of affection, and with undoubted confidence received his plausible explanations. The tenth day after that eventful evening was fixed for the marriage—but the hour of woe was nearer still; the storm was about to burst over the widow and her child.

One morning, as Meynell was preparing to ride out to his daily visit, a brother officer entered the room with a newspaper in his hand, and the eager air of a man who has news of interest to communicate. "These bankers, from the name, are probably some relations of your friends," said he; "it seems a tremendous smash; a shilling in the pound, or something of that sort, is talked of."

Meynell's thin lips closed like a

vice for one moment, but the next he asked to see the paragraph spoken of, in a tone of apparent indifference. He read it coolly, laid the paper aside, and changed the conversation. When he was again alone, his face grew dark as night, and that demon expression swept over it like a tempest as, with an awful curse, he struck his clenched hand on the table. He remained motionless for many minutes, holding counsel in his ruthless, selfish mind. Not a thought of others' was suggested itself—not one doubt or hesitation held him back from trampling on a trusting and devoted heart. "But it may still not be true!" The hope, faint as it was, aroused him to exertion. He rang the bell, and with his usual calmness of manner and voice, said that he should not want his horse that day, but that he might probably have to go away for a short time, and gave directions to have every thing ready for his departure in an hour. He then walked out into the town, made some inquiries, which resulted in confirming the disastrous intelligence, wrote a cold and hurried note to Lady Waring, in which "circumstances over which I have no control" held a principal place, and a "necessary absence" was announced. Before the message was despatched, he was on his route for the Continent.

The news of her ruin had also reached poor Lady Waring that morning; she was for a time stupified by the suddenness and severity of the blow, and, pale and speechless, still held up the letter before her eyes. Kate, alarmed at her mother's silence, hastened to her side, and a glance over the fatal paper told the cause. She put her soft, white arm round the widow's neck, and looked into her face with a smile of love and hopeful courage that, even in the first moment of misfortune, made the burthen light.

"I wish Henry were come, mother," said she. "He will cheer you. All shall still be well. We shall be just as happy in poverty as we were in wealth, and be kinder than ever. How I hope he may not hear of this till we tell him! He would be so pained for our sakes; but when he sees we bear it bravely he will rejoice."

Alas, poor child! while you were speaking these words of trusting con-

solation, he on whom you placed your fond faith, with cool head and icy heart, was tracing the lines that were to tell of his base desertion.

It was long ere Kate could receive the dreadful conviction of the truth. There was the note. Could she mistake the handwriting? The bearer, too, had said that Meynell was gone; and the distant, chilling tone—and no mention made of his return—and the news of her sudden poverty! None but a woman that loved with a trusting and devoted heart could doubt what all this meant. Days, weeks, months passed away, till time wore out hope, for he never came. As some fainting wretch in a famine visits his scanty store in trembling secrecy, bit by bit consumes it to the last, and then despairs, so she lived on till her faith grew less and less, and she hid its last remnant in her heart, lest it should be torn from her; but it wasted fast away, and not a shred was left.

In the meantime Lady Waring had sold her place, discharged her servants, except those who were indispensable, and made arrangements to reside in a small house in the neighbouring town, where her pension and the remnant of her fortune might enable her to live in comfort and respectability. But, in the first instance, she went to live for a time with some relations near their former residence, while the necessary preparations were being made for the change. Kate's state of mind and health were constant and increasing anxieties to the poor mother, almost to the exclusion of the recollection of her other misfortunes. Henry Meynell was never mentioned, but his handiwork was plainly seen. Kate had rapidly grown old; the look of radiant happiness and trustingness was gone. Her spirits were not altogether depressed, but rather subject to painful variations; and at times the hectic excitement of her manner was even more distressing than her fits of despondency.

Her kind friends tried to engage her in any amusements and occupations that were attainable, and prevailed upon her to enter into the society and gaiety of the town, where she was no sooner known than she became a universal favourite. Lady

Waring was conscious that Kate submitted to these instances only to please her, and induce her to believe that she was recovering her tranquillity of mind. But the mother felt that the effort, however painful, might be useful, and in the end attain to realise what was then but an appearance; so she always accompanied her daughter, and did her utmost to maintain a cheerful countenance. This painful struggle and simulation continued with more or less of success till the end of August, when a newspaper announcement informed them that Henry Meynell had been married a fortnight before at Rome to his cousin Miss Susan Meynell, a lady some years older than himself, who had always lived with his uncle as the prime favourite, and had accompanied him to the Continent that year, on a journey undertaken for his health. Henry had joined them not long before, in a state of great poverty, but by the influence of an old preference which the lady entertained for him, he had been reconciled to his uncle, who made a comfortable settlement upon his favourite and the professedly reformed prodigal. The news of his conduct to the Warings had not reached the old man at that time.

Lady Waring was astonished, indeed alarmed at the calmness with which Kate appeared to receive the news of the consummation of Henry Meynell's treacherous desertion. For an hour or two she seemed depressed and absent, but afterwards set about the usual pursuits of the day without any apparent change of manner. They were to be present at a large ball that night; and Lady Waring could not but wonder when she saw her daughter busied in arranging some simple ornaments for the dress she was to wear, and preparing for the evening gaieties as if nothing had occurred to disturb the current of her thoughts. At the ball she entered into the spirit of the dance with apparently more than usual zest: some among the many who sought her, almost fancied they were gaining ground in her good graces, and that this unwonted gaiety was the result of her being pleased with them. Her mother watched her with alarm and surprise; her cheek was flushed, her

eye bright, her smile beaming on all around her. Was this real or unreal? Could one so fair and good be without heart, and indifferent to the unworthiness of him to whom she had given her troth?

The weary ball is at last ended,—they reach home,—she bids her mother good-night; as they separate, her cheek flushes furiously, and her eye is brighter than ever, but she speaks quite calmly—so calmly, indeed, that her mother is almost re-assured, and overcome with fatigue lies down to rest and sleeps. Kate occupies the adjoining room.

At about six o'clock in the morning, Lady Waring awoke from a troubled and unrefreshing sleep. She fancied she heard light footsteps in her daughter's chamber; they seemed regular and measured, as of some one pacing slowly. She tried to collect her scattered thoughts, and separate her confused dreams from her waking perceptions. The gray light of morning already crept in through the crevices of the closed windows, and threw a cold uncertain light on the familiar objects around, only rendering them strange and indistinguishable. While yet she lay uncertain, the footsteps left the next room and approached hers, with the same light but measured sound. Her door opened and Kate entered, still in her ball-dress, with her long black ringlets forced back off her forehead. She drew the curtains aside gently and leant over the bed, then pressed her little white hands over her temples, and muttering some indistinct words, gazed upon her mother.

Were the widow's life to be lengthened out into eternity itself, she never might forget that look of her lost child. As a flash of the destroying lightning, it blasted her heart's hope, and turned it to ashes. She sprang up and clasped her arms round her daughter: "Mercy, mercy, Kate!" she cried, "speak to me once more. Are you ill? Do you suffer?" Oh! the sad, sad voice! Each word the poor girl spoke in answer, froze her hearer's blood, as though that gentle breath had been the ice-blast of the pole. "I do not know, mother," she replied, "but I have such a pain here." She pressed her hands slowly

over her brow, and with her white taper fingers put back the loosened hair. Then in hurried accents whispered,—“Do not tell him—do not let them take me away—but God help me, mother!” She added wildly: “I think I am MAD!” and it was true. She sank beneath her first and only sorrow. In the effort to bear up against it, her mind gave way; and she who might have diffused happiness on all around her, as a fountain sends forth its waters, is to smile no more.

She was attacked that morning by a violent fever which lasted many weeks. At length she gradually seemed to amend, but remained quite unconscious of her mother's unceasing care. The bright red spot that burned upon her pale cheek, and the sharp hard cough that every now and then shook her wasted frame, forbade awakening hope. “When she is able to move,” said her medical attendant, “the climate of Malta may be beneficial, but it is my sad duty to say that there is no prospect of her mind being re-established.” “Save her for me,” said the wretched mother, “even should I never hear her bless me again. Darkened though she may be, she is still the lesser light that rules my night.”

After some time they went to Malta, and for nearly two years, Lady Waring watched the alternations of her daughter's health with fond and unceasing care. Almost a hope sometimes arose, but there soon again came a relapse, and month by month she was plainly sinking, but very, very slowly; the decay was so gradual, that her evidently approaching end came on her wretched mother suddenly at last. She had been for some time unable to leave her bed, or indeed even to move, and her breathing became painful and difficult.

It was on a January morning that the doctor felt it necessary to tell Lady Waring that the end of her hopes and fears was at hand, for the patient could not last beyond that day. So she sat down by the bedside in calm despair to watch the expiring lamp. About seven in the evening, a sudden change seemed to come over the dying girl,—an animation of countenance, and a look of re-awaking intelli-

gence. She motioned feebly with her hand that her bed might be moved close to the window, and when there, looked out anxiously upon the strange sea and sky. She appeared to be making some mental effort, and after a little while, turned her eyes towards the watcher, and murmured one blessed word of recognition,—“Mother.”

Her setting sun, long hid by heavy mists, ere it sank below the horizon, threw one level ray of pure unclouded light back over the troubled sea of life. At the approach of death—out of the chaos of her mind—the memories of the past rose up, and stood in a broad picture before her sight; and from the ruins of her broken heart its first and holiest affection ascended like an incense. “God will love you, as you have loved me, mother;” she said. “Forgive him—I pray for him—God will forgive him, and watch over you—good-bye—kiss me, mother.” As she lay wan, wasted, feeble, her voice was so faint and low that it almost seemed to come from beyond the portals of the grave itself, to pardon and to bless.

The widow bent over the death-bed, and—oh, how tenderly!—pressed the cold lips of her lost darling. At that loved touch, the failing tide of life flowed back for a moment and flushed the pale cheek with joy unspeakable—then ebbed away for ever.

Now that we have left poor Kate where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,” we must follow the dark course of him for whom she died. His marriage had but a short time taken place, when he resumed his former habits, and totally neglected his wife. She at first tried to win him back by increased tenderness, but he spurned it; then by tears and entreaties, but he derided them. As a last effort, she tried to pique him by coldness—this pleased him best, for it relieved him from her presence. He made no attempt to conceal his dislike and contempt for his unhappy helpmate, or to throw a veil over his irregularities and dissipation. He had been much disappointed in the discovery that he could not obtain possession of any of the capital of his wife's fortune; and the sale of his commission,

which was soon arranged, proved far from sufficient to meet the liabilities awaiting him on his return to England. This knowledge of the nature of the settlement was the ostensible ground of a quarrel with his wife, which ended in her returning to her uncle's house, and his establishing himself at a fashionable hotel in London, soon after their return from the Continent.

He had not been many days in England, before the implacable creditor who held the largest bond against him found him out, and arrested him for the amount, while riding in the Park, with all the insulting vexation that the greatest publicity could create. That he could raise the sum required for his release, appeared very unlikely indeed, under the present circumstances, to be accomplished. When within the precincts of the jail, Henry Meynell did not hesitate to write imploringly to the wife he had outraged and the uncle he had so often deceived, praying that they would pity his fallen condition, and release him from the grasp of the law. He was not sparing in words of humiliation and penitence, and promises of future good conduct. These arts had been so often tried before, that they might well have lost their effect on those to whom they were addressed; but his poor wife, who was still fondly attached to him, in spite of his unpardonable misconduct, could not bear the idea of his wasting in a jail, and used her utmost efforts to get together whatever means she was possessed of, and to persuade her uncle to assist him once more.

After some months' delay the necessary sum was procured, and to the chagrin and surprise of his creditor, Henry Meynell was once more at liberty. He visited his wife for a short time, but very soon left her again; she had deprived herself of the means of giving him any future assistance by her sacrifices on this occasion. He, having no further object to gain, determined to be burthened with her no more.

From this time he appears to have been utterly lost; but little is known of his proceedings for the next year and a-half. He was seen occasionally haunting the billiard tables and gambling houses in London and

Paris, where his polished manners and prepossessing appearance gave him many advantages, in carrying on his designs against those inexperienced victims who were unfortunate enough to attract his notice. But he was evidently liable to great reverses of fortune at this time, for he was met by a former brother officer on one occasion at Boulogne, so much reduced that he was fain to make himself known, and pray for a small sum to take him over to London. Finally, in the summer of 1836, he was concerned in some swindling transaction which, on its discovery, brought him within the grasp of the law. He had, however, so extensive an acquaintance and influence among such as himself, who were in no small number in London at that time, that for a while he managed, with their assistance, to elude the police, and in a well-contrived disguise as an old man, still ventured to frequent houses of play.

One night he recognised among the crowd, at a table in Leicester Square, the well-known face of the detected cheat. He watched narrowly to observe whether or not he was recognised. He feared to leave the room suddenly lest it might excite a suspicion, but was reassured when he saw that the pale man seemed so much absorbed in his game, as not to notice the other faces round the board.

When, after a time, the object of his anxiety rose much excited and left the room, having lost all the money he appeared to possess, he felt convinced that the danger had passed, and breathed freely again.

It was early morning before he sallied out from the polluted atmosphere where he had passed the night. He was proceeding slowly along towards home, when, from out a narrow court, as he passed, a policeman pounced upon him, and grasped him by the collar, while the inveterate enemy from whom he thought he had escaped without recognition, seized him at the same time. Henry Meynell saw at a glance that there was no hope but in escape, so with all the exertion of his powerful strength, he shook off his assailants. The foreigner fell heavily to the ground, but the policeman tried to close again, till a blow from Meynell struck him vio-

lently to the earth. Before they recovered themselves, the object of their attack was beyond the reach of capture.

Meynell did not venture to go again to his lodgings: he changed his dress at the house of an acquaintance, and, warned by his narrow escape, determined at once to leave England. He wandered along by the wharves, making inquiries about any vessels that were to sail immediately, little caring what their destination might be. It so happened that he heard of one at hand that was to sail for Canada that day. He was at once resolved. A favourable night's play had put him in possession of sufficient funds. He purchased a few necessary articles for the voyage, and before evening fell, was sailing down the river—an exile—an outcast from the land of his birth, which he was never to see again.

During the voyage, his great powers of conviviality made him a special favourite of the captain of the vessel; of course, he bore an assumed name, and professed to be merely going out with the intention of becoming a settler, if he liked the promise of the country. He also made up a plausible story, of having been disappointed in his passage by another ship, and forced at the last moment to hurry on board this one. With the captain, however, he held a greater confidence; and although no particulars were entered into, it transpired during their carouses that he and the law were at variance.

The voyage passed without any event worth recording, and early on a bright September morning they awoke under the shade of the bold headland of Quebec. Meynell's critical taste was gratified by the mingled grandeur and softness of the scene; he was in no hurry to go ashore, friendless and objectless as he was, so he leant his head upon his hand, and gazed out quietly over the side of the vessel, enjoying the view so far as his diseased mind was capable of receiving gratification from a harmless pleasure. He took little notice of the boats that came to, and left the ship, nor did he ask the news of any one. What cared he for news? He saw old friends or long separated relatives meet on the deck with warm

and happy recognition. But there was none to welcome him. It would be hard to say what thoughts then crossed the dark stage of his mind; some long hidden spring of feeling may have been touched by what was passing round that lost and lonely man; by little and little his head sank lower and lower, till his face was buried in his hands, and so he stood.

He had remained for a long time silent and motionless, when he was suddenly aroused by a hand being placed on his shoulder. He turned round with surprise, and found the captain of the ship by his side, who said to him hurriedly. "The sooner you are out of this the better, friend. A chap has been looking after you already, and I am sure he will be back again." The post had arrived long before them, and Meynell's implacable enemy had contrived to find out his destination, and to prepare the authorities for his arrival by a description of his person, that they might arrest him at once. In this difficulty his friend the captain proved a ready counsellor. There chanced to be a schooner along-side freighted with stores for the Indians of the Saguenay, that was to sail almost immediately; the captain knew the skipper of this craft, and arranged with him to take Meynell, who was to remain in that remote part of the country till the danger blew over.

In a short time Meynell was steering down the river again, on his way to the lonely Saguenay, little caring where he went; indeed, perhaps, he would have chosen this adventure to a remote district, with the novelty of the Indian life, as readily as any thing else, even had he not been impelled to it by necessity.

It may not be known to all that the Saguenay is a large river that flows from a lake of considerable size, eastward into the St Lawrence, which it joins on the north side, a hundred and forty miles below Quebec. It is of great depth, the waters dark and gloomy, and the scenery through which they pass magnificent, but of a desolate and barren character. About seventy miles up this great tributary is an infant settlement called Chicoutimi, a station of the fur-traders. Here

the navigation ends, and, beyond, the labour of man has left but slight traces. At the time of Meynell's arrival this district was inhabited, or rather hunted over, by a tribe called by the Canadians, "Montaignais Indians,"—a friendly, honest race, expert fishers and hunters, and valuable neighbours to the fur-traders. The schooner was laden with stores of various kinds, to be exchanged with those people for the produce of the chase.

In three days Meynell reached Chicoutimi. The fur-traders were surprised at the unexpected visitor, but as he proved to be a smart active fellow, and was not without means, they did not object to his presence, and in a short time he made himself very useful. At this period of the year, the Montaignais tribe always encamped near the settlement, and bargained for the guns, powder and shot, blankets, and other necessities, for the hunting expeditions of the winter. Meynell soon became a favourite among them; his facility in learning their language, his strength and activity, and skill with the rifle, gave him a great influence over their simple minds. He particularly attached himself to an old hunter of much consideration, called Ta-ou-renche, who had an orphan niece under his care, Atawa by name, the acknowledged beauty of the tribe. After a time Meynell adopted altogether the Indian mode of life. His days were passed in the chase, or in wandering with his rod and gun by the shores of the beautiful and almost unknown lakes of that lone and distant land. He soon became as expert as the Montaignais themselves in their simple craft.

The autumn passed away, and winter closed in with its accustomed severity, locking up all nature in its icy grasp. The fish in the lakes were then only to be obtained by laboriously cutting channels in the massive ice, and all the birds and smaller animals had gone into their mysterious exile. It was then time for the tribe to make their usual journey to the distant hunting grounds of the north-east, where the Moose and Caribboo deer were wont to supply them with abundance for their winter's store. Meynell

joined to accompany them, and

imitated and improved upon their simple preparations. He obtained from the stores of the fur-dealers warm clothes, blankets, and ammunition for the expedition; a small supply of pemican or preserved meat, and a little flour, completed the loading of the light sleigh he was to drag after him over the snow; this tobogan, as the Indians call it, is of a very light structure, and carries a burthen of fifty or sixty pounds weight, with but little labour to him who draws it along.

The tribe started in the middle of December, crossing the frozen waters of the Saguenay at Chicoutimi, and then journeyed through the forest towards the inland valleys of Labrador. For the first two days, their route lay along the bank of a considerable river, which, on account of its rapid current, in many parts was not frozen over; and they rested at night at places where they had supplies of fish and water. Their encampments were but rudely made, as the stay only lasted for a night, and the severest cold of the winter was not yet come, to demand a more elaborate and perfect shelter. Nearly eighty huge watch-fires threw their glare over the dark woods at night; round each was a family of the Montaignais, the hunters, their wives and children. Meynell, Ta-ou-renche, and Atawa, formed one of these groups. The Englishman was sadly fatigued and foot-sore after the first day's journey, although it had been but a short one. The heavy and unaccustomed snow-shoes hurt his feet, though Atawa's careful hands had tied them on; and the weight of the tobogan wearied him, though both of his companions had given him great aid. They watched him with the tenderest care, and long after he slept soundly on his snowy couch, Atawa sat with her eyes fixed upon his still beautiful face, lighted up by the red flame of the watch-fire. The next day he got on better, and in a week he was able to take his share in the labour, and walk as stoutly as any of them.

After they left the river's bank, they crossed a dreary table-land of great extent, nearly a hundred and fifty miles across, where there was no brook or lake, and but little wood, and that

of a stunted and blasted growth; under the thick covering of the snow was nothing but rock and sand and sterile soil, for all that weary way. In a few places they found masses of ice, which they melted down for water, but there was neither fish nor game. Here they were obliged to consume nearly all their store of provisions, but for this they were prepared, and cared but little. Beyond this barren land lay the land of plenty, where they and their forefathers, from time immemorial, had feasted on the abundant forest-deer. About the thirteenth evening of their journey, they encamped within sight of this deeply wooded undulating country that they sought, and celebrated their arrival with rude rejoicings.

The next morning they started equipped for the chase, the women following the hunters slowly with their burdens. Ta-ou-renche pushed on among the foremost, Meynell nearly by his side, while their dogs, half-starved and ravenous, dashed on in front. They had advanced for an hour or two without meeting a quarry, to their great surprise, when they heard the dogs giving tongue far ahead in a deep woody valley. Ta-ou-renche and Meynell pushed on rapidly, full of hope, and excited at the prospect of the chase; they reached the brow of the hill, and descended at a run into the valley, where they found the dogs all collected round the skeleton of a moose-deer, tugging furiously at its huge bones. The snow around was much beaten down, and there was the mark of a recent fire against the root of a tree close by. The Indian stopped short, and remained motionless, as if frozen at the sight; after a little while, other hunters came up, and all seemed equally paralysed with terror. When they found voice, they cried, "The Great Spirit is angry with his children; other hunters have slain the moose and caribboo, and are many suns before us; for us there will be none left, and we must die."

They pushed on further till the evening, and passed other skeletons of moose and caribboo deer, picked clean by the carrion-birds. They saw the marks of many fires, and the remains of a large encampment, deserted perhaps three weeks before. Some

of the older hunters said that, from the prints of the snow-shoes, they knew the Mic-Mac Indians of New Brunswick were those who had swept the hunting grounds before them, and that they were many in number. That night they held counsel together as to what they should do; some were for returning at once, to throw themselves on the charity of the fur-traders; but there arose the appalling thought of the barren land they had passed through. Others were for pushing on after the Mic-Macs to pray for a share of their spoil—but how could they reach them? Some had consumed all their provisions, the others had but enough left for one, or at most two days. To remain where they were was death, and, on every side, starvation stared them in the face. At last, they agreed to separate, and that each family should take its chance alone. Ta-ou-renche determined at once to push for Chicoutimi, and Atawa and Meynell followed his fortunes.

The next morning they started on their return, and made a long day's march back into the barren land. Poor Atawa was very weary, and could give but little assistance in making the fire, and their rude shelter for the night, and her uncle seemed oppressed and dejected; but Meynell's vigorous health and bold spirit stood him in good stead. He divided the scanty store of provisions that was left into three parts, the travellers being each to carry their own share; he ate very sparingly. Ta-ou-renche was not so discreet, but consumed nearly all his portion at once, and the next morning finished what was left! The weary journey continued—the cold became intense,—the north wind swept over that awful solitude with a terrible severity; but still the wanderers, in pain and weariness, pushed bravely on to the south-west. Could they but reach the river's bank, they might find fish and fresh water and still live.

On the seventh night they halted in a small grove of stunted trees, after a long day's travel, worn out with fatigue and hunger. The Indian had not, for the last five days, had a morsel of food, and was terribly emaciated; the others had fasted

three days, and were almost as much reduced and enfeebled. They had scarcely sufficient strength among them to cut down wood for their fire, and collect and melt the ice to slake their thirst; when they had heaped up a small bank of snow, as shelter against the wind, they lay down almost helpless. A few carrion moose-birds which had followed them for the last day, but always out of reach of the guns, chattered among the trees. These ill-omened visitors came closer and closer, as they saw the group lying motionless, and chattered and hopped from branch to branch over head, impatient for their prey. Meynell, making the exertion with difficulty, cautiously seized his gun; but as he moved, the carrion birds flew up into the air, and circled screaming above him; when he became still, then again they approached. At last, by skilfully watching his opportunity, he brought one of them down with a lucky shot, and pounced on it greedily. The carrion and scanty spoil was soon divided into three portions, and their share ravenously devoured by the two men. After a little time they became deadly sick, the fire spun round and round before their eyes, but at length Meynell fell back in a heavy and almost death-like sleep. Atawa had just strength enough left to fold the blanket close round the sleeper, and cast a little more wood on the fire, when she too sank down exhausted.

The Indian had till now borne the pangs of hunger with courage and patience, but the morsel of food—the taste of blood, seemed to work like intoxication upon him. As his sickness passed away, his eyes glowed in their deep sockets, with a fierce and unnatural brightness. His cheeks were withered up, and his black parched lips drawn back, exposed his teeth in a horrible grin. Possessed with a momentary strength, he raised himself on his hands and knees, and, grasping an axe, moved stealthily towards the sleeper, madly thirsting for his blood. Atawa saw him coming, and guessed his terrible intent; she shook Meynell faintly, and called to him to awake. He slowly opened his eyes, and thought it but a horrid dream, when he saw the wild glaring

eyes of the savage fixed upon him, and the gaunt arm upraised to strike, while Atawa feebly tried to hold it back. The blow descended the next moment, but the generous girl, unable to restrain the maniac's force, threw herself in the way, and fell stricken senseless on the snow. Her efforts had happily turned the edge of the axe, and she was only stunned, not wounded. Meynell seized the Indian by the throat; they struggled to their feet, and grappled closely together: the madman's furious excitement lent him force for a time to meet the greatly superior strength of his opponent, but he failed rapidly, his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed; Meynell, mustering all his remaining energies, threw him back with violence, and then, utterly exhausted in the struggle, fell himself also fainting to the ground.

When he began to recover, the dim morning light was reflected from the snowy waste, the fire was nearly burnt down, and the intensity of the cold had probably awakened him. Atawa still lay motionless; he tried anxiously to arouse her, and at the same time to collect his scattered thoughts, after the dreadful dream of the night before. She slowly recovered, and opened her eyes to the sight of horror that presented itself to their returning consciousness. Ta-ourenche lay dead, and half consumed in the fire: he had fallen stunned across the burning logs, and perished miserably.

Then a sudden terror seized the survivors, and lent them renewed strength; they scarcely cast a second look on the charred corpse, but rose up and fled away together, leaving every thing behind. For hours they hurried on, and exchanged never a word, Atawa often casting a terrified look behind, as though she thought she were pursued. About mid-day, their failing limbs refused to carry them any farther, and they lay down on the trunk of a fallen pine. The winter sun stood high up in the cloudless heaven, pouring down its dazzling but chilly light upon the frozen earth. To the dark line of the distant horizon, far as the eye could reach lay the snowy desert. There was not a breath of wind, no rustling leaves or

murmuring waters, not a living thing beside themselves breathed in that awful solitude; not a sound awakened the echoes in its deathlike silence. Meynell's heart sank within him; the brief energy lent him by the terror of the dreadful scene he had left, yielded now to the reaction of despair. Their throats were parched with thirst; the gnawing pangs of hunger racked their wasted frames; they scarcely dared to look upon each other, so fiercely burned the fire in their sunken eyes. He had ceased to hope; with his feeble limbs stretched out, and his head rested on a branch, he waited helplessly for death.

The Indian girl dragged herself slowly to his side, put a small phial to his parched lips, and poured a few drops of brandy down his throat. He immediately revived, and the failing pulse resumed its play. "You shall still live," she said; "a few hours' journey more, and we shall reach the river; by this time the white man will be selling the pine trees on its banks. I have kept this fire-water hidden till there was no other hope, and now it must save me too, that I may guide you." She tasted the invigorating cordial sparingly, and now, animated with new strength, they set out bravely once again. Slowly and painfully they press on, often falling through exhaustion, but the strong hope and the stronger will urges them still on. The character of the country begins to change, the trees become thicker and of a larger growth, the ground varied with rise and hollow; and at length, to their great joy, a well-known hill appears in sight, beyond which they know the wished-for river runs. They drain the last drop from the phial, and again refreshed press on,—on, through the thick woods and falling shades of night.

Then the moon arose in unclouded splendour; her silver rays, piercing through the tall pine-trees, lighted them on their way, and in a little time showed them a column of smoke rising from the far side of the hill beyond the river into the still air. Hope was now almost a certainty: they reached the high bank over the

stream, but stumbling and falling at nearly every step. In the vale beyond, they saw two or three woodcutters' huts, lighted up by blazing watch-fires.

Meynell rushed impatiently on, his eyes fixed upon the hope-inspiring lights. "Hold! hold!" cried Atawa, vainly trying to restrain him, "one step more, and you are lost!" But she spoke too late: ere the echoes of her cry had ceased, Meynell's soul had gone to its last account. He had approached too near the edge of the precipice: the snow gave way beneath his feet; a moment more, and he lay a bleeding corpse upon the ice-bound rocks below. Atawa's despairing shrieks brought out the inmates of the huts. They were obliged to use force, to separate her from the lifeless body; she rent her hair, and tried to lay violent hands upon herself, long refusing all sustenance. From her incoherent words, they at length gathered something of her story, and the probable fate of the rest of her tribe. Some of the woodmen immediately started in hopes of rendering assistance to the unhappy Montagnais; they found six of the families on their way, in the last stage of starvation, and saved them, but all the rest of the tribe perished in that barren land.

The following night the woodmen dug a hole, and laid the mangled corpse to rest. It was so light and emaciated, that a child might have borne it thither. They then heaped some snow over it, and, threading their way by torchlight through the trees back to their huts, left it without a blessing. So there he sleeps—unwept, save by the poor Indian girl! his fate for years unknown to those who had wondered at his gifts and beauty. His bones lie whitening in that distant land, no friendly stone or sod to shelter them from the summer sun and wintry frost.

Let us yet dare to hope, that in those last dark days of toil and suffering, where life and death were in the balance, He, whose love is infinite, may have made the terrible punishment of this world the furnace wherein to melt that iron heart, and mould it to His ends of mercy.

WAS RUBENS A COLOURIST?

I do not ask if Rubens was a man of genius. I am only questioning the title, which has been so generally conferred upon him, of a colourist. I am aware that a host of artists and connoisseurs will rather admire the audacity of making the inquiry, than pursue it, through the necessary disquisition, into the true principles of art. It may be possible that the taste of the English school, and of our English collectors, may have become to a degree vitiated. And with regard to the former, the artists, (and I say it without at all denying their great abilities,) it may be very possible, nay, it is certain, that any vitiation of taste must be a blight upon their powers, natural or acquired, however great. I believe this very reputation of Rubens as the great colourist, has been extensively injurious to the British School of Art, (if there be such a *school*.) It has been so often repeated, that artists take it up as an established fact, not to be denied; and have too blindly admired, and hence endeavoured (though for lack of the material they have failed) to imitate him in this one department, his colour. The result has been melancholy enough; an inferior, flimsy, and flashy style has been engendered, utterly abhorrent from any sound and true principle of colouring. Even in Rubens, there is this tendency to the flimsy, to the light glitter, rather than to the substantial glory of the art: but it is much disguised under his daring hand, and by the use of that lucid vehicle which, independent of subject, and even colour, is pleasing in itself. There is always power in his pictures, for his mind was vigorous to a degree; a power that throws down the gauntlet, as it were, with a confidence that disdains any disguise or fear of criticism: a confidence the more manifest in the defects, particularly of grossness and anachronism, bringing them out strongly palpable and conspicuous by a more vivid colouring, more determined opposition of dark and light,—as if he should say, behold, I dare. And this

power has the usual charm of all power; it commands respect, and too often obeisance. But Rubens' colour requires Rubens' power in the other departments of art. To endeavour to imitate him in that respect, with any the least weakness either of hand or design, is only to set the weakness in a more glaring light, dressing it up, not in the gorgeous array and real jewellery of the court, but in the foil and tinsel glitter, and mock regality of a low theatrical pageantry. And this would be the case even if we had in use his luscious vehicle; but with an inferior one, too often with a bad one, the case of weakness is aggravated, and not unseldom the presumption and the failure of an attempt the more conspicuous.

I do not mean to say, that Rubens is universally imitated among us; but where his peculiar style is not imitated, the vitiation to which it has led is seen, in the general tendency of our artists, to shun the deep and sober tones of the Italian school, and, as their phrase is, to put as much daylight as possible into their works. But even here I would pause to suggest, that *light*, daylight, in its *great* characteristic, is more lustrous than white, and will be produced rather by the lower than the lighter tones, as may be seen in the pictures of Claude, whose key of colouring is many degrees lower than in pictures which affect his light, without his means of attaining it.

It is surprising that there should be such inconsistency in the decisions of taste; but this title of colourist has been bestowed chiefly upon two painters, who in this very respect of colour were the antipodes to each other, Titian and Rubens. Are there no steady sure principles of colour? If there be, it is impossible that such discordant judgments can be duly and justly given.

It will be necessary to refer to something of a first principle, before we can come to any true notion of good colouring. And it is surprising, when we consider its simplicity, that

it should, at least practically, have escaped the due notice of artists in general.

There are two things to be first considered in colour. Its agreeability *per se*,—its charm upon the eye; and its adaptation to a subject,—its *expressing the sentiment*.

However well it may express the palpable substance and texture of objects that are but parts, if it fail in these first two rules, the colour of a picture is not good. With regard to the first, its agreeability. Is it a startling assertion to say, that this does not depend upon its naturalness? That it does so is a common opinion. Aware, however, that the term naturalness would lead to a deeper disquisition than I here mean to enter upon, I shall take it in its common meaning, as it represents the common aspect of nature. Now, besides that this aspect is subject to an almost infinite variety by changes of atmosphere, and other accidents, affording the artist a very wide range from which to select, it has a characteristic as important as its light and its dark of colour,—its *illumination*; so that a sacrifice (for art is a system of compensation) of one visible truth, say a very light key, does not necessarily render a picture less natural, if it attain that superior characteristic, which by the other method it would not attain.

Then, again, that very variety of nature, by its multiplicity, disposes the mind ever to look for a constant change and new effect, so that we are not easily startled by any actual unnaturalness, unless it be very strange indeed, and entirely out of harmony, one part with another, as we should be were one aspect only and constantly presented to us. This may be exemplified by a dark mirror—and, better still, by a Claude glass, as it is called, by which we look at nature through coloured glasses. We do not the less recognise nature—nay, it is impossible not to be charmed with the difference, and yet not for a moment question the truth. I am not here discussing the propriety of using such glasses—it may be right or it may be wrong, according to the purpose the painter may have; I only mean to assert, that nature will bear

the changes and not offend any sense. The absolute naturalness, then, of the colour of nature, in its strictest and most limited sense, local and aerial, is not so necessary as that the eye cannot be gratified without it. And it follows, that agreeability of colour does not depend upon this strict naturalness.

I said, that it is of the first importance that the colouring be agreeable *per se*; that, without any regard to a subject, the eye should be gratified by the general tone, the harmony of the parts, and the quality—namely, whether it be opaque or transparent, and to what degree. There are certain things that we greatly admire on this very account—such as all precious gems, polished and lustrous stones and marbles, especially those into which we can look as into a transparent depth.

A picture, therefore, cannot be said to be well coloured unless this peculiar quality of agreeability be in it. To attain this, much exactness may be sacrificed with safety. It should be considered indispensable.

And this perfect liberty of altering to a certain degree the naturalness of colouring, leads properly to that second essential—its adaptation to a subject, or its *expressing the sentiment*. For it is manifest, that if we can, without offending, alter the whole aspect of nature in most common scenes, we can still more surely do so when the scenes are at all ideal or out of the common character. And we can do it likewise without a sacrifice of truth, in the higher sense of *truth*, as a term of art or of poetry.

For the mind also *gives its own colouring*, or is unobservant of some colours which the eye presents, and makes from all presented to it its own selections and combinations, and suits them to its own conception and creation. It has always been admitted that the painter's mind does this with objects of form, omitting much, generalizing or selecting few particulars. Now if this power be admitted with regard to objects themselves, as to their forms and actual presence, why should it not, with equal propriety, be extended to the colours of those objects, even though they have a sensible effect upon the scenes which are before us? But, as was said, the

mind colours; it is not the slave to the organ of sight, and in the painter, as in the poet, asserts its privilege of *making*, delighting even to "exhaust worlds" and "imagine new." It takes for an imperial use the contributions the eye is ever offering, but converts them into riches of its own. It will not be confined by space, nor limited by time, but gathers from the wide world, and even beyond its range. Thus, in the simple yet creative enthusiasm of his passion, did Burns gather, at one moment, the flowers of all seasons, and all

"To pu' a posy for his ain sweet May;"

and cold would be the criticism that would stop to note the impossibility; yet was it a great truth, the garden was his own heart, and his every wish a new flower. Here they all were.

It is the misfortune of art that this great power of the mind over materials is not sufficiently and practically admitted. In colouring we seem to have altogether abandoned the idea of invention. We go quite contrary to the practice of those good architects of other ages, who spoke and painted by their art; who invented because they felt the religious awe, that solemn *chiaro-scuro*—and the painted windows, not gorgeous and flaring with large masses of unmixed colours, (as are the unmeaning windows the modern Templars have put up in their ill-painted church, in which, too, the somewhat tame and dead Byzantine colouring of the walls agrees not with the overpowering glass of the windows;) these old architects, I say, affecting the "dim religious light," and knowing the illumination and brilliancy of their material, took colours without a name, for the most part neither raw reds, nor blues, nor yellows, but mixed, and many of a low and subdued tone; and so, when these windows represented subjects, the designs had a suitable quaintness, a formality, a saint-like immutability, a holy repose; and the very strong colours were sparingly used, and in very small spaces; and the divisions of the lead that fastened the parts together had doubtless, in the calculation of the architect, their subduing effect. Religious poetry—the highest poetry, consequently the highest truth—was

here. There are who might prefer the modern conventicle, with its glare of sunshine, and white glass, and bare, unadorned, white-washed walls, and justify their want of taste by a reference to nature, whose light and atmosphere, they will tell you, they are admitting. And like this is the argument of many an artist, when he would cover the poverty of his invention under the plea of his imitation of nature—a plea, too, urged in ignorance of nature, for nature does actually endeavour—if such a word as endeavour may be used where all is done without effort—to subdue the rawness of every colour, and even to stain the white-wash we put upon her works, and covers the lightest rocks with lichen.

But as the *mind colours*, and absolute naturalness is not necessary, it results that there must be a science by which the mind can effect its purpose.

For the cultivation of a sense arises from a want which the mind alone at first feels, and to the mind in that state of desire things speak suggestively that were before mute; discoveries are made into the deeper and previously hidden secrets of nature, and new means are invented of gratifying the awakened senses. Hence all art which is above the merely common and uncultivated sense. All we see and all we hear takes a vitality not its own from our thoughts, mixes itself (as aliment does, and becomes our substance) with our intellectual texture, and is anew created.

Winds might have blown, and wild animals have uttered their cries, but it was the heightened imagination that heard them *howl* and *roar*. And it was from a further cultivation of the sense, giving forth, at every step, new wants, that the nature of all sounds was investigated and music invented—science but discovering wonderful mysteries, secrets, and gifted faculties drawing them out of their deep hiding-places, making them palpable, and combining and converting them into humanities whereby mankind may be delighted and improved.

If, then, the ear has its science, so has the eye. There is the mystery of colours as well as of sounds. Nor can it be justly said that we are out of

nature because we pursue that mystery beyond its commonly perceptible and outward signs to its more intricate truths; nay, on the contrary, as we have thereby *more* of those truths, we have *more* of nature; and we know them to be truths by their power and by their adoption.

This science of colour has been, perhaps, too much neglected. In conversing with artists, one is surprised how little attention they have paid to it; and even where it has been studied, it is only upon its surface, and by those well known diagrams which show the oppositions.

Few, indeed, consider colouring as a means of telling the story—as at all sympathetic. In an historical subject, more attention is paid to the exact naturalness of the light, the time of day, the local colouring of the objects, as they probably were, than upon those tones and hues which best belong to the feeling which the action represented is meant to convey: by which practice an unnaturalness is too often the result; for there is forced upon the eye a vividness and variety of colours, in dresses, accessories, and the scene, which one present at the action would never have noticed—which, as the feeling would have rejected, so would the obedient eye have left undistinguished; and we know how the eye is obedient to the feelings and withholds impressions, and in the midst of crowds, to use a common expression, will “fix itself on vacancy.” It will do even more; it will adopt the colouring which the feeling suggests—will set aside what is, and assume what is not. Thus, in reading some melancholy tale, the very scene becomes

“Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought;”

and thus it is that actually the eye aids the imagination while it

“Breathes a browner horror o’er the woods.”

This neglect of colour as an end, as a means of narration, and as a sympathy, is peculiar to modern art. And hence it is, that there is less feeling among us for works of the Italian schools, than for those less poetical, and too often mean and low ones of the Dutch and Flemish. I mean not here to pass any censure on the colour-

ing of the Dutch and Flemish schools; it was admirable in its lucid and harmonious, but mostly so in its imitative, character. Their subjects seldom allowed scope for any high aim at sympathetic colouring: both appealed to the eye,—not without exceptions, however,—to mention one only, Rembrandt, whose colouring was generally ideal, and by it mostly was the story told. But one perfection of colour they almost all of them had, that agreeability, that gem-like lustre and richness, which I spoke of as one of the essentials of good colouring. And in this, even where modern art has professed to work upon the model of the Flemish school, it has failed, and by endeavouring to go beyond that school in brightness, has fallen very far short of its excellence; for in the very light key that has been adopted, and the prevalence of positive white, it has lost sight of that mellowness and illumination which is so great a charm in the Dutch and Flemish pictures. It has, too, mistaken lightness for brightness, and a certain chalkiness has been the result. And artists who have fallen into this error, perceiving, as they could not fail to do, this bad effect, have endeavoured to divert the eye from this unpleasantness, by force, by extreme contrasts of glazed dark, by vividness of partial crude colours, and by the violence of that most disagreeable of all pigments, as destructive of all real depth and atmosphere—asphaltum.

In our assuming, then, this very high, this white key, we deviate from the practice of every good school. It is not desirable that this should be the peculiarity of the English school; but it certainly has too great a tendency that way. The Dutch and Flemish are of a much lower key, and the Italian of a lower still. Even in their landscape it is remarkable, that the painters whose country was the lightest, should have adopted the deepest tones; and that the landscapes of their historical painters are of all the deepest, and they were the best landscape painters. What exquisite richness and depth, and jewel-like glow, is there in the landscape of Titian and Giorgione; and what illumination, that superior characteristic of nature, so much overlooked now a-days.

And yet our country is, from our atmosphere, darker than theirs, and presents a greater variety of deep tones and nameless colours. And as I before mentioned, the admired Claude, whom I rank of the Italian school, is of a very low key, delighting in masses of deep tones. And it is remarkable that his trees are never edged out light with Naples yellow, as our artists are fond of doing, but are mostly in dark masses, and whether near or distant, singly or in groups, are always without any strong and vivid colour. His object seems to have been to paint atmosphere not light, or rather that free penetrating light which he best effected by his lower key. And from this cause it is, that the eye rests, is filled, satisfied by the general effect, is never irritated either by too much whiteness, or too vivid colours; for he knew well that such irritation, though at first it attracts and forces attention, is after a while painful, and should therefore at any sacrifice be avoided.

But, to return to colouring as an expression. Here is a great field for practical experiment. On this subject I will quote a passage from the *Sketcher in Maga* of Sept. 1893.

"As in music all notes have their own expression, and combinations of them have such diversity of effect upon the mind, may not the analogy hold good with regard to colours? Has not every colour its own character? And have not combinations of them effects similar to certain combinations in sounds? This is a subject well worth the attention of any one who has leisure and disposition to take it up: and I am persuaded that the old masters either worked from a knowledge of this art, or had such an instinctive perception of it, that it is to be discovered in their works. Suppose a painter were to try various colours on boards, and combinations of them—place them before him separately with fixed attention, and then examine the channels into which his thoughts would run. If he were to find their character to be invariable, and peculiar to each of the boards put before him, he would learn that before he trusts his subject to the canvass, he should question himself as to the sentiment he intends it to express,

and what combination of colours would be consentient or dissentient to it.

"This will certainly account for the colours of the old (particularly the historical) painters being so much at variance with common nature, sometimes glaringly at variance with the locality and position of the objects represented." "This knowledge of the effect of colours is certainly very remarkable in the Bolognese school. Who ever saw Corregio's backgrounds in nature, or indeed the whole colour of his pictures, including figures? Examine his back-ground to his Christ in the garden—what a mystery is in it! The Peter Martyr, at first sight, from the charm of truth that genius has given to it, might pass for the colour of common nature; but examine the picture as an artist, and you will come to another conclusion, and you will the more admire Titian."

Some critics have been misled by the simplicity of art in this masterpiece of Titian's, and have greatly admired the exactness with which he has drawn and coloured every object; but they have been deceived by that perfect unity which exists in all its parts, and have wrongly conceived the kind of naturalness of the picture. It is full of this sympathetic naturalness of colour; we are thoroughly satisfied, and ascribe that general naturalness to each particular part. Indeed if it were altogether in colour and forms no more than common nature, there would be no real martyrdom in it—it would be but a vulgar murder; but every part is in sympathy with the sentiment. Had Titian merely represented the clear sky of Italy, and brought out prominently green-leaved trees and herbage, because such things are, and were in such a scene where this martyrdom was suffered, the picture would not have been as it is, and must ever be, the admiration of the world and a monument of the genius of Titian. There was wanted a sky in which angels might come and go, and hover with the promise of the crown and glory of martyrdom, and there must be an under and more terrestrial sky, still grand and solemn, such as might take up the tale of horror, and tell it among the congenial mountains; and such there is in the voluminous clouds about the dis-

tant cliffs. And it is very observable that, in this picture, Titian, the colourist, is most sparing of what we are too fond of calling colour.* Colour, indeed, there is, and of the greatest variety, but it is all of the subdued hues, with which the very ground and trees are clothed, that nothing shall presume to shine out of itself in the presence of the announcing angels, and to be unshrouded before such a deed.

I remember, I think it was about three years ago, a picture which well exemplifies this ideal colouring. It was exhibited at the Institution; it was of a female saint to whom the infant Saviour appears, by P. Veronese. The very excellence of the colouring was in its *natural* unnaturalness; I say natural, because it was perfectly true to the mystic dream, the saintly vision; a more common natural would have ruined it. No one ever, it is true, saw such a sky—but in a gifted trance it is such as would alone be seen, acknowledged, and remembered as of a heavenly vision. All the colouring was like it, rich and glorifying and unearthly, and imitative of the sanctifying light in old cathedrals. The sky was of very mixed tones and hues of green. The entire scene of the vision was thus hemmed in with the light and glory of holiness, apart from the world's ideas and employments. Why should modern painters be afraid of thus venturing into the ideal of colouring? Never was there a

greater mistake, than that the common natural can represent the ideal. Wilkie with all his acuteness and good sense was bewildered with a notion of their union, and thought his sketches from the Holy Land would assist him in painting sacred subjects; whereas the truth is, that the very realities before his eyes would unpoeticise his whole mind; instead of trusting to his feeling, to his visionary dream, he would begin to doubt, as he did, what should be the exact costume, if his figures should stand or sit as Asiatics. As we are removed from events by time, so should we be by thought; we pass over an extensive region, and the clouds of days and of nights pursue us out of it, and we look back upon it in our memory, as under another light—the land itself, by distance and by memory making it a part of our minds, more than of our vision, becomes fabulous; it is no longer one for common language, but for song; and so the pencil that would paint it must be dipped in the colours of poetry. Memory glazes, to use a technical word, every scene. "The resounding sea and the shadowy mountains are far between us," as Homer says, and those fabulous territories that we love to revisit in the dreams of poetic night. There are no muses with their golden harps on Highgate Hill; nor would the painter that would paint them be over wise to expect a glimpse of their white feet on the real Parnassus.† As to nature in art, we make too much of a

* Titian's palette was most simple: the great variety in the colouring of his pictures was effected by the fewest and most common colours—browns I believe he did not use, of which we boast to possess so many; the ochres, red and yellow, with his black and blue, made most or all of his deepest tones, the great depth being given, by glazing over with the same, and touching in here and there slight variations, more or less of the red or yellow, lighter or darker being used in these repetitions. Hence the harmony of his general tones—upon which, as the subject required them, he laid his more vivid colours. I believe the best painters have used the simplest palette—the fewest colours. Our own Wilson is said to have replied to one who told him a new brown was discovered, "I am sorry for it." But by far the most injurious of all our pigments is asphaltum; it always gives rather rottenness than depth.

† Mr Etty has written a letter, which has been lithographed and widely circulated, bearing so directly upon this subject, that I cannot refrain from noticing it. And this I do, because the authority of a Royal Academician, and one, I believe, selected to be judge in the distribution of the prizes in Westminster Hall Exhibition, cannot but have an influence, both with the public and the rising professors of the art.

He speaks of his high purposes in his choice of the subject of Joan of Arc and other pictures, and the process by which those purposes were brought to completion. He tells us, that in his enthusiasm he visited, as a pilgrim, the spot where the heroic and tragic scenes of his subject were enacted. He presumes that the houses there are

little truth, neglecting the greater. It is not every creation that is revealed to the eye; even to adore and to admire properly, we must imagine a more beautiful than we see. The inventions of genius are but discoveries in regions of a higher nature.

"God's works invisible,
Not undiscover'd, their true stamp impress
On thought, creation's mirror, wherein do
dwell

His unattained wonders numberless."

Of late years some painters have taken up the novelty of representing scriptural subjects as under the actual scenery and climate of the holy land, and attempted besides to portray the characteristics of the race,—a thing never dreamed of by the great painters of history. They are partial to skies hot and cloudless, and to European feelings not agreeable; forgetful of a land of promise and of wonder, and that these subjects belong, and must be modified to the mental vision of every age and country. They abhor the voluminous and richly coloured clouds, as unnatural. Can they not feel the passage—

"Who maketh the clouds his chariot?"

Let, then, not only their forms, but their colours too, be as far as may be worthy Him whom they are said to bear. They are, as it were, the folding and unfolding volumes wherein

the history of all creation is written. As they are prominent in the language of poetry, so should they ever be the materials for poetic art.

I speak of this noble character of cloud skies, because a writer of more persuasive power than mature judgment,—the Author of "*Modern Painters*,"—has condemned them; that he has not felt them is surprising. He has, however, in his second, in many respects admirable part, manifested such change of opinion, and has shown such a growing admiration for the old masters, whom in his first volume he treated with so little respect, nay, with perfect contempt, that I cannot doubt the operation of his better judgment, when in prosecuting his subject, he will be led to consider the use of these materials of nature to poetic art.

I must not, however, forget that I began this paper with questioning the title of Rubens as a colourist. It has been shown, that I consider no painter a colourist, who does not unite the two essentials of colour,—agreeability, and its perfect sympathy with the subject.

I have endeavoured to show in what this agreeability consists. I have not presumed to lay down any definite rules for the second great essential; but I have endeavoured by illustration to enforce its necessity; in this confident that a proper practice will follow, and be the necessary re-

now pretty much what they were then; and he has thought an exact representation of them necessary to historical truth, and he has accordingly introduced them.

Enthusiasm is good, but it should in this, as in all human concerns of importance, be under the guidance of strong principles. Now here the principles of historical painting, which separate that great act from the lower and imitative, are violated.

Had an eyewitness described as he felt the event which Mr Etty has undertaken to paint, would he have told of or portrayed to the mind's eye, and prominently, the very houses, with all their real accidents of material and colours, so that, were a tile off a roof, your sympathy must be made to stay for the noticing it?

This precision is not for historical painting, for it is in antagonism with poetry, (which is feeling high-wrought by imagination.) It is wrong in colouring as in design. With regard to the first, the question should be asked—How would memory have coloured it to the spectator in his after vision? How would imagination colour it in the page of history? Details of this kind are sure to vulgarise a subject, and by their little truths destroy the greater—the heroism, the devotion—to which the eye would most naturally have been riveted, so as to have seen little else, and to have been quite out of a condition to arithmetise the pettinesses of things. Such treatment would better suit the levity of the author of the "*Pucelle*" than the grave historian or the still more serious and impressive historical painter. It is very important that Mr Etty, if he is likely to be again selected to pronounce judgment upon works of the competitors for rewards in historical painting and honour, revise his opinions, and test them by the established principles which are applicable alike to poetry and to painting; and without the practical use of which, genius, if it could co-exist, would be but an ~~an~~ inane and objectless extravagance.

sult of a proper feeling. Now to speak of Rubens; what are his characteristics as a colourist? Wherein lies his excellence? I do not stop to repeat any of the extravagant praises that have been so freely lavished upon him. But I would ask, is there one *important* picture by his hand, wherein the colour is of a sentiment? Is there any one which, if you remove from it to such a distance as not to see the subject in its particulars, will indicate by its colouring what sort of narrative is to be told by a nearer inspection? Try him by those in our National Gallery. I will take first, his most powerful, and one of a subject most advantageous perhaps to his manner, because there is no very striking sentiment to be conveyed by it; for he seems scarcely serious in his treatment of this passage in the Roman history. I speak of his "Rape of the Sabines." Inasmuch as it is a picture of glare, and fluster, and confusion, it may be said to represent the subject; but such ought not to be the *sentiment* of it. But inasmuch as it has this glare, and is entirely deficient in all repose of colour, (for it is not requisite to representation of violent action, that there should not be *that* character of repose of colour which the essential agreeability demands,) the eye cannot rest upon it with satisfaction as a whole. You must approach it then nearer, to see how the particular objects are coloured. You will be pleased with the skill with which one colour is set off by another; and, doubtless, you will acknowledge a certain truth in the flesh tints: but all this while you are led away from the subject, draw no conclusion from it as a whole, and are induced to examine a detail which, however coloured with skill, and powerfully executed, is vulgar and disgusting. A mere trifle more of gross vulgarity would turn it into caricature, and you would think, that Rubens had been a successfully laborious satirist upon the narrative of the Roman historian. I confess that, but for its technical merits, which are lost upon most of the visitors of the Gallery, the picture would give me no pleasure whatever, nay, much disgust, as altogether derogatory to the dignity of art.

I purposely pass by his allegorical

pictures as mere furniture for walls, not being subjects of sentiment; nor should I very much care if his "Peace and War" were in the sorry condition which has been wrongly given to it.

Examine then the Judgment of Paris. Here is a subject most favourable for him. It shows glaringly the defect of his manner. Admit that his flesh tints are most natural, that they are beautiful; has he not sacrificed too much to make them so? All, excepting these nude figures, is monotonous, has no relation by any tint to the figures, or to any idea of sentiment such a subject may be supposed to convey. The single excellence lies in the flesh-colouring of the three goddesses. But when I use the word excellence, I do not mean to say that in this respect he surpasses any other painter, as I will presently show. Now, there is a peculiarity in Rubens' method, and which strictly belongs to his colouring, from which arises what may be not improperly designated flimsiness, that is, the leaving too much of the first getting in of his picture, the first transparent sketchy brown. If in some respect this gives force to the more solid parts, by the contrast of the transparent with the opaque, yet is it rather a flashy force, in which the means become too visible; an entire *substance* is wanted; we come too immediately to the bare ground of the canvass. And this first colouring being a mere brown, not deserving the name of colour, as it is not the real colour of the objects upon which it is disposed, is in entire disagreement with the studied truth to nature in the other parts. There is every reason to believe that Rubens, after his return from Italy, was aware of this, by his partially adopting the Italian method of more generally solid painting and after glazing; but he returned to the Flemish method, and as it certainly was the more expeditious, it may have better suited his hand, and the demands upon it. Now, here it may be remarked, that even for the first essential—agreeability of colouring, that is, of the substance of the paint—it is necessary that it should be rich, really a substance, not a merely thin wash: such was the positive depth of even the

shadowy parts in the back grounds of Corregio; the paint itself is a rich substance, with the lustrous depth of precious stones. So that it would appear that there is in Rubens' style of colouring an original incompleteness, destructive in part of the naturalness he would aim at; it is a mannerism, very tolerable in such light works as those lucid and charming pictures by Teniers, where all is light and unlaboured; but becoming a weakness where the other labour and the subject are important.

Now, with regard to this celebrated excellence of his, in colouring the nude, (and here it should be observed, that it is almost exclusively in his female figures,) however natural it may be, is it nature in its most agreeable, its most perfect colouring? It has been said, and intended as praise, that the flesh looks as if it had fed upon roses; but is it a praise? I should rather say it would not unaptly express the thinness, the unsubstantialness of it, as of a rose leaf surface merely. In form, indeed, the figures are any thing but thin and unsubstantial: but I am considering only the colouring; it is not rich; it has indeed the light and play of life, but it has not the glow; it is a surface life, not life, warm life to the very marrow, such as we see in the works of Titian and Giorgione. They did not, as Rubens did, heighten the flesh with *pure white*; they reserved the power of that for another purpose, preserving throughout a lower tone, so that the eye shall not fasten upon any one particular tint, the whole being of the character of the "*nimum lubricus aspicit*." Their *white* and their *dark*, they artfully placed as opposition, the cool white to set off the warmth, the life-glow of the flesh, and the dark to make the low tone shine out fair; so that in this very excellence of flesh painting, they were more perfect, that one only approach to excellence, by which it should seem Rubens had acquired his title as a colourist. But these painters, as well as many others—though take only these, as the most striking contrasts to Rubens—excelled also in the agreeability of their colouring, without reference to subject, and in the sympathy with regard to it. So

that in them were united the two essentials. Whereas Rubens had in any perfection neither; the one not at all, and the other only in a minor part and degree.

Such was the *general* character of Rubens' colouring. I do not mean that there are no felicitous exceptions. I would notice—but there the human figure is not—his lioness on a ledge of rock; there is an entire absence of his strong and flickering colours: on the contrary all is dim—the scenery natural to the animal, for it partakes of its proper colours, (and this is strictly true, as the hare and the fox conceal themselves by their assimilating earths and forms.) The spectator advances upon the scene, unaware of the stealthily lurking danger. The dimness and repose are of a terror, that contrast and forcible colour would at least mitigate; the surprise would be lost, or rather be altogether of another kind; it would arm you for the danger, which becomes sublime by taking you unprepared. And there is his little landscape with the sun shedding his rays through the hole in the tree, where the sentiment of the obscure—the dim wood—is enhanced by the bright gleam—and there is in this little picture a whole agreeability of colour. His landscapes in general are, however, very strange; rather eccentric than natural in colour, yet preserving the intended atmospheric effect by an idealism of colouring not quite in keeping with the unromantic commonness of the scenery.

But these exceptions do not indicate the *characteristics* of Rubens as a colourist; he is more known, and more imitated, as far as he can be imitated, in the mannerism of his style which has been described.

Deficient, then, as I think him to have been in these two essentials, I am still disposed to question his claim to the title, and to ask, "Was Rubens a colourist?" If the answer be in the negative, it may be worth while to consider the precise point from which his style may be said to have deviated from the right road; nor is it here necessary to particularise, but to refer to the Italian practice generally, which will be found to consist chiefly in this—in the choosing a low key; and for the greatest perfection of colouring, the proper union of the two essentials

of good colouring, it may be safe to refer, first to the Venetian, the Lombard, and then to the Bolognese schools. Not that the Roman school is altogether to be omitted. Out of his polished style, Raffaele is often excellent—both rich in tone, and, where he is not remarkably so, often sentimental. Some of his frescoes, as the *Heliodorus*, are good examples. And in that small picture in our National Gallery, the "*St Catherine*," the sentiment of purity and loveliness is admirably sustained in the colouring. There is in the best pictures of that school no affected flashiness of high lights—no flimsiness in the unsubstantial paint in the shadows; there is an evenness throughout, which, if it reach not the perfection of colouring, is the best substitute for it.

Power is not inconsistent with modesty—with forbearance. In the flashy style, all the force is expended, and visibly so; and as in that excess of power the flash of lightning is but momentary, we cannot long bear the exhibition of such a power rendered continuous. In the more modest—the subdued style—the artist conceals as much as may be the very power he has used, thereby actually strengthening it; for while you have all you want, you know not how much may be in reserve, and you feel it unseen, or may believe it to be unseen, when in fact it is before your eyes, though half veiled for a purpose.

Let not any painter who would be a colourist deceive himself into the belief that the most vivid and unmixed colours are the best for his art, nor that even they are the truest to nature, in whatever sense he may take the word nature. It is easy enough to lay on crude vermilion, lake, and chrome yellows; yet the colours that shall be omitted shall be infinite, and by far more beautiful than the chosen, and for which, since the generality are not painters, nor scientific in the effects of colours, there are no names. Let a painter who would have so limited a scale and view of colour do his best, and the first flower-bed he looks at will shame him with regard to those very colours he has adopted, as with regard to those thousand shades of hues, mixed and of endless variety, which are still more beautiful. We scarcely ever in nature see a really

unmixed colour; and that the mixed are the most agreeable may be more than conjectured, from the fact that, of the three, the blue, the red, and the yellow, the mixture of the two will be so unsatisfactory, that the mind's eye will, when withdrawn, supply the third.

A few words only remain to be said. To complete, practically, agreeability of colouring, there is wanting a more perfect vehicle for our colours. Much attention has, of late years, been directed to this subject; and there is every reason to believe not in vain. I wait, impatiently enough, Mr Eastlake's other volume, in which he promises to treat of the Italian methods. He has been indefatigable in collecting materials,—has an eye to know well what is wanted; and, as a scholar and collector of all that has been written on art, in Italian, as well as other languages, has the best sources from which to gather isolated facts, which, put together, may lead to most important discoveries.

Mrs Merrifield, also, whose translation from Cennino Cennini, and whose works on fresco painting are so valuable, has been collecting materials abroad, and will shortly publish her discoveries. The two proofs to which we are to look are documents and chemistry. The secret of Van Eyck may have been found out, but its modification under the Italian practice will be, perhaps, the more important discovery. I am glad also to learn, that Mr Hendrie intends to publish entire with notes, the "*De Magerne MS.*" in the British Museum. I believe artists are already giving up the worst of vehicles, the megulip, made of mastic, of all the varnishes the most ready to decompose, as well as to separate the paint, and produce those unseemly gashes which have been the ruin of so many pictures.

Whether colour be considered in its agreeability, *per se*, or in its sympathetic, its sentimental application,—for the attainment of either end, it is of the highest importance to resume the very identical vehicle, and the mode of using it, which were the vehicle and the methods of Titian, Giorgione, and Corregio, and generally of the old masters. Yours ever,

A—S.

4th June, 1847.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY.*

WE are not—as the title placed at the head of this paper, till further explained, might seem to imply—we are not about to pass in review the whole literature of America. Scanty as that youthful literature is, and may well confess itself to be, it would afford subject for a long series of papers. Besides, the more distinguished of its authors are generally known, and fairly appreciated, and we should have no object nor interest just at present in determining, with perhaps some nearer approach to accuracy than has hitherto been done, the merits of such well-known writers as Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Emerson, Channing, and others. But the series now in course of publication by Messrs Wiley and Putnam, under the title of "Library of American Books," has naturally attracted our attention, bringing as it were some works before us for the first time, and presenting what—after a few distinguished names are bracketed off—may be supposed to be a fair specimen of the popular literature of that country.

It will be seen that we have taken up a pretty large handful for present examination. Our collection will be acknowledged, we think, to be no bad sample of the whole. At all events we have shaken from our sheaf two or three unprofitable ears, and *one* in particular so empty, and so rotten withal, that to hang over it for close examination was impossible. How it happens that the publishers of the series have admitted to the "Library of American Books"—as if it were a *book*—a thing called "Big Abel and The Little Manhattan," is to us, at this distance from the scene of operations, utterly inexplicable. It is just possible that the author may have earned a reputable name in some other department of letters; pity, then, he should forfeit both it, and

his character for sanity, by this outrageous attempt at humour. Perhaps he is the potent editor of some American broad-sheet, of which publishers stand in awe. We know not; of this only we are sure, that more heinous trash was never before exposed to public view. We read two chapters of it—more we are persuaded than any other person in England has accomplished—and then threw it aside with a sort of charitable contempt. For the sake of all parties, readers, critics, publishers and the author himself, it should be buried, at once, out of sight, with other things noisome and corruptible.

On the other hand, we shall be able to introduce to our readers (should it be hitherto unknown to them) one volume, at least, which they will be willing to transfer from the American to the English library. The "*Mosses from an old Manse*," is occasionally written with an elegance of style which may almost bear comparison with that of Washington Irving; and though certainly it is inferior to the works of that author in taste and judgment, and whatever may be described as artistic talent, it exhibits deeper traces of thought and reflection. What can our own circulating libraries be about? At all our places of summer resort they drug us with the veriest trash, without a spark of vitality in it, and here are tales and sketches like these of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which it would have done one's heart good to have read under shady coverts, or sitting—no unpleasant lounge—by the sea-side on the rolling shingles of the beach. They give us the sweepings of Mr Colburn's counter, and then boastfully proclaim the zeal with which they serve the public. So certain other servants of the public feed the eye with gaudy advertisements of every

* *Views and Reviews of American Literature.* By the author of *The Yemassee*, &c. &c.

The Wigram, and The Cabin. By the same.

Papers on Literature and Art. By S. MARGARET FULLER.

Tales. By EDGAR A. POE.

Mosses from an old Manse. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

generous liquor under heaven, and retail nothing but the sour ale of some crafty brewer who has contrived to bind them to his vats and his mash-tub.

The first book we opened of this series is one called, with a charming alliteration, "Views and Reviews," by the author of "The Yemassee, &c." whom we fortunately learn, from another quarter, to be a gentleman of the more commodious name of Mr Sims; and the first words which caught our eye were "Americanism in Literature," printed in capital letters, it being the title of an essay which has for its object to stimulate the Americans to the formation of a national literature. This appears to be a favourite subject with a certain class of their writers, more distinguished for ardour than for judgment. Mrs Margaret Fuller, in her Papers on Literature and Art, is also eloquent on the same theme. Let us first hear Mr Sims. There is in this gentleman's enthusiasm a business-like air which is highly amusing.

"Americanism in Literature. This is the right title. It indicates the becoming object of our aim. Americanism in our literature is scarcely implied by the usual phraseology. American literature *seems to be a thing certainly—but it is not the thing exactly.* To put Americanism in our letters, is to do a something much more important. The phrase has a peculiar signification which is worth our consideration. By a liberal extension of the courtesies of criticism, we are already in possession of a due amount of American authorship; but of such as is individual and properly peculiar to ourselves, we cannot be said to enjoy much. Our writers are numerous—quite as many perhaps as, in proportion to our years, our circumstances, and necessities, might be looked for amongst any people. But, with very few exceptions, their writings might as well be European. They are European. The writers think after European models, draw their stimulus and provocation from European books, fashion themselves to European tastes, and look chiefly to the awards of European criticism. This is to denationalise the American mind. *This is to enslave the national*

heart—to place ourselves at the mercy of the foreigner, and to yield all that is individual in our character and hope, to the paralysing influence of his will, and frequently hostile purposes." —(P. 1.)

All the literati of Europe are manifestly in league to sap the constitution and destroy the independence of America; and, at this very time, its own men of letters—the traitors!—are seeking a European reputation. Truly a state of alarm which may be described as unparalleled. "A nation," says our most profound and original patriot, "*must do its own thinking, as well as its own fighting,* for as truly as all history has shown that the people who rely for their defence in battle on foreign mercenaries, inevitably become their prey; so the nation falls a victim to that genius of another to which she passively defers." Fearful to contemplate. There can be no safety for the United States as long as people will read Bulwer and Dickens instead of our "Yemassee," and our "Wigwams and Cabins."

But a national literature—will it come for any calling to it? Will it come the sooner for the banishment of all other literature? If Mr Sims makes his escape into the woods, and sits there naked and ignorant as a savage, will inspiration visit him? Will trying to uneducate his mind, however successful he may be in the attempt,—and he has really carried his efforts in this direction to a most heroic length—exactly enable him, or any other, to compete with this dreaded influence of foreign literature? And if not, what other measures are to be taken against this insidious enemy? We see none.

But no nation was ever hurt, as far as we have heard, by the light of genius shining on it from another. And as to this national literature—though it will not obey the conjurations of Mr Sims, we may be quite sure that, in due time, it will make its appearance. America can no more *begin* a literature, no more start fresh from its woods and its prairies, than we here in England could commence a literature; neither can it any more abstract itself from the influence of its own institutions, the temper of its people, its history, its natural scenery,

than we here in England can manumit ourselves from the influence of the age in which we live. These things determine themselves by their own laws. You may as well call out to the tides of the ocean to flow this way or that, as think to control these great tidal movements of the human mind. America cannot *begin* a literature, for it must look up to the same well-head, or rather to the same mountain streams as ourselves; neither do we suppose that it is seriously anxious to disclaim all connexion with Bacon and Shakspeare, Milton and Locke; but it can, and will, continue and carry on a literature of its own in a separate stream, branching from what we must be permitted to call, for some time at least, the main current; and which, now diverging from that, and now approaching to it, will at length wear for itself a deep and independent channel.

But such slow and gradual progress of things by no means suits the impetuous patriotism of Mr Sims. He is possessed evidently with the idea that some great explosion of national genius would suddenly take place, if the people would but resolve upon it. It is an affair of public opinion, like any other measure of policy; if but the universal suffrage could be brought to bear upon it, the thing were done; it is from the electoral urn that the whole scroll of poets and philosophers is to be drawn. "Let the nation," he solemnly proclaims, "*but yield a day's faith to its own genius, and that day will suffice for triumph!*" . . . Our development," he continues, "depends upon our faith in what we are, and in our independence of foreign judgment." One would think Mr Sims was fighting over again the war of independence. Or has some old speech of Mr O'Connell's on the repeal of the union got shuffled amongst his papers? One expects the sentence to close with the reiterated quotation,—

"Who would be *free*, themselves must strike the blow!"

As the freedom Mr Sims is struggling for, is the release from superior genius, superior intelligence, from philosophy and taste, we may surely congratulate him, at least, on his own personal

attainment of it. He has "*struck the blow*" for himself—whatever blow was necessary. He is free. Free, and as barren, as the north wind. Free as the loose and blinding sand upon a gusty day—and about as pleasing and as profitable. His "*Views and Reviews*" demonstrate in every page that he has quite liberated himself from all those fetters and prejudices which, in Europe, go under the name of truth and common sense.

Mrs or Miss Margaret Fuller—the titlepage does not enable us to determine which is the correct designation, but, in the absence of proof to the contrary, we shall bestow, what we hope we shall not offend a lady who has written upon "*Woman in the Nineteenth Century*" by still calling the more honourable title—Mrs Margaret Fuller has touched upon the same theme in her papers upon literature and art. She, too, sighs impatiently after a national literature. In an essay devoted to the subject, she thus commences:—"It does not follow, because many books are written by persons born in America, that there exists an American literature. Before such can exist, *an original idea must animate this nation, and fresh currents of life must call into life fresh thoughts along its shores.*"—(Vol. ii. p. 122.)

An original idea!—and such as is to animate a whole nation! Certainly it sounds fit and congruous that the new world, as their continent has been called, should give us a new truth; and yet, as this new world was, in fact, peopled by inhabitants from the old, who have carried on life much in the same way as it has been conducted in the ancient quarters of the globe, we fear there is little more chance of the revelation of a great original idea in one hemisphere than the other.

"We use the language of England," continues the lady, "and receive in torrents the influence of her thought, yet it is, in many respects, uncongenial and injurious to our constitution. What suits Great Britain, with her insular position, and consequent need to concentrate and intensify her life," (we hope our readers understand—we cannot help them if they do not,) "with her limited monarchy and spirit of trade, does not suit a mixed

race, continually enriched with new blood from other stocks the most unlike that of our first descent, with ample field and verge enough to range in, and leave every impulse free, and abundant opportunity to develop a genius, wide and full as our rivers, *flowery, luxuriant, and impassioned as our vast prairies, rooted in strength as the rocks on which the Puritan fathers landed.*"

If the future genius of America is to write "to order," as some appear to think, it would be difficult to give him a more perplexing programme than the lady here lays down. This rock of the Puritans, standing amongst the luxuriant, flowery, and *impassioned* prairies, presents a very heterogeneous combination. And whether one who had rooted himself upon such a rock would altogether approve the "leaving every impulse free," may admit of a question.

But it is altogether asuperfluous and futile anxiety which agitates these writers. A national literature the Americans will assuredly have, if they have a literature at all. It cannot fail to assume a certain national colour, although it would be impossible beforehand to fix and determine it. No effort could prevent this. And how egregious a mistake to imagine that they would hasten the advent of an American literature by discarding European models, and breaking from the influence of European modes of thought! It would be a sure expedient for becoming ignorant and barbarous. They cannot discard European models without an act of mental suicide; and who sees not that it is only by embracing all, appropriating all, competing with all, that the new and independent literature can be formed?

And, after all, what is this great boast of *nationality* in literature? Whatever is most excellent in the

literature of every country is precisely that which belongs to *humanity*, and not to the nation. What is dearest and most prized at home is exactly that which has a world-wide celebrity and a world-wide interest—that which touches the sympathies of all men. Are the highest truths *national*? Is there any trace of *locality* in the purest and noblest of sentiments? We invariably find that the same poets, and the same passages of their works, which are most extolled at home, are the most admired abroad. If there were any wondrous charm in this nationality it would be otherwise. The foreigner would fail to admire what is most delectable to the native. But the readers of all nations point at once, and applaud invariably, at the same passage. Who ever rose from the *Inferno* of Dante without looking back to the story of Ugolino and of Francesca? If a volume of choice extracts were to be culled from the works of Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch, an Englishman and an Italian would make no greater difference in their selection than would two Englishmen or two Italians.

Nationality one is sure to have, whether desirable or not, but the great writers of every people are unquestionably those who, without foregoing their national character, rise to be countrymen of the world. Mr Sims, instead of complaining that his fellow-countrymen are European, (may more of them become so!) should be assured of this, that it is only those who rise to European reputation that can be the founders of an American literature. The day that sees the American poet or philosopher taking his place in the high European diet of sages and of poets, is the day when the national literature has become confirmed and established.*

Mr Sims is, at all events, quite con-

* For that strong nationality which ballads and other rude productions written in a rude age exhibit, America comes, of course, too late. But we doubt not that an attentive examination would already detect in the productions of the American mind as striking traits of national character as are usually seen in the works of civilized epochs. A new species of wit is one of the last things which a student of Joe Miller would have thought it possible to invent. Yet this the Americans have achieved. Whatever may be the value attached to it, many a laugh has been created by that monstrous exaggeration, so worded as to give a momentary and bewildering sense of possibility to something most egregiously absurd, which as decidedly belongs to America as the bull does to Ireland. "A man is so tall that he has to climb a ladder to shave himself." Not only is the feat impossible, but no conception can be formed

sistent with himself in his wish to break loose from European literature—he who is disposed to break loose entirely from all the past. History with him, *as history*, is utterly worthless. It is absolutely of no value but as it affords a raw material for novels and romances. One would hardly credit that a man would utter such an absurdity. Here it is, however, formally divulged.

“The truth is—an important truth, which seems equally to have escaped,” &c., &c.—“the truth is, the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art!—Consists in its proper employment, as so much raw material in the erection of noble fabrics and lovely forms, to which the fire of genius imparts soul, and which the smile of taste informs with beauty; and which, thus endowed and constituted, are so many *temples of mind*—so many *shrines of purity*—where the *big, blind, struggling heart* of the multitude may rush—in its vacancy, and be made to feel;—in its blindness, and be made to see;—in its fear, and find countenance;—in its weakness, and be rendered strong;—in the humility of its conscious baseness, and be lifted into gradual excellence and hope!”—(P. 24.)

Here is truth and eloquence, at one blow, enough to stagger the strongest of us. “It is the artist only who is the true historian,” he again resolutely affirms. We should apprehend that, unless history were allowed to stand on a separate basis of its own, supported by its own peculiar testi-

mony, it could be of little use even in enlarging the boundaries of art. History is said to enable the artist to transcend the limits which the modes of thought and feeling of his own day would else prescribe to him. But if the rules by which we judge of truth in history be no other than those by which we judge of truth or probability in works of fiction, (and to this the views of Mr Sims inevitably conduct us)—if history has not its own independent place and value—it can no longer lend this aid—no longer raise art above, or out of the circle in which existing opinions and sympathies would place her. Each generation of artists would not learn new truths from history, but history would be rewritten by each generation of artists. How, for example, could a Protestant of the nineteenth century, with whom religion and morality are inseparably combined—with whom conscience is always both moral and religious—how could he, guided only by his own experience, represent, or give credit to that entire separation of the two modes of feeling, moral and religious, which encounters us frequently in the middle ages, and constantly in the Pagan world? Surely a fact like this, learned from historical testimony, has a value of its own, other and greater than any fictitious representation which an artist might supply. But even this fictitious representation, as we have said, would grow null and void if not upheld by the independent testimony of history; the past would become the attendant shadow merely of the present.

of its manner of execution, yet the turn of the expression for an instant disguises, before it reveals, its most flagrant nonsense. There is also a certain grave *hoax*, where some fabulous matter is most veraciously reported, in which the Americans have shown great success and something of a national predilection. Some time ago we were all mystified by what seemed a most authentic account of the sudden subsidence of the falls of Niagara. The wall of rock over which the waters rush had been worn away, and, contrary to the expectations of geologists, the bed of the river, immediately behind it, had proved to be of a soft soil that could not resist the torrent. The river had therefore formed for itself an inclined plane, and the great fall had been converted into a *rapid* of equally astonishing character. If we do not mistake, the true and particular account of certain animals which Herschel discovered in the moon at the time he moved his great telescope, we believe, to the Cape of Good Hope, came to us from the same quarter. It is a pity that *Gulliver's Travels* are already in existence. It is a book the Americans should have written; they have been unjustly forestalled and defrauded by that work. No doubt, other peculiar and national traits, and of a higher order, would suggest themselves to any one who made it a subject of examination.

We have the old predilection in favour of a *true story*, whenever it can be had. Mr Sims has written some tales under the title of "The Wigwam and the Cabin." They seem to be neither good nor bad;—it would be a waste of time to cast about for the exact epithet that should characterise them;—and in these tales we live much with the early settlers and the Redskins. All his stories put together, had they twice their merit, are not equal in value to a few words he quotes from the brief authentic memoir of Daniel Boon. What were any picture from the hands of any artist whatever to the certainty we feel that this stout-hearted, fearless man did verily walk the untrodden forest alone, with as little disquiet as we parade the streets of a populous city? Can any paradoxical reasoning about eternal truths, and the universal reality of human sentiments, assimilate this *history* of Daniel Boon to the very best creation of the novelist? Here was the veritable hero who did exist. "You see," says Boon, "how little human nature requires. It is in our own hearts, rather than in the things around us, that we are to seek felicity. A man may be happy in any state. It only asks a perfect resignation to the will of Providence." Commonplace moralities enough, in the mouth of a commonplace person. Illustrated by the life of Boon, how they tell upon us! They are the words of the steadfast, solitary man, who could go forth single, amongst wild beasts and savages, braving all manner of dangers, and hardships, and deprivations. "I had plenty," he says, "in the midst of want; was happy though surrounded by dangers; how should I be melancholy? No populous city, with all its structures and all its commerce, could afford me so much pleasure as I found here."

Boon, though he never wrote so much as a single stanza about it, as we hear, added to his love of enterprise a sincere passion for the beauties of nature. No poet, therefore, could venture to draw upon his imagination for a bolder picture than we have here in the *true story* of Daniel Boon, breaking upon the sublime solitudes of nature, fearless and alone, and relying on his single manhood. The picture

could gather nothing from invention. Shall any one pretend to say that it gathers nothing from being true?

Mr Sims is very indignant that Niebuhr should rob him of many heroic and marvellous stories. How can Niebuhr rob *him* of any thing—who looks not for truth in history, but for novel and romance? The great German critic will not interfere with *his* history—will leave him in undisturbed possession of all his novels and romances—all his noble fabrics—"temples of mind,"—"shrines of purity," &c. &c.—where he may walk as "big and as blind," as he pleases.

The new American literature which Mr Sims is to originate, will be as little indebted, it seems, to science as to history. This, too, has disturbed his faith in certain pleasing and most profitable stories. "*That cold-blooded demon called Science*," he exclaims, "has taken the place of all other demons. He has certainly cast out innumerable devils, however he may still spare the principal." Whether we are the better for his intervention is another question. There is reason to apprehend that in disturbing our human faith in shadows, we have lost some of those wholesome moral restraints which might have kept many of us virtuous where the laws could not."

A wholesome moral restraint in starting at every bush, and hating every old woman for a witch! Mr Sims, from his own intellectual altitude, pronounces these faiths to be "shadows;" he does not believe—not he—in the walking about at night of impalpable white sheets; but if you should happen to be of the same opinion with himself, then the cold-blooded demon of science has seized you for his prey. In this, there are many others who resemble Mr Sims; one often meets with half-educated men and women, who would take it as an affront, an unpardonable insult, if you were to suppose them addicted to the childish superstitions of the nursery, who nevertheless cannot endure to hear those very superstitions decried or exploded by others. They want to "*disbelieve and tremble*" at the same time.

We must state, in justice to Mr

Sims, that this outbreak against science is the prelude strain to his "Wigwams and Cabins," where he has the intention of dealing with the supernatural and the marvellous. Let him tell his marvels, and welcome; a ghost story is just as good now as ever it was; but why usher it in with this didactic folly? Of these tales, as we do not wish again to refer to the works of Mr Sims, we may say here, that they appear to give some insight into the manner of life of the early settlers, and their intercourse with the savages. In this point of view they might be read with profit, could we be sure that the pictures they present were tolerably faithful. But a writer who has no partiality whatever for matter of fact, and who systematically prefers fiction to truth, comes before us with unusual suspicion, and requires an additional guarantee.*

"*Paperson Literature and Art.*" Our readers have already had a specimen, and not an unfavourable one, of the eloquence of Mrs Margaret Fuller. This lady is by no means given to the flagrant absurdities of the gentleman we have just parted with, but in her writings there is a constant effort to be forcible, which leads her always a little on the wrong side of good taste and common sense. There is an uneasy and ceaseless labour to be brilliant and astute. The reader is perpetually impressed with the effort that is put forth in his favour,—an ambiguous claim, and the only one, that is made upon his gratitude.

America is not without her army of

critics, her well-appointed and disciplined array of reviewers. The *North American Review* betrays no inferiority to its brethren on this side of the Atlantic. Let there be therefore no mistake in regarding Mrs Margaret Fuller as the representative of the critical judgment of her country. But there is a large section, or coterie, of its literary people, whose mode of thinking we imagine this essayist may be considered as fairly expressing. Even this section, we do not suppose that she *leads*; but she has just that amount of talent and of hardihood which would prompt her to press forward into the front rank of any band of thinkers she had joined. She is not of that stout-hearted race who venture forth alone; she must travel in company; but in that company she will go as far as who goes farthest, and will occasionally dart from the ranks to strike a little blow upon her own account. The writings of minds of this calibre may be usefully studied for the indications they give of the currents of opinion, whether on the graver matters of politics, or, as in this instance, on the less important topics of literature.

Amongst this lady's criticisms upon English poets, we remarked some names, very highly landed, of which we in England have heard little or nothing. This, in our crowded literature, where so much of both what is good and what is bad escapes detection, is no proof of an erroneous judgment on her part. We, on the contrary, may have been culpably

* The following summing-up by a judge on a trial for murder gives us a singular specimen (if it can be depended on) of the dignity of the ermine as sustained in South Carolina some half century ago. A murder had been committed on one Major Spencer; the details, natural and supernatural, we have no space for; suffice it to say, that the evidence against the accused left no doubt of his guilt. The judge (an Irishman by birth), "who it must be understood was a real existence, and who had no small reputation in his day in the south," thus charged the jury. "Fore God," said the judge, "the prisoner may be a very innocent man, after all, as, by my faith, I do think there have been many murderers before him; but he ought nevertheless to be hung as an example to all other persons who suffer such strong proofs of guilt to follow their innocent misdoings. Gentlemen of the jury, if this person Macleod, or Macnab, didn't murder Major Spencer, either you or I did; and you must now decide which of us it is! I say, gentlemen of the jury, either you, or I, or the prisoner at the bar, murdered this man; and if you have any doubts which of us it was, it is but justice and mercy that you should give the prisoner the benefit of your doubts; and so find your verdict. But, before God, should you find him not guilty, Mr Attorney there can scarcely do any thing wiser than to put us all upon trial for the deed." (P. 31.)

neglectful. But when we looked at the quotations she makes to support the praise she gives, we were speedily relieved from any self-reproach of this description. Passages are cited for applause, in which there is neither distinguishable thought, nor elegance of diction, nor even an attempt at melody of verse; passages which could have won upon her only (and herein these quotations, if they fail of giving a fair representation of the poet, serve at least to characterise the critic,) could have won upon her only by a seeming air of profundity, by their utter contempt of perspicuous language, and a petulant disregard of even that rhythm, or regulated harmony, which has been supposed to distinguish verse from prose. For very manifest reasons, however, these are not the occasions on which we prefer to test the critical powers of Mrs Margaret Fuller. It is more advisable to observe her manner when occupied upon established reputations, such as Scott, and Byron, and Southey.

Our critic partakes in the very general opinion which places the prose works of Sir Walter Scott far above his poetry. It is an opinion we do not share. Admirable as are, beyond all doubt, his novels, Sir Walter Scott, in our humble estimation, has a greater chance of immortality as the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, than as the author of *Waverley*. That, perhaps, is our heresy, and Mrs Fuller may be considered here as representing the more orthodox creed. And thus it is she represents it.

"The poetry of WALTER SCOTT has been superseded by his prose, yet it fills no unimportant niche in the literary history of the last half century, and may be read, at least once in life, with great pleasure. *Marmion*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, &c., cannot, indeed, be companions of those Sabbath hours of which the weariest, dreariest life need not be destitute, for their bearing is not upon the true life of man, his immortal life." (If Mrs Fuller wrote in the language of the conventicle this would be intelligible; but she does not; what does she mean?) "Coleridge felt this so deeply, that in a lately published work, he is recorded to have said, 'not twenty lines of Scott's poetry will

ever reach posterity; it has relation to nothing.'" (Vol. I. p. 63.)

If Coleridge said this in the haste and vivacity of conversation, it was great injustice to his memory to record and print it. "Not twenty lines!"—"relation to nothing!" Why, there are scores of lines in his earliest poem alone, which will ring long in the ears of men, for they have relation to the simple, unalterable, universal feelings of mankind.

"Oh, said he that his heart was cold!"

We will not believe it. We are tempted to answer with a torrent of quotation; but this is not the place.

"To one who has read," continues Mrs Fuller, "Scott's novels first, and looks in his poems for the same dramatic interest, the rich humour, the tragic force, the highly wrought, yet flowing dialogue, and the countless minutiae in the finish of character, they must bring disappointment." He who looks for all and exactly the same things in the poems which he had found in the novels, will assuredly, like other foolish seekers, be disappointed. Sir Walter Scott did not put his Bailie Nicol Jarvie nor his Andrew Fairservice into rhyme; nor does a lay of border-chivalry embrace all that variety of character, or of dialogue, which finds ample room in the historical romance.

Amongst a certain class of critics, it has been long a prevailing humour to decry one Alexander Pope. Mrs Margaret Fuller is resolved that if not first in the field against this notorious pretender, no one shall show greater hardihood than herself in the attack upon him. It is one of those occasions when, though surrounded by a goodly company of friends, she yet finds opportunity for an individual act of heroism. They are but a few words she utters—but match them if you can! We do not flinch, we Amazonian warriors. It is *a-propos* of Lord Byron that she takes occasion to point a shaft, or rather to throw her battle-axe, at the head of this flagrant impostor. The whole passage must be quoted:

"It is worthy of remark that Byron's moral perversion never paralysed or obscured his intellectual powers, though it might lower their aims.

With regard to the plan and style of his works, he showed strong good sense and clear judgment. The man who indulged such narrowing egotism, such irrational scorn, would prune and polish without mercy the stanzas in which he uttered them." (Wonderful! that an egotist and a misanthrope should have been kept from defacing his own verses. Then follows our terrible bye-blow.) "And this bewildered idealist was a very bigot in behoof of the common-sensical satirist, the almost peevish realist—Pope!" (P. 76.)

With what consummate disdain does she condescend to give the *coup-de-grace* to the unhappy lingering author of the "Epistle to Arbuthnot," and "The Rape of the Lock!" These poems of the "peevish realist," shall have no place, since Mrs Margaret Fuller so determines it, in the new literature of America. We will keep them here in England—in a casket of gold, if we ever possess one.

One other specimen of the lady's eloquence and critical discrimination must suffice. She is characterising Southey.

"The muse of Southey is a beautiful statue of crystal, in whose bosom burns an immortal flame. We hardly admire as they deserve, the perfection of the finish, and the elegance of the contours, because our attention is so fixed on the radiance which glows through them."—(P. 82.)

Of this poet, who has so much flame in him that we cannot distinctly see his features, it is said in almost the next sentence, "Even in his most brilliant passages there is nothing of the *heat of inspiration*, nothing of that *celestial fire* which makes us feel that the author has, by intensifying the action of the mind, raised himself to communion with superior intelligences. (!) It is where he is most calm that he is most beautiful; and, accordingly, he is more excellent in the expression of sentiment than in narration." (The force of the "accordingly" one does not see; surely there may be as much scope for inspiration in sentiment as in narration.) "Scarce any writer presents to us a sentiment with such a tearful depth of expression; but though it is a tearful depth, those tears were shed long since, and Faith and

Love have hallowed them. You nowhere are made to feel the bitterness, the vehemence of present emotion; but the phoenix born from passion is seen hovering over the ashes of what was once combined with it."

The young phoenix rises from the ashes of the old; so far we comprehend. This, metaphorically understood, would infer that a new and stronger passion rose from the ashes of the old and defunct one. But into the allegorical signification of Mrs Fuller's phoenix, we confess we cannot penetrate. We have a dim conception that it would not be found to harmonise very well with that other meaning conveyed to us in so dazzling a manner by the illuminated statue. Pity the lady could not have found some other poet to take off her hands one of those images: we are not so heartless as to suggest the expediency of the absolute sacrifice of either.

It is not to be supposed that this authoress is always so startling and original as in these passages. She sometimes attains, and keeps for a while, the level of commonplace. But we do not remember in the whole of her two volumes a single passage where she rises to an excellence above this. If we did, we should be happy to quote it.

"*Tales, by Edgar A. Poe,*" is the next book upon our list. No one can read these tales, then close the volume, as he may with a thousand other tales, and straightway forget what manner of book he has been reading. Commonplace is the last epithet that can be applied to them. They are strange—powerful—more strange than pleasing, and powerful productions without rising to the rank of genius. The author is a strong-headed man, which epithet by no means excludes the possibility of being, at times, wrong-headed also. With little taste, and much analytic power, one would rather employ such an artist on the anatomical model of the Moorish Venus, than intrust to his hands any other sort of Venus. In fine, one is not sorry to have read these tales; one has no desire to read them twice.

They are not framed according to the usual manner of stories. On each occasion, it is something quite other

than the mere story that the author has in view, and which has impelled him to write. In one, he is desirous of illustrating La Place's doctrine of probabilities as applied to human events. In another, he displays his acumen in unravelling or in constructing a tangled chain of circumstantial evidence. In a third, ("The Black Cat") he appears at first to aim at rivaling the fantastic horrors of Hoffman, but you soon observe that the wild and horrible invention in which he deals, is strictly in the service of an abstract idea which it is there to illustrate. His analytic observation has led him, he thinks, to detect in men's minds an absolute spirit of "perversity," prompting them to do the very opposite of what reason and mankind pronounce to be right, simply because they *do* pronounce it to be right. The punishment of this sort of diabolic spirit of perversity, he brings about by a train of circumstances as hideous, incongruous, and absurd, as the sentiment itself.

There is, in the usual sense of the word, no passion in these tales, neither is there any attempt made at dramatic dialogue. The bent of Mr Poe's mind seems rather to have been towards reasoning than sentiment. The style, too, has nothing peculiarly commendable; and when the embellishments of metaphor and illustration are attempted, they are awkward, strained, infelicitous. But the tales rivet the attention. There is a marvellous skill in putting together the close array of facts and of details which make up the narrative, or the picture; for the effect of his description, as of his story, depends never upon any bold display of the imagination, but on the agglomeration of incidents, enumerated in the most veracious manner. In one of his papers he describes the Mahlström, or what he chooses to imagine the Mahlström may be, and by dint of this careful and De Foe-like painting, the horrid whirlpool is so placed before the mind, that we feel as if we had seen, and been down into it.

The "Gold Bug" is the first and the most striking of the series, owing to the extreme and startling ingenuity with which the narrative is constructed. It would be impossible, however, to

convey an idea of this species of merit, without telling the whole story; nor would it be possible to tell the story in shorter compass, with any effect, than it occupies here. The "Murders of the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Roget," both turn on the interest excited by the investigation of circumstantial evidence. But, unlike most stories of this description, our sympathies are not called upon, either in the fate of the person assassinated, or in behalf of some individual falsely accused of the crime; the interest is sustained solely by the nature of the evidence, and the inferences to be adduced from it. The latter of these stories is, in fact, a transfer to the city of Paris of a tragedy which had been really enacted in New York. The incidents have been carefully preserved, the scene alone changed, and the object of the author in thus re-narrating the facts seems to have been to investigate the evidence again, and state his own conclusions as to the probable culprit. From these, also, it would be quite as impossible to make an extract as it would be to quote a passage from an interesting case as reported in one of our law-books. The last story in the volume has, however, the advantage of being brief, and an outline of it may convey some idea of the peculiar manner of Mr Poe. It is entitled "The Man of the Crowd."

The author describes himself as sitting on an autumnal evening at the bow-window of the D— coffee-house in London. He has just recovered from an illness, and feels in that happy frame of mind, the precise converse of ennui, where merely to breathe is enjoyment, and we feel a fresh and inquisitive interest in all things around us.

The passing crowd entertains him with its motley variety of costume and character. He has watched till the sun has gone down, and the streets have become indebted for their illumination solely to the gas lamps. As the night deepened, the interest of the scene deepened also, for the character of the crowd had insensibly but materially changed, and strange features and aspects of ill omen began to make their appearance.

With his brow to the glass of the

window, our author was thus occupied in scrutinising the passengers, when suddenly there came within his field of vision a countenance, (it was that of a decrepid old man of some sixty-five or seventy years of age) which at once arrested and absorbed all his attention. It bore an expression which might truly be called fiendish, for it gave the idea of mental power, of cruelty, of malice, of intense—of supreme despair. It passed on. There came a craving desire to see the face of that man again—to keep him in view—to know more of him. Snatching up his hat, and hastily putting on an over-coat, our excited observer ran into the street, pursued the direction the stranger had taken, and soon overtook him.

He noticed that the clothes of this man were filthy and ragged, but that his linen, however neglected, was of finest texture. The strong light of a gas lamp also revealed to him a diamond and a dagger. These observations it was easy for him to make, for the stranger *never looked behind*, but with chin dropped upon his breast, his glaring eyes rolling a little to the right and left in their sunken sockets, continued to urge his way along the populous thoroughfare.

By and by he passed into a cross street, where there were fewer persons. Here a change in his demeanour became apparent. He walked more slowly, and with less object than before,—more hesitatingly. He crossed and re-crossed the way repeatedly without apparent aim. A second turn brought him to a square, brilliantly lighted and overflowing with life. The previous manner of the stranger now re-appeared. With knit brows, and chin dropped upon his breast, he took his way steadily through the throng. But his pursuer was surprised to find that having made the circuit of this crowded promenade, he turned, retraced his steps, and repeated the same walk several times.

It was now growing late, and it began to rain. The crowd within the square dispersed. With a gesture of impatience, the stranger passed into a bye-street almost deserted. Along this he rushed with a fearful rapidity which could never have been expected from so old a man. It brought him

to a large bazaar, with the localities of which he appeared perfectly acquainted, and where his original demeanour again returned, as he forced his way to and fro, without aim, amongst the host of buyers and sellers, looking at all objects with a wild and vacant stare.

All this excited still more the curiosity of his indefatigable observer, who became more and more amazed at his behaviour, and felt an increased desire to solve the enigma. The bazaar was now about to close; lamps were here and there extinguished; every body was preparing to depart. Returning into the street, the old man looked anxiously around him for an instant, and then with incredible swiftness, threaded a number of narrow and intricate lanes which led him out in front of one of the principal theatres. The amusements were just concluded, and the audience was streaming from the doors. The old man was seen to gasp as he threw himself into the crowd; and then the intense agony of his countenance seemed in some measure to abate. He took the course which was pursued by the greater number of the company. But these, as he proceeded, branched off right and left to their several homes, and as the street became vacant, his restlessness and vacillation re-appeared. Seized at length as with panic, he hurried on with every mark of agitation, until he had plunged into one of the most noisome and pestilential quarters, or rather suburbs of the town. Here a number of the most abandoned of the populace were reeling to and fro.

"The spirits of the old man," the author shall conclude the story in his own words, "again flickered up, as a lamp which is near its death hour. Once more, he strode onward with elastic tread. Suddenly a corner was turned, a blaze of light burst upon our sight, and we stood before one of the huge suburban temples of intemperance—one of the palaces of the fiend, Gin.

"It was near day-break; but a number of wretched inebriates still pressed in and out of the flaunting entrance. With a half shriek of joy, the old man forced a passage within, resumed at once his original bearing,

and stalked backward and forward, without apparent object among the throng. He had not been thus long occupied, however, before a rush to the doors gave token that the host was closing them for the night. It was something even more intense than despair that I then observed upon the countenance of the singular being I had watched so pertinaciously. Yet he did not hesitate in his career, but, with a mad energy, retraced his steps at once to the heart of the mighty London. Long and swiftly he fled, while I followed him in the wildest amazement, resolute not to abandon a scrutiny in which I now felt an interest all-absorbing. The sun arose while we proceeded, and when we had once again reached that most thronged mart of the populous town, the street of the D— Hotel, it presented an appearance of human bustle and activity scarcely inferior to what I had seen on the evening before. And here, long, amid the momentarily increasing confusion, did I persist in the pursuit of the stranger. But, as usual, he walked to and fro, and during the day did not pass out of the turmoil of that street. And, as the shades of the second evening came on, I grew wearied unto death, and stopping fully in front of the wanderer, gazed at him steadfastly in the face. He noticed me not, but resumed his solemn walk, while I, ceasing to follow, remained absorbed in contemplation. 'This old man,' I said at length, 'is the type and the genius of deep crime. He refuses to be alone. *He is the man of the crowd.* It will be in vain to follow, for I shall learn no more of him, nor of his deeds.'

In this description it would be difficult to recognise the topography of London, or the manners of its inhabitants. That *Square* brilliantly illuminated and thronged with promenaders, the oldest inhabitant would scarcely find. He closes his gin-palace at the hour when, we believe, it would be about to re-open; and ejects his multitude from the bazaar and the theatre about the same time. When he lays his scene at Paris there is the same disregard to accuracy. There is no want of names of streets and passages, but no Parisian would find them, or find them in the juxtaposition he has

placed them. This is a matter hardly worth remarking; to his American readers an ideal topography is as good as any other; we ourselves should be very little disturbed by a novel which, laying its scene in New York, should misname half the streets of that city. We are led to notice it chiefly from a feeling of surprise, that one so partial to detail should not have more frequently profited by the help which a common guide-book, with its map, might have given him.

Still less should we raise an objection on the manifest improbability of this vigilant observer, a convalescent too, being able to keep upon his legs, running or walking, the whole of the night and of the next day, (to say nothing of the pedestrian powers of the old man.) In a picture of this kind, a moral idea is sought to be portrayed by imaginary incidents purposely exaggerated. The mind passing immediately from these incidents to the idea they convey, regards them as little more than a mode of expression of the moral truth. He who should insist, in a case of this kind, on the improbability of the facts, would find himself in the same position as that hapless critic who, standing before the bronze statue of Canning, then lately erected at Westminster, remarked, that "Mr Canning was surely not so tall as he is there represented;" the proportions, in fact, approaching to the colossal. "No, nor so green," said the wit to whom the observation had been unhappily confided. When the artist made a bronze statue, eight feet high, of Mr Canning, it was evidently not his stature nor his complexion that he had designed to represent.

Amongst the tales of Mr Poe are several papers which, we suppose, in the exigency of language, we must denominate philosophical. They have at least the merit of boldness, whether in the substratum of thought they contain, or the machinery employed for its exposition. We shall not be expected to encounter Mr Poe's metaphysics; our notice must be here confined solely to the narrative or inventive portion of these papers. In one of these, entitled "Mesmeric Revelations," the reader may be a little startled to hear that he has

adopted the mesmerised patient as a vehicle of his ideas on the nature of the soul and of its immortal life; the entranced subject having, in this case, an introspective power still more remarkable than that which has hitherto revealed itself only in a profound knowledge of his anatomical structure. As we are not yet convinced that a human being becomes supernaturally enlightened—in mesmerism more than in fanaticism—by simply losing his senses; or that a man in a trance, however he got there, is necessarily omniscient; we do not find that Mr Poe's conjectures on these mysterious topics gather any weight whatever from the authority of the spokesman to whom he has intrusted them. We are not quite persuaded that a cataleptic patient sees very clearly what is going on at the other side of our own world; when this has been made evident to us, we shall be prepared to give him credit for penetrating into the secrets of the next.

In another of these nondescript papers, "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion," Mr Poe has very boldly undertaken to figure forth the destruction of the world, and explain how that great and final catastrophe will be accomplished. It is a remarkable instance of that species of imaginary matter of fact description, to which we have ventured to think that the Americans show something like a national tendency. The description here is very unlike that with which Burnet closes his "Theory of the Earth;" it is confined to the natural history of the event; but there is nothing whatever in Mr Poe's manner to diminish from the sacredness or the sublimity of the topic. With some account of this singular and characteristic paper we shall dismiss the volume of Mr Poe.

The world has been destroyed. Eiros, who was living at the time, relates to Charmion, who had died some years before, the nature of the last awful event.

"I need scarcely tell you," says the disembodied spirit, "that even when you left us, men had agreed to understand those passages in the most holy writings which speak of the final destruction of all things by fire, as having reference to the orb of the earth alone. But in regard

to the immediate agency of the ruin, speculation had been at fault from that epoch in astronomical knowledge in which the comets were divested of the terrors of flame. The very moderate density of these bodies had been well established. They had been observed to pass among the satellites of Jupiter without bringing about any sensible alteration either in the masses or in the orbits of these secondary planets. We had long regarded the wanderers as vapoury creations of inconceivable tenuity, and as altogether incapable of doing injury to our substantial globe, even in the event of contact. But contact was not in any degree dreaded; for the elements of all the comets were accurately known. That among *them* we should look for the agency of the threatened fiery destruction, had been for many years considered an inadmissible idea. But wonders and wild fancies had been, of late days, strangely rife among mankind; and although it was only with a few of the ignorant that actual apprehension prevailed upon the announcement by astronomers of a *new comet*, yet this announcement was generally received with I know not what of agitation and mistrust.

"The elements of the strange orb were immediately calculated, and it was at once conceded by all observers that its path, at perihelion, would bring it into very close proximity with the earth. There were two or three astronomers, of secondary note, who resolutely maintained that a contact was inevitable. I cannot very well express to you the effect of this intelligence upon the people. For a few short days they would not believe an assertion which their intellect, so long employed among worldly considerations, could not in any manner grasp. But the truth of a vitally important fact soon makes its way into the understanding of even the most stolid. Finally, all men saw that astronomical knowledge lied not, and they awaited the comet.

"Its approach was not, at first, seemingly rapid, nor was its appearance of very unusual character. It was of a dull red, and had little perceptible train. For seven or eight days we saw no material increase in its apparent diameter, and but a partial alteration in its colour. Meantime the ordinary affairs of men were discarded, and all interest absorbed in a growing discussion, instituted by philosophers in respect to the cometary nature."

That no material injury to the globe or its inhabitants would result from contact (which was now, however,

certainly expected) with a body of such extreme tenuity as the comet, was the opinion which gained ground every day. The arguments of the theologians coincided with those of men of science in allaying the apprehensions of mankind. For as these were persuaded that the end of all things was to be brought about by the agency of fire, and as it was proved that the comets were not of a fiery nature, it followed that this dreaded stranger could not come charged with any such mission as the destruction of the globe.

"What minor evils might arise from the contact were points of elaborate question. The learned spoke of slight geological disturbances, of probable alterations in climate, and consequently in vegetation, of possible magnetic and electric influences. Many held that no visible or perceptible effect would in any manner be produced. While such discussions were going on, their subject gradually approached, growing larger in apparent diameter, and of a more brilliant lustre. Mankind grew paler as it came. All human operations were suspended.

"It had now taken, with inconceivable rapidity, the character of a gigantic mantle of rare flame, extending from horizon to horizon. Yet a day, and men breathed with freedom. It was clear that we were already within the influence of the comet; yet we lived. We even felt an unusual elasticity of frame and vivacity of mind. The exceeding tenuity of the object of our dread was apparent; for all heavenly bodies were plainly visible through it. Meantime our vegetation had perceptibly altered; and we gained faith, from this predicted circumstance, in the foresight of the wise. A wild luxuriance of foliage, utterly unknown before, burst out upon every vegetable thing.

"Yet another day, and the evil was not altogether upon us. It was now evident that its nucleus would first reach us. A wild change had come over all men; and the first sense of *pain* was the wild signal for general lamentation and horror. This first sense of pain lay in a rigorous constriction of the breast and lungs, and an insufferable dryness of the skin. It could not be denied that our atmosphere was radically affected; and the conformation of this atmosphere, and the possible modifications to which it might be subjected, were now the topics of discussion. The result of investigation sent an electric

thrill of the intensest terror through the universal heart of man.

"It had been long known that the air which encircled us was a compound of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of twenty-one measures of oxygen and seventy-nine of nitrogen in every one hundred of the atmosphere. Oxygen, which was the principle of combustion and the vehicle of heat, was absolutely necessary to the support of animal life, and was the most powerful and energetic agent in nature. Nitrogen, on the contrary, was incapable of supporting either animal life or flame. An unnatural excess of oxygen would result, if it had been ascertained, in just such an elevation of the animal spirits as we had latterly experienced. It was the pursuit, the extension of the idea which had engendered awe. What would be the result of a *total extraction of the nitrogen*? A combustion, irresistible, all-devouring, omniprevalent, immediate;—the entire fulfilment, in all their minute and terrible details, of the fiery and horror-inspiring denunciations of the prophecies of the Holy Book.

"Why need I paint, Charmion, the now disenchained frenzy of mankind? That tenuity in the comet which had previously inspired us with hope, was now the source of the bitterness of despair. In its impalpable gaseous character was clearly perceived the consummation of fate. Meantime a day again passed, bedding away with it the last shadow of hope. We gasped in the rapid modification of the air. The red blood bounded tumultuously through its strait channels. A furious delirium possessed all men; and with arms rigidly outstretched towards the threatening heavens, they trembled and shrieked aloud. But the nucleus of the destroyer was now upon us;—even here in Aidenn, I shudder while I speak. Let me be brief—brief as the ruin that overwhelmed. For a moment there was a wild lurid light alone, visiting and penetrating all things. Then—let us bow down, Charmion, before the excessive majesty of the great God!—then there came a shouting and pervading sound, as if from the mouth itself of Him; while the whole incumbent mass of ether in which we existed, burst at once into a species of intense flame, for whose surpassing brilliancy and all-fervid heat even the angels in the high heavens, of pure knowledge, have no name. Thus ended all."

"*Mosses from an Old Manse*," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, is the somewhat quaint title given to a series of tales, and sketches, and miscellaneous papers, because they were written in

an old manse, some time tenanted by the author, a description of which forms the first paper in the series. We have already intimated our opinion of this writer. In many respects he is a strong contrast to the one we have just left. For whereas Mr Poe is indebted to whatever good effect he produces to a close detail and agglomeration of facts, Mr Hawthorne appears to have little skill and little taste for dealing with matter of fact or substantial incident, but relies for his favourable impression on the charm of style, and the play of thought and fancy.

The most serious defect in his stories is the frequent presence of some palpable improbability which mars the effect of the whole—not improbability, like that we already remarked on, which is intended and wilfully perpetrated by the author—not improbability of incident even, which we are not disposed very rigidly to inquire after in a novelist—but improbability in the main motive and state of mind which he has undertaken to describe, and which forms the turning-point of the whole narrative. As long as the human being appears to act as a human being would, under the circumstances depicted, it is surprising how easily the mind, carried on by its sympathies with the feelings of the actor, forgets to inquire into the probability of these circumstances. Unfortunately, in Mr Hawthorne's stories, it is the human being himself who is not probable, nor possible.

It will be worth while to illustrate our meaning by an instance or two, to show that, far from being hypercritical, our canon of criticism is extremely indulgent, and that we never take the bluff and surly objection—it cannot be!—until the improbability has reached the core of the matter. In the first story, "The Birth Mark," we raise no objection to the author, because he invents a chemistry of his own, and supposes his hero in possession of marvellous secrets which enable him to diffuse into the air an ether or perfume, the inhaling of which shall displace a red mark from the cheek which a beautiful lady was born with; it were hard times indeed, if a novelist might not do what he pleased in a chemist's laboratory, and

produce what drugs, what perfumes, what potable gold or charmed elixir, he may have need of. But we do object to the preposterous motive which prompts the amateur of science to an operation of the most hazardous kind, on a being he is represented as dearly loving. We are to believe that a good husband is afflicted, and grievously and incessantly tormented by a slight red mark on the cheek of a beautiful woman, which, as a lover, never gave him a moment's uneasiness, and which neither to him nor to any one else abated one iota from her attractions. We are to suppose that he braves the risk of the experiment—it succeeds for a moment, then proves fatal, and destroys her—for what? Merely that she who was so very beautiful should attain to an ideal perfection. "Had she been less beautiful," we are told, "it might have heightened his affection. But, seeing her otherwise so perfect, he found this one defect grow more and more intolerable, with every moment of their united lives." And then, we have some further bewildering explanation about "his honourable love, so pure and lofty that it would accept nothing less than perfection, nor miserably make itself contented with an earthlier nature than he had dreamed of." Call you this "pure and lofty love," when a woman is admired much as a connoisseur admires a picture, who might indeed be supposed to fume and fret if there was one little blot or blemish in it. Yet, even a connoisseur, who had an exquisite picture by an old master, with only one trifling blemish on it, would hardly trust himself or another to repair and retouch, in order to render it perfect. Can any one recognise in this elaborate nonsense about ideal perfection, any approximation to the feeling which a man has for the wife he loves? If the novelist wished to describe this egregious connoisseurship in female charms, he should have put the folly into the head of some insane mortal, who, reversing the enthusiasm by which some men have loved a picture or a statue as if it were a real woman, had learned to love his beautiful wife as if she were nothing else than a picture or a statue.

Again, in the "Story of the Artist of the Beautiful," we breathe not a word about the impossibility of framing out of springs and wheels so marvellous a butterfly, that the seeming creature shall not only fly and move its antennæ, and fold and display its wings like the living insect, but shall even surpass the living insect by showing a fine sense of human character, and refusing to perch on the hand of those who had not a genuine sentiment of beauty. The novelist shall put what springs and wheels he pleases into his mechanism, but the springs and wheels he places in the mechanist himself, must be those of genuine humanity, or the whole fiction falls to the ground. Now the mechanist, the hero of the story, the "Artist of the Beautiful," is described throughout as animated with the feelings proper to the artist, not to the mechanician. He is a young watchmaker, who, instead of plodding at the usual and lucrative routine of his trade, devotes his time to the structure of a most delicate and ingenious toy. We all know that a case like this is very possible. Few men, we should imagine, are more open to the impulse of emulation, the desire to do that which had never been done before, than the ingenious mechanist; and few men more completely under the dominion of their leading passion or project, because every day brings some new contrivance, some new resource, and the hope that died at night is revived in the morning. But Mr Hawthorne is not contented with the natural and very strong impulse of the mechanician; he speaks throughout of his enthusiastic artisan as of some young Raphael intent upon "creating the beautiful." Springs, and wheels, and chains, however fine and complicate, are not "the beautiful." He might as well suppose the diligent anatomist, groping amongst nerves and tissues, to be stimulated to his task by an especial passion for the beautiful.

The passion of the ingenious mechanist we all understand; the passion of the artist, sculptor, or painter, is equally intelligible; but the confusion of the two in which Mr Hawthorne would vainly interest us, is beyond all power of comprehension.

These are the improbabilities against which we contend. Moreover, when this wonderful butterfly is made—which he says truly was "a gem of art that a monarch would have purchased with honours and abundant wealth, and have treasured among the jewels of his kingdom, as the most unique and wondrous of them all,"—the artist sees it crushed in the hands of a child and looks "placidly" on. So never did any human mechanist who at length had succeeded in the dream and toil of his life. And at the conclusion of the story we are told, in not very intelligible language,—"When the artist rose high enough to achieve the Beautiful, the symbol by which he made it perceptible to mortal senses became of little value to his eyes, while his spirit possessed itself in the enjoyment of the reality."

It is not, perhaps, to the stories we should be disposed to refer for the happier specimens of Mr Hawthorne's writing, but rather to those papers which we cannot better describe than as so many American *Spectators* of the year 1846—so much do they call to mind the style of essay in the days of Steele and Addison.

We may observe here, that American writers frequently remind us of models of composition somewhat antiquated with ourselves. While, on the one hand, there is a wild tendency to snatch at originality at any cost—to coin new phrases—new *probabilities*—to "*intensify*" our language with strange "*impulsive*" energy—to break loose, in short, from all those restraints which have been thought to render style both perspicuous and agreeable; there is, on the other hand—produced partly by a very intelligible reaction—an effort somewhat too apparent to be classical and correct. It is a very laudable effort, and we should be justly accused of fastidiousness did we mention it as in the least blameworthy. We would merely observe that an effect is sometimes produced upon an English ear as if the writer belonged to a previous era of our literature, to an epoch when to produce smooth and well modulated sentences was something rarer and more valued than it is now. It will be a proof how little of censure we attach to the charac-

teristic we are noticing, when we point to the writings of Dr Channing for an illustration of our meaning. They have to us an air of formality, a slight dash of pedantry. We seem to hear the echo, though it has grown faint, of the Johnsonian rhythm. They are often not ineloquent, but the eloquence seems to have passed under the hands of the composition-master. The clever classical romance, called "The Letters from Palmyra," has the same studied air. It is here, indeed, more suited to the subject, for every writer, when treating of a classical era, appears by a sort of intuitive propriety to recognise the necessity of purifying to the utmost his own style.

In some of Mr Hawthorne's papers we are reminded, and by no means disagreeably, of the manner of Steele and Addison. "The Intelligence Office" presents, in some parts, a very pleasing imitation of this style. This central intelligence office is one open to all mankind to make and record their various applications. The first person who enters inquires for "a place," and when questioned what sort of place he is seeking, very naively answers, "I want my place!—my own place!—my true place in the world!—my thing to do!" The application is entered, but very slender hope is given that he who is running about the world in search of his place, will ever find it.

"The next that entered was a man beyond the middle age, bearing the look of one who knew the world and his own course in it. He had just alighted from a handsome private carriage, which had orders to wait in the street while its owner transacted his business. This person came up to the desk with a quick determined step, and looked the Intelligencer in the face with a resolute eye, though at the same time some secret trouble gleamed from it.

"I have an estate to dispose of," said he with a brevity that seemed characteristic.

"Describe it," said the Intelligencer.

"The applicant proceeded to give the boundaries of his property, its nature, comprising tillage, pasture, woodland, and pleasure ground, in ample circuit; together with a mansion-house replete with gorgeous furniture and all the luxurious artifices that combined to render

it a residence where life might flow onward in a stream of golden days.

"I am a man of strong will," said he in conclusion, "and at my first setting out in life as a poor unfriended youth, I resolved to make myself the possessor of such a mansion and estate as this, together with the revenue necessary to uphold it. I have succeeded to the extent of my utmost wish. And this is the estate which I have now concluded to dispose of."

"And your terms?" asked the Intelligencer, after taking down the particulars with which the stranger had supplied him.

"Easy—abundantly easy!" answered the successful man, smiling, but with a stern and almost frightful contraction of the brow, as if to quell an inward pang. "I have been engaged in various sorts of business—a distiller, a trader to Africa, an East India merchant, a speculator in the stocks—and in the course of these affairs have contracted an encumbrance of a certain nature. The purchaser of the estate shall merely be required to assume this burden to himself.

"I understand you," said the man of intelligence, putting his pen behind his ear. "I fear that no bargain can be negotiated on these conditions. Very probably, the next possessor may acquire the estate with a similar encumbrance, but it will be of his own contracting, and will not lighten your burden in the least."

Mr Hawthorne is by no means an equal writer. He is perpetually giving his reader, who, being pleased by parts, would willingly think well of the whole, some little awkward specimen of dubious taste. We confess, even in the above short extract, to having passed over a sentence or two, whose absence we have not thought it worth while to mark with asterisks, and which would hardly bear out our Addisonian compliment.

"But again the door is opened. A grandfatherly personage tottered hastily into the office, with such an earnestness in his infirm alacrity that his white hair floated backward, as he hurried up to the desk. This venerable figure explained that he was in search of To-morrow.

"I have spent all my life in pursuit of it," added the sage old gentleman, "being assured that To-morrow has some vast benefit or other in store for me. But I am now getting a little in years, and must make haste; for unless I overtake To-morrow soon, I begin to be afraid it will finally escape me."

"This fugitive To-morrow, my vene-

nable friend," said the man of intelligence, "is a stray child of Time, and is flying from his father into the region of the infinite. Continue your pursuit and you will doubtless come up with him; but as to the earthly gifts you expect, he has scattered them all among a throng of Yesterdays."

There is a nice bit of painting, as an artist might say, under the title of "The Old Apple-dealer." We have seen the very man in England. We had marked it for quotation, but it is too long, and we do not wish to mar its effect by mutilation.

In the "Celestial Railroad," we have a new Pilgrim's Progress performed by rail. Instead of the slow, solitary, pensive pilgrimage which John Bunyan describes, we travel in fashionable company, and in the most agreeable manner. A certain Mr Smooth-it-away has eclipsed the triumphs of Brunel. He has thrown a viaduct over the Slough of Despond; he has tunnelled the hill Difficulty, and raised an admirable causeway across the valley of Humiliation. The wicket gate, so inconveniently narrow, has been converted into a commodious station-house; and whereas it will be remembered there was a long standing feud in the time of Christian between one Prince Beelzebub and his adherents (famous for shooting deadly arrows) and the keeper of the wicket gate, this dispute, much to the credit of the worthy and enlightened directors, has been pacifically arranged on the principle of mutual compromise. The Prince's subjects are pretty numerously employed about the station-house. As to the fiery Apollyon, he was, as Mr Smooth-it-away observed, "The very man to manage the engine," and he has been made chief stoker.

"One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage we must not forget to mention. Our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as had been the custom of old, are all snugly deposited in the luggage-van." The company, too, is most distinguished and fashionable; the conversation liberal and polite, turning "upon the news of the day, topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of

amusement; while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, is thrown tastefully into the background." The train stops for refreshment at Vanity Fair. Indeed, the whole arrangements are admirable—up to a certain point. But it seems there are difficulties at the other terminus which the directors have not hitherto been able to overcome. On the whole, we are left with the persuasion that it is safer to go the old road, and in the old fashion, each one with his own burden upon his shoulders.

The story of "Roger Malvin's burial" is well told, and is the best of his narrative pieces. "The New Adam and Eve," and several others, might be mentioned for an agreeable vein of thought and play of fancy. In one of his papers the author has attempted a more common species of humour, and with some success. For variety's sake, we shall close our notice of him, and for the present, of "The American Library," with an extract from "Mrs Bullfrog."

Mr Bullfrog is an elegant and fastidious linen-drafter, of feminine sensibility, and only too exquisite refinement. Such perfection of beauty and of delicacy did he require in the woman he should honour with the name of wife, that there was an awful chance of his obtaining no wife at all; when he happily fell in with the amiable and refined person, who in a very short time became Mrs Bullfrog.

An unlucky accident, an upset of the carriage on their wedding trip, giving rise to a strange display of masculine energy on the part of Mrs B. and disarranging her glossy black ringlets and pearly teeth, so as to occasion their disappearance and reappearance in a most miraculous manner, has excited a strange disquietude in the else happy bridegroom.

"To divert my mind," says Mr Bullfrog, who tells his own story, "I took up the newspaper which had covered the little basket of refreshments, and which now lay at the bottom of the coach, blushing with a deep red stain, and emitting a potent spirituous fume, from the contents of the broken bottle of *kalydor*. The paper was two or three years old, but contained an article of several columns, in which I soon grew wonderfully interested. It was the report of a trial for breach of promise of marriage, giving the

testimony in full, with fervid extracts from both the gentleman's and lady's amatory correspondence. The deserted damsel had personally appeared in court, and had borne energetic evidence to her lover's perfidy, and the strength of her blighted affections. On the defendant's part, there had been an attempt, though insufficiently sustained, to blast the plaintiff's character, and a plea, in mitigation of damages, on account of her unamiable temper. A horrible idea was suggested by the lady's name.

"Madam," said I, holding the newspaper before Mrs Bullfrog's eyes—and though a small, delicate, and thin visaged man, I feel assured that I looked very terrific—"Madam," repeated I, through my shut teeth, "were you the plaintiff in this cause?"

"Oh my dear Mr Bullfrog," replied my wife sweetly, "I thought all the world knew that!"

"Horror! horror!" exclaimed I, sinking back on the seat.

"Covering my face with both hands, I emitted a deep groan, as if my tormented soul were rending me asunder. I, the most exquisitely fastidious of men, and whose wife was to be the most delicate and refined of women, with all the fresh dew-drops glittering on her virgin rosebud of a heart! I thought of the glossy ringlets and pearly teeth—I thought of the kalydor—I thought of the coachman's bruised ear and bloody nose—I thought of the tender love-secrets, which she had whispered to the judge and jury, and a thousand titting auditors,—and gave another groan!"

"Mr Bullfrog," said my wife.

"As I made no reply, she gently took my hands within her own, removed them from my face, and fixed her eyes steadfastly on mine.

"Mr Bullfrog," said she, not unkindly, yet with all the decision of her strong character, "let me advise you to overcome this foolish weakness, and prove yourself, to the best of your ability, as good a husband as I will be a wife. You have discovered, perhaps, some little imperfections in your bride. Well, what did you expect? Women are not angels."

"But why conceal these imperfections?" interposed I, tremulously.

"Now, my love, are you not a most unreasonable little man?" said Mrs Bullfrog, patting me on the cheek. "Ought a woman to expose her frailties earlier than on the wedding day? Well, what a strange man you are! Pooh! you are joking."

"But the suit for breach of promise!" groaned I.

"Ah! and is that the rub?" exclaimed my wife. "Is it possible that you view that affair in an objectionable light? Mr Bullfrog, I never could have dreamt it! Is it an objection, that I have triumphantly defended myself against slander, and vindicated my purity in a court of justice? Or do you complain, because your wife has shown the proper spirit of a woman, and punished the villain who trifled with her affections?"

"But," persisted I, shrinking into a corner of the coach, however; for I did not know precisely how much contradiction the proper spirit of a woman would endure; "but, my love, would it not have been more dignified to treat the villain with the silent contempt he merited?"

"That is all very well, Mr Bullfrog," said my wife, slyly; "but in that case where would have been the five thousand dollars which are to stock your dry-goods store?"

"Mrs Bullfrog, upon your honour," demanded I, as if my life hung upon her words, "is there no mistake about these five thousand dollars?"

"Upon my word and honour there is none," replied she. "The jury gave me every cent the rascal had; and I have kept it all for my dear Bullfrog!"

"Then, thou dear woman," cried I, with an overwhelming gush of tenderness, "let me fold thee to my heart! The basis of matrimonial bliss is secure, and all thy little defects and frailties are forgiven. Nay, since the result has been so fortunate, I rejoice at the wrongs which drove thee to this blessed lawsuit—happy Bullfrog that I am!"

UNITS: TENS: HUNDREDS: THOUSANDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE first long vacation of my career as a barrister was at hand: and as my professional gains had already exceeded the sum of £5, 4s. 11d., I considered myself entitled to a few months' recreation. Of my learned brethren there were numbers in similar circumstances with myself; all of whom seemed convinced that the labours of the winter required some pleasing way of renewing the elasticity of the mind. It was soon evident that "travel," was to be the order of the summer. And as the days grew longer and the sun brighter, a change gradually came over the general topics of conversation among us. There was less of the politics of the day, and the ordinary chit-chat of bar appointments and doings: while on every side you heard of "the Rhine," "the Danube," "the Pyramids," and even "the Falls of Niagara." Frequent mention was made also of "the Land o' Cakes;" and some adventurous men, it was said, were even preparing kilts for their excursion. The more confined imaginations of others reached no farther than Wales, or the Cumberland Lakes. Ireland, however, was scarce ever named. It was the year derisively named "the Repeal year:" and the alarming accounts of proceedings in it diverted the feet of "Saxon" travellers to other lands. For my own part, I had made up my mind to follow the herd at large, and submit to foreign extortion and uncleanness, when circumstances occurred to alter my plans. Unforeseen family affairs rendered it imperative on me to go to Dublin, on business connected with a brother who was quartered there; and who, in consequence of the prevailing alarms, was unable to procure even one fortnight's leave of absence. Hitherto, among my companions, I had talked merely of "the Geysers," "the Ural Moun-

tains," or "the Caspian Sea:" but when I found how matters stood, I determined to make the best of my position. Accordingly, a day or two after, when solicited by some acquaintances to join a "Rhine party," I expressed my resolution of visiting Ireland. It was with difficulty I could persuade them that I was not in jest: and when they did feel convinced that I was really in earnest, numerous arguments were advanced to dissuade me from so suicidal an act. Argument was followed by advice; and numerous were the cautions I received, and the precautions I was recommended to take. Among those present, was a friend of mine named Thomson, who was rather given to be cynical in his remarks, and was besides addicted to the study of phrenology. He declared that for his part he was not so apprehensive concerning me on account of the pikes of the Repealers as of the darts of Cupid.

"Beware," said he, "of the Irish ladies. Truly they are bewitching; but alas! they are seldom helps-meet for the Briefless."

He then went on to say, that his hopes of my safety consisted principally in my deficiency in "Constructiveness;" for that "Amativeness" was developed, while "Caution," was all but absent.

"Be sure," said my worthy aunt as I took leave of her,—"be sure not to venture out of Dublin, else you will certainly be killed; and promise me that you will join me in a fortnight at Cheltenham."

I promised faithfully.

"Invariably wear a bullet-proof dress," said Thomson; "to be sure, it will reduce you to a skeleton; but it is better (for the present) that the skeleton should have a soul than be without one!"

CHAPTER II.

Edward Russell had been my school-fellow and college chum. Like myself, he had been destined for the Lord Chancellorship, when the death

of an elder brother freed him from the probable burden of keeping her majesty's conscience. The same event also relieved him of certain obstacles in the way of proposing for, and obtaining the hand of Fanny Felworth. Mrs Russell — at this time about two years married — was the only daughter of Col. Felworth, who some years previous had held a staff appointment in the south of England. Her brother, Russell, and I, had been school-fellows some ten years before the time I speak of; and I may add, that the Emerald Isle, fruitful as it is in such characters, never produced a more light-hearted youth than Frederick Felworth. The days of school are quickly followed by the active business and the varied events of life. Russell and I went to Cambridge; Felworth obtained a commission in a regiment then in India. Soon after, Col. Felworth retired from the service, and went to reside on his property in Ireland, accompanied by his daughter and a widowed sister, his wife having died several years before.

In early youth, correspondence is seldom regularly persevered in for any length of time. Felworth wrote twice or thrice from India, and then his letters ceased. Russell succeeded to his property some time before his collegiate course was finished; and as soon as he took his degree, went to Ireland. In his travels there, he visited the Felworths, (which I suspect was his principal object,) and the natural consequences followed. Immediately on his marriage, Russell went to the Continent, where he remained until a few weeks previous to the time of which I speak. Of Frederick Felworth, I saw occasional mention in the Indian newspapers; such as his distinguishing himself in tiger-shooting expeditions, riding horse-races, and the like. Latterly, however, I had heard nothing of him.

On my way to Ireland, I diverged a few miles from the line of railway, for the purpose of spending a day with the Russells. I found the "little Fanny" of former years now the staid matron, with the apartment called the nursery not altogether untenanted. When Russell and I were alone, we fell (as persons in such circumstances

invariably do) into conversation about old times and old friends. It is needless to say that I made special inquiry after Frederick Felworth. I found that he had returned from India a short time before Russell's marriage: and that, when about to rejoin his regiment after a few months' leave of absence, the Colonel feeling lonely after the departure of his daughter, and finding infirmities growing upon him, compelled him to sell out.

"You remember," said Russell, "the passion he had for horses when a boy; well, this madness (for it can be called by no other name) has ever since continued on the increase;— and between farming, magisterial duties, and his horses, he finds occupation and amusement sufficient. The Colonel is daily feeling more and more the effects of age, so that all matters devolve on Frederick. I was writing to him this morning, and I promised that you would pay him a visit when in Ireland. The house is called Craighduff, about forty miles from Dublin."

"I will very gladly do so," I replied; "but my stay will be short, as I am under a positive promise of speedy return."

"I am happy," added Russell, "to hear you will go. I have only to add that the country about Craighduff is tranquil;— and (you are still single,) though there is no charmer in the house, there is one not far off."

I did not see much of Mrs Russell during my stay, as some matters seemed to engage a good deal of her attention. In a brief conversation, however, which I had with her in the evening, I found that she, like my friend Thomson, was a believer in the science of Phrenology.

Having been always accustomed to treat the subject as a butt for the shafts of ridicule, I fear I did not then speak of it with due respect. Conjecturing that "the baby" must have a fine development, I ventured to ask what bumps were the most prominent.

She immediately replied, that "number" was as largely developed on his head as on his Uncle Frederick's. "But there is little use," she said, "in talking to an unbeliever like you on the subject:— but this I have

to say, now that you are going to Craigduff, beware of Units! (Edward, recollect you are not to explain.) Mark my words, *Beware of Units!* And now, good-night! You are to go, you say, by the early train, so that I shall not see you in the morning; but when you come to visit us on your return, I trust you will be able to tell me that you *did* beware of Units."

After her departure, in every way, and with all legal ingenuity, did I tempt the allegiance of her husband, but in vain. At last, when I felt sure that my cross-examination had left him no loophole for escape, he gravely replied—"That he was not yet long enough married to disobey his wife; but he hoped for better times in the future."

CHAPTER III.

The life of officers in garrison, and the dinners at mess; the charms of the daughters of Erin, and the splendid residence of vicereignty; the Wellington testimonial, and the late Mr Daniel O'Connell—have all been described by competent and incompetent hands. At the period of my visit, the Government, prepared for any emergency, had fortified the barracks throughout the country, and poured a large body of troops into every available position. There never was a more agreeable time for those stationed at Dublin. The number of organised forces at the disposal of the Government was so great, that no alarm of personal danger prevailed in the capital; while the frightful state of the provinces (the northern parts excepted) not only drove a number of families into it, but prevented many from leaving it who otherwise would have done so. These circumstances served to render the town much gayer than it would otherwise have been at that period of the year.

The business which took me to Ireland was not finished until the end of the allotted fortnight. However, I determined to pay my promised visit at Craigduff. Accordingly I addressed a letter to my respected relative, stating that three days more were all that were required for me to remain in Ireland; and that on the fifth I hoped to be with her at Cheltenham. I need scarcely say that I took care not to alarm the worthy lady, by telling her how I intended to spend the intervening time.

The last evening of my stay in Dublin was spent at a Mr Flixton's, in one of the squares. This gentleman had a son who was in the same regiment to which Felworth had belonged, and who, about a month previous, had

been on a visit to his former friend. This young man spoke of him in the highest terms. He said he had talents for any subject to which he might turn his attention; but that his horses altogether engrossed him; "and such a collection as he has!"

I had no further conversation with young Flixton at that time; but at a subsequent part of the evening he came up to me with his partner, to whom he introduced me. The lady appeared about eighteen years of age. Her expression was one of combined intelligence and sweetness, while her figure was symmetry itself.

"I have just told Miss Vernon," said he, "that you are a friend of Frederick Felworth, and that you are going to Craigduff in the morning; and she says that you will most effectually show your friendship for him by shooting Units. In this I perfectly agree with Miss Vernon."

Ere I had time to make any reply the music commenced, and they moved off to take their places in the dance, but not before I observed a semi-malicious smile pass over the countenance of the lady, at the conclusion of her partner's remark. Presuming on the introduction my young friend had given me, no sooner did I see her disengaged, than I requested the honour of her hand in the next dance. She declined, however, saying that her mamma was just about to leave the party, as they had a journey before them the next day. At a signal from an elderly lady, she arose and left the room. I was now doubly anxious to unravel the mystery of "Units," whoever or whatever he, she, or it might be; whom the one lady advised me to "beware of," for my own sake—the other to "shoot," for my friend's.

sake. I resolved to ask young Flixton, but he was nowhere to be found.

"What a nice girl Miss Vernon is!" said my brother on our way home; "and she has got twenty thousand pounds, too."

"She is the most lovely girl that was in the room to-night," said I; "but tell me all you know about her."

"I can do so in a few words. Her father was a West India merchant; her mother and she have been in Dublin for a few weeks; they are going back to their residence to-morrow, which is situated somewhere near Craigduff. I believe they are related to the Felworths. And now my story is finished. But you had better retire to rest as soon as you can, for you have but a few hours to sleep."

Though I lay in bed, sleep forsook my eyelids. This may, in some degree,

have been owing to the excitement of the party; but still my mind was strangely perplexed with the expression "Units." I felt that Mrs Russell's expression, though uttered in jest, contained a good deal of seriousness. "Shoot Units!" "Beware of Units!" What could be the meaning? There are times certainly in which one is more given to superstitious feelings than he is at others, and such, perhaps, was my case at that time; I could not banish the thought that my future fate in life was somehow connected with the unknown "Units."

"After all," said I, throwing myself out of bed, "the nearest expression to Mrs Russell's that I know of is, '*Take care of Number One.*' It is an older precept, and most likely a wiser one; and henceforward I will be doubly careful to observe it."

CHAPTER IV.

The day after (or, more correctly, the same day) I arrived at Craigduff, where I received a hearty Irish welcome. The first evening with young Felworth was passed much in the same manner as a previous one with Russell. After tea, three rubbers of long whist closed the evening. Though I listened with close attention, I never heard the word "Units" mentioned.

The following morning, Frederick Felworth took me over the grounds and farm, where I saw much to admire. Every thing was well arranged; and even in the minutest matters I could detect the constant superintendence of a master.

"We will keep the stables for the last," said Felworth, "because they are the best; and I flatter myself I can show you a stud unrivalled in numerous respects."

These words were spoken with an increased animation, giving clear evidence wherein his tastes lay.

"These two stables on this side of the yard each contain four horses. There is a harness-room, you see, between them, and a loose-box at the lower end of the farthest. We may as well go into the first one, although you will see nothing in it but two fat family carriage-horses and two ponies. The first of these lesser quadrupeds is my aunt's, which she drives in a small

car on her numerous charitable visits. The other is the Governor's, which he occasionally rides. Now let us come to the next stable, which is mine solely and peculiarly; and if my stud does not astonish and delight you, all I can say is I will be much disappointed."

With this preface we entered. The stable was well fitted up in every respect. There were three horses in the stalls, and one in a loose-box, which opened into the stable. Felworth stood for several minutes in a sort of admiring gaze, merely remarking that he had not seen his "pets" that day before, while they showed every symptom of pleasure at his appearance. During this time I took a preliminary look at the favourites individually. The first was an active-looking, compact, black horse, with a fierce, unsettled expression of eye, and several blemishes on his legs, while a chain attached from the wall to the post prevented the unwary stranger from approaching too close. The second was a powerful bay mare, with many good points, but little beauty. The third was a remarkably handsome bay horse, of high breeding. He was out of work, however, one of his legs being bound up. The fourth was a thoroughbred gray horse, one of the finest animals I ever beheld.

"Now," said Felworth, "I would much like to have an 'opinion' from you. Tell me candidly what you think of my nags."

"I am no great critic," I replied; "but every one nowadays must be a judge of horse-flesh. Whether or not the schoolmaster is abroad, there is no excuse for ignorance on that subject. It strikes me that there is great variety in your stud."

"You are right there."

"I do not much like the bearing of the black horse. I fear he is rather eccentric."

"He is a little wayward."

"I cannot say that I admire the mare very much; she appears a homely, useful sort of animal."

"She is a real good one though; much better than she looks. She is famous in the shafts with the black horse before her; but I hope you will have ocular demonstration of that tomorrow. What think you of the bay?"

"He is a very nice horse; but he is in the stall of sickness, and therefore we will pass over him; but the gray delights me. I would say he is a Ganymede, a regular cupbearer."

"Well," said Felworth, "since you have spoken so discreetly, I will tell you all about them; and, first of all, their names. The black horse I call 'Units.'"

"Units! Units! Units!!!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, Units. The bay mare 'TENS'; the bay horse 'HUNDREDS'; and the gray 'THOUSANDS.' I must give you the reasons of their nomenclature. The first cost me £5; the second £20. I bought her from a tenant on the property who was emigrating to Canada; and, very unjockey-like, I gave him just what he asked. I designed her for the farm; but her paces proved so good that she was advanced to the exalted position in which you see her. The bay horse I purchased in England, and gave 70 guineas for him. I call him 'Hundreds,' because he is worth hundreds. He is a beautiful horse in appearance, and then he is an excellent roadster, and a well-trained hunter. He met with an accident at the end of the season, but is in the fair way of recovery. His temper is unequalled."

"I presume he resembles Units in that particular," said I.

"Indeed he is far from it; but here we are with my gallant gray. Ganymede you are, and Ganymede I hope you will be! Win the county cup but once more, old fellow, and then it will be our own! This horse was bred on the farm here; he is the produce of a gray mare that you may recollect my father mounted on in our birch-rod days. He deserves the name of 'Thousands' undeniably; for Lord Oxfence, who was in the regiment with me, offered a 'carte blanche' for him."

"No wonder," said I, "that your sister is so devout a believer in phrenology, when she sees such effects of the development of 'number.' But you have said nothing as yet of Units. I have heard of him before, and I confess I have a singular interest in him."

"Oh! never mind what Fanny says about him, for she entertains unfounded prejudices against him."

"Perhaps she does; but tell me what is that contrivance in the ceiling right above him? A pulley, is it not?"

"It is a pulley," replied Felworth; "but, since you are desirous to hear, I had better begin from the commencement, and tell you the entire history of this extraordinary animal, whose fame has reached Westminster Hall. The man who owns the coach which passes this house attended an auction in Dublin of cast horses from a dragoon regiment about a year and a half since, and among them was exhibited the horse before you. Of course he had managed to get a private opinion from the sergeant in charge; and the account he heard of my dark friend was, 'that they had had him only three months, and that he was an untamable devil.' When a regiment could not subdue him, who could? Notwithstanding, from his superior shape, the proprietor bid for him, and purchased him for something under five pounds. When he took him to his stables, he found that the horse would not suffer an article of harness to be put on him. This was bad enough. However, some days after, by the assistance of all the men about the yard, they did succeed. The horse was allowed to remain in that state all night, and was

put in as near-side wheeler in the coach which was to leave Dublin that morning. The proprietor himself undertook to drive him—for he is a famous hand in that way, and many a vicious horse has he brought to reason. By good luck I happened to be a passenger myself.—(Look, I beg of you, at the intelligence of his expression! He knows we are talking of him.) Well, as I said, I was on the coach, and beside the proprietor, while the regular coachman was immediately behind us. The horse started pretty fairly. To be sure he made a plunge or two, but the traces were strong, and his companions stout and steady. For several miles we came along as pleasantly as needs be, and never did I see a horse do his business in better style. It was during this period that I heard the horse's previous history; and further, I was told that, in the way of harnessing him, once the saddle was on his back, (though it was no easy task to get it there,) the remainder of the business had been easy. I hope you are not tired.—Well, as you wish me, I will finish my history. Just at the third milestone I felt a shock on the soles of my feet as if I had been receiving the bastinado. I need not say this was from the heels of Units on the under side of the board on which my feet rested. In a moment after, the performance was repeated, with this difference, that the blow was rather lower. But it was more serious; for on this occasion he struck the front-boot with such force, that he was unable to withdraw his foot, which went right through the board; and the consequence was, that he fell against the pole. Had the other wheel-horse not been as steady as a rock, we would have gone right over. As it was, the driver pulled up at once; and immediately the coachman and I were at the heads of the other horses. After several terrific struggles, Units contrived to disengage himself. You see the marks of the transaction still on his pastern; but do not go too near him, for he is too thoroughly Irish to endure a Saxon. As soon as we had loosed him from the coach, the proprietor directed the coachman to take him back to Dublin, and to bring another horse. 'And tell the foreman,' said he, 'to have him shot before

I return this evening. I shall lose only five pounds, and I will have no person's blood on my head for that sum.' 'Stay,' said I, 'I will give you five pounds for him, and take him with all his imperfections on his head, and on his heels too.' I must say that the man was unwilling, but I carried my point."

"And what on earth did tempt you to buy such a brute?"

"The fact was, the hunting season was over, and I wanted some amusement, as I was rather in delicate health. India is severe on the liver."

"Had you foreseen your circumstances, you might have brought a tiger home with you. But how did you get the horse to Craigduff?"

"In the neatest and quickest possible way. I borrowed a rope from the guard, and having made a temporary halter, I went to the back part of the coach, and led him the whole way. It is forty miles, at seven miles an hour, and he did the journey with ease. I was sure then that I was possessed of a trump. But I must cut the matter short; for it would keep you the whole day if I told you how we succeeded in managing him. It was altogether by kindness, and a gradual discovery of his little peculiarities. The pulley you inquired about, I look upon as the greatest invention. It lets down the saddle upon his back, and then, as I told you, he is quiet. It annually saves the life of a man or two."

"I told you," said I, taking advantage of a momentary pause, "that I had a great interest in the horses: pray tell me, can you make any use of him?"

"Any use of him! why he is the most useful animal in the world:—an excellent saddle-horse; a first-rate jumper. He was not in my possession three weeks when I won the five pounds he cost me. My neighbour, Sir Edward, rode over here one morning on his famous horse Thunderbolt, and he thought proper to call my new purchase 'Beelzebub.' This rather provoked me; and I offered to bet him the sum I spoke of that I would pound him in twenty minutes; and this I did, in half the time, by jumping his own park wall, which is near six feet high. The horse must be ridden in a snaffle, as young Flixton could tell

you. He thought himself very wise, and insisted on having a curb: the consequence was, that the very moment 'Units' felt it, he started off right across the country, and his rider and he parted company in the river below, near Mrs Vernon's house. Flixton was not the least hurt; but a muddier, wetter, or angrier man you never saw. Alice Vernon and I happened to be witnesses of the whole affair; and she laughed, — how she did laugh! (I will not display my horsemanship before her, thought I.) "He is a pleasant horse in single harness," continued Felworth; "and, if he did kick the market-cart to pieces, it was owing to the carelessness of the servant in letting the reins fall down

about his feet. And if he did upset the gig and break my collar-bone, it was my own fault. I knew he could not bear the sudden opening out of an umbrella; and I ought to have called out to the man, or turned the horse's head away. He is an excellent leader in tandem, and very safe. He is certainly playful in starting with the other horse behind him; but then we know his ways. But you will have ocular demonstration of his performance in that way to-morrow, for I am obliged to attend at sessions, in a village about seven miles off, and we shall drive over after breakfast. Your curiosity about 'Units' is now, I am sure, more than satisfied."

CHAPTER V.

As we were entering the house, Felworth informed me that Mrs and Miss Vernon were to join their family party at dinner that day; and that we would be obliged to walk home with them in the evening. The time passed most agreeably, and the walk was delightful! I shall not attempt to describe the younger lady, for no words of mine can do her justice. A great variety of the fairest and loveliest of the sex have been depicted by writers of fiction from Sir Walter Scott downwards: and few young gentlemen exist who have not at some time been "over head and ears" in love. Now, it is a matter of fact, that the latter look upon their Lucys, or Amys, or Dianas (for the time being) as considerably excelling any of those with whose verbal portraiture they are familiar. Need I say that I formed any exception? On that moonlight night, as I parted from her, I felt satisfied that there was no more lovely person in the world than Alice Vernon.

The first words spoken on our return were by Felworth. "Perhaps you are aware that Miss Vernon has a large fortune?"

Rather surprised by the abruptness of the remark, I answered that I was so; but that I would admire her just as much if she had not a farthing in the world.

"I have no doubt you would," was my companion's reply; "but that is not the matter in consideration at

present. I merely wish to tell you an anecdote of Lieutenant Flixton. He is very easily roused, but soon calms again. On this hint I spoke; and in the evening of the day of the river business, as he and I were sitting together, I delicately hinted to him the amusement he had afforded to Miss Vernon in the morning. I wish you had seen him: his face grew red as scarlet, and he exclaimed, "Put a side-saddle on 'Units,' and put 'tens of thousands' on it, and they will be a well-matched pair!" I kept him in a state of fever the whole time he remained, by threatening to tell the lady the compliment he paid her. You know the Vernons are connexions of ours, and that is one reason why they are residing at Violet-Bank now. But I am sorry they are soon going away: for when Richard Vernon returns from the West Indies, (and he is expected in two months,) his mother and sister are going to live with him in London."

These remarks of Felworth served to remove some unpleasant matters from my mind. I saw that I would experience no rivalry from him; and I thought myself a match for Flixton if I had but a fair field.

I must confess that the next morning I did entertain serious apprehensions of the proposed tandem expedition. And, had I been able to devise any feasible plan of carrying Mrs Russell's advice into execution, I would eagerly

have adopted it. My difficulties, however, seemed to be removed, as I perceived that the gig was brought to the door with "Tens" alone in it; but vain was my expectation!

"You will please take your seat," said Felworth, "and make yourself comfortable, and I will follow your example."

We did so. "Units" was now led forward to his place in front by one man, who held a cloth over his eyes, while another arranged the reins, and gave them into Felworth's hand. The traces were still unfastened.

"Now we go, Tens, Units! get along!"

At the signal given, the horse made a tremendous plunge forward, while Felworth, adroitly yielding his hand for the moment, drew him in firmly but gently, while the two men, running alongside, attached the traces.

"Strange way 'Units' has of leaving home!" quietly remarked Felworth; "but he is a peaceable animal after all, for you remark he never kicks back. And can any thing be more steady than 'Tens?' You would not depreciate her now."

"Certainly not; a female Socrates is a good companion to that male Xanthippe."

Felworth then went on to say, that the horse was perfectly safe as a leader; and that, if he was not sure that he was so, he would not consider himself justified in risking the life of any one. He added that there were only two things of which he had the least dread;—the one was, the sudden opening of an umbrella; but there was no risk of that in weather such as we were then enjoying; the other was, a shot fired near the horse; but then there was little danger in that way either, for there was not a gun in the neighbourhood, nor any thing at which to fire. When I expressed an opinion that he and I afforded pretty fair marks ourselves, and that I had heard of such being selected, he burst out laughing, and asked me if I had made my will before I left England; and did I believe the half of the stories I heard there about Ireland? He then remarked that a whip would last for several generations if one always drove horses like "Units" and "Tens." Before we arrived at

our destination, he said he had directed his servant to be in readiness to take home the gig from Violet-Bank, for that we could return by another road, and call there.

"I like your arrangement much," said I, "as I wish to pay my respects to Mrs Vernon before I leave."

"It is all very proper," said Felworth, "but there was no occasion to lay such emphasis on the 'Mrs.'"

After strolling about the village for an hour, Felworth despatched his business, and we turned homewards. He did not appear so much inclined for conversation as he had been in the morning; and we both soon lapsed into comparative silence. The very act of driving has at any time a tendency to produce a ruminating mood; and my thoughts naturally turned on Alice Vernon. It was true, I had seen her only twice, and on the first occasion only for a few minutes; yet, even now, I could not bear the thought of her becoming the wife of another. I knew I would probably see her in London when her brother returned; but how many things might happen in the mean time? I felt she could look on me only as a stranger. I wished much that I could have remained longer at Craigduff; but for several reasons that was out of the question. It was true I had been much pressed to prolong my stay, but I had said that my visit was a stolen one. And now would I not look excessively foolish, when it appeared that "imperative circumstances" were turned into moonshine by a moonlight walk? I was aroused from my reveries by an exclamation from Felworth, "There is Alice Vernon, I am positive! You see her walking on the road before us under the row of beech-trees. We will overtake her by the time she comes to the end of them, by the quarry on the right." He proved himself accurate; for we were only a few yards behind her, as she came into the bright sunshine. At this moment (as was natural for any lady to do) she opened out her parasol in the direct view of Units. The consequence was that he made a sudden stop, so that the mare came against him; this was followed by a quick bound to one side, so as almost to

pull "Tens" off her balance. Felworth, however, had the horses well in hand; and even yet all matters might have gone right. But just at that moment an explosion took place

at the quarry beside us. I saw the infuriate beast make a jump at the fence on the left. I fancy I heard a crash—but I have no recollection of any thing more.

CHAPTER VI.

"He lives!—thank God, he lives!—and it was all my fault!" were the first words I heard in returning consciousness. I felt very faint and weak, but the tones sounded sweetly in my ears. I then heard some directions to keep me "perfectly quiet."

But I need not detail the progress of my recovery. I was in Violet-Bank, near to which the accident had occurred. My brother soon after came to see me; and even my worthy aunt, in her anxiety, ventured into "that horrid country." Pleasant, indeed, were the hours I passed in the period of my convalescence.

As soon as was permitted by the doctor, I had a visit from Felworth.

"Thank Providence," said he, "all is right with you now, but it was a very doubtful matter for some hours. It was a bad business altogether. Units was killed, and you nearly so."

"But tell me exactly how you got off yourself: I perceive your forehead cut, and your arm in a sling."

"You see the whole of the injuries I received; but the mare is much cut and bruised; both shafts of the gig were broken. I have preserved, as a sad memorial of the day, the stone against which your head came when you were pitched out. Fortunately, for me, I fell in a soft place; and I was on my legs before the quarrymen gathered about you, and carried you into the house. What presence of mind Alice had! She sent for the doctor without a moment's delay; but women always act best in such circumstances."

"But Units, what of him?"

"Why, one trace broke in his at-

tempt to leap into the field; and, fortunately for Tens, the other soon gave way; and then he galloped home."

"I thought you said he was killed."

"And so he was, but not by fair play. My father, unfortunately, met the man who was leading home the mare; and when he heard what had occurred, he brought down his own pistols, and had the horse led out, and shot on the spot. It was not out of vengeance that he did so, for he was not aware at the time of the dangerous state you were in; but he said that the horse would be the cause of death to some one yet. It was from a kind motive he did so, but it was a sad blow to me. I will never see the like of Units again."

It was arranged that Alice and I were to be married in the following September.

"You were a sad truant," said my aunt, "to go from Dublin after the cautions I gave you; but I give my full pardon under the circumstances."

I had a silent but powerful advocate near me.

Shortly after my recovery, I went to London, for the purpose of making necessary arrangements for my marriage. When there, I called upon Thomson, and narrated to him the entire events.

"You are a very lucky fellow!" he said. "I look upon this horse 'Units' as having been your guardian angel. I told you you were deficient in 'Constructiveness,' and your story proves it. Had it not been that you got your head broken, or some other fortuitous event occurred, you would have remained a bachelor to the end of your days."

RESEARCH AND ADVENTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE confident mariner, spreading his canvass to the fickle gale, and launching forth upon unknown seas in search of uncertain shores, to combat the kraken and fish the pearl, scarcely exhibits more daring, or braves greater perils, than the hardy landsman, who, on horse's back or dromedary's hump, or his own mocassined feet, plunges into tangled jungle and pathless prairie, adventuring himself, a solitary pioneer, thousands of miles from the abodes of civilisation. If shoal and squall and treacherous reef, pirates and storms, and tropical calms scarce less terrible, when parched lips blacken for thirst in the midst of boundless waters, await the seaman, dangers equally imminent and inevitable, and more incessant, beset the path of the wanderer in the desert. The sailor has his days and weeks of safety and repose and rude luxury, whilst the stately ship scuds merrily before favouring breezes over a summer sea, and the light routine of duty is but sufficient to give zest to the junk ration, the grog kid, and the tobacco pipe. The storm over, he swings easily in his hammock, recruiting strength for fresh exertion; and even when the winds howl their worst, give him a tight ship and sea-room, and he holds himself safe and laughs at the tempest. The explorer of trackless plain and aboriginal forest is in a very different predicament. He is never safe; his toils and tribulations are unceasing; danger may not exist, but he must ever guard against it, for he knows not where it may lurk. With him, security is temerity and eventual destruction. The ambushed savage, the crouching beast of prey, the silent and deadly reptile, the verdant swamp, flower-strewn and fathomless, wooing to destruction, the rushing torrent and resistless hurricane, are but a few of the dangers through which he threads his way. And when, at close of day, weary and hungry, foot-sore or saddle-galled, he halts for refreshment and repose, it seems but the beginning of

his labours. Wood must be cut and collected, the fire lit, the meal prepared, often its very materials must be sought in pool and thicket, before the wanderer can be at rest, and the cravings of appetite appeased. The hardly-won repast concluded, the ground offers a comfortless couch to his stiffened and jaded limbs, where to snatch such sleep as the necessity of strict guard, and the ominous and mysterious noises of a night in the desert, allow to descend upon his eyelids.

With a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the many difficulties, dangers, and discomforts, inseparable from such an expedition, Dr Ludwig Leichhardt, a German gentleman, remarkable for enterprising spirit and scientific zeal, left Moreton Bay, upon the east coast of Australia, in September 1844, to proceed overland in a north-westerly direction to Port Essington, on the north coast, a distance of more than three thousand miles. The Doctor was no novice in such wanderings; he had already devoted two years to exploring the district north of Moreton Bay; undaunted by hardship, his thirst for knowledge unappeased, he had scarcely returned when he was ready to start again. Many dissuaded him, pointing out the vast field of research afforded within the limits of New South Wales, urging innumerable dangers—some imaginary, but more real—taxing him with overstrained enthusiasm, and inordinate lust of fame; even blaming him as a madman and a suicide. He was neither to be deterred nor cajoled from his expedition, but made his preparations, limiting as much as possible the amount of provisions and stores, in consideration of the difficulties of the route and encumbrance of baggage. He was also compelled, in conformity with the plan he had formed, and with the smallness of his means, to restrict the number of his companions, and reject the offers of many adventurous young men eager to accompany him. His party, at first composed of six per-

sons, had swelled to ten, when, upon the 30th September, it left Jimba, the advanced post of the white man. The stores consisted of sixteen head of cattle, twelve hundred pounds of flour, two hundred pounds of sugar, eighty pounds of tea, and twenty of gelatine, eight bags of shot, and thirty pounds of powder. Each man had two pairs of strong trousers, three shirts, and two pairs of shoes,—certainly no very sumptuous equipment for a journey expected to last seven months, but which occupied fifteen. Fortunately, as they advanced, game and wild animals, at first rare, became more plentiful; and although the flour was expended at the end of the eighth month, they managed, with the aid of kangaroos, emus, waterfowl, and other beasts and birds, to protract their beef till their arrival at Port Essington. The party comprised (besides Dr Leichhardt) Messrs Calvert, Roper, Hodgson and Gilbert, John Murphy, a lad of sixteen, a convict of the name of William Phillips, Caleb, an American negro, and Messieurs Harry Brown and Charley, Australian aborigines, mutinous but useful, of whose character and propensities we learn more than of those of any other member of the party. The Doctor is, indeed, remarkably silent with respect to his fellow-labourers in the vineyard of Tasmanian discovery. Eight men of the adventurous disposition implied by their engaging in such an expedition, could hardly be thrown together for a year or more without displaying flashes of character, and greater or less eccentricity, the result of their exceptional position, of the many shifts and devices they had to resort to. Of characteristic traits, however, we obtain few hints from Dr Leichhardt, the most amiable, but the most matter-of-fact of travellers. His sympathies and attention are engrossed by the stocks and stones, the beasts, birds, trees and flowers around him. In them he finds tongues and books, and with and of them he loves to discourse. Although evidently a good comrade and considerate chief, his enthusiasm as a naturalist and man of science preclude much heed of his companions' peculiarities—if such they had. Enough that they are at hand, ready to aid him in catering for a

meal, in chasing stray bullocks, replacing fallen baggage, and in the many other toils and labours in which he manfully bears his share. Nothing less than the departure of one, and the death of another, can elicit a passing hint of their character and qualities. Mr Hodgson shot a kangaroo; Mr Roper brought in eight cockatoos; Mr Phillips found a flesh-coloured drupaceous fruit; Mr Calvert shot a native companion—not one of the aborigines, but a bird so called; and thus the book goes on, every thing put down with the dry brevity of a seaman's log. Hence Dr Leichhardt's volume, though highly valuable and interesting to naturalists and emigrants, will scarcely be appreciated by the general reader. Learned and well written, the amusing element, which readers of the present day are apt to make a condition for their favour, is but scantily scattered through its pages. But it is a work of unquestionable merit and utility, and its author's name will justly stand high upon the honourable list of able and enterprising men, whose courage, perseverance, and literary abilities, have contributed so largely to our knowledge of the geography and productions of our distant southern colonies.

The first start of the expedition could hardly be called a good one; at least, it was not such as to encourage the faint-hearted, or falsify anticipations of extreme hardships and difficulties. A light spring-cart, which the doctor had fondly hoped to take with him through the wilderness, was broken the very first day. He was fortunate enough to exchange it for three bullocks, and proceeded to break in five of those animals for the pack-saddle, finding he could not depend upon his horses for carrying baggage. But the bullocks gave a deal of trouble, and were most unsatisfactory beasts of burthen. The weight they could carry without injury and exhaustion, was very small in comparison with their known strength,—not more than a hundred and fifty pounds, Dr Leichhardt found, for a constancy—without the advantage of roads. Mules would have been the proper carriers; and troublesome, kick-

ing, contrary demons as they often are, under a hot sun and with the aggravation of flies, they could hardly have been more refractory than their bovine substitutes. Persons whose whole experience of bullocks, as beasts of draught and burthen, consists in having seen a pair of them tugging, with painful docility and resignation, at a heavy continental cart—a ponderous yoke across their necks, or their heads attached with multitudinous thongs to the extremity of a massive pole—can form but a faint idea of the tribulations of the Doctor and his friends, who had to lead the beasts, as best they might, with iron nose-rings, and who, moreover, being wholly unused to cattle of that description, had at first a not unnatural dislike of the horns. Then the pack-saddles did not fit, and the immediate result was sore backs; the cargo would get loose and fall off, to the fracture and destruction of straps; or the hornets, whose nests, suspended from the branches, were disturbed by the passage of the caravan, would drive the unlucky oxen nearly mad, by a stinging assault upon their hind quarters. Finally, both horses and bullocks had a singular propensity to stray back during the night to the previous halting place, whence they had to be fetched in the morning, causing great delay, and often postponing the start till mid-day. Here is a significant little entry in the log, comprising the entire proceedings of one day, which gives an idea of the difficulty of progress. “Oct. 2.—Bullocks astray, but found at last by Charley, and a start attempted at one o’clock: the greater part of the bullocks with sore backs. The native tobacco in blossom. One of the bullocks broke his pack-saddle, and compelled us to halt.” Only one small plug of tobacco to all that peck of troubles! The nicotian flower the sole object in the scene of disaster, on which the eye can rest with a sensation of relief. Stray cattle, sore backs, broken saddles! The combination of calamities can only be appreciated by those who have encountered it, in the desert, and when anxious to prosecute their march. For some time, these pleasant incidents were of daily occurrence; added to which, the bullocks, in forcing their

way through tangled thickets, frequently tore the sacks, and wasted large quantities of flour. And towards the latter part of the journey, when Dr Leichhardt, owing to the death of three horses, unfortunately drowned in a creek, had been forced to abandon, with tears in his eyes, a large portion of his valuable botanical collection, he had the intense mortification of seeing a reckless ox, foot-sore and heated by a long day’s march, plunge deliberately into a deep pond, where the remainder of the dried plants, seeds, and the like, carefully packed upon the animal’s back, underwent a thorough and disastrous soaking. As some amends for the trouble they gave, the bullocks proved useful in an unexpected capacity, namely, as guards. They conceived an antipathy to the natives, whom they charged in warlike style, whenever they had the chance. The aborigines held them in great respect, took them for large dogs (bull-dogs of course), and had a wholesome fear of their bite. These notions the travellers did not deem it advisable to dispel.

Opossums and flying squirrels, kangaroos, (some standing nine feet high,) and kangaroo rats, emus, ducks, and bronze-winged pigeons, were the principal beasts and birds encountered during the journey. Crocodiles were met with, and a few buffaloes. Fish of many kinds, now and then turtles, were seen and caught in the pools, rivers, and lagoons. Sand-flies, mosquitoes, and hornets, were very annoying, but the cool night-breeze usually swept them away. The melodious note of the glucking-bird, so named from the sound resembling “gluck, gluck,” the noisy call of the “laughing jackass,” the hoot of the barking owl, the howlings of native dogs, and the screech of the opossum, were the principal sounds that broke the stillness of the bush. Kangaroos were a great article of provender; the travellers chased them with dogs, so long as the dogs lasted, but these perished, little by little, until at last only one remained,—Spring by name,—a useful and valiant brute, covered with honourable scars. He was of the breed known as the kangaroo-dog, was exceedingly staunch and valuable, and the means of obtaining a vast deal of game. Of

course, he was an immense favourite, and his masters had reckoned on his accompanying them to the end of their journey. They carried a calash of water for his private use, as they were frequently very long without meeting with any, and this precaution more than once saved Spring's life. At last, during the latter part of a toilsome day's march, poor Spring lagged in rear and was forgotten. The next day two of the party returned to seek him, and found him almost dead, "stretched out in the deep cattle track, which he seemed not to have quitted even to find a shady place. They brought him to the camp; and I put his whole body, with the exception of his head, under water, and bled him; he lived six hours longer, when he began to bark, as if raving." And Spring gave up the ghost, to the great comfort and relief of the emus and kangaroos, and to the deep distress of the worthy Doctor and his biped companions.

The party had been out but one month, when the scarcity of game, far less abundant than had been expected, and the rapid shrinking of the flour-sacks, rendered it necessary to diminish its numbers, lest famine should be added to the many dangers of the journey. Mr Hodgson and Caleb the negro accordingly returned to Moreton Bay, the remaining eight persons continuing their route. Two of these eight, as we have already mentioned, were Australian aborigines, indebted to Christian god-fathers for the baptismal names of Charley and Harry. Early in the expedition, these two gentlemen became exceedingly troublesome; not more so, however, than might reasonably be expected from the very sullen and brutish expression of their uncouth physiognomies. Dr Leichhardt favours us with a portrait of the pair, and notwithstanding the embellishments of clean frocks, flowing neck-kerchiefs, and a comb, we have seldom set eyes upon more unprepossessing countenances. Any more hirsute we certainly never beheld, and their whole aspect gives the idea of men who, in the natural state, would deem a tender infant the most delicious of luncheons, and look upon a deceased relative with

the one absorbing idea of a juicy roast. We may be doing injustice to the creatures, but appearances are not in their favour, however British missionaries and mutton may have weaned them from aboriginal barbarity and cannibal cravings. After they had been about four months out, they began to play truant, to desert Dr Leichhardt when reconnoitring, taking the provisions with them, and to wander away without permission in quest of honey and opossums. At first the Doctor overlooked their transgressions, or let them pass with a reprimand; but he soon found occasion to regret his leniency, and that he had not inflicted a severe and decided punishment. On the 19th February the travellers, who had halted two days for the purpose of jerking the beef of a bullock, were busy greasing their straps and saddles, an operation rendered very necessary by the dust and scorching heat, when Master Charley, thirsting after honeycomb and greedy of opossum, left the camp, and was absent several hours. On his return the Doctor reprimanded him, and threatened to stop his rations, but was met with threats and abuse. "Finding it, therefore, necessary to exercise my authority, I approached to show him out of the camp, when the fellow gave me a violent blow upon the face, which severely injured me, displacing two of my lower teeth." In return for which brutal assault we expected to find that the Doctor and his friends removed the surcingle and baggage-straps from the jaw-breaker's horse, tied him to a tree with the latter, and with the former flogged his black shoulders till he cried *peccavi*, and promised reform. Nothing of the sort appears to have taken place, the good Doctor contenting himself, as sole revenge for the injury done to his masticators, with expelling the delinquent, who was accompanied from the camp by his countryman and ally, Harry Brown. They soon got tired, however, of going afoot and shifting for themselves, returned submissive and sorry, and were allowed to rejoin the caravan. And though they subsequently again gave cause of complaint, upon the whole they were tolerably manageable during the rest of the expedition.

The travellers were out a long time before falling in with natives, although they saw signs of their vicinity, and ascertained that they were objects of curious observation and some anxiety to the timid Australians. They stumbled upon various native camps, recently vacated, and occasionally took the liberty of helping themselves to kangaroo nets and cordage, leaving in exchange fish hooks, handkerchiefs, and other European articles. On the 6th of December, upon rousing from his bivouac, Dr Leichhardt found "the horses had gone back to Ruined Castle Creek, about twenty-one miles distant (!), and the bullocks to the last camp, which, according to Charley, had been visited by the Blackfellows, who had apparently examined it very minutely. It was evident they kept an eye upon us, although they never made their appearance." The Doctor's coolness in recording his disasters is quite provoking. If he exhibited the same laudable calm and resignation when he arose from his bed of reeds on the banks of the finch-haunted water-hole, and found his cattle had gone back a day's journey or more, as he does in writing down the fact, he is certainly the most Job-like of travellers. We could sometimes quarrel with him for making so very light of heavy inconveniences and positive misfortunes. It is necessary to pause and reflect in order to appreciate what he endured. The hasty reader, skimming the page without allowing his imagination to dwell on the Doctor's brief indications of the many sufferings, the wounds and sickness (the latter often caused by unwholesome diet), the hunger and thirst, the daily and nightly exposure, for fifteen months, to scorching suns and drenching rains, undergone by himself and his companions, might complete the perusal with the impression on his mind that the whole affair was rather pleasant than otherwise—a sort of prolonged pic-nic, varied by kangaroo hunts, fishing parties, and shooting excursions. Bread stuffs, he would have to admit, were scarce in that cornless land: but hard exercise and fresh air sharpen the appetite and strengthen the digestion; and a keen woodsman will not heed bannocks when he can get beef,

varied by such an exotic viand as kangaroo venison, and by such delicate and fantastical volatiles as harlequin pigeons and rose-breasted cockatoos. Nay, so easy is it to fight battles in one's back parlour, and to endure hardships with one's feet on the fender, that this same imaginary and hastily-judging reader, whose flippant conclusions we now quote, may think lightly of the necessity in which our travellers found themselves of eating a horse, as recorded in the Leichhardtian journal, p. 247. A horse broke its thigh, and it was resolved to make the best of the meat. It proved tolerably palatable, especially the liver and kidneys, pronounced equal to those of a bullock. When the flour was gone, the only relief from the monotony of a carnivorous diet was obtained by experimentalising on seeds, fruits, and roots, of which many unknown species were met with. How the party escaped death by poison is a wonder, for they were very venturesome in their essays, and not unfrequently were punished for their boldness by severe vomitings and other unpleasant symptoms. The jerked meat they carried with them often became musty and tainted, having been imperfectly dried, or from the effects of rain. But their greatest difficulty was the frequent scarcity of water, which sadly afflicted their horses, and prolonged their route, compelling them to deviate from the direct course to encamp near pools or lagoons. These were not always to be found; and they often remained for very many hours, even for days, without other water than they could carry in their scanty kettles. Then the bullocks were allowed to stray in search of drink, and it was sometimes necessary, in order to save the horses' lives, to take them back to the previous night's camping place. The fatigues thus encountered might well have exhausted the endurance and physical energies of the strongest man. "I had been in a state of the most anxious suspense," says Dr Leichhardt on one of these occasions, "about the fate of our bullocks, and was deeply thankful to the Almighty when I heard they were all safe. I had suffered much from thirst, having been forty-eight hours without water, and which had

been increased by a run of two miles after my horse, which attempted to follow the others; and also from a severe pain in the head, produced by the impatient brute's *jumping with its hobbled fore-feet on my forehead*, as I lay asleep with the bridle in my hand; but after drinking three quarts of cold tea, which John had brought with him, I soon recovered, and assisted to load our horses with the remainder of our luggage, when we returned to join our companions. The weather was very hot during the day, but a cool breeze moved over the plains, and the night, as usual, was very cold." It needed men of iron frame to endure, without serious and frequent indisposition, such terrible privations and sudden contrasts of temperature. Nevertheless, none of the party seem to have suffered from illness produced by other causes than irregular and hazardous diet, except in the case of the Doctor, who once or twice had a touch of lumbago. These violent transitions from heat to cold were felt during only a portion of their journey. Towards the middle of the time, in the month of June, they were greatly favoured by climate. "The state of our health showed how congenial it was to the human constitution; for, without the comforts which the civilised man thinks essentially necessary to life, without flour, without salt, and miserably clothed, we were yet all in health, although at times suffering much from weakness and fatigue. At night we stretched ourselves upon the ground, almost as naked as the natives; and though most of my companions still used their tents, it was amply proved afterwards that the want of this luxury was attended with no ill consequences." All things are comparative; and to the Doctor, whose sole canopy during the whole expedition was the vault of heaven, the canvass covering enjoyed by his comrades evidently appeared a Sybaritical indulgence.

To return to the savages. The day after the retrograde movement of the cattle to Ruined Castle Creek, and just as Dr Leichhardt was about to start on a reconnaissance, the Blackfellows came down to where the horses were grazing, and speared one of them in the shoulder. This was

the first act of hostility. The Australian aborigines are very cowardly, and the aggressors hastily retreated into the bush on the appearance of two or three white men. After this, in February, some friendly and respectable barbarians were met with, and there was an interchange of courtesy and presents. Generally the natives were shy, entertaining feelings of mingled fear, aversion, and contempt for the pale-skinned intruders upon their forest domain. Mr Roper and Charley, out in search of water, fell in with a Blackfellow and his gin or squaw. Like a brace of opossums, they were up a gum-tree in no time, although the lady was in an advanced state of pregnancy. "As Mr Roper moved round the base of the tree, in order to look the Blackfellow in the face, and to speak with him, the latter studiously avoided looking at Mr Roper, by shifting round and round the trunk like an iguana. The woman also kept her face averted." A day or two afterwards, Mr Gilbert and Charley met some more natives. "Two gins were so horror-struck at the unwonted sight, that they immediately fled into the scrub; the men commenced talking to them, but occasionally interrupted their speeches by spitting and uttering a noise like *pooh! pooh!* apparently expressive of their disgust." Meetings with the natives now became of common occurrence; but as they showed much timidity, and, when ill-disposed, confined their hostile demonstrations to expectoration and grimaces, the travellers entertained little apprehension of attack. The night watch, regularly kept at the commencement of the expedition, was now little more than nominal, and although each man was supposed to take his turn of sentry, the guard was usually a sleepy one, and a mere matter of form. They had reason to repent their negligence. Encamped one evening in the dry bed of a lagoon, some in their tents, others plating palm-leaf hats, the Doctor himself dozing near the fire, a shower of spears fell amongst them, and the savages followed up the treacherous attack by a charge with their waddies or clubs. The Europeans were so completely off their guard, that they did not know where to find

percussion caps for their guns. When the Doctor had procured these, two or three shots sent the assailants to the right about, with one of their number killed or wounded, for blood-stains were on their track, and they were heard next morning wailing in the woods. But the little caravan had suffered heavy loss. Gilbert was killed; Roper and Calvert were severely injured and disfigured by spear-wounds and blows from the waddies. It was a melancholy and untoward event, but time could ill be spared to mourn. The dead man was buried, a large fire made over his grave to prevent the natives from detecting and disinterring the body, and with sad hearts the little caravan prosecuted their march. The Doctor allows us to infer that the wounded would gladly have prolonged the halt, but, although feeling for their suffering state, he had duties to perform to himself and his other companions; and being of opinion that motion would not interfere with cure, he overruled objections, and insisted on proceeding. The event proved he was right; the sick men, although inconvenienced, were not injured by the march. Calvert was soon able to resume his share in the labours of the camp and the hunting-field, and Roper, although longer disabled, also eventually recovered.

The eighth chapter of Dr Leichhardt's journal will be esteemed by the general reader the most interesting in the book, for in it he deviates somewhat from his usual track, is more sparing than his wont of botanical and geographical details, and gives a few brief but interesting particulars of the daily life and habits of his party. "I usually rise," he says, "when I hear the merry laugh of the laughing-jackass (a bird) which, from its regularity, has been not unaptly named the settler's clock; a loud *cocoe* then rouses my companions, Brown to make tea, Mr Calvert to season the stew with salt and marjoram, and myself and the others to wash, and to prepare our breakfast, which, for the party, consists of two pounds and a half of meat, stewed over night; and to each a quart pot of tea. Mr Calvert then gives to each his portion, and, by the time this

important duty is performed, Charley generally arrives with the horses, which are then prepared for their day's duty." Towards eight o'clock the caravan usually started, and after travelling about four hours, selected a spot for that night's camp, which being pitched, the horses and bullocks unloaded, the fire lighted, and the dried beef put on to stew for the late dinner, the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to washing and repairing clothes, mending saddles, shooting, fishing, botanizing and writing up the log. The Doctor, who was of course provided with sextant, chronometer, compass, and the other instruments necessary to ascertain their whereabouts in the wide desert, would take his observations, calculate the latitude, ride out reconnoitring, and plan the next day's route. Towards sunset came dinner, and soon after nightfall all retired to their beds. "The two Blackfellows and myself spread out each our own under the canopy of heaven, whilst Messrs Roper, Calvert, Gilbert, Murphy, and Phillips, have their tents. Mr Calvert entertains Roper with his conversation; John amuses Gilbert; Brown tunes up his corroborri songs, in which Charley, until their late quarrel, generally joined. Brown sings well, and his melodious plaintive voice lulls me to sleep, when otherwise I am not disposed. Mr Phillips is rather singular in his habits; he erects his tent generally at a distance from the rest, under a shady tree, or in a green bower of shrubs, where he makes himself as comfortable as the place will allow, by spreading branches and grass under his couch, and covering his tent with them, to keep it shady and cool, and even planting lilies in blossom (*crinum*) before his tent, to enjoy their sight during the short time of our stay." We would fain have heard something more of this Phillips, whose love of solitude and flowers contrast with his quality of a convict, and inspire interest and curiosity. Whatever his crime, his companions apparently did not repulse him, but he himself voluntarily avoided their society, perhaps from a feeling of unworthiness and humiliation. Dr Leichhardt casually mentions him here and there in his volume, and he

seems to have behaved steadily and well, for he was pardoned on returning to Sydney, and received a portion of the thousand pounds appropriated from the crown revenue to reward the adventurous party. Why he was originally selected to form part of it, when numbers of young men of enterprising spirit and untainted reputation were refused the privilege, the Doctor does not think it necessary to inform us.

To men far removed from the pleasures and luxuries of civilisation, isolated in a desert, and leading a life of unceasing hardship and privation, small treats afford great enjoyment. The pleasures of the palate, especially, acquire unusual importance, and the discovery of some fragrant fruit or succulent vegetable, the addition to the daily stew of a bird or beast unusually flavoured, causes amongst these grown children as much jubilation as a giant cake amongst a horde of holiday urchins. "I had naturally," says the Doctor, "a great antipathy against comfort-hunting and gourmandising, particularly on an expedition like ours This antipathy I expressed, often perhaps, too harshly, which caused discontent; but, on these occasions, my patience was sorely tried." Notwithstanding his anti-epicurean principles, the chief of the expedition good-humouredly gave in to the fancies of his followers, who loved a feast now and then, and were partial to celebrate notable days by such modest *hors-d'œuvres* and supplementary condiments as the niggard forest and their indifferently provided saddle-bags would afford. Homely indeed were the additions thus made to their daily ration of *charqui* beef, horse-flesh or kangaroo. Let us dwell a moment upon the magnificent preparation for a banquet on the natal day of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

"May 24. It was the Queen's birth-day, and we celebrated it with what—as our only remaining luxury—we were accustomed to call a fat cake, made of four pounds of flour and some suet, which we had saved for the express purpose, and with a pot of sugared tea. We had for several months been without sugar, with the exception of about ten

pounds, which were reserved for cases of illness and for festivals."

Assuredly no sumptuary laws were needed to restrain such revels as these. "On another occasion, in consequence of the additional fatigues of the day, I allowed some pieces of fat to be fried with our meat." Horrible gluttony! After they had been some months out, an extraordinary desire for fat diet took possession of the wanderers. At first they felt disgust for it, and rejected it contemptuously, but suddenly a total change occurred. "The relish continued to increase as our bullocks grew poorer; and we became as eager to examine the condition of a slaughtered beast as the natives, whose practice in that respect we had formerly ridiculed." When they caught an emu, their first and eager care was to pluck the feathers and cut into the flesh, "to see how thick the fat was, and whether it was a *rich yellow*." The Spartan Doctor himself was not proof against the greasy fascination. Hear his confession of a frailty, and record of its quick-succeeding punishment. 'Tis *à propos* of kites, which filthy feeders, unaccustomed in the lonely bush to the sight of man, become exceedingly daring and impudent. "Yesterday, I cleaned the fat gizzard of a bustard to grill it on the embers, and the idea of the fat dainty-bit made my mouth water. But, alas! whilst holding it in my hand, a kite pounced down and carried it off, pursued by a dozen of his comrades, eager to seize the booty." It needs no great stretch of fancy to picture the Doctor, bereaved of his gizzard, sitting open-mouthed and aghast at the foot of a gum-tree, his fingers still shining from the unctuous contact, the moisture of anticipation oozing from his lips, his eyes watching the flight of the felon kite, whilst the possum on the branch above grins at his mishap. The loss was the more serious, that game was not abundant just then. They had got into a flat, sandy, uninteresting country; all box-trees and ant-hills, as Australian Charley described it, with no cover, and nothing to shoot at. Bad enough for the sportsman, but highly eligible squatting ground, where the settler would have few trees to fell and abundant grass for his cattle. As for

the game, it came in tracts and districts. Sometimes they thought themselves fortunate could they secure a few pigeons, at others, they revelled in pinguid plenty,—kangaroos roasted whole, fat ibis, flying foxes in scores, and ducks by the dozen. The atmosphere of these latitudes must be particularly favourable to the appetite, judging from the following passage.—

“Charley Brown and John, who had been left at the lagoon to shoot waterfowl, returned with twenty ducks for luncheon, and went out again during the afternoon to procure more for dinner and breakfast. They succeeded in shooting thirty-one ducks and two geese; so that we had fifty-one ducks and two geese for the three meals; and they were all eaten, with the exception of a few bony remains, which some of the party carried to the next camp. If we had had a hundred ducks, they would have been eaten quite as readily, if such an extravagant feast had been permitted.” A century of the web-footed for one day’s consumption! And they were seven—no more! Surely this was playing at ducks and drakes with their resources. Fourteen ducks, a leg, a wing, and a bit of the breast, entombed, within twenty-four hours, in the stomach of each of these seven men! The very feathers in their pillows (had they had any) would have cried out against such voracity. Truly it is without a spark of compassion that we read of their reduction, precisely one week afterwards, to short and less palatable commons. “Oct. 26. We enjoyed most gratefully our two wallabies, which were stewed, and to which I had added some green hide, to render the broth more substantial. This hide was *almost five months old*, and had served as a case to my botanical collection, which, unfortunately, I had been compelled to leave behind. It required, however, a little longer stewing than a fresh hide, and was rather tasteless.” We avow total unacquaintance with wallabies, their size and edible qualities, but, whatever their dimensions, the fact of a five-months’-old hide having been stewed with them to ameliorate the broth, says very little for their succulence. The sweetness, as well as the greenness of the “case

to the botanical collection,” may fairly be doubted. We should have an ill opinion of the pottage that needed an old portmanteau to improve its consistency, and strongly mistrust the nutritious qualities of the meagre wallabi-broth, which followed so closely on the heels of the Feast of Ducks.

It was very fortunate for Dr Leichhardt and his companions—who certainly had abundance of difficulties to encounter—that the country they traversed was nearly free from ferocious beasts and noxious reptiles. They had plenty to do without combating such formidable enemies. Throughout the whole journal there is no mention of any dangerous animal, except crocodiles and alligators,—easily avoided, and not much to be dreaded. On the 19th June, “Charley and Brown, who had gone to the river, returned at a late hour, when they told us they had seen the tracks of a large animal on the sands of the river, which they judged to be about the size of a big dog, trailing a long tail like a snake. Charley said, that when Brown fired his gun, a deep noise like the bellowing of a bull was heard, which frightened both so much that they immediately decamped. This was the first time we became aware of the existence of the crocodile in the waters of the gulf.” Afterwards they not unfrequently fell in with them. Near the banks of a magnificent salt-water river—named by Dr Leichhardt the “Robinson,” in honour of one of the promoters of the expedition—they came upon a native well. “When Charley first discovered it, he saw a crocodile leaning its long head over the clay-wall, enjoying a drink of fresh water.” Of venomous snakes and insects, we also find little or no account in the Doctor’s diary. Once only there was a suspicion of the kind. Upon leaving a camp on the river Lynd, the lad Murphy’s pony was missing, and Charley went back to look for it. “He brought us the melancholy news that he had found the poor beast on the sands of the Lynd, with its body blown up, and bleeding from the nostrils. It had either been bitten by a snake or had eaten some noxious herb, which had

fortunately been avoided by the other horses." Sand-flies and mosquitoes were very troublesome, large yellow hornets savage in their attacks, and ants every where. Of these, the species called the funnel-ant is worthy of notice for the peculiarity of its nest. It digs a perpendicular hole in the ground, and surrounds the opening with an elevated wall, sloping outwards like a funnel; a style of architecture of which, upon a rainy day, the tenant of the dwelling must feel the disadvantage. The white ant is also met with, and builds itself massive hills of enormous size. "I followed the Casuarina Creek up to its head, and called it 'Big Ant-Hill Creek,' in consequence of numerous gigantic strangely-buttressed structures of the white ant, which I had never seen of such a form, and of so large a size." Within three days' journey of the gulf of Carpentaria, the box-tree flat was studded with turreted ant-hills, either single sharp cones, three to five feet high, or united in rows and forming piles of remarkable appearance.

Their arrival at the gulf of Carpentaria, which occurred on the 5th July, was a joyful event to the wanderers. From the map accompanying Dr Leichhardt's journal, it appears they did not take the most direct track from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, but inclined too much to the right, reaching the gulf on its eastern instead of its southern shore, and having consequently, as they were proceeding north-west, to strike off at right angles in a S.S.W. direction. For this deviation from the direct line, there may have been good reason in the nature of the ground, the forests, mountains, and other difficulties to be avoided, and in the necessity of preserving the vicinity of water. Hitherto the progress of the expedition was most satisfactory, the only important drawback being the death of poor Gilbert. A line of land communication between the eastern and northern coasts of Australia had been discovered and carefully mapped; it was well supplied with water, and the country was excellent—available almost throughout for pastoral purposes. The Doctor had special reason to rejoice at

having got so far on his expedition, for the time occupied in reaching the gulf exceeded the period in which he had expected to arrive at Port Essington, and his companions had begun to despond, and even to question his abilities as a guide and leader. "We shall never come to Port Essington,"—the melancholy cry that too often reached Leichhardt's ears,—was exchanged for a joyful hurra at sight of salt water. Fatigues and privations were for the time forgotten, as though the goal, instead of the half-way-house, had been attained. The caravan had been nine months out; they had still nearly six to pass before reaching their journey's end; and for various reasons, the latter portion was the most painful and difficult. They got amongst the salt creeks and lagoons, and fresh water was often very difficult to find. Then the little stock of comforts they had brought from Moreton Bay, became gradually exhausted. The flour was gone before they reached the gulf; the sugar was finished up, even to the boiling of the bags, that none of the saccharine particles might be lost—and at length they came to their last pot of tea. This was a great deprivation, for tea had been found most refreshing and restorative. Their diet now was dry beef and water. They tried various substitutes for the latter, but with no very good result. The McKenzie bean served as coffee, and although disagreeing at first, was finally relished. Mr Phillips, who discovered and adopted it, subsequently tried a similar preparation of acacia seeds, whose effects, however, were such as not to encourage consumers. To vary their edibles, they ate vine-beans in porridge, and the young leaves of bulrushes—coming, in fact, as near to grazing as human beings well can. Their animal food was not always of the choicest, as the following passage testifies: "During the night a great number of flying foxes came to revel in the honey of the blossoms of the gum-trees. Charley shot three, and we made a late but welcome supper of them. They were not so fat as those we had eaten before, and tasted a little strong; but in messes made at night, it was always difficult to find out the cause of any particular

taste, as Master Brown wished to get as quickly as possible over his work, and was not over particular in cleaning them." A negligence deserving of the bastinado. The notion of any animal, bearing the name of fox, being served up with the trail, is too full-flavoured to be agreeable, and the dish might cause a revolt in the stomach of the least particular of Australian bush-rangers. By this time, however, Dr Leichhardt and his party were inured to every sort of abomination in the way of food, and were not difficult to please. Other troubles they had, more sensibly felt than the coarse quality of the viviers. Their scanty wardrobe threatened to fail them; and, already reduced to the produce of the forest for their daily food, it appeared by no means improbable they would have to resort to the same primitive source for raiment to cover their nakedness. "The few shirts we had with us became so worn and threadbare, that the slightest tension would tear them. To find materials for mending the body, we had to cut off the sleeves; and when these were used, pieces were taken from the lower part of the shirt to mend the upper. Our trousers became equally patched, and the want of soap prevented us from washing them clean." Worse than this, inflammation, boils, and prickly heat, tormented the travellers, and their cattle showed symptoms of breaking down. At first, there were plenty of spare horses, but these had perished from accidents and disease; those which remained became daily weaker from over-work and want of water, and were sore-footed and tired from travelling over rocky ranges, their shoes, useless in the grass-land, having been long since removed. Leichhardt, who, on reaching the gulf, had sanguinely hoped the worst of the journey over, soon found his mistake. Bad enough before, it was far worse now, and too much praise can hardly be accorded to the cheerful courage with which the Doctor endured hardships, wrestled with difficulties, sustained the spirits of his companions, and pressed on over all obstacles, to the termination of his long and weary pilgrimage. It was now (at the beginning of December) not very distant.

"Whilst we were waiting for our bullock," (they were reduced to their last, which they were unwilling to kill, and took to Port Essington,) "which had returned to the running brook, a fine native stepped out of the forest with the ease and grace of an Apollo, with a smiling countenance, and with the confidence of a man to whom the whiteface was perfectly familiar. He was unarmed, but a great number of his companions were keeping back to watch the reception he should meet with. We received him, of course, most cordially; and upon being joined by another good-looking little man, we heard him utter distinctly, the words 'Commandant!' 'Come here!' 'Very good!' 'What's your name?' If my readers have at all identified themselves with my feelings throughout this trying journey, if they have imagined only a tithe of the difficulties we have encountered, they will readily imagine the startling effect which these, as it were, magic words produced; we were electrified—our joy knew no limits, and I was ready to embrace the fellows, who, seeing the happiness with which they inspired us, joined with a most merry grin in the loud expression of our feelings." The party were within a fortnight's march of Port Essington, where they arrived on the 17th day of December, and received a kind welcome and needful supplies from Captain Mac-Arthur, commandant of the place. After a month's stay, they took ship, and reached Sydney at the end of March.

We have already referred to the strong feeling prevailing at Sydney against the practicability of Dr Leichhardt's projected expedition, to the numerous efforts made to induce him to abandon it, and to the confident predictions of its failure, and of the destruction of all engaged in it. It will be remembered, also, that about a month after the departure of the adventurers from Moreton Bay, it had been found necessary, in consequence of loss of stores and scarcity of game, to send back some of the party, and that Mr Hodgson, suffering and disheartened, had volunteered to return. His reappearance in the colony strengthened the doubts already entertained, and little surprise was

excited when, a month or two afterwards, news came through a party of natives, that the adventurous band had been attacked, and its members murdered, by a tribe to the northward. There could be small doubt of the catastrophe, which elicited from Mr Lynd of Sydney, a bosom friend of Leichhardt, and to whom the Journal

is inscribed, some very beautiful stanzas. They were addressed to a party formed to proceed, under guidance of Mr Hodgson, in the footsteps of Dr Leichhardt, and to ascertain his fate. By favour of a near relative of Mr Lynd, resident in the environs of Edinburgh, we are enabled here to introduce them.

Ye who prepare, with pilgrim feet,
Your long and doubtful path to wend,
If—whitening on the waste—ye meet
The relics of my murdered friend,
Collect them, and with reverence bear
To where some mountain streamlet flows,
There, by its mossy bank, prepare
The pillow of his long repose.

It shall be by a stream, whose tides
Are drunk by birds of every wing ;
Where every lovelier flower abides
The earliest wakening touch of spring ;
O meet that he, who so caress'd
All beauteous Nature's varied charms,
That he—her martyred son—should rest
Within his mother's fondest arms.

When ye have made his narrow bed,
And laid the good man's ashes there,
Ye shall kneel down around the dead,
And wait upon your God in prayer ;
What though no reverend man be near,
No anthem pour its solemn breath,
No holy walls invest his bier,
With all the hallowed pomp of death,
Yet humble minds shall find the grace,
Devoutly bowed upon the sod,
To call that blessing round the place,
Which consecrates the soul to God :
And ye,—the wilds and wastes,—shall tell
How, faithful to the hopes of men,
The Mighty Power he served so well,
Shall breathe upon his bones again !

When ye your gracious task have done,
Heap not the rock upon his dust !
The Angel of the Lord alone
Shall guard the ashes of the just !
But ye shall heed, with pious care,
The memory of that spot to keep ;
And note the marks that guide me where
My venturous friend is laid in sleep.

For oh, bethink,—in other times,
And be those happier times at hand,
When science, like the smile of God,
Comes bright'ning o'er that weary land,
How will her pilgrims hail the power,
Beneath the drooping miall's gloom,
To sit at eve, and mourn an hour,
And pluck a leaf on Leichhardt's tomb.

These charming verses were dated the 2d of July 1845. It was not till the close of the following March, that the cloud suspended over the destiny of the expedition was suddenly dispelled by the appearance of Leichhardt himself. As may be supposed, an enthusiastic welcome awaited the pilgrim, whose bones were long since supposed to be bleaching in the wilderness. Subscriptions were set on foot, and soon amounted to fifteen hundred pounds, which, with another thousand pounds voted by the Legislative Council, were divided amongst the seven persons composing the expedition. Dr Leichhardt, to whom the lion's share was with justice awarded, received it at a meeting held in the School of Arts at Sydney, of which an account is given in the *Sydney Herald* under the head of "The Leichhardt Testimonial," and where Dr Nicholson, speaker of the Legislative Council, addressed the intrepid traveller, in a strain of high and well-merited eulogium. "It would be difficult," he said, "to employ any terms that might be considered as exaggerated, in acknow-

ledging the enthusiasm, the perseverance, and the talent, which prompted you to undertake, and enabled you successfully to prosecute, your late perilous journey through a portion of the hitherto untrodden wilds of Australia." A flattering letter from the Colonial Secretary at Sydney, announcing the government grant, a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society of London, and another from that of Paris, have further rewarded Dr Leichhardt's meritorious labours. Unflinching in pursuit of science, he again set forth, in December 1845, on an overland journey to Swan River, expected to occupy two years and a half. This time he is better provided. His party consists of only eight persons, but he has mules for the stores, fourteen horses, forty oxen, and two hundred and seventy goats. And he further takes with him—light but pleasant baggage—the warm sympathy and hearty good wishes of all to whom his amiable character and previous labours are known, a class which the publication of the present Journal will doubtless tend largely to increase.

MAGUS MUIR.

THE subject of the following ballad is the atrocious and dastardly assassination of James Sharp, Archbishop of St Andrews and Primate of Scotland.

More than one attempt was made upon the life of that eminent prelate. On the 11th of July, 1668, a shot was fired into his carriage in the High Street of Edinburgh, by one James Mitchell, a fanatical field preacher, and an associate of the infamous Major Weir. The primate escaped unharméd, but his colleague Honyman, Bishop of Orkney, received a severe wound, from the effects of which he died in the following year. The assassin Mitchell fled to Holland, but subsequently returned, and was arrested in the midst of his preparations for another diabolical attempt. This man, who afterwards suffered for his crimes, and who in consequence has obtained a place in the book of "Covenanting Martyrology," described his motive "as an impulse of the Holy Spirit, and justified it from Phinehas killing Cosbi and Zimri, and from that law in Deuteronomy commanding to kill false prophets!" This is no matter of surprise, when it is recollected that the "principles of assassination," as Mr C. K. Sharp observes, "were strongly recommended in *Naphthali*, *Jus Populi Vindicatum*, and afterwards in *The Hind let Loose*, which books were in almost as much esteem with the Presbyterians as their Bibles." Sir George Mackenzie states, "These irreligious and heterodox books, called *Naphthali* and *Jus Populi*, had made the killing of all dissenters from Presbytery seem not only lawful, but a duty among many of that profession: and in a postscript to *Jus Populi*, it was told that the sending of the Archbishop of St Andrews' head to the king would be the best present that could be made to Jesus Christ."*

* LAWSON'S *History of the Episcopal Church of Scotland*.

These principles, at first received with doubt, were afterwards carried out to the utmost extent by the more violent of the insurgent party. Murder and assault, frequently perpetrated upon unoffending and defenceless persons, became so common, that the ordinary course of the law was suspended, and its execution devolved upon the military. Scotland was indeed in a complete state of terrorism. Gangs of armed fanatics, who had openly renounced their allegiance, perambulated the country, committing every sort of atrocity, and directing their attacks promiscuously against the clerical incumbents and the civil magistracy.

But the crowning act of guilt was the murder of the unfortunate Archbishop. On the 3d of May 1679, a party of the Fife non-conformists were prowling near the village of Ceres, on the outlook, it is said, for Carmichael the Sheriff-substitute of the county, against whom they had sworn vengeance if he should ever fall into their hands. This party consisted of twelve persons, at the head of whom were John Balfour of Kinloch, better known by his *soubriquet* of Burley, and his brother-in-law, David Hackstoun of Rathillet. Balfour, whose moral character had never stood high, though his religious fanaticism was undoubted, had been at one time chamberlain to the Archbishop, and had failed to account for a considerable portion of the rents, which it was his official duty to levy. Hackstoun, whose earlier life had been in little accordance with the ostensible tenets of his party, was also in debt to the Archbishop, and had been arrested by the new chamberlain. "These two persons," says Mr Lawson, "had most substantial reasons for their rancour and hatred towards the Archbishop, apart from their religious animosities."

It does not seem to be clearly ascertained, whether Carmichael was the real object of their search, or whether their design from the first had been directed against the person of the Primate. It would appear, however, from the depositions taken shortly after the murder, that the deed had been long premeditated, and that three days previously some of the assassins had met at a house in Ceres and concerted their plans. The incumbent of Ceres, the Rev. Alexander Leslie, was also to have been made a victim if found in company with the Prelate.

Fortunately for himself, Carmichael eluded their search, but towards evening the carriage of the Archbishop was seen approaching the waste ground near St Andrews, which is still known by the name of Magus Muir. A hurried council was then held. Hackstoun, probably from some remnant of compunction, declined to take the lead; but Balfour, whose bloodthirsty disposition was noted even in those unhappy times, assumed the command, and called upon the others to follow him. The consummation of the tragedy can best be told in the words of the historian already quoted.

"When the Primate's servants saw their master followed by a band of men on horseback, they drove rapidly, but they were overtaken on the muir about three miles west of St Andrews; the murderers having previously satisfied themselves, by asking a female domestic of the neighbouring farmer, who refused to inform them himself, that it was really the Archbishop's coach.

"Russell first came up, and recognised the Primate sitting with his daughter. The Archbishop looked out of the coach, and Russell cast his cloak from him, exclaiming,—'Judas, be taken!' The Primate ordered the postilion to drive, at which Russell fired at the man, and called to his associates to join him. With the exception of Hackstoun, they threw off their cloaks, and continued firing at the coach for nearly half a mile. A domestic of the Archbishop presented a carbine, but was seized by the neck, and it was pulled out of his hands. One of the assassins outran the coach, and struck one of the horses on the head with a sword. The postilion was ordered to stop, and for refusing he was cut on the face and ankle. They soon rendered it impossible to proceed further with the coach. Disregarding the screams, entreaties, and tears of his daughter, a pistol was discharged at the Primate beneath his left arm, and the young lady was seen removing the smoking combustibles from her father's black gown. Another shot was fired, and

James Russell seized a sword from one of his associates, dismounted, and at the coach-door called to the Archbishop, whom he designated *Judas*, to come forth." Sir William Sharp's account of what now occurred, which would be doubtless related to him by his sister, is as follows:—"They fired several shots at the coach, and commanded my dearest father to come out, which he said he would. When he had come out, not being yet wounded, he said,—'Gentlemen, I beg my life!' 'No—bloody villain, betrayer of the cause of Christ—no mercy!' Then said he,—'I ask none for myself, but have mercy on my poor child!' and, holding up his hand to one of them to get his, that he would spare his child, he cut him on the wrist. Then falling down upon his knees, and holding up his hands, he prayed that God would forgive them; and begging mercy for his sins from his Saviour, they murdered him by sixteen great wounds in his back, head, and one above his left eye, three in his left hand when he was holding it up, with a shot above his left breast, which was found to be powder. After this damnable deed they took the papers out of his pocket, robbed my sister and their servants of all their papers, gold, and money, and one of those hellish rascals cut my sister on the thumb, when she had him by the bridle begging her father's life."

So died with the calmness and intrepidity of a martyr this reverend and learned prelate, maligned indeed by the fanatics of his own and succeeding ages, but revered and beloved by those who best knew his innate worth, unostentatious charity, and pure piety of soul. In the words of a worthy Presbyterian divine of last century,—“His inveterate enemies are agreed in ascribing to him the high praise of a beneficent and humane disposition. He bestowed a considerable part of his income in ministering to pressing indigence, and relieving the wants of private distress. In the exercise of his charity, he had no contracted views. The widows and orphans of the Presbyterian brethren richly shared his bounty without knowing whence it came. He died with the intrepidity of a hero, and the piety of a Christian, praying for the assassins with his latest breath.”

GENTLY ye fall, ye summer showers,
On blade, and leaf, and tree;
Ye bring a blessing to the earth,
But nane—O nane, to me!

Ye cannot wash this red right hand
Free from its deadly stain,
Ye cannot cool the burning ban
That lies within my brain.

O be ye still, ye blithesome birds,
Within the woodland spray,
And keep your songs within your hearts
Until another day:

And cease to fill the blooming brae
With warblings light and clear,
For there's a sweeter song than yours
That I maun never hear.

It was upon the Magus Muir
Within the lanesome glen,
That in the gloaming hour I met
Wi' Burley and his men.

Our hearts were hard as was the steel
We bore within the hand;
But harder was the heart of him
That led that bluidy band.

Dark lay the clouds upon the west
Like mountains huge and still:

And fast the summer lightning leaped
Behind the distant hill.

It shone on grim Rathillet's brow
With pale and ghastly glare :
I caught the glimpse of his cold gray eye—
There was MURDER glittering there !

Away, away ! o'er bent and hill,
Through moss and muir we sped :
Around us roared the midnight storm,
Behind us lay the dead.

We spoke no word, we made no sign
But blindly rade we on,
For an angry voice was in our ears
That bade us to begone,
We were brothers all baptised in blood,
Yet sought to be alone !

Away, away ! with headlong speed
We rade through wind and rain,
And never more upon the earth
Did we all meet again.

There's some have died upon the field,
And some upon the tree,
And some are bent and broken men
Within a far countrie,
But the heaviest curse hath lighted down
On him that tempted me !

O hame, hame, hame !—that holy place—
There is nae hame for me !
There's not a child that sees my face
But runs to its mither's knee.

There's not a man or woman born
That dares to call me kin—
O grave ! wert thou but deep enough
To hide me and my sin !

I wander east, I wander west,
I neither can stop nor stay,
But I dread the night when all men rest
Far more than the glint of day.

O weary night, wi' all its stars
Sae clear, and pure, and hie !
Like the eyes of angels up in heaven
That will not weep for me !

O weary night, when the silence lies
Around me, broad and deep,
And dreams of earth, and dreams of heaven,
That vex me in my sleep.

For aye I see the murdered man,
As on the muir he lay,
With his pale white face, and reverend head,
And his locks sae thin and gray ;
And my hand grows red with the holy blude
I shed that bitter day !

O were I but a water drop
To melt into the sea—

But never water yet came down
 Could wash that blude from me !
 And O ! to dream of that dear heaven
 That I had hoped to win—
 And the heavy gates o' the burning gowd
 That will not let me in !
 I hear the psalm that's sung in heaven,
 When the morning breaks sae fair,
 And my soul is sick wi' the melodie
 Of the angels quiring there.
 I feel the breath of God's ain flowers
 From out that happy land,
 But the fairest flower o' Paradise
 Would wither in my hand.
 And aye before me gapes a pit
 Far deeper than the sea,
 And waefu' sounds rise up below,
 And deid men call on me.
 O that I never had been born,
 And ne'er the light had seen !
 Dear God—to look on yonder gates
 And this dark gulf between !
 O that a wee wee bird wad come
 Though 'twere but ance a-year !
 And bring but sae much mool and earth
 As its sma' feet could bear,
 And drap it in the ugsome hole
 That lies 'twixt heaven and me,
 I yet might hope, ere the warld were dune,
 My soul might saved be !

W. E. A.

A NOVEMBER MORNING'S REVERIE.

BY DELTA.

HAST thou a chamber in the utter West,
 A cave of shelter from the glare of day,
 Oh radiant Star of Morning ! whose pure eye,
 Like an archangel's, over the dim Earth,
 With such ineffable effulgence shines ?
 Emblem of Sanctity and Peace art thou !
 Thou leavest man, what time to daily toil
 His steps are bent—what time the bustling world
 Usurps his thought ; and, through the sunny hours,
 Unseen, forgot, art like the things that were ;
 But Twilight weeps for joy at thy return,
 With brighter blaze the faggots on the hearth
 Sparkle, and home records its happiest hour !
 Hark ! 'tis the Robin's shrill yet mellow pipe,
 That in the voiceless calm of the young morn,
 Commingles with my dreams :—lo ! as I draw
 Aside the curtains of my couch, he sits,
 Deep over-bower'd by broad geranium leaves,
 (Leaves trembling 'neath the touch of sere decay,)
 Upon the dewy window-sill, and perks
 His restless black eye here and there, in search
 Of crumbs, or shelter from the icy breath

Of wild winds rushing from the Polar sea :
 For now November, with a brumal robe,
 Mantles the moist and desolated earth ;
 Dim sullen clouds hang o'er the cheerless sky,
 And yellow leaves bestrew the undergrove.

'Tis earliest sunrise. Through the hazy mass
 Of vapours moving on like shadowy isles,
 Athwart the pale, gray, spectral cope of heaven,
 With what a feeble, inefficient glow
 Looks out the Day ; all things are still and calm,
 Half wreathed in azure mist the skeleton woods,
 And as a picture silent. Little bird !
 Why with unnatural tameness comest thou thus,
 Offering in fealty thy sweet simple songs
 To the abode of man ? Hath the rude wind
 Chilled thy sweet woodland home, now quite despoiled
 Of all its summer greenery, and swept
 The bright, close, sheltering bowers, where merrily
 Rang out thy notes—as of a haunting sprite,
 There domiciled—the long blue summer through ?
 Moulders untenanted thy trim-built nest,
 And do the unpropitious fates deny
 Food for thy little wants, and Penury,
 With tiny grip, drive thee to dubious walls,—
 Though terrors flutter at thy panting heart,—
 To stay the pangs which must be satisfied ?
 Alas ! the dire sway of Necessity
 Oft makes the darkest, most repugnant things
 Familiar to us ; links us to the feet
 Of all we feared, or hated, or despised ;
 And, mingling poison with our daily food,
 Yet asks the willing heart and smiling cheek :
 Yea ! to our subtlest and most tyrannous foes,
 May we be driven for shelter, and in such
 May our sole refuge lie, when all the joys,
 That, iris-like, wantoned around our paths
 Of prosperous fortune, one by one have died ;
 When day shuts in upon our hopes, and night
 Ushers blank darkness only. Therefore we
 Should pity thee, and have compassion on
 Thy helpless state, poor bird, whose loveliness
 Is yet unscathed, and whose melodious notes,
 (Sweeter by melancholy rendered,) steal
 With a deep supplication to the heart,
 Telling that thou wert happy once—that now
 Thou art most destitute ; and yet, and yet—
 Only were thy small pinching wants supplied
 By Charity—couldst be most happy still !—
 Is it not so ?

Out on unfeeling man !

Will he who drives the beggar from his gates,
 And to the moan of fellow-man shuts up
 Each avenue of feeling—will he deign
 To think that such as Thou deserve his aid ?
 No ! when the gust raves, and the floods descend,
 Or the frost pinches, Thou may'st, at dim eve,
 With forced and fearful love approach his home.
 What time, 'mid western mists, the broad, red sun,
 Sinking, calls out from heaven the earliest star ;
 And the crisp blazing of the dry Yule-log

Flickers upon the pictured walls, and lights
 By fits the unshutter'd lattice ; but, in vain,
 Thy chirp repeated earnestly ; the flap,
 Against the obdurate pane, of thy small wing ;—
 He hears thee not—he heeds not—but, at morn,
 The ice-enamoured schoolboy, early afoot,
 Finds thy small bulk beneath the alder stump,
 Thy bright eyes closed, and tiny talons clench'd,
 Stiff in the gripe of death.

The floating plume
 Tells how the wind blows, with a certainty
 As great as doth the vessel's full-swoln sheets ;
 So doth the winged seed ; 'tis not alone
 In mighty things that we may truest read
 The heart, but in its temper and its tone :—
 Thus true Benevolence we ever find
 Forgiving, gentle, tremblingly alive
 To pity, and unweariedly intent
 On all the little, thousand charities,
 Which day by day calls forth. Oh ! as we hope
 Forgiveness of our earthly trespasses,—
 Of all our erring deeds and wayward thoughts,—
 When Time's dread reckoning comes,—oh ! as we hope
 Mercy, who need it much, let us, away
 From kindness never turning, mould our hearts
 To sympathy, and from all withering blight
 Preserve them, and all deadening influences :—
 So 'twill be best for us. The All-seeing Eye,
 Which numbers each particular hair, and notes
 From heaven the sparrow's fall, shall pass not o'er
 Without approval deeds unmarked by man—
 Deeds, which the right hand from the left conceals—
 Nor overlook the well-timed clemency,
 That soothed and stilled the murmurs of distress.

Enamour'd of all mysteries, in love
 With doubt itself, and fond to disbelieve,
 We ask not, "if realities be real ?"
 With Plato, or with Berkeley ; but we know
 Life comes not of itself, and what hath life,—
 However insignificant it seem
 To us, whose noblest standard is ourselves,—
 Hath been by the Almighty's finger touch'd,
 Or ne'er had been at all—it must be so.
 Therefore 'tis by comparison alone
 That things seem great or small ; and noblest they
 Whose sympathies, with a capacious range,
 Would own no limit to their fond embrace.
 Yea, there, as in all else, doth Duty dwell
 With happiness : for far the happiest he,
 Who through the roughnesses of life preserves
 His boyish feelings, and who sees the world,
 Not as it is in cold reality,
 A motley scene of struggle and of strife,
 But tinted with the glow of bright romance :
 For him the morning has its star ; the sun,
 Rising or setting, fires for him the clouds
 With glory ; flowers for him have tales,
 Like those which, for a thousand nights and one,
 Enchained the East ; each season as it rolls
 Strikes in his bosom its peculiar chord,

Yet each alike harmonious, to a heart
That vibrates ever in sweet unison :
Each scene hath its own influence, nor less
The frost that mimics each on pool or pane :
Delight flows in alike from calm or storm :
Delight flows in to him from nature's shows
Of hill and dale, swift river, or still lake :
To him the very winds are musical—
Have harmony Æolian, wild and sweet ;
The stream sings to its banks, and the wild birds
To Echo—viewless tell-tale of the rocks—
Who in the wantonness of love responds.

Gifts, in the eye of Heaven, not always bear
The marketable value stamped by man
Upon them,—else the poor were truly poor,
The willing spirit destitute indeed.
In other balance are our actions weighed
By Him who sees the heart in all its thoughts ;
Both what it wills and cannot, what it tries
And doth,—and with what motive, for what end.
Clouds clothe them like realities, and shine
Even so to human eyes ; yet, not the less
Are only mockeries of the things they seem,
And melt as we survey them. Let us not
The shadow for the substance take, the Jay
For the true Bird of Paradise. A crust
Dealt, by the poor man, from his daily loaf,
To the wayfarer, poorer than himself—
A cup of water, in the Saviour's name
Proffered, with ready hand, to thirsting lips, —
Seem trifles in themselves, yet weigh for wine,
And gems, and gold, and frankincense. The mite,—
The widow's offering, and her all, put in
With grief, because she had no more to give,
Yet given although her all,—was in the sight
Of Heaven a sunless treasury bestowed,
And reckoned such in her account above :—
When Nineveh, through all her myriad streets,
Lay blackened with idolatry and crime,
God had preserved her—would have saved her whole—
Had but the Prophet, as a leaven, found
His righteous ten !

Therefore, Oh never deem
Thoughts, deeds, or feelings valueless, that bear
The balance of the heart to Virtue's side !
The coral worm seems nought, but coral worms
Combined heave up a reef, where mightiest keels
Are stranded, and the powers of man put down.
The water-drop wears out the stone ; and cares
Trifling, if ceaseless, form an aggregate,
Whose burden weighs the buoyant heart to earth.
Think not the right path may be safely left,
Though 'twere but for one moment, and one step ;
That one departure, slight howe'er it be,
From Innocence is nought. The young peach-bloom,
Rudely brushed off, can be restored no more,
By all the cunning of the painter's art ;
Nor to the sere heart comes, in after life
Again,—however longed for, or bewailed,—
Youth's early dews, the pure and delicate !

VALEDICTORY VISITS AT ROME.

ANDIAMO A NAPOLI; and so we will, in accordance with the repeated suggestions we have received during the last ten days from all the vetturini in Rome. Easter is gone by, the Girandola went off last week, the English are going, and so is our bell, tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!—as if its wire had a touch of vernal ague—while the old delf plate in the hall is filled and running over with cards, every pasteboard parallelogram among them with two P's and a C in the corner; for we are becoming too polite, it seems, to take leave of each other in our own tongue. As the English quit Rome, the swallows arrive, and may be seen in great muster flitting up and down the streets, looking at the affiches of vacancies before fixing on a lodging. Unlike us, these callow tourists—though many of them on their first visit to Rome—are no sooner within the walls, than they find, without assistance, their way to the Forum, and proceed to build and twitter in that very Temple of Concord where Juvenal's storks of old made their nidus and their noise! Andiamo a Napoli; yes, but not yet; we are sure at this season to have an impatient patient or two to visit in the Babuino, or at Serny's; who, labouring under incipient fever which has not yet tamed them into submission, tell us they would—optative mood—be at Florence in a week, and add—in the imperative—that they must be in London in three! *Vedremo!* These cases—may they end well—are sure, meanwhile, to be somewhat tedious in their progress; and besides, were there none such, two motives have we for always lingering the last in Rome: the one, to avoid the importunity of many indiscreet acquaintance, who would else be sure at this season to plague us with some trifling commission, on purpose to open

a sudden correspondence, in the hope of learning all about the heat, the fever, the mosquitoes, the fare and the accommodation of Castellamare and Sorrento, thinking themselves, meanwhile, perfect Talleyrands in diplomacy, in employing a ruse which it is impossible not to see through; the other and more important, to secure the necessary quiet while we linger about favourite haunts, and refresh our memory with sites and scenes endeared by long and intimate acquaintance. To describe people or places accurately, requires a long and attentive familiarity, but to do so feelingly and with effect, we should trust principally to first and last impressions; either will be more likely to furnish a lively representation, as far as it goes, than when too great intimacy with details leads us to forget what is characteristic, and to dwell without emphasis, or with equal and tedious emphasis, upon all alike. New scenes, owing, perhaps, part of their charm to that circumstance, may occasionally betray us into exaggeration; but the records of a last *coup-d'œil*, when we dwell with sad complacency upon every feature, as upon those of a friend from whom we are about to part, are characterised at once by an equal freshness, and by more truth, feeling, and discrimination. We might proceed to exemplify this, from a long series of first and last views in Italy: with some of them the reader may be familiar, for we have frequently met in Maga's pages; with others he will—should it so please him—become acquainted, when, leaving the company of our present agreeable associates, we stand forth an author of "Travels," and have more ample scope for our egotism. We confine ourselves now to a few valedictory visits in and about Rome.

THE VILLA BORGHESE.

It was on 15th April, 1843, seven A. M., when we went to take farewell of the Borghese. In passing up the Via Babuino on our way thither, our

ears catch some of the well-known street cries. These generally attract a momentary attention, even amidst all the bustle, activity, and din of a

great commercial city: how much more, then, in the comparative stillness of Rome, particularly in the morning, when few people are stirring, and we are most alive to sounds? Some of these cries are not unpleasing: the first to greet us, plaintive and melancholy in its character, is that of "*Aqua acetosa*," which announces the water of a mineral spring in the neighbourhood, brought in at sunrise for those who are too idle or too ill to drink it at its source. Another kind of water—also very matutinal in its delivery,—the "*Aqua vita*," is intoned by the *Aquavitaro*, in a sharp kestrel key,—hear him! Now, list to two men carrying a large deep tub of honey between them, and bellowing in rapid alternation, "*Miele, miele*," and say if their accents are mellifluous! Next, comes a loud-tongued salesman, who out-brays Lablache, but confines his singing to "*Che vuole, che vuole!*" and oranges and lemons are his commodity. From an itinerant green-grocer, who passes with his panniered donkey, suddenly bursts forth, "*Cimaroli, cimaroli!*" The last cry we hear is that of "*Tutti vivi, tutti vivi!*" from the *asparagaro*, who is bringing frogs and wild asparagus into Rome. Now we are in the Piazza del Popolo, and having glanced a moment at those buxom goddesses, at the foot of the Pincian hill, who look right well this morning in their flowing robes, turn out of the Popolo Gate, just as a large drove of lean turkeys, driven in from the Campagna, besiege the entrance on their way to the bird-market, where they are to be presently slaughtered, drawn, and quartered; their "*disjecta membra*" exposed to sale at so many *baiocchi* a pound; and their blood, which is more esteemed than their flesh, hawked about the streets in cakes: of course we are too humane to hint to them their coming destiny. In front of the elegant Borghese entrance, and round the Park lodge, all strewn about in picturesque disarray, we behold one of those numerous herds of goats, which come in every morning, to be milked at the different house doors: their udders at present are brimful, and almost touch the lintel of the gate where they are standing;—"gravido superant vix

ubere limen;" and though they are emptied continually, soon fill again,—
 "Et plus ta main avare épuise leurs mamelles
 Plus la douce ambrosie entre tes doigts ruisselle."

Some are lying down to lighten their load; and some, with an air of patient expectancy, turn their heads towards an "*osteria cacinante*" opposite, knowing that so soon as their drover has finished his own cold broccoli breakfast, he will come out to accompany them into Rome to *disperse* theirs. And now we are within the *enceinte* of the Borghese grounds, have passed the good-humoured *custode* at the gate, responded a hearty "*da vero*," to the "*che bella giornata*" with which we are greeted, tarried for an instant by the little pond to the left, and heard the Babylonian willow susurrate the same salutation to the water under its boughs, and then make for, and soon reach, the large ever-spouting fountain which is scattering its comminuted water-dust far and near, and bathes our cheek refreshingly as we pass it: and now we are at the Borghese dairy, and now by Raphael's little frescoed house, untenanted within, and with a solitary robin, the *custode* of the porch; but at the back premises we come upon an artist in a blouse making a sketch. He could not have chosen a more picturesque spot than this any where in the park: for *foreground*, a beautiful green sward, well dotted with recumbent and standing cows, and interspersed with masses of acanthus-crowned ruin; and for the *back*, the graceful sweep of the old gray Roman walls, with the Villa Medici and the Pincian hill peering just above. Fain would we carry away some such souvenir; but as nature or our misfortune forbid this, our endeavour shall be to supply its place, however inadequately, by dotting down a few words of description of one or two of the principal trees, which here so greatly embellish the view.

The *Ilex*, interesting alike from its appearance and physiology, first engages our notice. Compact and solid while yet a shrub, (for hers is indeed an *old* head upon *young* shoulders,) she grows like a tree that is to count by centuries, and under no advantage of soil or situation does her sober

aspect change; no premature overgrowth was ever known to weaken her fibres, those *têtes mortées*; the Lombardy poplars there, whose only merit is their height, may shoot up ever so tauntingly, for aught she cares, at her elbow; her ambition is not like that of the stately pines, to nurse a noisy aviary on high; nor does she seek to rival the fair sisterhood of the Acacias in the youthful vanity of overdecking her person; one dark-coloured investment lasts her, and remains unchanged the whole year through. But though she takes no improper "pride in dress," even the rigid Dr Watts would hardly be disposed to object to the exceedingly *charming* trimming of semi-transparent green flouncing, and the rich festoons of straw-yellow tassels, with which—not to appear insensible to the festivities of spring—she has just now fringed her winter apparel. Making less demands upon the earth than many of her neighbours, she turns her supplies to better account; her acorns from early youth are firm and mature; excrescences, the common result of excess, mar not the rough symmetry of her hardy frame—few insects feed upon that unpromising rind, which, opposing itself to most cryptogamic alliances, seldom suffers moss or lichen to spread over its incised and tessellated surface,

"Save here and there in spots aye dank and dark,
When the green meahes fill the fissured bark."

Much does the Ilex gain by this prudent economy of her resources; for, long after the autumnal rains have stripped her companions bare, while they are shivering and sighing in the blast, *she* knows neither moult nor change. Immutably serene, she plants the dense screen of well-clothed boughs across the road, and affords shelter to the careless wight who has forgotten his umbrella, keeping him dry and warm under an impenetrable water-proof and winter-proof canopy. Of all trees that bloom, (especially when as now in full feather,) few can rival the acacia in delicacy of white, or in profusion of blossoming. Nodding their heavy plumes and parting their leafy tresses in the breeze, they are the charm of

every spot where they grow; whether, as here, alternating in beautiful relief with dark young cypresses, or yonder, by the lofty wall of the aqueduct, commingling their snowy bunches amidst thousands of red and white Banksian roses; or else standing sentinel with a weeping willow over some garden fountain. Whether alone or in company, there is not a more beautiful sylvan blonde than the acacia; but it is too apparent that such loveliness will not last, that her stature is fully beyond her strength. For example, there is a row of them; none counts her twelfth birth-day, and yet all are grown up! Turn we, now, to the great stone pines: here they stand in the morning sun, that has already cracked their fevered bark, and caused it to peel off in red *laminae* from the rugged trunk. See the ground at their base strewn with these thin vegetable tiles; and large quantities of that most beautiful of funguses, the *Clathrus Cancellatus*, chooses this situation to blush and stink. This group is a well-known land-mark for miles around Rome; far off in the Campagna we recognise the clump; the dome of St Peter's itself meets not sooner the inquiring eye of the arriving tourist. They are also the artists' trees; not a bough of them but has been studied and depicted time after time for centuries; they have stood oftener for their portraits than they have cones to count, and are as familiar to the young painter, as the line-school that beset the Pincian hill. These are the principal trees which give character to the garden; but there are hosts of others that help to make up the beauty of the scene; *Catalpas*, *Meleas*, *Brousenittias*, &c. &c., all now in light green foliage. Some are still hung with pods and berries of their last year's growth, producing an *insieme* of pictorial effect rarely to be met with out of Italy, and in Italy only at this season of the year. Continuing our walk, we pass under the rose-crowned aqueduct, and strike into the green avenue that darkens beyond; listening to the distant water babbling up from the deepest recesses, and to the fitful whistle of blackbird and thrush, as they flit athwart the moss-grown gravel, and perch momentarily on the

heads of mutilated termini and statues; whilst the elipt trees vibrate under the wings of others extricating themselves on a piratical cruise against a whole flotilla of butterflies, which is rising and falling over the sunny parterres beyond. "The well-greaved grillus" bounds twenty feet at a spring, and having thighs as thick as a lark's to double under him, makes little use of his wings. Many a callow bee is buzzing helplessly in the path. The gray *curculio* walks with snout erect, snuffing the morning air; and here we fall upon a party of apprentice pill-beetles, learning to make up stercoraceous boluses, and forming nearly as long a line as the shopmen who are similarly engaged behind Holloway's counter in the Strand. Near us, hordes of "quick-eyed lizards,"—insect crocodiles, which much infest this region, start from their holes in the wall, and, rustling along the box hedge, suddenly pounce upon a butterfly, detach his wings—the whole walk is strewn with them—and having bolted his body, retire again to their resting—no—they never *rest*—lurking-places. Notwithstanding, however, these constant aggressions, from both birds and reptiles, the *lepidopterous* race is not, it seems, to be exterminated; and there, in evidence, lies that very blue-zoned peacock-butterfly, with his wings extended, and motionless as if pinned to the gravel, on the same sunny spot where we have been in the habit of noticing him for these three successive Aprils past. The eye that follows butterflies takes note also of the flowers on which they settle, but we must not indulge ourselves in pointing them out to the reader, who, unless a botanist, or inclined that way, might turn as restive as the young bride listening to her "preceptor husband."

"He showed the flowers from stamina to root,
Calyx and corol, pericarp and fruit;
Of all the parts, the size, the use, the shape:
While poor Augusta panted to escape:
The various foliage various plants produce,
Lunate and lyrate, runcinate, retuse,
Latent and patent, papilous and plain;
'Oh!' said the pupil, 'it will turn my brain!'"

And, therefore, though "flowers,
fresh in hue and many in their class,"

absolutely "*implore* the pausing step," we forbear, and will let him off this time with rehearsing only three or four among them:—the *Allium fragrans*, he will join with us, if he has been in Italy, in the wish that *all* onions there were like it! the *Anchusa Italica*, through whose long funnel the proboscis of the ever-buzzing *Bombylus* finds its way to the sweet nectar prepared within; the *Scilla Lilio-hyacinthus*—a *Squill* masquerading it as a *Hyacinth*; the leaves of the *Cnicus Syriacus*, most beautiful of thistles, glistening here in abundance, and scarcely inferior in attractions to the far-famed *Acanthus*. But the society of plants is as promiscuous as our own, and accordingly we find here the jaundiced *Chelidonium* filled with bilious juices; the feculent-smelling flowerets of the *Smyrnum olusatrum*, and the stinking *Geranium robertianum*, mingle with the sweets of *Calendula*, *Narcissus*, and *Jonquil*; not to mention the *Orchis* tribe, which flourishes in profusion. Traversing the green arena of the amphitheatre, —where annual festas are held, and occasional cricket matches played—to the left, and leaving the Temple of Diana to the right, we come upon a deep descent just in front of the villa, and enter it for a minute to cast a hasty *coup-d'œil* at the ample frescoes of the ceiling and the grim mosaics of the floor; the subjects of the latter, however, not being congenial to an unbreakfasted stomach, we relinquish them presently, for the beauties of the park. By the time we think of retracing our steps, the clock of Monte Citorio has struck ten; but the morning is still delightfully cool and exhilarating; we have been overtaken and passed by three pedestrians, each carrying away from the grounds something more than mere recollections; one, a *simplicista* of the Rotunda, with a collection of Galenicals for his shop; another with a pocket full of *Arum* roots, which he has been grubbing up for his wife, a *lavatrice*, to clear linen; and a third, whose handkerchief contains several pounds weight of *stragnoti*—*Agaricus*—des-
d for his breakfast.

And, therefore, though "flowers,
fresh in hue and many in their class,"

for the last time, this scene of by-gone pleasures. Oh! Villa Borghese, well known to us from curly-pated boy-hood, before Waterloo was won, and often at intervals since, till now, when half our hair has become gray, and the remainder has left our temples, while grown-up nephews and nieces declare to us, what our contemporaries will not — the progress of time — how many happy hours of careless childhood have we frolicked away among thine avenues and plantations — on which we cast a last sad look — with urchins now as bald as ourselves! In early youth we have read our favourite authors under thy trees; a little later, have botanised with friends who loved thee and nature as dearly as we did; and thus have we learned to know thee, in every dress, in every phase of light and shade, and in every month of the year. During our last sojourn, in particular, this has been our favourite

haunt; in winter, when walking required speed, and stalactites of ice would glisten occasionally from the aqueduct; or when summer returned, and we could bask under the tall spread pines, and watch the cawing rooks as they went and came over head, or screened ourselves in some dark avenue from the fervency of the sun, from whence we could see him blazing at both ends of it. A long and endearing familiarity has indeed been ours, melancholy and unsating; and it has given rise to a host of trying associations, conjured up by each new visit after a brief absence from Rome, and now adds poignancy of regret to what we feel *must* be the last, —

“While at each step, against our will
Does memory, with pernicious skill,
Our captive thoughts enchain,
Recalls each joy that treacherous smiled,
And of green griefs and sorrows wild,
Resuscitates the pain.

THE VILLA ALBANI.

An Italian villa is like any other Italian belle; we would rather pay either a morning visit than summer and winter with them; both dress themselves out for strangers, and often at the expense of their rightful owners. An Italian villa is very charming for a brief spring, malarious in summer and autumn, and incommodiously furnished for every season. *Comfort* makes but slow progress abroad, and has not yet found its way into Italy at all; neither into her dictionaries as a *name*, nor into her dwellings as a *thing*. What should we, ease-loving English, think of a house, which, lined with marbles and frescoes, carpeted with mosaics and adorned with statues, offered nothing but niches and marble curule chairs to write on and to sit in? Yet such is the general scheme and internal arrangement throughout most villas in Italy; for as to the prime of the house, the *piano nobile*, that belongs as by prescriptive right exclusively to the Cæsars, being indeed only fitted for impassive marble and bronze emperors: — while the over-hospitable entertainer of these august guests is content to stow away himself and family in apartments which are frequently little better than

our offices for menials, in which his few articles of rococo furniture, of all sorts and sizes, are crazy, cumbersome, undusted, and ill-matched; in short, more like the promiscuous contents of some inferior broker's shop, than the elegant *ameublement* we might have expected to correspond to the profusion of objects of *vertu* which grace the principal show-rooms of the mansion. At home, we may differ in our notions about comfort in the details, but there are certain conditions which are rightly held essential to its possible existence; and if “the cold neat parlour, and the gay glazed bed,” have their admirers, it is because cleanliness and neatness are two of them: but in Italy we look in vain for either, and there is nothing to compensate their absence. Few Englishmen could engage in literary labour in the fireless, ill-furnished rooms which throughout Italy are a matter of course; where carpets, curtains, or an easy chair, are unknown luxuries; and into which, entering by various ill-placed and worse-fitting windows and doors, confluent draughts catch you in all directions, turning the *sanctum* of study into a perfect Temple of the Winds! Yet, to some

men, comfort seems as unnecessary as it is unattainable. The Italian antiquary, in particular, had need be careless of his ease, and regardless of external temperature; as that degree of it necessary for the conservation of nude marble figures, is by no means congenial to flesh and blood. This reflection occurs to us to-day—not for the first time, certes—under the noble portico of the villa Albani, with a volume of Winkelmann in our hand; for in this palace, and in some such study as we have hinted at, must he have shivered over these recondite labours, while meditating, composing, and consulting authorities, to constitute himself hereafter the great oracle of the fine arts. Had Winkelmann been half as curious in his research after comfort as virtù, verily the world would have lost many an able dissertation and ingenious conjecture; and this villa in particular—to which we are now come to pay our respects—we fear our last respects—had been deprived of this renowned commentary on her treasures. Let us hope parenthetically that a recent perusal of the venerable antiquary, together with some slight acquaintance with the objects themselves, will on such an occasion excite in us a spark of that enthusiasm which animates all his descriptions. What a beautiful portico! we catch ourselves saying *con amore* for the hundredth time—and who will gainsay us?—with its thirty columns of different coloured granites and rare marbles, cipolino, porta santa, occhio di pavone (*vide Corsi*); its busts, its ornamented tazzas, its statues, and many other *et cæteras* too numerous to catalogue. Among the statues, our eye soon singles out the queenly figure of Agrippina seated in her marble chair. Statelyness and high rank apparent in her features, grace and perfect self-possession in her attitude, doubtless she is expecting a deputation of importance, or may be a visit from the emperor, and has prepared her well-tutored countenance to receive either with dignity. Here are the busts of Nerva and of the first Caesar, to whose characters, while history gives the key, we are apt to fancy, as we stare at them, that to Lavater we owe the discovery. Those ubiquitous emperors Hadrian,

Trajan, Antoninus Pius, and Gordianus *ditto*, on whom as on other boring acquaintance you are sure to stumble in every gallery at Rome till you almost yawn in their faces, are here of course. Besides these, by way of novelty, we fall in with the grave, much-bearded, long-faced bust, *Epicurus* underwritten on the pedestal. If it be that sage, then has not his face any vestige of the jovial “live while you live” expression which we might have expected, were he true to his own philosophy; but, on the contrary, a dignified Melancthon sadness, as if, like Solomon, he had had enough of pleasure, and had found nothing but “vanity and vexation of spirit” from them all. Opposite to him, we look with interest on the much less apocryphal head of Scipio Africanus, not only exhibiting on his bald temple a large crucial cicatrice, in token of a wound which we know him to have received, but presenting the singular appearance of having been trefined, an operation of which there is certainly no record in his life. Just before we ascend, we glance up at those beautiful Caryatides, who give their name to one of the principal saloons, and, loitering for a few moments on the stair before a charming little group of Niobe and her children, are presently in the gallery above. There—omitting all minor objects of interest chronicled in the guide books, (which we have now no time to re-examine,)—we devote ourselves chiefly to the reconsidering two or three favourite marbles and bronzes. First among the former stands the Minerva, a specimen of Roman sublime, (*vide Winkelmann*)—perfect, say all the guide books; but how a lady with an artificial nose, and a right arm palpably modern, can be so considered, it would be difficult to explain. By the side of his wise daughter is niched a noble statue of Jupiter, executed by some great artist while the god was master of Olympus, and probably brought to Rome when he had ceased to reign, and his effects were sold. In the effeminate Antinous, an alto-relievo of whitest marble, we admire the prototype of that arrow-stricken youth, the comely St Sebastian. Nothing can exceed the grace of the bronze Apollo; but, on looking from his form

into his face, you are surprised to find him literally *stone-blind*; a shocking case of double cataract, produced by adopting for eyes two sardonyxes, whereof the second layer, representing the iris, is dark, while the white centre of the orb, corresponding to the pupil, exhibits a hopeless opacity. We pause in succession before those wierd sisters, arranged stiffly à l'*Etrusque*, who are receiving the infant Bacchus, not to give him milk, you may be sure, but to dry-nurse him upon Burgundy; a perfectly intellectual head, planted upon misshapen shoulders, supposed to be *Æsop*, a beautiful deformity; a Hercules, leaning against a column, and reposing after some of his many labours; the large marble vase with Bacchantes figures and attendant Fauns, carrying skins of wine to keep up the festivities; all these are well worthy of a longer inspection than we have now time to bestow. The mosaics on the floor, too, offer pleasing representations of different objects of natural history; many birds, "goldfinch, bullfinch, greenfinch, chaffinch, and all the finches of the grove;" cicadae and dragonflies, fruits and flowers, the arbutus and the ivy, commingling their various forms and colours, and all inimitably executed. Descending slowly, we find ourselves once more at Agrippina's side in the Portico; not this time to look at the statues, but out upon the prospect, *sub dio*, and amuse ourselves with tracking the broken and often interrupted lines of converging aqueducts that cross and recross the plain. The clear Italian atmosphere renders objects so distinct, that with a glass we can read the names of the *locanda* at Frascati, nine miles off, and almost determine what provisions the man in the white apron has in his hand. Tivoli and Frascati, not far distant from each other, stand high upon the hills; and still higher up is Rocca di Papa on its lofty site; while between us and them, in the dancing air, lies that malarious Campagna, which, though unfruitful in corn, wine, or olives, yields notwithstanding a rich harvest of its own. From it, every year are gathered bushels of imperial and consular coins; engraved stones, and other works of ancient art; and from

the same "marble wilderness" many of the busts and bas-reliefs, which adorn not only this villa, but also most of the mansions in and about Rome. But we have to walk home; and we accordingly look with natural alarm at the garden, with its broad shadeless walks blazing in the sun: the sparrows can bear the heat no longer; a whole bevy, who for the last five minutes have been jargonning their uneasiness over our head, have finally gone off to seek shelter in the bushes;—their instinct having first prompted several expedients to relieve their distress, all of which failed them; thus, when they found that sitting either in company or "alone upon the house top" would not do, and that hopping on the tiles blistered their feet, they bethought them of the metal pipes, and tried to effect an entrance, but quickly issued screaming, having made the discovery, that they had only got out of the fire into a frying-pan. On issuing from the Portico, we pass a large fountain, in which the gold fish keep studiously at the bottom of the water, while the restless dragon-fly (who finds the glittering shell-work too hot to hold him) is as studiously skimming backwards and forwards over the surface, to cool and refresh himself; and the frogs, in a neighbouring tank, while conjugal duties keep them also on the top, feebly croak as they float with their wives among the green feculence, and make love behind the bulrushes. On leaving the garden, we mount our green spectacles, hoist our umbrella, and resolutely set our face homeward and Romeward. Half an hour's broiling walk brings us up under the friendly covert of the city walls; following the *giro* of which, we arrive in about as much time as it has taken us to reach them, at the Popolo Gate, and enter the Piazza, which no mortal wight would now care to traverse, who could avoid it. The owls—how cruel to place owls upon an obelisk dedicated to the sun—never blinked to a brighter flood of light in the streets of Thebes, than that which here streams on every object to-day. The Tazza's fountain, at its base, is a perfect caldron, in which the glowing water bubbles up against the sides, as if it were so-

tually about to *boil over*; the domes of the two churches, opposite the city gate, will soon warm their capacious interiors, from the large supply of caloric they are now rapidly absorbing; a stand of bayonets before the Dogana, sparkles as if it were on fire; and when we have arrived at the foot of the wide white Scalinata of the Trinita di Monti, the whole expanse from top to bottom shines with unmitigated and unsupportable splendour. No importunate beggar can stand and rattle his tin box on the summit, and if he could, there is no passenger to heed or hear him; the Sabine model belle is not there to offer herself to the first artist who wants a madonna or a saint, nor amateur bandits, nor faun-like children playing on the steps; even the patient goats, long since milked, lie panting under the convent wall; not a dog is visible on the large *immondesaro* in front of it; and had we not had already painful experience of the heat of the day, the donkey who lives below, in the court of the Palazzo Mignanelli, exhibits it most strikingly; there he stands, a fine subject for Pinelli, with a wo-begone countenance,—Sancho's ass not more triste,—ruminating over a heap of fresh vegetables, which he feebly snuffs, and wants resolution to stoop his head and munch; whilst his adopted friend, the large house-dog, totally regardless of his charge, sleeps heavily in the opposite corner of the court.

It required an early dinner, and a long siesta afterwards, in our darkened, water-sprinkled rooms, to resuscitate us to any fresh exertion; but as the Ave Maria approached, we were sufficiently refreshed to climb the Quirinal Mount, in order to witness one of our few remaining Roman sunsets from its summit. We pass, to reach it, down the Via Felice, across the Piazza Barberini, and up the steepest hill in Rome, by the Via Quattro Fontani; from its brow, we look momentarily down on the Viminal side, to Santa Maria Maggiore, with all the other objects that present themselves to view from this spot; and presently find ourselves at the end of that long street of convents and churches, which issues at its other

extremity in the Porta Pia, forming a straight line of nearly a mile and a half in length; and here we are in that well-known Piazza, which is bounded on one side by the Papal Palace and its gardens; on the opposite by the Colonna and its ruin-scattered grounds; backed by the palaces Ruspigliosi and Guardì Nobile, and an open view of the Campagna in front. No position could have been better chosen than this, for the display of the two finest colossal statues in the world; they stand in the midst, with the Theban Obelisk and the Roman Fountain between them, all blending into a matchless group. As we look from this lofty vantage ground, high over the roofs of Rome, we see the sun preparing to take farewell of us, behind the ridge of Monte Mario; but the convent walls on the height where we stand enjoy his beams a few minutes longer, though they have ceased to strike upon the city at its foot. Soon, however, he touches the horizon and begins to dip; the palace windows behind us blaze away as if for an illumination; and when the last golden speck has disappeared from the ridge, the whole landscape changes colour; the yellow tint is instantaneously transformed into a rosy light, deepening, and becoming more and more beautiful every minute, till the short southern twilight is over; the somewhat harsh outline of the obelisk is softened during this brief point of time; a gentle air, (the breath of evening,) fans our cheek; fire-flies light their lamps all around, and night suddenly overtakes us,—“*notte*.” Scarcely ten minutes have elapsed since we stood here, and already the dilated nostril and meaning eye of the raptive coursers, then so strikingly exhibited, are scarcely any longer distinguishable; while the dark curvilinear outline of their bodies, and the towering forms of “the great Twin Brethren” at their heads, gain not only in stature, but in grandeur too, by this very indistinctness,—the obscure being a well-known element of the sublime,—and the eye becomes more and more conscious of their vast proportions the less it is enabled to enter minutely into details.

HIGHLAND DESTITUTION.

THE appalling horrors with which the Irish famine of last season set in, seemed to exceed any similar scene of national affliction that had been witnessed in modern times. It appeared as if the worst tragedies that had been enacted in sieges and shipwrecks were to be realised in the midst of comparative abundance, and within reach of friendly aid. It was right, however, that the clamant demands for relief, uttered by her starving millions, should not stifle the smaller voice of suffering that issued from our Scottish shores. Nor was this the case: the Christian philanthropy of Britain did justice to the cause of patience and fortitude. The fountains of private beneficence were opened, and Scotland was better protected from the miseries of this visitation by individual exertion, than Ireland with all the aid and apparatus of government interference.

Making every abatement for the natural exaggeration incident to such a calamity, no doubt can be entertained as to the general condition of our Highlands and Islands in the early part of the past year. Great distress was almost every where prevalent, and every day that passed was tending to increase it. A large portion of the food of the people had failed, and the remnant of the preceding year's corn crop was their only means of subsistence. That resource could not long be relied on; and the great problem was, in what manner the destitute thousands of our countrymen were to be fed till the returning harvest should visit them with its scanty and precarious bounty. Too many of them were habitually on the verge of starvation, and the crumbling away of the slender support on which alone they stood, brought them at once to the low abyss of wretchedness in which they would have been left if public generosity had not interposed.

The task of those who undertook to distribute the large relief fund subscribed was attended with great difficulty, and involved a solemn responsibility of the highest kind. They appear to us, on a review of their

arrangements, to have proceeded with judgment and good feeling; anxious, on the one hand, to alleviate want, and on the other, to avert those moral mischiefs that follow in the wake of gratuitous or indiscriminate liberality. Their object necessarily was, to do as much good and as little harm as the emergency would permit.

Something has recently been said of the great extent to which the distress in those districts was originally over-stated by the individuals who came forward to rouse the benevolence of their countrymen on behalf of the Highlands. We are by no means prepared to join in this view. It is impossible to describe the consequences of a coming famine with mathematical precision. Besides, the destitution is not yet over. And it is at least clear, even as to the past, that *except for the exertions of the proprietors*, which might or might not have been so largely made, the destitution would have fully borne out the predictions which were uttered. It could not with certainty be assumed that the smaller and less wealthy proprietors, in particular, would have been able to make the great sacrifices which they have so generously submitted to, and without which the people of Wester Ross and Skye, of Islay and Colonsay, and many other places, would have laid on the relief fund a burden far heavier than it has had to bear.

This at least is certain, that the fund has not been dispensed upon any extravagant views of the existence of destitution. The large surplus that remains on hand, demonstrates the caution and economy with which the distribution has been conducted. The money has not been lavished merely because it had been subscribed; and the difficult object has been accomplished, of keeping in check those demands which were likely to become more clamorous and more unreasonable, in proportion as the means existed of satisfying them.

It would serve little purpose to examine in detail the operations of the Relief Board, which are already

before the public in the reports which they have published from time to time. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say, that they present, in a great degree, the features which might have been looked for in the working of a scheme devised on the spur of an emergency, and destined to be followed out in remote localities, and under influences partaking, in no ordinary degree, of the taint of human frailty. In some parts of the country, the local committees have done their duty conscientiously and respectably; in others we are afraid they are not entitled to the same praise. Yet, on the whole, things have answered better than could have been expected; and undoubtedly the greatest benefit was derived from the able superintendence of the two general inspectors employed by the board, Captain Elliott and Dr Boyter, whose services to the public in this important duty cannot be too highly commended.

It is quite clear, however, that the local machinery, which was necessarily or allowably resorted to at the outset, ought no longer to be kept up, if further operations are required for the relief of destitution. There must now be a more stringent examination of the claims which may be preferred, and a more rigid enforcement of the proper regulations, than could well be insisted for when the field was new and the urgency irresistible. A continuance of any past laxity would now be inexcusable and eminently mischievous, by tending to perpetuate in the Highlands those social evils and anomalies which the present calamity is naturally calculated to expose and extirpate.

It is almost needless to ask the question, whether the operations of the Relief Board are still necessary. Every one acquainted with the Highlands and Islands is aware that the results of last year's failure of the potato are still at work, and must necessarily prolong the distress for some time to come. The fund which has been subscribed for the relief of that distress must necessarily, therefore, be employed in its legitimate and destined purpose, until that purpose be accomplished or the fund exhausted. Independently of any blight in the present potato crop, great distress

will arise from the limited breadth of potatoes that has been planted, and from the fact that the cottars, who, in other years, were allowed ground to plant potatoes for themselves, have been deprived of that resource, from the necessity of retaining the whole arable farms for the direct use of the tenants and crofters. It is believed, also, that the corn crops of this year, though highly favourable in the lower parts of the country, have neither been so early nor so productive in the Islands as was at one time expected.

It is, therefore, with perfect propriety and justice that the Board have determined to retain the balance in their hands, in the mean time, as a sacred deposit for the relief of that continued distress, which both the reports of their own inspectors, and the information of the government officers, establish to be still prevalent. On this point the late report of Sir John F. Burgoyne as to Ireland applies in a smaller degree to a very great part of the Highlands and Islands.

In continuing the system of relief, however, the board must keep in view more closely and constantly than ever the leading principles which originally guided them, and which we believe to be founded on the most solid grounds of humanity and social policy.

1. Nothing must be done to relieve of their legal obligations those who are bound by law to support the infirm poor. Wherever a poor law is established, it must, we conceive, be fully and fairly enforced against those liable in relief, to the extent of what is imposed upon them. In no other way will selfish or thoughtless men be taught a due interest in the social condition of their neighbours, and make the necessary exertion to raise or preserve them from a state of pauperism, the effects of which they are themselves to feel in their only sensitive part.

2. It must be a rule, all but inflexible, that the able-bodied, receiving relief, shall give, at the time, or engage to give afterwards, a corresponding amount of labour in return; and that engagement must be strictly enforced. This rule is not necessary merely for the purpose of economising the fund, and benefiting the public by useful employment. It is essential

for preserving the destitute both from the feeling, and from the reality, of that degradation which attends on eating the bread of idleness. We believe that much mischief was done, in 1837, by exonerating those who had obtained aid from the obligations of labour which they had undertaken, and which we know, in some districts, broke down all the restraints of self-respect, and implanted a spirit of dependence and mendicity, even in persons of a decent station. The evils of famine itself are great,—its moral no less than its physical effects are fearfully destructive. But the injury done is hardly less when the poor are deprived, by gratuitous and reckless largesses, of those habits of industry, independence, and self-respect, which are their best possessions, and their only means of rightly bearing their lot or raising themselves in the scale of existence.

3. A peculiar portion of the population, consisting chiefly of solitary females unfit for active employment, and yet not sufficiently disabled to be objects of parochial aid, will require a humane and indulgent consideration. The Committees hitherto seem to have advanced them little stores of wool and flax, to enable them to give some return for their support; and a great deal of meritorious exertion has in this way been fostered. We presume that at least to a certain extent this humane system may be continued.

4. Another obvious and incalculable boon will be conferred on the country, if we can bridge over the chasm that has hitherto divided the Highlands and Islands from the labour markets of the south. It was indeed a strange anomaly, that strong men should be lying down to die in the Isles, or even on the mainland of Scotland, and that within two or three hundred miles of their homes, and on Scottish soil, there should be a want of labourers, and the easy means of earning ample wages. This appears to us one of the great objects to be now consulted, and to which the attention of the Board has already been anxiously directed: to remove the obstacles that have existed to a free intercourse between different parts of the country, and more particularly between the Saxon and Celtic districts. There are many

causes that combine to fix a Highlander to his home, even in the midst of misery. Among these are ignorance of better things, and that strangeness and helplessness, produced by a change of scene, which half-civilised men are apt to feel with almost the timidity of children. The diversity of the Highland and the Lowland tongue is another impediment, but one which is daily disappearing, and is never so likely to vanish as under the pressure of necessity. The very virtues of the Highland character contribute to keep them where they are, and are assisted in doing so by some of those defects which are akin to their good qualities. Their patient endurance of cold and privation co-operates with the congenial tendency towards indolence, to fix them in a state of miserable inaction, rather than submit to the active exertion that would increase their comforts. Every thing will now combine to overcome these difficulties; the *res angusta domi* will now be vividly felt, if it can ever be felt at all; while fortunately both the benevolence and the necessities, both the wishes and the interests of their Lowland neighbours, concur in desiring that a new supply should be obtained from that quarter, in aid of what the south itself affords. Not only railways now forming, but also the great amount of draining operations contemplated, or already in progress under recent enactments, must tend in an eminent degree to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed districts, if a free current of labour can be established, so as to redress the inequalities prevailing in different places. The labour market may not be so favourable this year as it was last, but it will still, we hope, be sufficiently so for this purpose.

We have a strong impression that a change of this kind, if prudently brought about without deranging local agriculture, will of itself do a great deal for the permanent relief of those localities where distress now prevails. Labourers thus obtained may in some respects be inferior, from want of skill, and even from want of strength. But our Highland countrymen have recommendations in their sober and orderly habits, which are not to be found in some of their competitors in

the labour-market. Even railway contractors, though not likely to be swayed, except by economical views, are beginning to tire of the scenes of disorder and disturbance too frequently exhibited by workmen from other quarters. If the natives of the Scottish Highlands can be fairly roused to exertion, at a distance from home, their characters will be improved, and their views enlarged. They will begin to taste the benefits of better subsistence, and of some command of money; and their frugal habits, as well as their kindly affections, will communicate the advantage and spread the example among their suffering countrymen whom they have left behind.

This resource, then, must be pressed by the Board with the whole force of their influence, upon all the able-bodied in the distressed districts who can with propriety be required to leave their localities; and we should not quarrel with a very strict administration of wholesome compulsion to effect so essential an object.

5. The most difficult and delicate duty which the Relief Board will have to discharge, regards the selection of works to be undertaken or sanctioned by them, as affording employment for those destitute persons whom they must relieve on the spot. It must here be kept in view, on the one hand, that the permanent improvement of the Highlands is no proper or direct object of the subscriptions received. On the other hand, it will clearly be necessary, after every attempt to remove labourers to the south, that some work should be provided in each locality, on which those persons may be employed who cannot be so removed, and who yet stand in need of relief. It would be mischievous and wasteful to relieve such persons without exacting labour from them, and just as reprehensible to employ them in digging holes and filling them up again, or in any other occupation equally useless and unproductive. If their work is to be obtained, it should be directed into some channel that will benefit themselves and the community. Public roads, harbours, piers, breakwaters, and the like, appear an obvious outlet for the labour thus placed at the command

of the Board; and we are not even averse, within certain limits, to admitting their exertions in the improvement of their own crops, provided, at least, the benefit thence arising be secured to the occupant by some reasonable tenure, and that no continuance is thus effected of an improper system of occupation. It seems no objection to such operations that proprietors will indirectly benefit by them. It is impossible to devise any local work that is not open to the same objection, which would indeed be insuperable, if it were proposed to expend the money on local improvements as a direct and substantive object. But where the relief must be given, and the work is only to be taken to the extent of the relief, and as a return for it, we think almost any employment better than none, as we know no evil that can outweigh the moral mischief arising from gratuitous distribution. At the same time, the Board must require the co-operation of proprietors whenever they can, and must insist for such terms as the circumstances of each case may recommend.

Guarded by some such principles of action, we anticipate that the relief operations in Scotland will, on the whole, be attended with no small degree of moral as well as of physical benefit.

The subject of Emigration is too large and complicated to be now discussed. That remedy is perhaps essential to the thorough cure of the social disorders prevailing in the Highlands. But it must not be rashly resorted to; nor can it ever be safe or effectual without the cordial co-operation of the government.

The operation and effects of the calamity with which so large a portion of Scotland has now been visited, cannot be suffered to pass away without an effort to extract from them a moral law and a moral lesson for our future guidance.

It is obvious that the suffering which has been felt, arises from the social system being in so great a degree based upon the potato culture. The dependence of the great bulk of the destitute population on a plant which, though more productive of mere sustenance than any other, yet

stands lowest in the scale of all our articles of food, is demonstrated by the distress that has been occasioned by the failure of that crop, and is indeed implied in all the exertions that have been made to give relief. This is obviously an unsound foundation for social life. It places the labouring classes on the very border of starvation, and leaves no margin whatever for any contingencies. On the failure of the potato, the ground can only be applied to the cultivation of other produce, which on the same space would yield a far inferior quantity of food, and thus a large portion of the year is left unprovided for.

It is impossible to exclude from consideration at this time the important question of the state of the Scotch Poor Law. On this momentous subject we beg leave explicitly to decline at present any announcement of opinion; and we confess that we do not think a season of calamity is at all the proper period for legislating on a matter which involves so much feeling, and which yet requires such grave consideration, and so much cautious arrangement. It cannot, however, be denied, that the events which we have lately witnessed afford important elements and examples which must influence any opinion that we may form, and which should be treasured up as materials for ultimately arriving at a sound conclusion.

No one desirous of making up his mind on this point will fail to consult, on one side of this question, the very able "Observations" * which have just appeared from the pen of Dr Alison, and to which, without adopting all the writer's views, we have great pleasure in directing attention, as to a most powerful and temperate argument in favour of an able-bodied Poor Law. If talents of a very high order, if an enlarged and enlightened experience, and a long consideration of the subject,—if a life passed, whether professionally or in private, in the exercise of the most active and disinterested benevolence,—if these qualifications entitle a witness to be heard in such a cause, Dr Alison may

well claim for his opinions the greatest deference and respect: and the logical precision, and clear and candid statement, which this essay exhibits, will secure even from his opponents a ready and cordial approbation. Again we say, that we do not wish to adopt his arguments as our own, but we willingly contribute to embody them in a more permanent form, and to offer them to the attention of our readers, that they may prevail, if they cannot be answered, or may receive an answer, if an answer can be given.

The general nature of Dr Alison's views will be understood by quoting his table of contents, which contains a synopsis of his argument:

"All questions regarding Poverty and Destitution are inseparably connected with the Theory of Population, i. e., the observation of the conditions by which Population is regulated;—the best system of Management of the Poor being that under which there is least redundancy of population.

"The unequivocal tests of a population being redundant, are Pestilence and Famine; these taking effect on such a population much more than on any other; and the experience of both, within the last few years in this country, proves unequivocally, that it is in those portions of it where there is no effective legal provision for the poor—not in those where there is such provision—that the population is redundant.

"The peculiar Fever of 1843, as well as ordinary Typhus, now prevail much more extensively among the destitute Irish, hitherto unprotected by law, than among any others—and the effect of all other predisposing causes, in favouring their diffusion, is trifling in comparison with Destitution, and its inseparable concomitant, crowding in ill-ventilated rooms.

"The Famine of 1846-7, consequent on the failure of the Potato Crop, (i. e. of the cheapest and poorest food on which life can be supported,) clearly reveals the parts of the country where the population is redundant; and this is throughout Ireland, until very lately absolutely without provision, and in 106 districts of Scotland, where, without exception, there has been no assessment and a nearly illusory legal provision for the poor.

* *Observations on the Famine of 1846-7 in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Ireland, as illustrating the connexion of the principle of population, with the management of the poor.* By W. P. ALISON, M.D., &c.

"These facts not only prove incontestably that an effective Poor Law does not foster redundant population, but justify the belief, that the absence of a legal provision against Destitution is a great and general predisposing cause, with which others have no doubt concurred, in producing such redundancy; and that the presence of such a provision greatly favours the checks upon it.

"This it may be distinctly observed to do in two ways—1. By keeping up the standard of comfort among the poor themselves; 2. By giving every proprietor of land a direct and obvious interest in constantly watching and habitually checking the growth of a *parasite* population, for whose labour there is no demand, on his property.

"The statement that the English Poor Rate increases more rapidly than the wealth and population of the country, and threatens to absorb that wealth, is statistically proved to be erroneous.

"The other accusation brought against an effective legal provision, that it injures the character of a people, and depresses the industry, and checks the improvement of a country, is equally opposed to statistical facts.

"The lower orders of the Highlanders and Irish—whose resource when destitute is mendicity, are much more disposed to idleness than the English labouring men.

"Yet this disposition among the Highlanders has been greatly exaggerated.

"Where it is most offensive, it is amongst those who have been most impoverished and neglected.

"The inquiries of the agents of the Relief Committees, as well as those of the Royal Commissioners on the Poor Laws, have proved,—

"1. That there has been a great deficiency in the application of capital and skill to develop the resources of the Highlands and Islands.

"2. That the skilful application, even of a moderate capital, to various undertakings requiring labour, opens a prospect of great improvement in the country. These resources existing, the inference is inevitable, that if the higher ranks in the Highlands are bound to support their poor, they can and will, in general, find "remunerative employment" for them rather than maintain them in idleness.

"And the observations of the agents of the Committees, dispensing a voluntary fund, but guarding it—as a well-regulated relief would be guarded,—by the 'Labour Test,' therefore afford-

ing an earnest of what may be expected from the habitual operation of such a Law,—have shewn that, under its influence, the 'aboriginal idleness' of the Highlanders rapidly disappears.

"The principle that an effective legal provision against all kinds of destitution is useful to a country, as a wholesome stimulus both to capitalists and labourers, is clearly stated by Sir Robert Peel, and now recognised and acted on in reference to Ireland.

"The evidence of the resources of Ireland, in the absence of that stimulus, having been very imperfectly developed,—from the Report of the Committee on the occupation of lands, and other sources,—is just similar to that in the Highlands.

"And the effect of an incipient Poor-Rate in forcing on profitable improvements, as well as in equalising the burden imposed on the higher ranks by the destitution of the lower, begins to show itself in Ireland unequivocally.

"There are probably some districts both in the Highlands and in Ireland, where 'profitable investments of labour' cannot be found, which can only be effectually relieved by emigration and colonisation.

"To which purpose, in the case of the Highlands, the surplus funds in the hands of the Relief Committee, and even an additional subscription, may be very properly applied, provided that the districts requiring it are pointed out by their own agents, and that the wholesome stimulus of an effective Poor Law, embracing the case of destitution from want of employment, now existing in all other parts of her Majesty's dominions, be extended to Scotland.

We make no apology for the copiousness of the extracts which we are now to make, and which, we think, will sufficiently explain themselves without much commentary from us.

Nothing can be fairer than the footing on which Dr Allison places his argument at the outset.

"Very little reflection appears to be sufficient to show, that the best system of management of the poor (*ceteris paribus*) must be that which gives the encouragement to redundancy of population. I have always regarded, till the doctrine of Malthus—by which such questions are held to be inseparably connected with the theory of population—to be the true basis of all sound inquiry on this subject; and I help saying again, that in con-

of some hasty expressions which he used, and of the great practical error, which, as I believe, and as he himself evidently suspected in the latter part of his life, he had committed in the application of his principle, justice has not yet been generally done to the truth and importance of that fundamental principle itself. In the present state of this country, and indeed of every civilised country, and with a view to the happiness of the human race upon earth, it seems hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of any inquiries which promise to indicate the conditions by which the relation of the population to the demand for labour, and the means of subsistence there existing, is determined, and may be regulated.

"We cannot indeed expect, that so striking results can follow from this or any other principle in political science, as have already rewarded the labour of man in investigating the laws of the material world. The beautiful expressions of Cicero, in describing the power which man has acquired over Nature, are more applicable to the present age, than to any one that has preceded it. '*Nos campis, nos montibus fruimur; nostri sunt amnes, nostri lacus; nos fruges serimus, nos arbores; nos aquarum inductionibus terris fecunditatem damus; nos flumina arcemus, dirigimus, avertimus; nostris denique manibus in rerum naturâ quasi alteram naturam efficere conamur.*' We can hardly anticipate, that science shall acquire a similar power of regulating the condition of human society or the progress of human affairs. In regard to the changes which these affairs undergo in the progress of time, we are all of us agents, rather than contrivers. '*L'homme avance dans l'exécution d'un plan qu'il n'a point conçu, qu'il ne connoit même pas; il est l'ouvrier intelligent et libre d'une œuvre qui n'est pas la sienne; il ne la reconnoit, ne la comprend que plus tard, lorsqu'elle se manifeste au dehors et dans les réalités, et même alors il ne la comprend que très incomplètement.*'"—(Guizot.) Still we may observe, that in all applications of science, moral and political, as well as physical, to the good of mankind, the same principle holds true, '*Natura non vincitur nisi parendo;*' and that even in those cases where man is the agent, he may likewise be the interpreter and the minister of Nature. It is only by acquiring a knowledge of the natural laws of motion, of heat, of chemical action, that we acquire that power, '*quasi alteram naturam efficere,*' which Cicero describes; and those events which are due to the agency of free, and intelligent, and rea-

sonable human beings, although liable to the influence of a greater number of disturbing forces, and therefore requiring careful investigation, are still subject to laws, which are imposed on the constitution of the human race, and which may be ascertained by observations belonging to the department of statistical science.

"That the natural tendency of the human race is to increase on any given portion, or on the whole of the earth's surface, in a much more rapid ratio than the means of subsistence can be made to increase, I apprehend to be an undeniable fact. I am aware of various objections which have been stated to this principle, but shall not enter on these objections farther than to state, that two considerations appear to me to have been overlooked by those who have advanced them. *First*, That the term '*means of subsistence,*' is not to be restricted to the raising from the land of articles of food, but applies to the extraction from the earth's surface, and the preparation for the use of man, of all productions of Nature, which are either necessary to human existence or adapted for human comfort, and which have, therefore, an exchangeable value;—*secondly*, that the question regarding these, which concerns us in this inquiry, is not how much a given number of men may raise, but how much a given portion of the earth's surface can supply; and what relation this quantity bears to the power of reproduction granted to the human race. When these considerations are kept in view, it does not appear to me that the objections to the general principle laid down by Malthus are of any weight; and the truth of the principle appears to be strongly illustrated by the care taken by Nature to have a certain number of carnivorous genera, in every order of animals, and among the animated inhabitants of every portion of the earth's surface, whereby the tendency to excess in every class of animals is continually checked and repressed. And although it is certain that the causes of human suffering of all sorts, as of human diseases, are very generally complex, yet we may certainly assert, that this principle is essentially concerned, as a great and permanent predisposing cause, in all those sufferings which result from poverty, and must be carefully kept in view in all wise regulations for their relief.

"Neither is it incumbent on those who acquiesce in this general principle, to assert that the natural checks on this tendency to excessive reproduction in the human race have been well named or fully expounded by Malthus. But the

great distinction which he pointed out, of the *positive* and the *preventive* checks on population, is undoubtedly of extreme importance. And in regard to the positive checks, by which it is easy to see that the progress of the human race upon earth has been hitherto rendered so very different from what might have been expected from its powers of reproduction, — when we reflect on the effects of War, of Disease of all kinds, and especially of Pestilence, of Famine, of Vice, of Polygamy, of Tyranny, and misgovernment of all kinds, — while we can easily perceive that all these may be ultimately instruments of good in the hands of Him who can ‘make even the wrath of man to praise Him,’ — yet we must acknowledge that all, if not properly ranked together under the general name of Misery, are yet causes of human suffering, — so general, and so great, that the most meritorious of all exertions of the human mind are those, which are directed to the object of counteracting and limiting the action of these positive checks on population; and on this consideration it is wise for us to reflect deeply, because it is thus only that we can judge of the value of the great preventive check of Moral Restraint, by which alone the human race can be duly proportioned to the means of subsistence provided for it, without suffering the evils which are involved in the operation of the different positive checks above enumerated.

“I consider, therefore, the general principles of Malthus as not only true, but so important, that the exposition and illustration of them is a real and lasting benefit to mankind. The real error of Malthus lay simply in his supposing, that moral restraint is necessarily or generally weakened by a legal provision against destitution; and this is no part of his general theory, but was, as I maintain, a hypothetical assumption, by which he thought that his theory was made applicable in practice. His argument against Poor Laws was this syllogism: Whatever weakens the moral restraint on population must ultimately injure a people; but a legal protection against destitution weakens that moral restraint; therefore Poor Laws, giving that legal protection, must ultimately injure any people among whom they are enforced. The answer, as I conceive, is simply ‘Negatur minor.’ How do you know that a legal protection against destitution must necessarily weaken moral restraint? The only answer that I have ever seen, amounts only to an *assertion* or *conjecture*, that more young persons will marry, when they know that they may

claim from the law protection against death by cold and hunger, than when they have no such protection. But this is only an *opinion*, supported perhaps by reference to a few individual cases, but resting on no foundation of statistical facts. Where are the facts to prove that early marriages are more frequent, and that population becomes more redundant, among those who have a legal provision against destitution, than among those who have none? I have never seen any such facts, on such a scale as is obviously necessary to avoid the fallacies attending individual observations; and the facts to which I have now to advert, are on a scale, the extent of which we must all deplore, and all tending, like many others formerly stated, to prove that the greatest redundancy of population in her Majesty’s dominions exists among those portions of her subjects who have hitherto enjoyed *no legal protection* against destitution. As it is generally avowed that it is for the sake of the poor themselves, — with a view to their ultimate preservation from the evils of destitution, — that the law giving them protection in the meantime is opposed, these facts must be regarded as decisive of the question.”

It will not generally be disputed that a correct view of the main cause of distress is contained in what follows:—

“The famine, consequent on the failure of the potato crop in 1846, considered independently of disease, presents a still more remarkable collection of facts, the proper view of which appears to me to be this. The potato is an article of diet throughout the whole of this country, particularly useful to the working classes, and its importance to them seems to be fully illustrated by the pretty frequent occurrence of scurvy in many places, where it had been unknown for more than a century, since the beginning of the winter 1846-7, — that is, since the use of the potato has been necessarily nearly abandoned.

“But it is only in certain districts that the people have been absolutely dependent on the potato, and been reduced to absolute destitution by its failure; and the reason obviously is, that the potato, although much less desirable, as the chief article of diet, than many others, is that by which the greatest number of persons may be fed from a given quantity of land in this climate. When we find a population, therefore, living chiefly on potatoes, and reduced to absolute destitution, unable to purchase other food, when the

potato crop fails,—we have at once disclosed to us the undeniable fact, that that population is redundant. It is greater than can be maintained in that district, otherwise than on the poorest diet by which life can be supported, and greater than the labour usually done in that district demands. Now I formerly stated, that such a redundant population, living, as a foreign author expresses it, ‘*en parasite*,’ on the working people of the country, exists most remarkably in Scotland, in districts where no poor-law is enforced; and I have now only to show how amply that statement is confirmed by the facts which the present famine in some parts of Scotland has brought to light.”

Whatever be its merits, the argument for a comprehensive Poor Law is placed on its true basis in the following passages:—

“If it be still said, that there is a difficulty in perceiving how the natural increase of population should be restrained,—implying that marriages should in general be rendered later and less productive,—by laws which give protection against destitution, I can only repeat what I formerly stated, that in order to understand this, it is only necessary to suppose, what is quite in accordance with individual observation, that human conduct, and particularly the conduct of young persons, is more generally influenced by hope than by fear,—that more are deterred from early and imprudent marriages by the hope and prospect of maintaining and bettering their condition in life, than by the fear of absolute destitution. The examples of the Highlands and of Ireland are more than enough to show, that this last is not a motive on which the legislator can place reliance, as influencing the conduct of young persons in extreme poverty. No legislation can take from them the resource of mendicity, of one kind or another, as a safeguard, in ordinary circumstances, against death by famine; and experience shows that those who are brought up in habits of mendicity, or of continued association with mendicants, will trust to this resource, and marry and rear families, where no other prospect of their maintenance can be perceived; whereas those who have been brought up in habits of comparative comfort, and accustomed to artificial wants, will look to bettering their condition, and be influenced by the preventive check of moral restraint, to a degree, as Mr Farr—judging from the general results of the registration of marriages in England—expresses it, which

‘will hardly be credited when stated in figures.’

“I have repeatedly stated likewise, that I consider an efficient poor law, extending to all forms of destitution, as affording a salutary preventive check on early marriages and excessive population in another way, which is easily illustrated by statistical facts, viz. by making it obviously the interest of landed proprietors always to throw obstacles in the way of such marriages among persons who are likely to become burdensome on the poor rates, i. e. among all who have no clear prospect of profitable employment. The number of crofters, and still more of cottagers, living *en parasite* on the occupiers of the soil in the Highlands, is the theme of continual lamentation; but the question seldom occurs to those who make this complaint,—would such a population be allowed to settle on the lands of an English proprietor, who is familiar with the operation of the poor-rate?”

The following remarks also are well deserving of attention:—

“But, setting aside the argument of Malthus against effective Poor Laws, the chief resource of the opponents of such laws has of late years been the assertion, that a legal provision against destitution leads naturally to relaxation of industry; that idleness, if not improvidence, is thus fostered among the poor, and that in this manner, the improvement of a country, necessarily dependent on the industry of its lower orders, is retarded. I have always maintained, that this assertion likewise is distinctly refuted, and not only that it is refuted, but the very contrary established, by statistical facts; that it is indeed made in face of the demonstrable fact, that the nations most celebrated for industry have long enjoyed a legal protection against destitution; that the people of England, speaking generally, are probably, to use the words of Lord Abinger,—‘the most trustworthy and effective labourers in the world,’ and that the greatest degree of idleness to be seen on the face of the earth exists among people who have no such protection; whose only resource, therefore, when destitute, is mendicity.”

Dr Alison endeavours to show that wherever the *labour test* is applied, an able-bodied Poor Law is disarmed of its apparent dangers.

“Where the bounty dispensed by Dr Boyter and Captain Elliott has been combined with ‘strict attention to the rules laid down by the Central Relief Board,’ (which are exactly similar to those which

would be adopted by any experienced official Board dispensing legal relief to the able-bodied under the safeguard of the labour test,) its effects in stimulating the industry of the people, and improving the prospects of the country, appear to have been uniform and decided. And when it is remembered that, notwithstanding the failure of the potato crop, and consequent destitution of so large a population in the Highlands, the Relief Committees have been not only able to prevent any death by famine, but to open in so many places a fair prospect of improvement of the country, and of reformation of the manners of the people, at an expense in all not exceeding £100,000, it is surely not unreasonable to expect, that in ordinary seasons, and after some further assistance shall have been given them for the purpose of emigration, the proprietors of the Highlands and Islands will be perfectly able to bear a similar burden to that which the legislature has now imposed on Ireland.

"I observe with the utmost satisfaction that the principle of a Poor Law, skillfully imposed and judiciously regulated, and extending to *all kinds* of destitution, being a useful stimulus, both to the industry of the people, and to the exertions of the landlords and other capitalists of a country, (and a reasonable security to others assisting them,) has now been fairly recognised and acted on, in reference to Ireland. It is distinctly avowed in the following extract from Sir Robert Peel's speech at Tamworth, 1st June 1847. 'We have experience of the evils of periodical returns of destitution in Ireland; we see periodically a million or a million and a half of people absolutely in a starving state,—in a state which is disgraceful, while it is dangerous to the security of life and property. I believe it is a great point to give security to those people that they shall not starve,—that they shall have a demand upon the land. I believe it is necessary to give a new stimulus to industry,—to impress upon the proprietors and the occupying tenants, that they must look on the cultivation of the land in a new light; and that the demands of poverty will not be so great when all persons do all that they can to lighten the pressure.'

We shall quote only a part of Dr Alison's observations on Ireland, but they contain information of some interest.

"In proof that the natural resources of Ireland, in the absence of this stimulus, have been equally neglected as those of the Highlands, I may quote a few sen-

tences from the official Report of the Commission on the Occupation of Lands in Ireland. 'The general tenor of the evidence before the Commissioners goes to prove, that the agricultural practice throughout Ireland is defective in the highest degree, and furnishes the most encouraging proofs, that where judicious exertions have been made to improve the condition and texture of the soil, and introduce a better selection and rotation of crops, these exertions have been attended with the most striking success and profit.' 'The lands in almost every district require drainage; drainage and deep moving of the lands have proved most remunerative operations wherever they have been applied, but as yet they have been introduced only to a very limited extent; and the most valuable crops, and most profitable rotations, cannot be adopted in wet lands.' (See Report of that Commission in London newspapers, Sept. 3, 1847.)

"The Commission above mentioned stated as their opinion, that the potato may perhaps be regarded as the main cause of that inertia of the Irish character, which prevents the development of the resources of the country; but with all deference to that opinion, I would observe, that in this case, as in the Highlands, the fundamental evil appears to be, the existence of a population, such as nothing but the potato can support, who 'cannot find employment,' as these commissioners themselves state, 'during several months of the year,' and therefore cannot afford to purchase any food, and whose only resource cannot find employment, is that it is the absence of skill to give them work, rather than sense of the potato to keep them which ought chiefly to fix the minds of those who wish to see the resources of the country developed. And with giving any opinion on the question, how far it is just or expedient for Great Britain to give further assistance by advances of money, to the improvement of Ireland, we may at least repeat here what was stated as to the Highlands, that when it becomes the clear and obvious interest of every proprietor in a country, to introduce can with the specific object of the poor, as well as improve we may expect, such improvements as will be profitable to the labour, will be prosecuted, else, that the land will pass into other hands, more capable of developing resources."

"When we read and

statements, I think it must occur to every one, that whatever other auxiliary measures may be devised, the greatest boon that has been conferred on Ireland in our time, is the Law which has not only given a security, never known before, for the lives of the poor, but has made that motive to exertion, and to the application of capital to 'profitable investments of industry,' which is here distinctly avowed, equally operative on the proprietors of land in every Poor Law union in that country, and in all time coming; and I believe I may add, that the individual to whom Ireland is chiefly indebted for this inestimable boon, is one whose name we do not find connected with any of the questions of religion or of party politics, which have caused so much useless excitement; but who has distinctly perceived the root of the evil,—the absence of any security, either for the lives of the poor, or for the useful application of capital to the employment of labour, and has applied himself patiently and steadily to the legitimate remedy,—viz. Mr Poulett Scrope.

"It is true that we have many representations, from Poor Law unions in Ireland, of the utter inability of the proprietors and occupiers of the soil to bear the burden which the new Poor Law has imposed upon them; and I give no opinion on the questions, whether they have a claim in equity on further assistance from England, or whether the rate has been imposed in the most judicious way. But when it is said, that they are utterly unable to support the poor of Ireland by a rate, the question presents itself—How do they propose that those poor are to be supported without a rate? I apprehend it can only be by begging; and of whom are they to beg? It can only be from the occupiers of the soil, and other inhabitants of the country. Now, will the ability of those inhabitants to bear this burden be lessened by a law which will, in one way or other, compel the landlords (often absentees) to share it along with them?—and will, at the same time, make it the obvious interest of the landlords to introduce capital into the country, and expend it there in 'remunerative employment?'"

"On the present state of Ireland I can speak with some confidence, because I can give the opinion of a friend, the Count de Strzelicki, who is well entitled to judge, because he was previously thoroughly acquainted with agriculture, and because he nobly undertook the painful office of dispensing the bounty of the London Association in the very worst district of Ireland, during the worst period of the famine; and who expresses himself

thus:—'The real evil and curse of Ireland is neither religious nor political, but lies simply in so many of the landlords being bankrupts, and so many of those who are well off being absentees; others again, equally well off, resident, judicious, benevolent, and far-sighted, being unsupported in their efforts, and isolated in their action upon the masses, who, long since cast away by the proprietary, have been dragging their miserable existence in recklessness, distrust, and rancour. It is this dislocation—even antagonism—of social interests and relations, combined with the *irresponsibility of the property for its poverty*, that constitutes the '*circus viciosus*,' the source of all the evils of this unfortunate and interesting country.

"But now, in consequence of the new Poor Law, and other new enactments of Parliament, those who have a real interest in the preservation of their property, will be forced to look, as they never did before, to the improvement of their tenantry. Those who are insolvent must part with the nominal tenure of land, and leave their estates to capitalists who can better discharge the duty of landlords; and lastly, the masses, who hitherto had been abandoned to themselves and to their brutal instinct for self-preservation, will find henceforth their interest linked with that of the landlord, and will find advice, help, encouragement, and, in extreme cases, a legal support.

"Every real friend of Ireland, and particularly those who, like myself, have had an insight into the many excellent intellectual and moral qualities of their character, while sympathising with the hardships which at first will be felt by many from the new system, cannot but acknowledge that it is only now that its society is being placed on its proper basis, and in a fair way to amelioration and prosperity."

"This opinion was given in a letter to a common friend, and without reference to any speculation of mine as to the management of the poor. In a subsequent letter to myself he adds, 'It is only since I came to Ireland that I have become conscious of the real value of a legal provision for the poor, and of the demoralising effect of private alms. Already we see some good symptoms of the action of the new Poor Law. It is by the provision made to employ men, and not by feeding them, that the operation of the law begins. The out-door relief will, I am sure, act not as a premium to idleness, but as a stimulus to landlords to supply labour, and thus prevent the people from falling on it.'"

On the absolute or eventual neces-

sity of emigration, Dr Alison's views seem to be sound and satisfactory.

"That there are some parts of the Highlands which may be relieved more rapidly and effectually by aid of some form of emigration than in any other way, I have no doubt. In many such cases it is probably unnecessary to remove the people farther than to those parts of the low country, where, by a little well directed inquiry, employment may be found for them, as was done by the Glasgow 'Committee on Employment;' but in others it is quite certain that emigration to the colonies may be safely and beneficially managed. And the importance of this subject becomes much greater when we consider, that so large a surplus remains of the sum raised for the relief of distress there, the disposal of which is at this moment a question of difficulty. I am so much impressed with the truth of the last observation of Dr Boyter, as applicable to certain districts of the Highlands, that I should think it highly advisable to apply the greater part, or even the whole, of this surplus of £115,000 to this salutary drainage of the population. An equal sum might be advanced by Government, to be gradually repaid, just as in the case of assistance given to proprietors by the Drainage Act; and the whole sum might be expended in aiding emigration and such colonisation as Dr Boyter describes. Nay, I am persuaded that few of the subscribers to the Highland Destitution Fund would scruple to renew their subscriptions, provided they had any security that the Highland proprietors, thus relieved of a portion of their population, would really exert themselves to develop the resources now known to exist in their country, and so maintain the remainder without farther claims on the rest of the community. But I cannot think it reasonable or right, that while we have periodical returns of destitution in the Highlands, demanding aid from all parts of the country and from the colonies, to prevent many deaths by famine, a Highland proprietor should be enabled to advertise a property for sale, at the upset price of £48,000, and to state as an inducement to purchasers, that the whole public burdens are £40 a-year. (See advertisement of sale of lands in Skye, *Edinburgh Courant*, Sept. 16, 1847.) I should think it highly imprudent for the Committee intrusted with that money for the benefit of the poor in the Highlands, to part with it for any kind of emigration, excepting on two express conditions: 1. That agents appointed by the Committee, unprejudiced and disinterested, (and probably better

judges on the point than Captain Elliott and Dr Boyter cannot be found,) shall report on the localities in which this remedy should be applied, in consequence of "profitable investments of industry" not existing at home; and, 2. That application be made to the Legislature for a measure, which should place the remaining portion of the Highlanders under the circumstances which are known by experience to be most favourable to the development of the resources of a country, and at the same time to the action of the preventive check on excessive population, i. e., under the operation of an effective and judicious Legal Provision for the Poor.

The following sentences form an impressive conclusion to this valuable dissertation.

"I have only to add, that being firmly convinced that a well-regulated Poor Law is really, as stated by Sir Robert Peel, a wholesome stimulus to enterprise and industry, and a check upon extravagance and improvidence, I have written this paper to prove,—by evidence on so large a scale, that it excludes all fallacies attending individual cases, and ought to command conviction,—that it is only in those parts of this country where this salutary precaution has been neglected, that such periodical returns of destitution and famine, as he describes, have been suffered or are to be apprehended. But, as it is obviously essential to this beneficial effect of a Poor Law, that it should secure relief to *destitution from want of work*, the practical result of all that has been stated is, to confirm the arguments which I formerly adduced in favour of the extension of a legal right to relief to the able-bodied in Scotland, when destitute from that cause;—guarded of course by the exaction of work in return for it when there are no means of applying, or when such exaction is thought better than applying, the workhouse test. And notwithstanding the strong feeling of distrust (or prejudice, as I believe it) which still exists among many respectable persons on this point, I confidently expect that this right,—now granted to the inhabitants of every other part of her Majesty's European dominions, and soon to be accompanied, as I hope, in all parts, by an improved law of settlement, i. e., by combinations or unions instead of parishes,—cannot be much longer withheld from the inhabitants of Scotland.

Nor can I doubt that the intelligent people of this country, seriously reflecting on the lessons which have been taught them by those two appalling but instructive

time visitations of Providence,—pestilence and famine—will soon perceive, whether it is by the aid or without the aid of an effective legal provision against destitution, that the sacred duty of charity is most effectually performed; and what are the consequences to all ranks of society which follow from its being neglected.

Magna est veritas et prævalebit.

It is right that views so important and so ably stated, and which are obviously prompted by so pure a spirit of philanthropy and true piety, should receive the full weight that they are entitled to; and should be canvassed and considered by all who feel an interest in the question.

On the other hand, there are obvious considerations of an opposite kind which should be fairly weighed. Independently of the general arguments against an able-bodied Poor Law, with which political economists are familiar, the special question arises, whether the Highlands of Scotland have not been brought into their existing condition partly by the peculiarities of national character, and partly by the transition that is now in progress from a system of ancient vassalage to more modern ideas of calculation and independence. The patriarchal state which prevailed under the old habits of clanship is now at an end, so far as regards the proprietors, who are unable to maintain or govern their retainers as of old, while the population generally continue in their former condition of helpless tutelage, and must now be taught to act and provide for themselves. The Lowlands of Scotland, though not possessing an able-bodied Poor Law, are free from those evils by which the Highlands are afflicted, and the population are scarcely, if at all, in an inferior state to the corresponding portion of the English nation.

Further, there arises the very grave consideration, that whatever may be the abstract or original merits of an

able-bodied Poor Law, the introduction of such a system in an advanced state of society is a matter of great delicacy, and may, from the very novelty of its operation, often lead to utter idleness on the one hand, and confiscation on the other. It ought not, in any view, to be attempted, without being accompanied by some well digested plan of public colonisation, to relieve the pressure which might otherwise overpower the resources of all who are to be burdened.

We would say, in conclusion, that whatever may be the state of this argument, it lies in a great degree with the proprietors in the Highlands and Islands to avert the threatened evil, if they consider it as such, by a gradual but entire change in the system of the occupation of land. The great argument we have seen for an able-bodied Poor Law is, that it compels the proprietary classes to keep down the population by a feeling of self-interest. This object must, in some way or other, be attained. Without harshness, without any sudden removals, every opportunity must be sought of remodelling the plan of small possessions, and the principle must be laid down and enforced, that no one shall continue in the condition of a tenant who does not occupy enough of ground to raise, at least, an *ample corn crop* for the support of his family. If the potato system continues,—if, after the present calamity passes away, its lessons are forgotten, it is not probable that the benevolence of the public would again be equally liberal as it has now been, where the visitation was so sudden and unexpected, and no clear or unequivocal warning of its approach had previously been received.

We hope, however, for better things; and trust that the present crisis will be duly improved, and will form a new era of prosperity and increased civilisation and happiness for the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXVI.

DECEMBER, 1847.

VOL. LXII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET;
AND 37, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

least, it must be described by those who are accustomed to think that a peculiar mystery attached to one phenomenon of nature more than another, is essentially poetic. Several poets, our Campbell amongst the number, have complained that the laws of optics have disenchanted the rainbow; but the analysis of Newton is poetry itself compared to that instance of the daring and levelling spirit of science which Franklin exhibited, when he proved the lightning to be plain electricity; took the bolts of Jupiter, analysed them, bottled them in Leyden jars, and experimented on them as with the sparks of his own electrical machine.

As the first efforts of American genius were in the paths of grave and searching inquiry, so, too, at this present moment, if we were called upon to point out amongst the works of our trans-Atlantic brethren, our compatriots still in language, the one which, above all others, displayed the undoubted marks of original genius,—it would be a prose work, and one of a philosophical character we should single out:—we should point to the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Americans are frequently heard to lament the absence of nationality in their literature. Perhaps no people are the first to perceive their own character reflected in the writings of one of their countrymen; this nationality is much more open to the observation of a foreigner. We are quite sure that no French or German critic could read the speculations of Emerson, without tracing in them the spirit of the nation to which this writer belongs. The new democracy of the New World is apparent, he would say, in the philosophy of one who yet is no democrat, and, in the ordinary sense of the word, no politician. For what is the prevailing spirit of his writings? Self-reliance, and the determination to see in the man of to-day, in his own, and in his neighbour's mind, the elements of all greatness. Whatever the most exalted characters of history, whatever the most opulent of literatures, has displayed or revealed, of action or of thought,—the germ of all lies within yourself. This is his frequent text.

What does he say of history? "I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day." He is, as he describes himself, "an endless seeker of truth, with no past at his back." He delights to raise the individual existing mind to the level, if not above the level, of all that has been thought or enacted. He will not endure the imposing claims of antiquity, of great nations, or of great names. "It is remarkable," he says, "that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not, in their stateliest pictures, in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for our betters, but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes, there we feel most at home. *All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner, feels to be true of himself.*"

Neither do the names of foreign cities, any more than of ancient nations, overawe or oppress him. Of travelling, he says, "I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins. Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home, I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up?) in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated.

My giant goes with me wherever I go."

In a still higher strain he writes, "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind, is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent." This passage is taken from the commencement of the Essay on History, and the essay entitled "Nature," opens with a similar sentiment. He disclaims the retrospective spirit of our age that would "put the living generation into masquerade out of the faded wardrobe of the past." He will not see through the eyes of others. "Why should not we also," he demands, "enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? The sun shines to-day also! Let us demand our own works, and laws, and worship."

In the Essay on Self-reliance—a title which might over-ride a great portion of his writings—he says: "Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history, our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work: but the things of life are the same to both: the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderberg, and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous: *did they wear out virtue?*" And in a more sublime mood he proceeds: "Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away,—means, teachers, texts, temples fall. Whence, then, this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul. . . . Man is timid and apologetic. He is

no longer upright. He dares not say 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses, or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose,—perfect in every moment of its existence. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he, too, lives with nature in the present, above time."

Surely these quotations alone—which we have made with the additional motive of introducing at once to our readers the happier style and manner of the American Philosopher—would bear out the French or German critic in their views of the nationality of this author. The spirit of the New World, and of a self-confident democracy, could not be more faithfully translated into the language of a high and abstract philosophy than it is here. We say that an air blowing from prairie and forest, and the New Western World, is felt in the tone and spirit of Emerson's writings; we do not intend to intimate that the opinions expressed in them are at all times such as might be anticipated from an American. Far from it. Mr Emerson regards the world from a peculiar point of view, that of an idealistic philosophy. Moreover, he is one of those wilful, capricious, though powerful thinkers, whose opinions it would not be very easy to anticipate, who balk all prediction, who defy augury.

For instance, a foreigner might naturally expect to find in the speculations of a New England philosopher, certain sanguine and enthusiastic views of the future condition of society. He will not find them here. Our idealist levels the past to the present, but he levels the future to the present also. If with him all that is old is new, so also all that is new is old. It is still the one great universal mind—like the great ocean—ebbing, flowing, in tempest now, and now in calm.

He will not join in the shout that sees a new sun rising on the world. For ourselves, (albeit little given to the too sanguine mood) we have more hope here than our author has expressed. We by no means subscribe to the following sentence. The measure of truth it expresses—and so well expresses—bears but a small proportion to the whole truth. "All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves. Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilised, it is christianised, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For every thing that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that his aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave. The civilised man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His notebooks impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a christianity (entrenched in establishments and forms) some vigour of wild virtue. *For every stoic*

was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?"

A French critic has designated Emerson the American Montaigne, struck, we presume by his independence of manner, and a certain egotism which when accompanied by genius is as attractive, as it is ludicrous without that accompaniment. An English reader will be occasionally reminded of the manner of Sir Thomas Brown, author of the "Religio Medici." Like Sir Thomas, he sometimes startles us by a *curiosity* of reflection, fitted to suggest and kindle thought, although to a dry logician it may seem a mere futility, or the idle play of imagination. Of course this similarity is to be traced only in single and detached passages; but we think we could select several quotations from the American writer which should pass off as choice morsels of Sir Thomas Brown, with one who was familiar with the strain of thought of the old Englishman, but whose memory was not of that formidable exactness as to render vain all attempt at imposition. Take the following for an instance:—"I hold our actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in the wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under foot, the lichen on the log. What do I know sympathetically, morally, of either of these worlds of life? As long as the Caucasian man—perhaps longer—these creatures have kept their council beside him, and there is no record of any word or sign that has passed from the one to the other. . . . I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-called history is. How many times we must say Rome, and Paris, and Constantinople. What does Rome know of rat or lizard? What are Olympiads and Consulates to these neighbouring systems of being?"

Or this:—"Why should we make it a point to disparage that man we are, and that form of being assigned to us? A good man is contented. I love and honour Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. I hold it more just to love the world of this hour, than the world of his hour. Nor can you, if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by saying 'he acted and thou stittest still.'

I see action to be good, when the need is, and sitting still to be also good. Epaminondas, if he was the man I take him for, would have sat still with joy and peace, if his lot had been mine. Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude. Why should we be busy-bodies, and superserviceable? Action and inaction are alike to the true. . . . Besides, why should we be cowed by the name of action? 'Tis a trick of the senses,—no more. We know that the ancestor of every action is a thought. The rich mind lies in the sun and sleeps, and is Nature. To think is to act."

Or if one were to put down the name of Sir Thomas Brown as the author of such a sentence as the following, are there many who would detect the cheat? "I like the silent church, before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary; so let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood?"

But Emerson is too original a mind to be either a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Brown. He lives, too, in quite another age, and moves in a higher region of philosophy than either of them. The utmost that can be said is, that he is of the same class of independent, original thinkers, somewhat wayward and fitful, who present no system, or none that is distinctly and logically set forth, but cast before us many isolated truths expressed in vivid, spontaneous eloquence.

This class of writers may be described as one whose members, though not deficient in the love of *truth*, are still more conspicuous for their love of *thought*. They crave intellectual excitement; they have a genuine, inexhaustible ardour of reflection. They are not writers of systems, for patience would fail them to traverse the more arid parts of their subject, or those where they have nothing new, nothing of their *own*, to put forth. The task of sifting and arranging materials that have passed a thousand times through the hands of others, does not accord

with their temperament. Neither are they fond of retracing their own steps, and renewing, from the same starting-place, the same inquiry. They are off to fresh pastures. They care not to be ruffling the leaves of the old manuscript, revising, qualifying, expunging. They would rather brave all sorts of contradictions and *go on*, satisfied that to an ingenuous reader their thoughts will ultimately wear a true and faithful aspect. They will not be hampered by their own utterances more than by other men's—"If you would be a man," says Emerson, "speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day." These headstrong sages, full of noble caprice, of lofty humours, often pour forth in their wild profusion a strange mixture of great truths and petty conceits—noble principles and paradoxes no better than conundrums. As we have said, they are lovers pre-eminently of thought. Full of the chase, they will sometimes run down the most paltry game with unmitigated ardour. Such writers are not so wise as their best wisdom, nor so foolish as their folly. When certain of the ancient sages who were in the habit of guessing boldly at the open riddle of nature, made, amidst twenty absurd conjectures, one that has proved to be correct, we do not therefore give them the credit of a scientific discovery. One of these wise men of antiquity said that the sea was a great fish; he asserted also that the moon was an opaque body, and considerably larger than she appears to be. He was right about the moon; he was wrong about the fish; but as he speculated on both subjects in the same hap-hazard style, we give him very little more credit in the one case than the other. Perhaps his theory which transformed the sea into a fish, was that on which he prided himself most. Something of the same kind, though very different in degree, takes place in our judgment upon certain moral speculators. When a man of exuberant thought utters in the fervour or the fever of his mind what *comes first*, his fragments of wisdom seem

as little to belong to him as his fragments of folly. The reader picks up, and carries off, what best pleases him, as if there were no owner there, as if it were treasure-trove, and he was entitled to it as first finder. He foregoes the accustomed habit of connecting his writer with the assemblage of thoughts presented to him, as their sole proprietor for the time being: "he cries halves," as Charles Lamb has said on some similar occasion, in whatever he pounces on.

The task of the critic on a writer of this class, becomes more than usually ungracious and irksome. He meets with a work abounding with traits of genius, and conspicuous also for its faults and imperfections. As a reader only, he gives himself up to the pleasure which the former of these inspire. Why should he disturb that pleasure by counting up the blemishes and errors? He sees, but passes rapidly over them; on the nobler passages he dwells, and to them alone he returns. But, as critic, he cannot resign himself entirely to this mood; or rather, after having resigned himself to it, after having enjoyed that only true perusal of a book in which we forget all but the truth we can extract from it, he must rouse himself to another and very different act of attention; he must note defects and blemishes, and caution against errors, and qualify his admiration by a recurrence to those very portions of the work which he before purposely hurried over.

We take up such a book as these *Essays of Emerson*. We are charmed with many delightful passages of racy eloquence, of original thought, of profound or of *naïve* reflection. What if there are barren pages? What if sometimes there is a thick entangled underwood through which there is no penetrating? We are patient. We can endure the one, and for the other obstacle, in military phrase, we can *turn* it. The page is moveable. We are not bound, like the boa-constrictor, to swallow all or none. Meanwhile, in all conscience, there is sufficient for one feast. There is excellence enough to occupy one's utmost attention; there is beauty to be carried away, and truth to be appropriated.

But more, from a single book, can

any one reasonably desire? But if the task of criticism be imposed upon us, we must, nevertheless, sacrifice this easy and complacent mood,—this merely receptive disposition; we must re-examine; we must cavil and object; we must question of obscurity why it should stand there darkening the road; we must refuse admittance to mere paradox; we must expose the trifling conceit or fanciful analogy that would erect itself into high places, and assume the air of novel and profound truth.

Some portion of this less agreeable duty we will at once perform, that we may afterwards the more freely and heartily devote ourselves to the more pleasant task of calling attention to the works of a man of genius,—for we suspect that Emerson is not known in this country as he deserves to be. With some who have heard his name coupled with that of Carlyle, he passes for a sort of echo or double of the English writer. A more independent and original thinker can nowhere in this age be found. This praise must, at all events, be awarded him. And even in America—which has not the reputation of generally overlooking, or underrating, the merits of her own children—we understand that the reputation of Emerson is by no means what it ought to be; and many critics there who are dissatisfied with merely imitative talent, and demand a man of genius *of their own*, are not aware that he stands there amongst them.

When we accuse Mr Emerson of obscurity, it is not obscurity of style that we mean. His style often rises—as our readers have had already opportunities of judging—into a vivid, terse, and graphic eloquence, agreeably tinged at times with a poetic colouring; and although he occasionally adopts certain inversions which are not customary in modern prose, he never lays himself open to the charge of being difficult or unintelligible. But there is an obscurity of thought—in the very matter of his writings—produced first by a vein of mysticism which runs throughout his works, and, secondly, by a manner he sometimes has of sweeping together into one paragraph a number of unsorted ideas, but scantily related to each other—

bringing up his drag-net with all manner of fish in it, and depositing it then and there before us.

Mysticism is a word often so vaguely and rashly applied, that we feel bound to explain the sense in which we use it. It is not because Mr Emerson is an idealist in his philosophy—what we are in the habit in the present day of describing as the German school of metaphysics, though he does not appear to have drawn his tenets from the Germans, and more frequently quotes the name of Plato than that of Kant or Hegel—it is not for this we pronounce him to be a mystic. Berkeley was no mystic. In support of this philosophy reasons may be adduced which appeal to the faculties, and are open to the examination of all men. We do not pronounce idealism to be mystical, but we pronounce him to be a mystic who upholds this, or any other philosophy, upon grounds of conviction not open to all rational men; whose convictions, in short, rest upon some profound intuition, some deep and peculiar source of knowledge, to which the great multitude of mankind are utter strangers. A man shall be an idealist, and welcome; we can discuss the matter with him, we can follow his reasonings, and if we cannot sustain ourselves in that nicely-balanced aerial position he has assumed, poised above the earth on a needle's point of faith, we can at least apprehend how the more subtle metaphysician has contrived to accomplish the feat. But the moment a man proclaims himself in the possession of any truth whatever, by an intuition of which we, and other men, find no traces in our own mind, then it is that we must, of force, abandon him to the sole enjoyment of an illumination we do not share, and which he cannot impart. We call him mystical, and he calls us blind, or sense-beclouded. We assume that he pretends to see where there is no vision, and no visual organ; he retorts that it is we, and the gross vulgar who have lost, or never attained, the high faculty of vision which he possesses. Whether it is Plato or Swedenborg, Pagan or Christian, who lays claim to this occult and oracular wisdom, we must proclaim it a delusion. It is in vain

to tell us that these men may be the *élite* of humanity, that they are thus signally favoured because they have more successfully cultivated their minds, both intellectually and morally, and purified them for the reception of a closer communion with the divine and all-sustaining and interpenetrating Intelligence, than is vouchsafed to the rest of mankind. We, who have nothing but our eyesight and our reason, we of the multitude who are not thus favoured, can, at all events, learn nothing from them. Whether above or beside human reason, they are equally remote from intellectual communion. We do not recognise their reason as reason, nor their truth as truth; and we call them mystics to express this unapproachable nature of their minds, this hopeless severance from intercommunion of thought, from even so much of contact as is requisite for the hostilities of controversy. These wisest of mankind are in the same predicament as the maddest of mankind; both believe that they are the only perfectly sane, and that all the rest of the world have lost their reason. The rest of the world hold the opposite opinion, and we are not aware that in either case there is any appeal but to the authority of numbers, to which, of course, neither the lunatic nor the mystic will submit.

We have frequent intimations in Mr Emerson's writings of this high intuitive source of truth. Take the following passage in the Essay on Self-reliance:—

"And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid, probably, cannot be said; for all that we say is the far off remembering of the intuition. The thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or appointed way; you shall not discern the foot-prints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new; it shall exclude all other being. You take the way from man not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. We are then in vision. There is nothing that can

be called gratitude, nor, properly, joy. The soul is raised over passion. *It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are.* Hence it becomes a tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature—the Atlantic Ocean—the South Sea—vast intervals of time—years—centuries—are of no account. This, which I think and feel, underlay that former state of life and circumstances as it does underlie my present, and will always all circumstance, and what is called life, and what is called death."

Whenever a man begins by telling us that he cannot find language to express his meaning, we may be pretty sure that he has no intelligible meaning to express; and Mr Emerson, in the above passage, fully bears out this general observation. "I cannot," he says in another place, "I cannot, nor can any man, speak precisely of things so sublime, but it seems to me, the wit of man, his strength, his grace, his tendency, his art, is the grace and the presence of God. It is beyond explanation. When all is said and done, the rapt saint is found the only logician. Not exhortation, not argument, becomes our lips, but pæans of joy and praise. But not of adulation: *we are too nearly related in the deep of the mind to that we honour. It is God in us which checks the language of petition by a grander thought. In the bottom of the heart it is said 'I am, and by me, O child! this fair body and world of thine stands and grows. I am: all things are mine: and all mine are thine.'*"

If we can gather any thing from this language, it must imply that the individual mind is *conscious* of being a part, an emanation of the Divine mind—is conscious of this union or identity—the pretension to which species of consciousness is, in our apprehension, pure mysticism.

But we shall not weary our readers by seeking further proofs of this charge of mysticism; for what can be more wearisome than to have a number of unintelligible passages brought together from different and remote parts of an author's works. We pass to that other cause of obscurity we have hinted at,—the agglomerations of a multitude of unrelated, or half-related, ideas. Sometimes a whole paragraph, and a long one too, is made up of separate

fragments of thought or fancy, good or amusing, it may be, in themselves, but connected by the slightest and most flimsy thread imaginable. Glittering insects and flies of all sorts, caught and held together in a spider's web, present as much appearance of unity as some of these paragraphs we allude to.

For an example, we will turn to the first essay in the series, that on *History*. It is, perhaps, the most striking of the whole, and one which has a more distinct aim and purport than most of them, and yet the reader is fairly bewildered at times by the incongruous assemblage of thoughts presented to him. It is the drift of the essay to show, that the varied and voluminous record of history is still but the development and expansion of the individual being man, as he existed yesterday, as he exists to-day. "A man," he says, "is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, empire, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world." This idea is explained, illustrated, amplified, and very often in a novel and ingenious manner. To exemplify the necessity we feel to recognise ourselves in the past, he says,—"All inquiry into antiquity, all curiosity respecting the pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio circles, Mexico, Memphis, is the desire to do away this wild, savage, and preposterous *There or Then*, and introduce in its place the *Here and the Now*. It is to banish the *Not me*, and supply the *I*. It is to abolish difference and restore unity. Belzoni digs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramids of Thebes, until he can see the end of the difference between the mummy-work and himself. When he has satisfied himself, in general and in detail, that it was made by such a person as himself, so armed and so motivated, and to ends to which he himself, in given circumstances, should also have worked; the problem is then solved, his thought lives along the whole line of temples and sphinxes and catacombs, passes through them all

like a creative soul, with satisfaction, and they live again to the mind, or are now."

This is good, but by and by he begins to intercalate all sorts of vagrant fantasies, as thus:—

"Civil history, *natural history*, the history of art, and the history of literature,—all must be explained from individual history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us,—kingdom, college, *tree*, *horse*, or iron shoe, the roots of all things are in man. It is in the soul that architecture exists. Santa Croce and the dome of St Peter's are lame copies after a divine model. Strasburg cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach. "The true poem is the poet's mind, the true ship is the ship-builder," and so forth. It would be waste of time and words to ask how "tree and horse," in the same sense as kingdom and college, can be said to have "their roots in man;" or whether, when it is said that "Strasburg cathedral is the material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach," this can possibly mean anything else than the undoubted fact, that the architect thought and designed before he built.

This subject of architecture comes sadly in the way of the author, and of the reader too, whom it succeeds in thoroughly mystifying. "The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty. In like manner, all public facts are to be individualised, all private facts are to be generalised. Then at once history becomes fluid and true, and biography deep and sublime."

The fables of Pagan mythology next cross his path, and these lead to another medley of thoughts. "These beautiful fables of the Greeks," he says, "being proper creations of the imagination, and not of the fancy, are universal verities." And well they may be, whether of the fancy or the imagination (and the great distinction here marked out between the two, we do not profess to comprehend), if each

mind, in every age, is at liberty to interpret them as it pleases, and with the same unrestrained license that our author takes. But how can he find here an instance of the *present man* being written out in history, when the old history or fable is perpetually to receive new interpretations, as it is handed down from generation to generation—interpretations which assuredly were never dreamt of by the original inventor?

"Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out into their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mope and wallow like dogs."

Whether witty or wise, such interpretations have manifestly nothing to do with the fable as it exists in history, as part of the history of the human mind.

"The transmigration of souls: that too is no fable; I would it were. But men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing, and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers." Very good; only, if poets and wits are to set themselves to the task, we should like to know what fable there is in the world, whether the product of imagination or fancy, which might not be shown to abound in eternal verities.

Travelling on a little farther, we meet with the following paragraph, some parts of which are to be made intelligible by putting ourselves in the point of view of the idealistic philosopher; but the whole together, by reason of the incongruity of its parts, produces no other effect than that of mere and painful bewilderment.

"A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. All his faculties refer to natures out of him. All his faculties predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg presuppose a medium like air. Insulate and you destroy him. He cannot live

without a world. Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat the air and appear stupid. Transport him to large countries, dense population, complex interests and antagonist power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, bounded, that is, by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow;

"His substance is not here :

For what you see is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of humanity ;
But were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it."

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace need myriads of ages and thick-strewn celestial areas. One may say, a gravitating solar system is already prophesied in the nature of Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Davy and Gay-Lussac, from childhood exploring always the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of organisation. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light ? the ear of Mandel predict the witchcraft of harmonic sound ? Do not the constructive fingers of Watt, Fulton, Whittemore, and Arkwright, predict the fusible, hard, and temperable texture of metals, the properties of stone, water, and wood ? the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society ? Here, also, we are reminded of the action of man on man. A mind might ponder its thoughts for ages, and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard an eloquent tongue, or has shared the throb of thousands in a national exultation and alarm ? No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time."

And the essay concludes by presenting its leading idea in this distorted and exaggerated shape :—

"Thus, in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil, each new-born man. He, too, shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by languages and titles

a catalogue of the volumes you have read. You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall walk as the poets have described that goddess, in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences ;—his own form and features by that exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the Foreworld ; in his childhood the age of gold ; the apples of knowledge ; the Argonautic expedition ; the calling of Abraham ; the building of the temple ; the advent of Christ ; dark ages ; the revival of letters ; the Reformation ; the discovery of new lands, the opening of new sciences, and new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessing of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth."

We regret to say that instances of this painful obscurity, of this outrageous and fantastical style of writing, it would not be difficult to multiply, were it either necessary or desirable. We have quoted sufficient to justify even harsher terms of censure than we have chosen to deal in ; sufficient to warn our readers who may be induced, from the favourable quotations we have made, and shall continue to make, to turn to the works of this author, that it is not all gold they will find there, that the sun does not always shine upon his page, that a great proportion of his writings may be little suited to their taste.

That which forms the great and inextinguishable charm of those writings is the fine moral temper they display, the noble ardour, the high ethical tone they every where manifest and sustain, and especially that lofty independence of his intellect, that freedom of his reason which the man who aspires after true cultivation should watch over and preserve with the utmost jealousy. Addressing the Divinity students of Cambridge, U. S., he says,—

"Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone ; to refuse the good models, even those most sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you will find, who will hold up to your emulation Weasleys and Oberlins, saints and prophets. Thank God for these good men, but say, 'I also am a man.' Imitation cannot go above its model. The

imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him ; and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator, something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty, to come short of another man's. . . .

"Let us not aim at common degrees of merit. Can we not leave to such as love it the virtue that glitters for the commendation of society, and ourselves pierce the deep solitudes of absolute ability and worth? We easily come up to the standard of goodness in society. Society's praise can be cheaply secured, and almost all men are content with those easy merits ; but the instant effect of conversing with God, will be to put them away. There are sublime merits ; persons who are not actors, not speakers, but influences ; persons too great for fame, for display ; who disdain eloquence ; to whom all we call art and artist seems too nearly allied to show and by-ends, to the exaggeration of the finite and selfish, and loss of the universal. The orators, the poets, the commanders, encroach on us only, as fair women do, by our allowance and homage. Slight them by preoccupation of mind,—slight them, as you can well afford to do, by high and universal aims, and they instantly feel that you have right, and that it is in lower places that they must shine. They also feel your right ; for they, with you, are open to the influx of the all-knowing spirit, which annihilates before its broad noon the little shades and gradations of intelligence in the compositions we call wiser and wisest.

"In such high communion, let us study the grand strokes of rectitude : a bold benevolence, an independence of friends, so that not the unjust wishes of those who love us shall impair our freedom ; but we shall resist, for truth's sake, the freest flow of kindness, and appeal to sympathies far in advance. And, what is the highest form in [which we know this beautiful element]—a certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue, that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it. You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause."

Nothing but the necessity to husband our space prevents us from quoting other passages of the same noble strain.

There is an *Essay on Love* which has highly pleased us, and from which we wish to make some extracts. To a man of genius the old subjects are always new. The romance and enthusiasm of the passion is here quite freshly and vividly portrayed, while the great moral end of that charming exaggeration which every lover makes of the beauty and excellence of his mistress, is finely pointed out. There is both poetry and philosophy in the essay—as our readers shall judge for themselves from the following extracts. We do not always mark the omissions we make for the sake of economy of space, nor always cite the passages in the order they appear in the essay.

"What fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. *All mankind love a lover.* The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door ;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel : he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred presence. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him ; and these two little neighbours that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality."

As is ever the case when men describe what is, or might be an exquisite happiness, there steals a melancholy over the description ; and our author makes it a primary condition,

"That we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope, and not in history. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink, and shrink. Alas ! I know not why, but infinite compensations inhibit in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and every beloved name." Every thing

is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, as seen from experience. It is strange how painful is the actual world,—the painful kingdom of time and space. There dwell care, canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

"But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory; *when we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone*; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

"For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven, seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty, overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows."

And on this matter of beauty how ingenious and full of feeling are the following reflections!—

"Wonderful is its charm. It seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness, is society for itself, *and she teaches his eye why Beauty was ever painted with Loves and Graces attending her steps*. Her existence makes the world rich. Though she extrudes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, yet she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal; so that the maiden stands to him for a representation of all select things and virtues. *For that reason the lover sees never personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others*. His friends find in her a likeness

to her mother, or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. *The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds*.

"Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed it. It is, they said, the flowering of virtue. Who can analyse the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love that society knows or has, but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, a true faerie land; to what roses and violets hint and foreshadow. We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves' neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify, when he said to music, 'Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find.' The same fact may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful, when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it, and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor is always represented in a transition from that which is representable to the senses, to that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone.

"So must it be with personal beauty which love worships. Then first is it charming and itself when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

'Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;'

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; he cannot feel more right to it, than to the firmament and the splendours of a sunset."

But this dream of love is but one scene in the play; and our author concludes his essay by pointing out what is, or should be, the denouement of the drama.

"Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties to extort all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For, it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other."

"At last they discover that all which at first drew them together,—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms, was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy,—at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature and intellect and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium. Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom every where, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom."

If there is something of the ideal in this account given of love and matrimony, there is, nevertheless, a noble truth in it. And surely in proportion as the sentiment of love is refined and spiritualised, so also ought the moral culture, to which it is subservient, to be pure and elevated.

The longest essay in the collection, and that which approaches nearest to the more formidable character of a treatise, is that entitled "Nature." This exhibits, so to speak, the practical point of view of an idealist. The idealist has denied the substantial, independent existence of the material world, but he does not deny the existence of a phenomenal world. The Divine Nature reveals itself in the twofold form of finite mind and this phenomenal world. Thus, we believe, we may express the general creed of these philosophers, though it is a very delicate matter to act as interpreter to this class of thinkers: they are rarely satisfied with any expressions of their own, and are not likely to be con-

tented with those of any other person. This phenomenal world has for its final cause the development and education of the finite mind. It follows, therefore, that all which a realist could say of the utility of nature can be advanced also by the idealist. He has his practical point of view, and can discourse, as Mr Emerson does here, on the various "uses" of nature which, he says, "admit of being thrown into the following classes:—commodity, beauty, language, and discipline."

We have not the least intention of proceeding further with an analysis of this essay; as we have already intimated, the value of Mr Emerson's writings appears to us to consist in the beauty and truthfulness of individual passages, not at all in his system, or any prolonged train of reasoning he may adopt. It is impossible to read this production without being delighted and arrested by a number of these individual passages sparkling with thought or fancy; it would be equally impossible to gather from it, as a whole, any thing satisfactory or complete.

On the beauty of nature he is always eloquent; he is evidently one who intensely feels it. "Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and the stars." Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows." The shows of heaven and earth are with him a portion of daily life. "In the woods is perpetual youth." "We talk," he says in another place, "with accomplished persons who appear to be strangers in nature. The cloud, the tree, the turf, the bird are not theirs, have nothing of them; the world is only their lodging and table." No such stranger is our poet-philosopher. "Crossing a bare common, in twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am."

The only quotation we shall make from the Essay on "Nature," shall be one where he treats of this subject—

"A nobler want of man is served by nature,—namely, the love of beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary form, as the sky, the

mountain, the tree, the animal, give us a delight in and for themselves: a pleasure arising from outline, colour, motion, and grouping. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. *There is no object so foul, that intense light will not make beautiful.* And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, will make all matter gay. But besides this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them; as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

"The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of Commodity and Beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.

"But in other hours nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! *Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.* The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie."

Mr Emerson has published a volume of poems, and it has been generally admitted that he has not succeeded in verse. But there are touches of charming poetry in his prose. This discrepancy, which is not unfrequently met with, must result, we presume, from an inaptitude to employ the forms of verse, so that the style, instead of being invigorated, and polished, and

concentrated by the necessary attention to line and metre, becomes denaturalised, constrained, crude, and unequal. We have looked through this volume of poems, but we should certainly not be adding to the reputation of the author by drawing attention to it. If we wished to find instances of the poetry of Emerson, we should still seek for them in his prose essays. Thus he says:—

"In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record, day by day, my honest thought, without prospect or retrospect, and I cannot doubt it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. *The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also.*"

"Our moods," he says, "do not believe in each other. To-day I am full of thoughts; but yesterday I saw a dreary vacuity in this direction in which now I see so much; and a month hence, I doubt not, I shall wonder who he was that wrote so many continuous pages. Alas for this infirm faith, this will not strenuous, this vast ebb of a vast flow! *I am God in nature—I am a weed by the wall!*"

"A lady," he writes on another occasion, "with whom I was riding in the forest, said to me that the woods always seemed to her to wait, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer has passed onward. This is precisely the thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies which breaks off on the approach of human feet." The lady had a true poetic feeling. And the following thought is illustrated by a very happy image.

"In man, we still trace the rudiments or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races, yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as Io in Æschylus, transformed to a cow, offends the imagination, but how changed when as Isis in Egypt she meets Jove, a beautiful woman, with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns, as the splendid ornament of her brows!"

In his philosophy, we have seen that Mr Emerson is an idealist, something, too, of a pantheist. In theology, we have heard him described as

a Unitarian; but although the Unitarians of America differ more widely from each other, and from the standard of orthodoxy, than the same denomination of men in this country, we presume there is no body of Unitarians with whom our philosopher would fraternise, or who would receive him amongst their ranks. His Christianity appears rather to be of that description which certain of the Germans, one section of the Hegelians for instance, have found reconcilable with their Pantheistic philosophy. It is well for him that he writes in a tolerant age, that he did not make his appearance a generation too soon; the pilgrim fathers would certainly have burnt him at the stake; he would have died the death of Giordano Bruno. And we believe—if the spirit of his writings be any test of the spirit of the man—that he would have suffered as a martyr, rather than have foregone the freedom and the truthfulness of his thought. His essays are replete with passages such as this:—"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets,—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognise all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and he respects the highest law of his being."

We gather from what little has reached us of his biography, that he has in fact sacrificed somewhat of the commodity of this life, to this "higher law of his being." In a work which has just fallen into our hands, entitled "*The Prose Writers of America, with a Survey of the Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold,*" we find the following scanty account of Emerson. "He is the son of a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and

in 1821, when about seventeen years of age, was graduated at Harvard University. Having turned his attention to theology, he was ordained minister of one of the congregations of his native city, but, embracing soon after some peculiar views in regard to the forms of worship, he abandoned his profession, and retiring to the quiet village of Concord, after the manner of an Arabian prophet, gave himself up to 'thinking,' preparatory to his appearance as a revelator." Which meagre narrative, not very happily told, leads us to infer that the recluse of Concord has lived up to the high spirit of his own teaching.

It is remarkable that Mr Griswold, in the prefatory essay which he entitles *The Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country*, although he has introduced a host of writers of all grades, some of whom will be heard of in England for the first time, never once mentions the name of Emerson! Yet, up to this moment, America has not given to the world any thing which, in point of original genius, is comparable to his writings. That she has a thousand minds better built up, whose more equal culture, and whose more sober opinions, one might prefer to have,—this is not the question,—but in that highest department of reflective genius, where the power is given to impart new insights into truth, or make old truths look new, he stands hitherto unrivalled in his country; he has no equal and no second.

Very popular he perhaps never may become; but we figure to ourselves that, a century hence, he will be recognised as one of those old favourite writers whom the more thoughtful spirits read, not so much as teachers, but as noble-minded companions and friends, whose aberrations have been long ago conceded and forgiven. Men will read him then, not for his philosophy,—they will not care two straws for his idealism or his pantheism: they will know that they are there, and there they will leave them,—but they will read him for those genuine confessions of one spirit to another, that are often breathed in his writings; for those lofty sentiments to which all hearts respond; for those truths which make their way through all systems, and in all ages.

HOW I CAME TO BE A SLOVEN.

A pretty question this, my dear Eusebins,—and that the question comes from you, who at no time of your life were a “Beau Nash,” is rather extraordinary. It is after the fashion of most of your movements, however, and so far should not be thought extraordinary in you. For as you do not walk in the track that other men’s shoes have made, nor dress your thoughts in other men’s draperies; but both walk and think as few other men do, I ought not to wonder that you turn suddenly round upon me, eye me from head to foot, and ask me this curious question, How I came to be a Sloven. Now, I can easily imagine your own slovenly attitude and attire when you wrote me this precious letter, and how fantastically conceited you fancied yourself standing before me, *ωστε Ζωγπαφης*—like a painter, as says Hecuba, when she had her rags and misery be looked at,—and thought to put me out of countenance with your own perfections. Perfections, indeed! Why, your whole wardrobe would not be worth exporting in clarity to the land of Ne’erdo-weels—and I doubt not that the loss of a single suit, bad as it may be, would leave you in some small respects as bare as when you came into the world. You have been reading, you tell me, the “Æsthetics of Dress,” as you term them, those very amusing papers in *Maga*—from which you mean to cull materials for the history of the art, and to write a treatise on “The Philosophy of Tailors,” wherein you intend to set forth upon what principles of the “Fitness of things” it is that nine tailors make a man. It is a whimsical notion of yours that the game of nine-pins was set up in honour of these nine worthies—“Knights of the thimble”—signifying how weakly they stand upon their *pins*, and how they go by the board at the very breath of a ball. You affect to think that the Templars were but the imitators of a more honourable cross-legged company—and that their antiquity is shown prior to the invention of Heraldry, for that the very term, the *coat* of arms, must have

come from them. You say they can show *parchments* with the oldest companies and families, and cut to shivercens the longest pedigrees, and yet never go beyond their own measure.

What would a parliament be without them? They not only make their man, but *seal* him. Indeed, man is no man, till he is made one by these Novemviri, and hath been invested by them, as of old, with the *toga virilis*; and now-a-days (we vulgarise every thing even in the nomenclature) the first advance to manhood is to be “breeched:”—that first step when, with the dignity of newly assumed and duly authorised manhood, the dressed youth puts his best foot foremost, on the first step of the ladder of life, and is not ashamed, while ascending, to turn his back, and show what stuff he is made of.

It is said, that when a man marries he enters into a bond with society for his future good behaviour—but of what consequence is this, in comparison with that previous bottomry bond, to use a mercantile word suitable to these our mercantile days, that every man has entered into and given the surety of nine men besides, without which, whatever bottom he may show in the fight, the greatest hero would be but a *sans culotte*. Heroes! why, are not tailors the very models after which men should dress themselves? They have made, in all senses, the best regiments. And what a large slice of this globe is governed and commanded by the Board in Thread-needle Street.

Thread and thimble do wonders to make a man—rig him out with the best materials—no devil’s dust, disdaining dishonest “thimble-riggery.”

The son of Japetus admired not more his man-invention, than does the tailor. The fleshly life which he condescends to stuff into his manufacture, is with him but a secondary consideration; and it must be confessed he is often not very choise in these his human materials. Any thing that way will do to adorn the real “man of shreds and patches.” Pegs and

lay figures would answer the purpose quite as well as these pattern-humanities, if they would but walk. Bad, however, as they are, as specimens *ver se*, they are made so much of by the adornments, that their painted effigies and portraits, as they are exhibited in tailors' laboratories, saloons, and establishments, excite the envy and wonder of a gaping population. They are set forth, to show what the worst man may be made—to portray vividly the excellence of the art, and to "give the world assurance of a man," even built and fabricated out of next to nothing but his dress. It is no longer "*Ex pede Herculem*." The boot-maker has been defeated—Hoby dethroned—you may have a Hercules or an Apollo only according to cloth measure. Then will the proud artificer hold the mirror up to Nature to show her how vastly she is improved, even though it be by the slandered hands of "Nature's journeymen." Then, so various in its powers is the art, that the real professors will at the shortest notice turn the shopman into the esquire, and, if need be, the thief into an archdeacon. They will fit you with any character, fit or unfit:—will send you most genteelly to the court or to the gallows. Vain is the conceit of the scoffing world of fashion that affect to scorn the craft that makes them what they are;—nay, a great deal better, and to look what they are not. Let them try to set up for themselves, what sorry figures they would be—perfectly ridiculous, to be kicked out of Fop's Alley, and whipped by the beadle!! worse clad than Prince Vortigern in that despicable and invisible slip of a vestment,

"Which from a naked Piet his grandsire won."

But that can never be to any extent. What man in his senses would enter upon this stage of the world, rushing in like a wild man of the woods, a general wonder, and without the introductory aid of his proper master of the ceremonies; when, too, at a trifling cost, he can take his ticket of admission, and go boldly certificated by the sign-manual of a Doudney or a Moses? No man dares to walk entirely out of rules sartorial, nor utterly

to despise the images which it pleaseth the tailors to set up. Not that their laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, which alter not—their very principle is change—and every change is *suitable*. The seasons change not fast enough for them. Is a man to be married?—even then he is in the tailor's hands—he must have a new suit—nay, he must wait for it, he dare not appear without it. Is he to be hanged?—he must have a new suit; nay, before condemnation he is tried in his best, as if he were to be judged as much by appearance as evidence. The public, the real thinking public, take more notice of his appearance than of his crimes. Every journal is full of accurate detail, not of his doings, but of his looks and of his dress. The Pictorials present the very cut of his coat, and pattern on his waistcoat; and what the graver cannot, they supply in words, so that you may see not only the shape but the colour. Blue is the favourite colour at the altar of Hymen,—a suit of black on the platform of the hangman—but that is a compliment to the clergy—or a malice, that folk may think most who go out of the world that way are of the cloth—and that is what they call giving the culprit "the benefit of clergy."

Really man should be defined "a dressing animal."—Were all the powers of the earth to meet together to consult upon their everlasting interests, the previous question would be, in what are they to appear; and the first announcement of the great congress of the gentlemen of the press would be what they wore,—what they said, would be slurred over as of less importance. Thus, for example, the Roman historian is particular when he describes the great ambassador before the senate of the Carthaginians, making a fold of his robe, as if it alone were worthy to contain the fate and fortunes of empires, asking them which they would have, Peace or War—and so letting it fall loose out of his hand,—just as a modern senator on the opposition side might put his hands into his breeches pockets, make a show of searching, and taking them out with nothing in them, might, with all the dignity of senatorial energy, declare that he could not surmise

where the minister would get his supplies.

It is extraordinary man is ashamed of nothing so much as of his own natural figure. It is a mean and low thing to appear to have flesh and blood, excepting in the face and hands,—this remark must, however, apply only to the male sex. The female is allowed a greater latitude. Even a Count D'Orsay would be hooted through the streets, should he dare to appear, on foot or on horseback, without a coat, and with his shirt-sleeves tucked up,—such is the obeisance we make to the tailoring craft. And if it be a folly, it is one of an old growth, and is rife among our antipodes as ourselves. Savage and cultivated, civil and uncivil, all have the propensity. The Chinese exquisites felt the skirts of the coats of the members of our embassy, and burst out into immoderate laughter. They quizzed the cut and colour, proud of their own envelopes; and, to their cost, judged us by our clothes. They have since felt our arms. Your tailor is an important personage all the world over, but alas! he is too restricted in his commerce. He is confined to spots and spaces, that is, individually speaking,—universal is the race. It is quite curious to consider what free trade may do for him. The export and the import may quite change the appearances of all, men, women, and children. When navigation laws shall be done away with, and "free bottoms shall carry free goods," then, indeed, may it come to pass that "motley is your only wear." The picturesque will triumph; wondrous will be the variety; in apparel, China and Kamschatka shall meet and shuffle together in every public way. Then "all the world will be a stage," and all the men and women at least look like players. The drab world will be extinct—it is nearly so now. Quakers have been long since ashamed of their Sartorian antipathies, and from growing to be coxcombs in their own particular line, have pretty generally thrown off the dull garb, and plunged with eagerness into the emporium of fashion, and come out so as that their mothers would not know them. The snake throws off his old skin, and when he comes out shining in his new, looks with a sly leer from under the hedge,

and seemeth to say, "Thanks, friend, thee hast complimented me by following my example, I am verily proud of thy similitude." Too many of us have a spice in our veins of the snake's venom,—shift skins, and turn coats,—but no more of that, Eusebius, it leads to fearful questioning, and we both eschew politics; and do not let us call up the evil one, whoever may be among the tailors. Yet let me remind you of a whimsical accident that happened the other day to a certain M.P., who, having bought a ready-made paletot, walked boldly into the streets, forgetting that he was thus ticketed on the back, "This neat article to be sold cheap." I dare to say, it was warranted to keep its gloss, and turn as good as new—and that the wearer *peeled* well in the house.

You would, I see, implicate me in fopperies. If it is not my humour to patronise by personal wear, I at least panegyrisé all fraternities of tailors. You may make yourself look ridiculous if you please, and the change may not ill become your vagary-loving mind; but I do not mean to doff my old habit, not having faith in novelties, that I should trust the present easy motion of my limbs to unused ties and compressions. Dress, with such old ones as we are, Eusebius, should have the blessings Sancho bestows upon sleep, and "should wrap us warm like a blanket;" and what reason is there that we should think the worse of ourselves for showing the dates of our thoughts and ways, and bearing upon our coats the figures of a somewhat backward age. We may yet brighten up our countenances, and say out of the book of that dramatist who knew life so well, and may thus depict ours—even for some few years to come, my dear good Eusebius,—

"Though time hath worn us into slovenry,
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim."

They that have taken off and put on their clothes as often as you and I have done, may well look upon them as old friends, with their familiar looks, and see in their wear and tear a certain kinship with ourselves, and all our own elbow rubs that the world hath given us, and the thread-bare

arguments that we have put upon ourselves, from which we imagined we could raise fine flattering maxims, and substantial truths, which have more deceived us in the wear than in the affection with which they retain us and are still retained.

"When this old cloak was new,"

says the old song,—and how much does it imply—what a world of memory is involved in its every fold. At the shaking of the skirts out fly visions of the past,—familiar faces, endearing converse round the pleasant hearth,—cares that we have wrapped round with them, buried in them, and now come up but as effigies of thoughts that no longer trouble, dreams of life's anxieties, from which the mind takes wholesome food, indulging in the repose of the old envelopment. Would you exchange this, Eusebius, for any new untried thing, forcing its intimacy upon you without claim to your friendship, jerking you and twitting you with impertinent and ill-fitting pressure, with no other association but of the congregational squattings of the nine journeymen who made its existence, redolent of misshapen and snuff-stained thumbs?

I would no more willingly part with the habit that gives me personal ease, and is familiar with all my movements, than I would with that metaphorical habit of mind, of thoughts and feeling, that makes the continuing identity of my being. I say identity, for a man of any character must identify himself with his clothes: by wear they acquire somewhat more than a likeness. No man can ride the same horse daily for five years, but the two animals will in some strange way give out to each other something of their natures—there is sure to be a resemblance. So is it with our clothes. There is an old caricature of Bunbury's,—*"The Country Club"*—in which this truth is shown. You know you could put every man's hat upon his head, though they are all hung on pegs. And this is surely a most characteristic kind of portraiture. I should as much think of setting up the painted likeness of a deceased friend or dearer relative as a sign to a pot-house for the Saracen's head, as I would give his suit of clothes, at least in the shape in which

he left them, to a mumper that should go begging in them. Would it not be an offence, that the noble air of freedom and of sentient responsibility they have acquired, should be doomed to contract in damp and unwholesome decay, the look of degradation and drooping melancholy of a vicious meanness, retaining, at the same time, that something of the departed, which, by its presence, seems to connect him with an abominable deterioration? Let the clothes be buried with the man, lest your friend's very effigies be seen in low haunts and vile places. For you can steep them in no dye of a Lethe that will wash away the remembrances, the likenesses they have acquired. Would you have the apron of sanctity transferred, by ill-advised gift, from a defunct archbishop to the boddice of an indecent figurante? Detestable notions these—that nothing should be lost, and all turned to use! What use of any thing is better than that one which keeps feelings, affections, respect, entire! Were I a modern iconoclast, I would rather burn the petticoats of *"our Lady of Loretto,"* than transfer them to a still lower puppet-show. I had rather say for ever with the Mayor of Garratt, *"Stand back, you gentleman without a shirt,"* than present him with one of my grandfather's wearing. When a boy, I always used to think it a painful sight to see cast clothes hung out on poles or lines, and extending half across a street, blown to and fro with the winds, like ghosts affecting the show and motion of vitality, undergoing their purification in an upper aerial purgatory, preparatory to their metempsychosis, uncertain if they should adopt unto themselves a bodily being of a higher or a lower order. To hang the coat seemed very like hanging the man.

Pythagoras was the first man, says history, that wore breeches. When he hung up the shield of Euphorbus in the temple of Juno, to show that he had been Euphorbus, did he suspend his breeches also? He probably did, disliking any meaner transmigration for them; for we are told his fashion was not followed until some generations had passed. The modern Pythagorean would send them to the pawnbrokers.

The fine idea of Lucian, that our

shadows will be our accusers, might very properly be transferred to coats and inexpressibles; for, besides that they might witness of our whereabouts and of our doings, they might witness of our ingratitude in casting them off,—wearing our old friends thread-bare, and then throwing them off when they have most singularly accommodated themselves to all our strange ways,—of sending them, as the unfeeling do the high-mettled racer to the cart, to other service to which they are but ill-fitted. The wearer of another man's coat is guilty of a kind of larceny; he does more than steal from the person, he in one sense steals the person itself! At least, he should be held responsible for all that has been done in the coat, and that on the principle of taxation, as the law comes not on the tenant gone off, but upon the land. Better that a man should make a museum of his apparel, than part with it out of the family of which it so properly forms a part.

A gallery of suspended braces might represent one's ancestors, equally with the be-wigged portraits that seem to lay their hands upon their hearts, and say from their frames, "Posterity, I begot you." A breeches-gallery might with much less expense serve the same purpose; for if these articles have not fittingly belonged to posterity, it is notorious that they have most fittingly belonged to something very like it. Do you not think, Eusebius, that these suspension breeches, the idea of which is worthy the Shandean philosophy, would be very expressive of family character, and nicely distinguish unseemly interpolation; and that a genealogical wardrobe-gallery would become an object of pride, and most proper appendage to the family seat? It could no more be doubted to what race and blood apparel would justly belong, than to what shoulders certain heads must belong—which illustration reminds me of that saying of Bishop Bonner's to Henry VIII. who threatened to cut off the head of every Frenchman in his power, should Francis I. take the life of the bishop? "Truc, sire," said he with a smile, "but I question if any of their heads would fit my shoulders as well as that I have

on." So would the family-fit be no bad test of the true character and vitality in the genealogical tree.

I suppose that, by your question—How I came to be a sloven—you would have me throw off my old habits, and put on new—and perhaps, in your satirical innuendo, attack more than apparel, which we abuse by metaphor, when we term ill manners "bad habits!" Did I tell you how ingeniously our gay and jocund friend and poetical satirist defended himself in encounter of wit with a bantering opponent? "How do we know," said he, "but that our vices may be our persecuted virtues." "Slovenry," Eusebius, is a persecuted virtue. It is a tone and virtue that unbends, loosens the stiffness of the social body, liberates it from the strict tie of an awkward formality, and is to the whole of society what variety is in the dress in an individual—a happy relief, without which there would be too much monotony. The philosopher who made his bow to the jewelled and richly dressed man, and thanked him for the sight, and the trouble he took in putting on and bearing such a costly suit, should have been thanked, in his turn, for acting the foil, the contrast, which made the finery so conspicuous. If we were all dressed up kings and queens—were all the world to wear a lord mayor's livery, there would be no show to see. It is the intermixture, the great variety, that makes the exhibition, which is only then complete when it has a little dash of slovenry. What a sorry picture it would be that should have all bright colours! the finest carnation is best set off with a little adjacent umber. You would no more wish to see people in the streets all dressed alike, than you would wish to see the streets all alike, and every house like another. Nature dresses not after this one millinery. In the richest corn field, it is not every blade, and ear, and stalk, that is equally broad, full, and straight. Some have a kind of slovenly lying off from others, a grace, the very purposed gift of Nature, to entice the eye to a more curious and nice selection, whereby to discover the infinite degrees of beauty, that all united make the whole perfection. The precision of the tall and

upright stalk is the more strongly marked in its strength, by the decoration of its neighbour—and how beautifully do a few clustered together plume off their individual irregularity into a graceful shape! Has not the tangled hedge its own beauty even when it “putteth forth disordered twigs?” You would not bear all pruned to one smooth fashion. The *finery* of Nature's robes makes but a small part of her wardrobe; she hath her ordinary wear, and even when she putteth on her mantle of the richest green, she trims it sparingly—and that for the most part with a loose lacery of unobtrusive jasmine and vine-weed. And the nature that bids all the garniture of earth thus grow variously in richness, in moderation, and in a sweet and humble disorder, putteth it into man's mind; for he is doomed to dress himself, so as to follow her law;—and thus it is, that in any given number of persons you shall see some few endowed with this natural gift and grace of slovenry. And that careless, modest, unassuming part in the arabesque ornament of life, you and I, Eusebius, are intended to perform. One character for the harlequin, another for the clown, and we must have the lean and slippered pantaloons—and there must be some one besides, my good friend, to play the fool too, or the stage will not be well filled, nor the comedy of life well performed, nor the spectators well pleased.

Take, Eusebius, which part you please,—you will ultimately fall into your natural character, and however you may shift a little with age, you will ever have a hankering after “one more last appearance” in motley. I doubt if the daily moving scene would be perfect without the beggar's rags. Their loose uncared for freedom, the independence of an escape beyond the limits of poverty, which, says the satirist, makes men ridiculous, floating in the wind or drooping in the rain, alike defying and disregarding the better or the worse of fortune, have their moral as well as pictorial use and dignity too in the panorama. The beggar's negligence is the running commentary on the rich man's anxieties. All is right in its place; you have only to look and admire the show. The grandest cathedrals, with

their ornamented towers or spires seeking heaven as their own, are not always the worse for a contiguous poverty of humble dwellings, which they do but seem to take under their sacred protection; and thus the low elevates still more the great. You and I may be well content, by the lowliness of our apparel, to magnify the magnificent; only, I confess that when I find myself standing as a foil to one of our rough-haired, be-whiskered and bearded fops, I do sometimes feel inclined to throw a nut in his way to see if he be a monkey or a man. One would not wish to be showman to the brute. The contempt of the fop is of little moment; and here I cannot but think Anacharsis was wrong, when he proposed to himself to leave Greece on account of the derision cast upon him for his dress.

I admire your offering the example of Aristippus, as an inducement to quit the character of the sloven. You say he accepted a rich robe; but you must remember that the wiser Plato refused it. Besides, it was in the philosophy of Aristippus to take either part, and to appear fop or sloven as his humour pleased him, or convenience led him. “*Omnis Aristippum decuit color,*” says Horace; and let me suggest that *color* must have meant, not *color vita*, (or if it so be, it is a metaphor from the thing,) but the colour of his cloth—black, perhaps, turned a little brown—seedy. He was certainly one to “cut his coat according to his cloth.” Diogenes in his rags and his tub was a coxcomb—one would not be like him; he tricked up his poverty to be observed, and looked at, and admired, quite as much as any other coxcomb would trick out his fashion for the eye. When he desired Alexander to step aside, not to interpose his person between him and the sun, it was but a self-magnifying vanity, that his filthy rags might be the more conspicuous and set off in the splendour of a new light, as conceited religionist sects have done, calling aloud for the finger of scorn to point at the filthy rags of their own flesh and blood; vilifying their bodily man, that their unfeathered and spiritual selves might be seen by that glass through which they bid you look, to rise above and shine in the new

light of their own glorification—an idea which they have borrowed from those picture-cherubs, who, only heads and wings, seem altogether to have dropped their bodies and enveloped themselves in a smoky and cloudy vapour peculiarly their own. And truly, Eusebius, I am apt to agree with you, when we see these congregated saints of the New Calendar, and to join in their personal vilification, and to think that merely heads and wings might offer a more salutary odour of sanctity than that which you say you have ever found too pungent in the "Rag Fair" of their New-Paradise Row.

And your Aristippus was not quite to my mind; for though there was a show of wisdom in his carelessness, it was the very show that was displeasing, and the easy putting on of other men's tastes and opinions, as if he himself was as changeable as they. Does not the confirmed sloven appear to be actuated by a nobler kind of philosophy, who, with a soul bent, as man's should be, on durability, resisting to the utmost a common, degrading, and visible mutability, and seeing how changeable a thing fashion of any kind is, and how unworthy a thing it is to become to-morrow utterly unlike what he is to-day, and to be to-day what he was not yesterday, despises these shiftings and changes,—these fittings on and takings off,—these ever-varying metamorphoses that so unman him, and rests with a firm disregard of appearance, which, if unsteady, must be false to the character that is or should be within him; and if it be not false, is but the greater shame, and fixes the instability upon his mind? Is it not a kind of blot upon the fair profession of respect and reverence, to stoop and put on the livery of a fashion which leads you up to the portraits of your ancestors, and bids you turn to ridicule their attire, and perhaps makes you laugh at the father who begat you?—or subject yourself to a like disgrace, by imagining them to be looking down from the walls in contempt upon yourself, and that the fading colours blush for you? I have heard a neighbour tell of a friend of his, who had done great things, in a worldly sense, for his family, and who, wishing to stand

well in the eyes of his posterity, with an affectionate reminiscence had his portrait taken in his wedding-suit. But after this, going to a play, and seeing the counterpart upon the stage, he bethought him that such might be the case with his suit,—that it might be sold, and go to the theatrical wardrobe: so, as he said, to save his posterity the disgrace of casting contempt or ridicule upon one who had done so much for them, he had the dress painted out, and left it in his will, that the real wedding-suit should be buried with him. Indeed, it is recorded of a gentleman about a century ago, who, having a very goodly show of ancestors, was so shocked at the unfashionable appearances of his Vandykes, that he had the fashionable bob-wigs of the day put upon them all.

And this, Eusebius, reminds me to speak of painters, who in nothing are more at a loss than in what manner to dress their sitters. They have almost all come to the conviction at last, that a kind of slovenly undress is the best, and are sure to adopt it, unless by particular desire, and to commemorate official consequence, the robes and chain of a lord mayor are required, at an extra charge, or the solemn look of one who is nobody must be removed from asinine insignificance by a great quantity of fur, or a red curtain suspended from a marble column in the open air. Sculptors take a bolder step, and, with a taste that does credit to their sagacity, give the bust, without hesitation, a slovenly dignity,—simply throw an old huckaback towel round the chest and over the shoulder, and trust to the features of the man and the material of the marble to add weight and consequence. The historical painter would be worse off still, had he not by common consent a kind of sovereignty over dress. His greatest desire is, upon all occasions, entirely to discard it, as much as may be to paint the nude, as if there were no truth but naked truth. The trim suit is his aversion: the wardrobe for his lay figures offers but a curious assemblage of rags.

It would be difficult to learn how to grapple with this Proteus of dress—mutable fashion. I am told that our dresses, male and female, were ex-

trremely ridiculous in the eyes of the French, when we visited the continent after the Peace. The Persian visitors were astonished that we wore our hair in the wrong place—on the head instead of the chin. There is almost a slovenly simplicity which alone properly imitates the natural ease and grace of unconfined nature. The farther we depart from it, we go but back again to the rude, uncultured barbarian. Sir Joshua somewhere says, that if a tattooed Indian and a powdered and buttoned man of fashion should meet in the street, he that laughed first would be the real savage.

I am not, Eusebins, contending against the advice of Polonius,

"Costly your habit as your purse can buy."

You should, however, remember to whom that advice was given,—to the courtier Laertes, that "man about town" in Denmark.

Your quotation will not, be assured, fit me, and, I suspect, not yourself either, with a new suit. We must play our parts, and dress accordingly. For, as the old courtier adds—

"The apparel oft proclaims the man."

I would have your courtier, who is but a sort of palace furniture, dress to suit, and make perfect the millinery and upholstery about him. You say that the being a good dresser made the fortune of Sir Walter Raleigh, when he threw his costly paletot before the feet of Queen Elizabeth. True; but that trick is not to be played twice. You are more likely to enter the palace like the boy Jones, than through any such Eusebian gallantry. And what should you or I do there? You would make but a sorry Aristippus, wearing your court suit, indeed, "with a difference;" for there is not a tailor that would not mismeasure you in your unsteady postures; and you would make them worse by your uncontrolled laugh at your new position.

I am no greater sloven than yourself. You have, in fact, therein the advantage of me by a greater laxity. You could not make a Mantalini. But—not to think of that extravagance—let me remind you of a kind of "well-dressed man" whom I have often heard you say you should like to trip

up and lodge in a gutter. It is one who is always well dressed, always the same, whatever the temperature—one whom rain never wets, suns never make to fade, whom dirt will not splash. In summer he never looks hot. Dust will not attach to his boots or to his coat. He walks about, and always alone. He is quite out of the pale and contact of friendship, as if the invisible creatures so admirably described in the "Rape of the Lock" were with invisible brushes ever buying themselves about his male attire. You never see him accost or be accosted by man or woman. His shadow, if he has one, must smooth the dust upon which it falls. There is no wear and tear in him, nor in any thing about him. His voice, if utterance he hath, must be of a poor monotony, of a preservative tone, and without growth. Whence he comes or whither he goes, is an undervalued secret. Does he undress? He is so unchangeable, so ever the same neat, well-dressed, unsoiled, and unsoilable man. He never was in a chrysalis state. He must have been beat out of some tailor's brains with a goose, and come into the world ready dressed, and unborn of woman. However fashion changes, it is all the same, he is never out of it. Like dissolving views, he slides unnoticeably from costume to costume, without one article about him being ever newer or older, and you never can tell where the difference is. Changes must take place, yet in some charmed invisible manner. He is like a man made by the magical words of Panocrates the Memphian out of a broomstick, and set walking about, and as if the Eucrates tailor had forgotten the charm to reduce him again; and so he had walked about ever since.

While I thus laugh in the glory of slovenliness, I must refrain from entering upon a wider field,—woman's influences in the full dressed world.—Let them enjoy their prerogative undisturbed. As we shall not undergo a feminine metamorphosis, we are not likely to suffer from their amiable dress vagaries, unless they should return to some of their older fashions, in which case, we must alter our very houses to please them; as was done for Isabel of Bavaria, the luxurious

consort of Charles VI. of France, who, when he kept court at Vincennes, was compelled to call in the architect, and have all the doors of the palace made higher, to admit the head-dresses of the Queen and her ladies. Yet we need not laugh,* for, Eusebius, if the trunk hose should come into vogue again, our doorways must be widened. That would not be so bad as a return on our side of the question to a tight fit, on which condition every limb was in misery, that, to think of, will reconcile you to our loose indifference. What a monstrous contrast of extremes has been exhibited, from the tight pantaloons, such as we see it in some old pictures, to the great breeches worn in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth! In the "Pedigree of the English gallant," an account is given of a man, whom the Judges accused of wearing breeches contrary to law, (a law was made against them.) His defence of himself is curious. "He drew out of his sloops the contents," viz., a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, and a comb, with night-caps, and other things, saying, "Your worships may understand, that because I have no safer a store-house, these pockets do serve me for a room to lay up my goods in, and though it be a straight prison, yet it is big enough for them, for I have many things of value yet within it." He was discharged, as he should have been, with his merchandise, and allowed to trade freely on his own bottom. Hudibras carried some such a cupboard. Small must have been the population, when these inexpressibles, great inexpressibles, gallanted with the ladies' large hoop farthingales. A few pairs must have occupied no small space. A courtship in those days must have resembled a siege, where the principal defence lay in the outworks, and the difficulty of approach was not a little enhanced by the encumbrances of the advancing party.

Who was the first coxcomb? Was dress, in its origin, a modest or immodest appendage to the person; or rather when did it first cease to be merely a protection or concealment? Is love of ornament a natural virtue, or a superinduced vice? These are curious speculations. There is an

old play I have somewhere read of, which represents our first parents in Paradise perfectly nude, and so were they exhibited, and in public, without shame. The subsequent acts introduced them dressed; and the last act, I believe, in the fashion of the day in which the play was acted. As all plays were then serious, was this representation a satire on coxcombrs, and intended to exhibit the progress of personal degradation?

What does a man propose to himself when he goes to his tailor's? Is it to be clothed or adorned? Is it to hide a defect, that he may not appear worse than he is, or that he may appear better than he is? To attract observation or to escape it. Is the pride in dress, or in undress? Ingenious in self-deceit was the reply of the man reproved for the badness of his dress, "Oh every body knows me here;" and his reply when seen in the same suit far from his home, "Oh nobody knows me here." This was a true amateur; he loved slovenliness for its own sake. Few believe themselves so ill-made, as that the "dogs will bark at them." Even Richard III., who owned to his deformity, gets a little in love with himself, and thinks of adorning his person. "I do mistake my person all this while." He determines to act the exquisite.

"I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I have crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost."

Or does the satirical and successful Richard merely laugh at your fop-wooters, and, proud of his own superiority, condemn them, by imagining their dress on his own person? One would really think, from the figures one sees, that there are people who dress purposely to spite the tailors, as there are those who are paid to be walking placards of recommendation.

The butcher who ran after the fat man, and stopped him crying, "Be so good, sir, as to say you buy your meat of me," was not more aware of the benefit of such a personal recommendation, than is our fashionable tailor. A well-made man, if he is in tolerable fashion, may be supplied with clothes, as I am credibly informed, for

nothing but the merely notifying the makers. They are the decoy-ducks, excepting that, though they have fine feathers, they have no bills.

I am told that a fashionable tailor would be quite shy of an ill-made and vulgar looking customer; and generally charges his dislike in his bill, that he may lose him. I knew a portrait painter, that professed to decline painting ugly people, upon that principle, and consequently his success was quite astonishing; every one he did paint was in better humour with himself, and was proud of his certificate of beauty when he named the artist. Were you and I, Eusebius, to presume to enter the saloon of a fashionable cutter, and order suits, they would be purposely so ill-made, that no one should suspect from whence they came. And we should ever wear them with a hitch of discomfort in some part or other. So that, were we to try our best at foppery, we could not now succeed. I have tried it upon various occasions, and convinced myself that I was not born to it, and certainly neither of us has acquired a second nature that any tailor would recognise. A tailor's man, like the poet, must be born with nature's fit, or nothing else will fit him,—“*nascitur non fit*.” Some wear their limbs so loosely, that they move them as do those German toys, whose legs you see children jerk with a string. The best Sartorian artist can make nothing of them; they are a mockery even upon the manufacture of “journeymen,” they “imitate nature so abominably.”

How I came to be a sloven! Well, if I am a sloven, which I hardly know how to admit, and if I am a little in love with a kind of genteel slovenry, how came I by it? I did not take to it naturally, as you did, Eusebius; I caught it. And once caught, however we may upon occasions throw it off, it returns like an influenza, and becomes a continual habit. Few, indeed, are there who are not born with a contrary propensity, inheriting it from their mothers, whose preparations for the coming offspring were of the finest, the *ventum textilem*, as Apuleius calls it,—woven wind. Early, indeed, in his day of existence, is the little

infant taught to show off, both his nude and his finery, and to hear the beauty of both commended. Thus is vanity engendered in the bud. You were a born genius, and exempt from the cradle from this visible mark of frailty. It was not so with me; I was an incipient fop before I could walk. And now I remember, Eusebius, that I sent you a letter some years ago, that should have answered, though perhaps imperfectly, your question. It was a “passage of autobiography,” giving you an account of my first entrance at a public school, and how I was “breeched.” How one Mr Flight, after much tugging and pulling, by himself and foreman, did contrive to fit me into a pair of mouse-colour leather inexpressibles,—a good name for them, too, for I was hardly *pressible* in or out of them. Do you not remember my narration of the second time of putting them on, on my first morning at Winchester College, while the chapel bell was going, and I not yet fitted in; and how at last I did contrive to get some portion of me into them, and to fasten one button, and how I ran (but that word won't express the movement I made) breathless into the chapel, and on kneeling down, the button gave way to my shame, discomfort, and disgrace, exposure, ridicule. I might parody what the cock said to the fox,

“The master my defeat, and all the school-boys, see.”

This was my first disgust at my own personal appearance. I hated leathers; but they stuck to me nevertheless,—my wardrobe being nothing but leathers. I was a dog that had killed himself, forced to wear the skin, and becoming more odious every day. I had a first distaste to dress. I was uncomfortable enough; but, but I was a subject of ridicule.

Time, with its wear and tear, took off the pride of my nether self, and affected at length a kind of conciliation between us. I grew to each other better, and both entered into a compact of mutual friendship. Things won't last for ever in those days, but the manufacture a

"everlasting." As the quotation from an old song will show :

'And this my old coat, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow."

With new breeches come new manners, new ideas. Foppery takes growth again, though it is somewhat tender; struggles for life, but somehow or other acquires strength in the struggle. You contend against it, you wrestle with it, and, by a kind of enchantment, it becomes the tailor Antæus, and rises from every defeat a bigger man than ever. Behold me, let me stand for my picture, *Ætatis* 18, *Scholæ Wintoniensis alumnus*. The date is at present unmentionable,—it will be found one of these days at the back of the canvass; behold me at the college gates, turning my back, for about my last holidays, upon those statuesque antique worthies, Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus. We have shaken hands finally with the sublime Longinus, preferring for the time a "sublime and beautiful" of our own, a butterfly of the first down. On second thoughts, I am not quite fit to stand there yet; I must describe my preliminary state. My boots, I rather think, my first boots, had come home the night before; boots then were no more like boots now, than are loose trousers to Mr Flight's mouse-coloured tights. There was nearly the same process of pulling and tugging to get them on, and when once on, the *revocare gradum* was next to an impossibility. The leather, too, was of a more soaky oily kind, I suppose, and stuck like adhesive plaster, and drew like that medicated material. My boots were on, over-night, but no tug of war, no steam power of man or men—for we all tugged, and all steamed—could get them off. So it was determined I should sleep in them. It was very well so to determine, but sleep, as the negro said, "hab no massa," and would not obey. The bootmaker had advised and disappeared. It was soon found a just observation, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Sleep would not be bed-ridden, for I was booted, possibly spurred; not even a classical charm would do, "Heus, aliquis longâ sub nocte, puellæ, Brachia nexa tenens ultro te somne repellit, Inde veni."

Sleep was only the more obstinate, and preferred better society, or worse. Sleep has been too much potted by panegyrists, till he has learnt ill manners, lies down with the clown and the drunkard, for whom he leaves the presence and courting arms of suffering beauty,—such were my thoughts in those youthful classical and romantic days, and the above passage was most likely Latinised,—"shown up." *Probatum est*.

I must hasten on, for I am, though booted, not dressed yet. With a sickening sensation, at the earliest gray light of a midsummer dawn, did I put on my clothes—my *bram-new*, in which I was to go out into the sunshine of life. First, there was a pair of bright orange-colour plush breeches; a light buff waistcoat with a sham-red under; a coat—no—no jacket nor coat, but a beautiful tailor-creation, a coat; colour, green; buttons, shining metal. My boots were of the kind called tops.

Now I am ready to stand at the college gates for my picture, whip in hand, though a chaise is waiting for me and two more. My "copartners in exile" temporary, are waiting for me. They vociferate impatience. Is the portrait finished? Then complete it at your leisure, *secundum crinem*. I am off. But while I have been standing for this portrait, the sun has risen; it is intensely hot. Heat of weather, tight boots, and swelling legs and limbs, are doing their work in and out of me. I am in a sad perspiration; and so off we go. We had reached the first mile-stone; then I discover I had left my purse behind me. Out I leap, run all the way back to "chamber," and away again to the chaise. I have at this moment a painful remembrance of that short pedestrian excursion—the heat intense, the orange-yellow plush flushing up into my face, the glare of buttons, the now-agony of my booted legs and feet, the difficulty of making the needful speed, and fear of the practical joke of leaving me behind—altogether these pains and discomforts put me into a kind of bilious fever, so that, if I did not loathe myself, I did most thoroughly my clothes. From that day I took a disgust to yellows, any thing glaring—abhorred my orange-plush:

and I do not believe I had any symptom of foppery about me for three years after that memorable time. There is, indeed, a miniature portrait of me extant, taken about that period: it has a dash of powder in the hair, a rather smirking look; and there is a blue coat, metal buttons, the yellow waistcoat and red under; but I suspect these are not out of my wardrobe. They are from Mr Carmine's recipe-book of portrait costume, and may be found in page 6, lettered, "For very young gentlemen." I am pretty sure the dress, at least as it looks there, was not mine; for I remember well a remonstrance from my parent about that time, thus—"My son, you are too great a sloven."

I never quite recovered this; but there did come days of philandering, when I mended a little, and occasionally appeared thus. Behold me entering the ball-room—coat, blue, metal buttons; waistcoat, white dimity; nethers, black tights; pinkish silk stockings, highly-polished shoes, with small silver buckles; hair slightly powdered, and a slip of a tail that could flirt with either shoulder. You will see that there is a little of the sentimental cast in this: it was a doubtful dress, capable, by a very small change, of making the wearer a Hamlet or a Romeo for the night, as he might determine beforehand. I continued thus for a while respectable, and might have remained so to this day, but for an unfortunate taste which I acquired, and which threw me into irredeemable slovenry, in which I have remained ever since. In my idleness, which soon became, as Shakespeare so aptly calls it, "shapeless," I dabbled with paints, oils, and colours; and as with growing improvement I enlarged the dimensions of my operations from inch to the foot, and from foot to the yard, I was soon above my elbows in the unclean "matériel." There were no tube colours in those days; we had bladders. They were always bursting; and thus they bedaubed the hands, and the hands bedaubed the clothes; and amateurs were then Picts, up to their very eyes. Young as I was, I of course fancied myself a genius, and painted so large, and so largely, that a common-sized palette

impeded my work. I enlarged that, and increased the quantity of my colours. I now mention a frequent disaster, that, being frequent, was quite enough to make a sloven of any one. Take the following scene:—A room such as could be spared me, not too large, in tolerable confusion; dabs in all states of disorder on the walls, against the walls, loose and strained, in all directions; large slabs for grinding colours—oils, turpentine, varnishes, &c. &c., all in that proper disorganisation to enable any youth of a tolerably slovenly person to set up for a genius. Now—it has taken me an hour to set my palette—look at it—here is a goodly row of colours mixed and intermixed after the recipe of Leonardo da Vinci, who would have added more, if paper, as he said, had not failed him. Here, however, are quite enough—and more than enough—*satis superque*—I look at the palette with extreme satisfaction—my canvass is on the easel—imagination begins to work—alas! too soon—I am not quite ready; I must put in a cup, that diluent oil—in another, turpentine; it is done. I am a little weary, and sit down for a moment to rest, looking full on my canvass, and giving loose to my fancy—I rise, where is my palette—alas! I have sat upon it. I have had misfortunes in clothing with *aqua fortis*—have been the "biter bit," but here I was the painter painted. I do not know why the arts should be called Fine—"The Fine Arts"—unless it be in derision of the slovenliness which they occasion. Many a time have I sat upon my colours: a poetical friend once wrote me an ode upon it, and begged me to learn it by rote, as a kind of *memoria technica*, or charm of preservation. This I declined, not being good-humoured enough to admire any poetry not my own. But I remember upon one such occasion working off my vexation in a sonnet. And I recommend the recipe; you may successfully salve over many a sore distraction by soothing verse. There is a great charm in rhyme, or at least in searching for it, and versifying either altogether saves swearing, or enables you to throw it off very genteelly, and with a grace. I addressed the Fine

Arts, whose epithet *Fine* I take to be given with a superstition of dread, as the old poets did the Furies, calling them Eumenides, thinking they should not fare the worse for giving them a good name; and as later times called the Fairies "the good people," lest they should punish poor innocents, and pinch o' nights. Read, Eusebius, my remonstrance to these personified, deified, and worshipped Fine Arts.

TO THE FINE ARTS.

O, ye Fine Arts—why were ye once so Fine,
So dingy now, and working sore disaster;
As that my best of pigments look like
plaster,
Compared with those of "Raphael the divine,"
That grow by time still brighter like old
wine,
And seem to renovate a dead old master.
Better had I been born to wield a mallet,
A hod, a plough—than sables, hogs and
fitches;
If ye must mock and mark your fool your
valet,
With motley livery on my coats and breeches;
Making me sit upon my well-set palette,
With merry jeers the whilst I hear you titter,
And compliment me on my only sitter.

Look, Eusebius, as I dare to say
you have often done, into the smudge
of a colour-maker's shop, and ima-
gine a personification of it in a
young amateur aspirant. What a
ludicrously serious Harlequin he is
made! At last, in despair of acquire-
ment of cleanliness, I plunged, as it
were, into the very mud and smudge
of paint, and did not hesitate to wipe
a brush upon my sleeves.

Thus, I acquired a bad habit—and
as I often had the fit to paint when
my better dress was on, I now and
then seized an unlucky moment of de-
sire, and the better soon came to be
the worse. By degrees I fell into a
despair of mending; and so I became
a confirmed sloven.

One who fastens his knapsack on his

back, that is to hold his temporary all,
including materials for art, and pedes-
trianises over a roughish country,
may acquire an exquisite taste; but
he will not be personally an exqui-
site. He will be characteristic in
look, of the picturesque which he hunts
after. He will be very unlike the
man I have described to you, whom
dust would not soil, or rain wet, or
sun burn. The geologist who walks
forth, armed to tomahawk the moun-
tains, and bag their bones, will, in a
month or so, acquire a strange and
stony look; and be, on his first return,
and sitting in civil society, little
better than the "Man Mountain"
himself. Our pursuits are in us and
about us, soil our dress and chisel
our features. We look in the glass,
easily reconcile ourselves to any meta-
morphosis, and think no one has a
right to quarrel with that, which we
think, in our self-satisfaction, makes
up our beloved identity. No man
can be every thing—not all
"Admirable Crichtons"—it is the
diversity and the difference that
makes the pleasing motley in the
masquerade of the world. Though
you might dance more like the brutes,
it does not at all follow but that you
may fiddle like Orpheus. Johnson
defended Kit Smart, the sloven,
(mockery of a name,) having himself
no great predilection for clean linen.
Dionysius was more happy in the
"inky cloak" of the slovenly school-
master, than in the golden mantle
which his father took from the statue
of Jupiter.

Let us both be content to remain
as we are. For be assured, Eusebius,
that if we make the attempt to change
our habits, either of person or of mind,
and put on the more trim, and
of more fashionable cut, we shall
but amuse the spectators by becoming
ridiculous; and in making up the
characters that are to figure on the
stage of the drama of life, insignifi-
cant though we be, there will be found
wanting two good slovens.

AN UNPUBLISHED FRENCH NOVEL.

In the year 1843, a fancy fair was held at Paris, for the benefit of the sufferers by an earthquake in the island of Guadaloupe. The patronage of the Queen of the French, added to the strong sympathy awakened by the catastrophe, filled the bazaar with a gay throng, delighted to combine amusement with charity, and to chaffer for baubles with aristocratic saleswomen. Amidst the multitude of tasteful trifles, exposed for sale was a contribution from Queen Marie Amélie—fifty books, printed at the royal press and elegantly bound. They were fifty copies of a volume containing three charming tales; and soon it was whispered that no others had been printed, and that the author was a lady of rank, distinguished for grace and wit, but whose literary talents were previously unknown, save to a limited circle of discreet and admiring friends. At the queen's request, and at the voice of pity, pleading for the unfortunates of Point-à-Pitre, she had sanctioned the printing of fifty copies; these taken, the types had been broken up. Such rumours were more than sufficient to stimulate curiosity, and raise the value of the volume. Every body knows that an author's title oftensells a stupid book; should any doubt it, we refer them to our friends Puff and Co.; how much greater the attraction when the book is a clever one, written by a countess, printed by a sovereign's command, and at a royal press. The market rose instantly. Sixty francs, eighty francs, five napoleons, were freely given; how much higher competition raised the price, we cannot say; but we are credibly informed the improvement did not stop there.

The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was not the last to hear the history of the volume. He procured a copy, and esteeming it unjust to reserve for a few what was meant for mankind, by limiting the produce of so graceful a pen to the narrow circulation of fifty copies—he laid violent hands upon one of the tales, and reprinted it in his excellent and widely-circulated periodical. Although literally

a day after the fair, it was not the less acceptable and successful. The tale, whose title is "Resignation," was attributed by many to the amiable Duchess of Orleans, then in the first year of her widowhood. The real authoress is the Countess d'Arbouville, wife of the lieutenant-general of that name, granddaughter of Madame d'Houdetot, and niece by marriage of Monsieur de Barante. Inheriting much of the wit of her celebrated ancestress, and no small share of the literary aptitude of her accomplished uncle, this lady, without aiming at the reputation of a woman of letters, writes tales of very remarkable merit. Whilst her husband, as governor of Constantine, wields the sabre in defence of Algeria, the Countess, secluded in her boudoir, beguiles her leisure and delights her friends by the exercise of her pen. Last spring, it became known that she had completed the matter of a second volume. Thereupon, she was so besieged by petitioners for the favour of a perusal, that in self-defence, and out of regard to the integrity of her manuscript, she was compelled to print a few copies for private circulation. Through the kindness of a Parisian friend, these have reached us. It contains two tales. The first, "Le Village," is a simple and interesting story, highly attractive by its purity of style and exquisite feeling. The circumstances under which it was printed forbid criticism; otherwise we might cavil at its introduction as unartistical, and at one of the incidents—the restoration of an idiot boy of fifteen to unclouded reason—as unprecedented and out of nature. But one dwells not on these blemishes whilst reading the old doctor's affecting tale, which does equal honour to the heart and mind of the authoress. We would gladly place it before our readers in an English dress, but the indefatigable Monsieur Buloz, ever watchful of the interests of his review, has already pounced upon it. It had scarcely been printed, when he transferred it to the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. We are obliged, there-

fore, to content ourselves with the second tale, no way inferior to its fellow, but whose greater length compels us to abridge. This we would fain avoid, for even without such curtailment it is impossible to render in another language the full charm of the original, a charm residing in delicacy of style and touch rather than in description or incident. We will do our

best, however, and should the attempt meet the eye and disapproval of Madame d'Arbouville, we wish it may stimulate her to print her next work by thousands instead of tens, that all conversant with the French tongue may have opportunities of reading and appreciating the productions of so pleasing a writer.

The tale in question is entitled—

UNE HISTOIRE HOLLANDAISE.

It was the hour of sunrise. Not the gorgeous sunrise of Spain or Italy, when the horizon's ruddy blaze suddenly revives all that breathes, when golden rays mingle with the deep azure of a southern sky, and nature bursts into vitality and vigour, as if light gave life. The sun rose upon the chilly shores of Holland. The clouds opened to give exit to a pale light, without heat or brilliancy. Nature passed insensibly from sleep to waking, but continued torpid when ceasing to slumber. No cry or joyous song, no flight of birds, or bleating of flocks, hail the advent of a new day. On the summit of the dykes, the reed-hedges bend before the breeze, and the sea-sand, whirled over the slight obstacle, falls upon the meadows, covering their verdure with a moving veil. A river, yellow with the slime of its banks, flows peaceably and patiently towards the expectant ocean. Seen from afar, its waters and its shore appear of one colour, resembling a sandy plain; save where a ray of light, breaking upon the surface, reveals by silvery flashes the passage of the stream. Ponderous boats descend it, drawn by teams of horses, whose large feet sink into the sand as they advance leisurely and without distress to the goal of their journey. Behind them strides a peasant, whip on shoulder: he hurries not his cattle, he looks neither at the stream that flows, nor the beasts that draw, nor the boat that follows; he plods steadily onwards, trusting to perseverance to attain his end.

Such is a corner of the picture presented to the traveller in Holland, the country charged, it would seem, more than any other, to enforce God's command to the waters, *Thou shalt go*

no further! This silent repose of creatures and things, this mild light, these neutral tints and vast motionless plains, are not without a certain poetry of their own. Wherever space and silence are united, poetry finds place; she loves all things more or less, whether smiling landscape or dreary desert; light of wing, a trifle will detain and support her—a blade of grass often suffices. And Holland, which Butler has called a large ship always at anchor, has its beauties for the thoughtful observer. Gradually one learns to admire this land at war with ocean and struggling daily for existence; those cities which compel the waters to flow at their ramparts' foot, to follow the given track, and abide in the allotted bed; then those days of revolt, when the waves would fain reconquer their independence, when they overflow and inundate, and destroy, and at last, constrained by the hand of man, subside and again obey.

As the sun rose, a small boat glided rapidly down the stream. It had a single occupant, a tall young man, lithe, skilful, and strong, who, although apparently in haste, kept near the shore, following the windings of the bank, and avoiding the centre of the current, which would have accelerated his progress. At that early hour the fields were deserted; the birds alone had risen earlier than the boatman, whose large hat of gray felt lay beside him, whilst his brown locks, tossed backward by the wind, disclosed regular features, a broad open forehead, and eyes somewhat thoughtful, like those of the men of the north. His costume denoted a student from a German university. One gathered from his extreme youth that his life

had hitherto passed on academic benches, and that it was still a new and lively pleasure to him to feel the freshness of morning bathe his brow, the breeze play with his hair, the stream bear along his bark. He hastened, for there are times when we count the hours ill; when we outstrip and tax them with delay. Then, if we cannot hurry the pace of time, we prefer at least to wait at the appointed spot. It calms impatience, and resembles a commencement of happiness.

When the skiff had rounded a promontory of the bank, its speed increased, as if the eye directing it had gained sight of the goal. At a short distance the landscape changed its character. A meadow sloped down to the stream, fringed by a thick hedge of willows, half uprooted and inclined over the water. The boat reached the shadow of the trees, and stopping there, rocked gently on the river, secured by a chain cast round a branch. The young man stood up and looked anxiously through the foliage; then he sang, in a low tone, the burthen of a ballad, a love-plaint, the national poetry of all countries. His voice, at first subdued, not to break too suddenly the surrounding silence, gradually rose as the song drew to a close. The clear mellow notes escaped from the bower of drooping leaves, and expired without echo or reply upon the surface of the pasture. Then he sat down and contemplated the peaceful picture presented to his view. The gray sky had that melancholy look so depressing to the joyless and hopeless; the cold dull water rolled noiselessly onward; to the left, the plain extended afar without variety of surface. A few windmills reared their gaunt arms, waiting for the wind; and the wind, too weak to stir them, passed on and left them motionless. To the right, at the extremity of the little meadow, stood a square house of red bricks and regular construction, isolated, silent, and melancholy. The thick greenish glass of the windows refused to reflect the sunbeams; the roof supported gilded vanes of fantastical form; the garden was laid out in formal parterres. A few tulips, drooping their heavy heads, and dahlias, propped with white

sticks, were the sole flowers growing there, and these were hemmed in and stifled by hedges of box. Trees, stunted and shabby, and with dust-covered leaves, were cut into walls and into various eccentric shapes. At the corners of the formal alleys, whose complicated windings were limited to a narrow space, stood a few plaster figures. One of these alleys led to the willow-hedge. There nature resumed her rights; the willows grew free and unrestrained, stretching out from the land and drooping into the water; their inclined trunks forming flying-bridges, supported but at one end. The bank was high enough for a certain space to intervene between the stream and the horizontal stems. A few branches, longer than the rest, swept the surface of the river, and were kept in constant motion by its current.

Beneath this dome of verdure the boat was moored, and there the young man mused, gazing at the sky—melancholy as his heart—and at the stream, in its course uncertain as his destiny. A few willow leaves fluttered against his brow, one of his hands hung in the water, a gentle breeze stirred his hair; nameless flowerets, blooming in the shelter of the trees, gave out a faint perfume, detectable at intervals, at the wind's caprice. A bird, hidden in the foliage, piped an amorous note, and the student, cradled in his skiff, awaited his love. Ungrateful that he was! he called time a laggard, and bid him speed; he was insensible to the charm of the present hour. Ah! if he grows old, how well will he understand that fortune then lavished on him the richest treasures of life—hope and youth!

Suddenly the student started, stood up, and, with outstretched neck, and eyes riveted on the trees, he listened, scarce daring to breathe. The foliage opened, and the face of a young girl was revealed to his gaze. "Christine!" he exclaimed.

Christine stepped upon the trunk of the lowest tree, and seated herself with address on this pliant bench, which her weight, slight as it was, caused to yield and rock. One of her arms, extended through the branches that drooped towards the water, reached that of her lover, who tenderly

pressed her hand. Then she drew herself up again, and the tree, less loaded, seemed to obey her will by imitating her movement. The young man sat in his boat, with eyes uplifted towards the willow on which she he loved reposed.

Christine Van Amberg had none of the distinguishing features of the country of her birth. Hair black as the raven's wing formed a frame to a face full of energy and expression. Her large eyes were dark and penetrating; her eyebrows, strongly marked and almost straight, would perhaps have imparted too decided a character to her young head, if a charming expression of candour and naïveté had not given her the countenance of a child, rather than of a woman. Christine was fifteen years of age. A slender silver circlet bound her brow and jet-black tresses—a holiday ornament, according to her country's custom: but her greatest festival was the sight of her lover. She wore a simple muslin dress of a pale blue colour; a black silk mantle, intended to envelope her figure, was placed upon her hair, and fell back upon her shoulders, as if the better to screen her from the gaze of the curious. Seated on a tree trunk, surrounded by branches and beside the water, like Shakspeare's Ophelia, Christine was charming. But although young, beautiful, and beloved, deep melancholy was the characteristic of her features. Her companion, too, gazed mournfully at her, with eyes to which the tears seemed about to start.

"Herbert," said the young girl, stooping towards her lover, "Herbert, be not so sad! we are both too young to despair of life. Herbert! better times will come."

"Christine! they have refused me your hand, expelled me your dwelling,—they would separate us entirely: they will succeed, to-morrow perhaps! . . ."

"Never!" exclaimed the young girl, with a glance like the lightning's flash. But, like that flash, the expression of energy was momentary, and gave way to one of calm melancholy.

"If you would, Christine, if you would! . . . how easy were it to fly together, to unite our destinies on a foreign shore, and to live for each

other, happy and forgotten! . . . I will lead you to those glorious lands where the sun shines as you see it in your dreams,—to the summit of lofty mountains whence the eye discovers a boundless horizon,—to noble forests with their thousand tints of green, where the fresh breeze shall quicken your cheek, and sweep from your memory these fogs, this humid clime, these monotonous plains. Our days shall pass happily in a country worthy of our loves."

As Herbert spoke, the young girl grew animated; she seemed to see what he described, her eager eye sought the horizon as though she would overleap it, her lips parted as to inhale the mountain breeze. Then she passed her hand hastily across her eyes, and sighed deeply. "No!" she exclaimed, "no, I must remain here! . . . Herbert, it is my country: why does it make me suffer? I remember another sky, another land,—but no, it is a dream! I was born here, and have scarcely passed the boundary of this meadow. My mother sang too often beside my cradle the ballads and boleros of her native Seville; she told me too much of Spain, and I love that unknown land as one pines after an absent friend!"

The young girl glanced at the river, over which a dense fog was spreading. A few rain-drops pattered amongst the leaves; she crossed her mantle on her breast, and her whole frame shivered with sudden chill.

"Leave me, Christine, you suffer! return home, and, since you reject my roof and hearth, abide with those who can shelter and warm you."

A sweet smile played upon Christine's lips. "My beloved," she said, "near you I prefer the chilling rain, this rough branch, and the biting wind, to my seat in the house, far from you, beside the blazing chimney. Ah! with what joy and confidence would I start on foot for the farthest corner of the earth, your arm my sole support, your love my only wealth. But . . ."

"What retains you, Christine? your father's affection, your sisters' tenderness, your happy home?"

The young girl grew pale. "Herbert, it is cruel to speak thus. Well

do I know that my father loves me not, that my sisters are often unkind to me, that my home is unhappy; I know it, indeed I know it, and I will follow you . . . if my mother consents!"

Herbert looked at his mistress with astonishment. "Child!" he exclaimed, "such consent will never leave your mother's lips. There are cases where strength and resolution must be found in one's own heart. Your mother will never say yes."

"Perhaps!" replied Christine, slowly and gravely. "My mother loves me; I resemble her in most things, and her heart understands mine. She knows that Scripture says a woman shall leave her father and mother to follow her husband; she is aware of our attachment, and, since our door has been closed against you, I have not shed a tear that she has not detected and replied to by another. You misjudge my mother, Herbert! Something tells me she has suffered, and knows that a little happiness is essential to life as the air we breathe. Nor would it surprise me, if one day, when embracing me, as she does each night when we are alone, she were to whisper: Begone, my poor child!"

"I cannot think it, Christine. She will bid you obey, be comforted, forget!"

"Forget! Herbert, my mother forgets nothing. To forget is the resource of cowardly hearts. No,—none will bid me forget."

And once more a gloomy fire flashed in Christine's eyes, like the rapid passage of a flame which illumines and instantly expires. It was a revelation of the future rather than the expression of the present. An ardent soul dwelt within her, but had not yet cast off all the encumbrances of childhood. It struggled to make its way, and at times, succeeding for a moment, a word or cry revealed its presence.

"No—I shall not forget," added Christine; "I love you, and you love me, who am so little loved! You find me neither foolish, nor fantastical, nor capricious; you understand my reveries and the thousand strange thoughts that invade my heart. I am very young, Herbert; and yet, here, with my hand in yours, I answer for the

future. I shall always love you! . . . and see, I do not weep. I have faith in the happiness of our love; how? when? I know not,—it is the secret of my Creator, who would not have sent me upon earth only to suffer. Happiness will come when He deems right, but come it will! Yes,—I am young, full of life, I have need of air and space; I shall not live enclosed and smothered here. The world is large, and I will know it; my heart is full of love, and will love for ever. No tears, dearest! obstacles shall be overcome, they must give way, for I will be happy!"

"But why delay, Christine? My love! my wife! an opportunity lost may never be regained. A minute often decides the fate of a lifetime. Perhaps, at this very moment, happiness is near us! A leap into my boat, a few strokes of the oar, and we are united for ever! . . . Perhaps, if you again return to land, we are for ever separated. Christine, come! The wind rises: beneath my feet is a sail that will quickly swell and bear us away rapidly as the wings of yon bird."

Tears flowed fast over Christine's burning cheeks. She shuddered, looked at her lover, at the horizon, thought of liberty; she hesitated, and a violent struggle agitated her soul. At last, hiding her face amongst the leafage of the willow, she clasped her arms round its stem, as if to withhold herself from entering the boat, and in a stifled voice muttered the words,—*"My mother!"* A few seconds afterwards, she raised her pallid countenance.

"If I fled," said she gently, "to whom would my mother speak of her dear country? Who would weep with her when she weeps, if I were gone? She has other children, but they are gay and happy, and do not resemble her. Only my mother and myself are sad in our house. My mother would die of my absence. I must receive her farewell blessing or remain by her side, chilled like her by this inclement climate, imprisoned in yonder walls, ill-treated by those who love me not. Herbert, I will not fly, I will wait!" And she made a movement to regain the strand.

"One instant,—yet one second,—

Christine! I know not what chilling presentiment oppresses my heart. Dearest,—if we were to meet no more! If this little corner of earth were our last trysting-place—these melancholy willows the witnesses of our eternal separation! Is it—can it be—the last happy hour of my life that has just slipped by?”

He covered his face with his hands, to conceal his tears. Christine's heart beat violently—but she had courage.

Letting herself drop from the tree, she stood upon the bank, separated from the boat, which could not come nearer to shore.

“Adieu, Herbert!” said she, “one day I will be your wife, faithful and loving. It shall be, for I will have it so. Let us both pray God to hasten that happy day. Adieu, I love you! Adieu, and till our next meeting, for I love you!”

The barrier of reeds and willows opened before the young girl. A few small branches crackled beneath her tread; there was a slight noise in the grass and bushes, as when a bird takes flight; then all was silence.

Herbert wept.

The clock in the red brick house struck eight, and the family of Van Amberg the merchant were mustered in the breakfast-room. Christine was the only absentee. Near the fire stood the head of the family—Karl Van Amberg—and beside him his brother, who, older than himself, yielded the prerogative of seniority, and left him master of the community. Madame Van Amberg was working near a window, and her two elder daughters, fair-haired, white-skinned Dutchwomen, prepared the breakfast.

Karl Van Amberg, the dreaded chief of this family, was of lofty stature; his gait was stiff; his physiognomy passionless. His face, whose features at first appeared insignificant, denoted a domineering temper. His manners were cold. He spoke little; never to praise, but often in terms of dry and imperious censure. His glance preceded his words and rendered them nearly superfluous, so energetically could that small sunken gray eye make itself understood. With the sole aid

of his own patience and ambition, Karl Van Amberg had made a large fortune. His ships covered the seas. Never loved, always respected, his credit was every where excellent. Absolute monarch in his own house, none dreamed of opposing his will. All were mute and awed in his presence. At this moment, he was leaning against the chimney-piece. His black garments were very plain, but not devoid of a certain austere elegance.

William Van Amberg, Karl's brother, was quite of an opposite character. He would have passed his life in poverty, subsisting on the scanty income left him by his parents, had not Karl desired wealth. He placed his modest fortune in his brother's hands, saying, “Act as for yourself!” Attached to his native nook of land, he lived in peace, smoking and smiling, and learning from time to time that he was a richer man by a few hundred thousand francs. One day, he was told that he possessed a million; in reply, he merely wrote, “Thanks, Karl; it will be for your children.” Then he forgot his riches, and changed nothing in his manner of life, even adhering in his dress to the coarse materials and graceless fashion of a peasant dreading the vicinity of cities. His youthful studies had consisted of a course of theology. His father, a fervent Catholic, destined him for the church, but it came to pass, as a consequence of his indecision of character, that William neither took orders nor married, but lived quietly in his brother's family. The habitual perusal of religious books sometimes gave his language a mystical tone, contrasting with the rustic simplicity of his exterior. This was his only peculiarity; otherwise he had nothing remarkable but his warm heart and strong good sense. He was the primitive type of his family: his brother was an example of the change caused by newly acquired wealth.

Madame Van Amberg, seated at the window, sewed in silence. Her countenance had the remains of great beauty, but she was weak and suffering. A single glance sufficed to fix her birth-place far from Holland. Her black hair and olive tint betrayed a

southern origin. Silently submissive to her husband, his iron character had pressed heavily upon this delicate creature. She had never murmured; now she was dying, but without complaint. Her look was one of deep melancholy. Christine, her third daughter, resembled her. Of dark complexion, like her mother, she contrasted strongly with her rosy-cheeked sisters. M. Van Amberg did not love Christine. Rough and cold, even to those he secretly cherished, he was severe and cruel to those he disliked. He had never been known to kiss Christine. Her mother's were the only caresses she knew, and even those were stealthily and tearfully bestowed. The two poor women hid themselves to love each other.

At intervals, Madame Van Amberg coughed painfully. The damp climate of Holland was slowly conducting to her grave the daughter of Spain's ardent land. Her large melancholy eyes mechanically sought the monotonous horizon, which had bounded her view for twenty years. Fog and rain surrounded the house. She gazed, shivered as if seized with deadly cold, then resumed her work.

Eight o'clock had just struck, and the two young Dutchwomen, who, although rich heiresses, waited upon their father, had just placed the tea and smoked beef upon the table, when Karl Van Amberg turned abruptly to his wife.

"Where is your daughter, Madam?"

He spoke of Christine, whom the restless gaze of Madame Van Amberg vainly sought through the fog veiling the garden. At her husband's question, the lady rose, opened the door, and, leaning on the banister, twice uttered her daughter's name. There was no reply; she grew pale and again looked out anxiously through the fog.

"Go in, Madame," was the surly injunction of Gotho, the old servant woman, who knelt on the hall flags, which she had flooded with soap and water, and was now vigorously scrubbing; "Go in, madame; the damp increases your cough, and Mademoiselle Christine is far enough away! The bird flew before daybreak."

Madame Van Amberg cast a mournful glance across the meadow, where nothing moved, and into the parlour,

where her stern husband awaited her; then she went in and sat down at the table, around which the remainder of the family had already placed themselves. No one spoke. All could read displeasure upon M. Van Amberg's countenance, and none dared attempt to change the course of his ideas. His wife kept her eyes fixed upon the window, hoping her daughter's return. Her lips scarcely tasted the milk that filled her cup; visible anguish increased the paleness of her sweet, sad countenance.

"Annunciata, my dear, take some tea," said her brother-in-law. "The day is chill and damp, and you seem to suffer."

Annunciata smiled sadly at William. For sole answer she raised to her lips the tea he offered her, but the effort was too painful, and she replaced the cup upon the table. M. Van Amberg looked at nobody; he ate, his eyes fixed upon his plate.

"Sister," resumed William, "it is a duty to care for one's health, and you, who fulfil all your duties, should not neglect that one."

A slight flush tinged the brow of Annunciata. Her eyes encountered those of her husband, which he slowly turned towards her. Trembling, almost weeping, she ceased her attempts to eat. And the silence was again unbroken, as at the commencement of the meal. At last steps were heard in the passage, the old servant grumbled something which did not reach the parlour, then the door opened, and Christine entered; her muslin dress damp with fog, her graceful curls disordered by the wind, her black mantle glittering with a thousand little rain-drops. She was crimson with embarrassment and fear. Her empty chair was beside her mother; she sat down, and hung her head; none offered sight to the truant child, and the silence continued. Yielding to maternal anxiety, Madame Van Amberg took a handkerchief and wiped the moisture from Christine's forehead and hair; then she took her hands to warm them in her own. For the second time M. Van Amberg looked at his wife. She let Christine's hands fall, and remained downcast and motionless as her daughter. M. Van Amberg rose from

table. A tear glistened in the mother's eyes on seeing that her daughter had not eaten. But she said nothing, and returning to the window, resumed her sewing. Christine remained at table, preserving her frightened and abashed attitude. The two eldest girls hastened to remove the breakfast things.

"Do you not see what Wilhelmina and Maria are about? Can you not help them?"

At her father's voice, Christine hastily rose, seized the cups and teapot, and hurried to and fro from parlour to pantry.

"Gently! You will break something!" cried M. Van Amberg. "Begin in time, to finish without hurry."

Christine stood still in the middle of the room. Her two sisters smiled as they passed her, and one of them muttered—for nobody spoke loud in M. Van Amberg's presence,—“Christine will hardly learn housekeeping by looking at the stars and watching the river flow!”

"Now then, Mademoiselle, you are spoiling every thing here!" said the old servant, who had just come in; "go and change that wet gown, which ruins all my furniture."

Christine remained where she was, not daring to stir without the master's order.

"Go," said M. Van Amberg.

The young girl darted from the room and up the stairs, reached her chamber, threw herself upon the bed and burst into tears. Below, Madame Van Amberg continued to sew, her head bent over her work. When the cloth was removed, Wilhelmina and Maria placed a large jug of beer, glasses, long pipes, and a store of tobacco upon the mahogany table, and pushed forward two arm-chairs, in which Karl and William installed themselves.

"Retire to your apartment, Madam," said M. Van Amberg, in the imperious tone habitual to him when he addressed his wife; "I have to discuss matters which do not concern you. Do not leave the house; I will call you bye and bye; I wish to speak with you."

Annunciata bowed in token of obedience, and left the room. Wilhel-

mina and Maria approached their father, who silently kissed their pretty cheeks. The two brothers lit their pipes, and remained alone. William was the first to speak.

"Brother Karl!" said he, resting his arms upon the table, and looking M. Van Amberg in the face, "before proceeding to business, and at risk of offending you, I must relieve my heart. Here, all fear you, and counsel, the salutary support of man, is denied you."

"Speak, William," coldly replied M. Van Amberg.

"Karl, you treat Annunciata very harshly. God commands you to protect her, and you allow her to suffer, perhaps to die before your eyes, without caring for her fate. The strong should sustain the weak. In our native land, we owe kindness to the stranger who cometh from afar. The husband owes protection to her he has chosen for his wife. For all these reasons, brother, I say you treat Annunciata ill."

"Does she complain?" said M. Van Amberg, filling his glass.

"No, brother; only the strong resist and complain. A tree falls with a crash, the reed bends noiselessly to the ground. No, she does not complain, save by silence and suffering, by constant and passive obedience, like that of a soul-less automaton. You have deprived her of life, the poor woman! One day she will cease to move and breathe; she has long ceased to live!"

"Brother, there are words that should not be inconsiderately spoken, judgments that should not be hastily passed, for fear of injustice."

"Do I not know your whole life, Karl, as well as my own, and can I not therefore speak confidently, as one well informed?"

M. Van Amberg inhaled the smoke of his pipe, threw himself back in his arm-chair, and made no reply.

"I know you as I know myself," resumed William gently, "although our hearts were made to love and not to resemble each other. When you found our father's humble dwelling too small, I said nothing; you were ambitious; when a man is born with that misfortune or blessing, he must do like the birds, who have wings to

soar; he must strive to rise. You departed; I pressed your hand, and reproached you not; it is right that each man should be happy his own way. You gained much gold, and gave me more than I needed. You returned married, and I did not approve your marriage. It is wiser to seek a companion in the land where one's days are to end; it is something to love the same places and things, and then it is only generous to leave one's wife a family, friends, well-known objects to gaze upon. It is counting greatly on one's self to take sole charge of her happiness. Happiness sometimes consists of so many things! Often an imperceptible atom serves as base to its vast structure: for my part, I do not like presumptuous experiments on the hearts of others. In short, you married a foreigner, who perishes with cold in this country, and sighs, amidst our fogs, for the sun of Spain. You committed a still greater fault—Forgive me, brother; I speak plainly, in order not to return to this subject.

"I am attending to you, William; you are my elder brother."

"Thanks for your patience, Karl. No longer young, you married a very young woman. Your affairs took you to Spain. There you met a needy Spanish noble, to whom you rendered a weighty service. You were always generous, and increasing wealth did not close your hand. This noble had a daughter, a child of fifteen. In spite of your apparent coldness, you were smitten by her beauty, and you asked her of her father. Only one thing struck you; that she was poor and would be enriched by the marriage. A refusal of your offer would have been ingratitude to a benefactor. They gave you Annunciata, and you took her, brother, without looking whether joy was in her eyes, without asking the child whether she willingly followed you, without interrogating her heart. In that country the heart is precocious in its awakening . . . perhaps she left behind her some youthful dream . . . some early love. . . . Forgive me, Karl; the subject is difficult to discuss."

"Change it, William," said M. Van Amberg coldly.

"Be it so. You returned hither, and when your business again took you forth upon the ocean, you left Annunciata to my care. She lived many years with me in this house. Karl, her youth was joyless and sad. Isolated and silent, she wore out her days without pleasure or variety. Your two eldest daughters, now the life of our dwelling, were then in the cradle. They were no society to their mother; I was a very grave companion for that young and beautiful creature. I have little reading and knowledge, no imagination; I like my quiet arm-chair, my old books, and my pipe. I at first allowed myself to believe—because I loved to believe it—that Annunciata resembled me,—that tranquillity and a comfortable dwelling would suffice for her happiness, as they sufficed for mine. But at last I understood—what you, brother, I fear have never comprehended—that she was never intended for a Dutch housewife. In the first place, the climate tortured her. She constantly asked me if finer summers would not come,—if the winters were always so rigorous,—the fogs so frequent. I told her no, that the year was a bad one; but I told her a falsehood, for the winters were always the same. At first she tried to sing her Sevillian romances and boleros, but soon her song died away and she wept, for it reminded her too much of her own native land. Silent and motionless she sat, desiring, as I have read in the Bible,—'The wings of the dove to fly away and be at rest.' Brother, it was a melancholy sight. You know not how slowly the winter evenings passed in this parlour. It was dark at four, and she worked by lamp-light till bed-time. I endeavoured to converse, but she knew nothing of the things I knew, and I was ignorant of those that interested her. I saw at last that the greatest kindness was to leave her to herself. She worked or was idle, wept or was calm, and I averted my eyes to give her the only consolation in my power,—a little liberty. But it was very sad, brother!"

There was a moment's silence, broken by M. Van Amberg. "Madame Van Amberg was in her own dwelling," said he, severely, "with

her children, and under the protection of a devoted friend. Her husband toiled in foreign parts to increase the fortune of the family; she remained at home to keep house and educate her daughters; all that is very natural." And he filled his pipe.

"True," replied William; "but still she was unhappy. Was it a crime? God will decide. Leave her to his justice, Karl, and let us be merciful! During your long absence, chance conducted hither some Spaniards whom Annunciata had known in her childhood, and amongst them the son of an old friend of her father's. Oh! with what mingled joy and agitation did the dear child welcome her countrymen! What tears she shed in the midst of her joy . . . for she had forgotten how to be happy, and every emotion made her weep. How eagerly she heard and spoke her native tongue! She fancied herself again in Spain; for a while she was almost happy. You returned, brother, and you were cruel; one day, without explaining your motives, you shut your door upon the strangers. Tell me, why would you not allow fellow-countrymen, friends, a companion of her childhood, to speak to your wife of her family and native land? Why require complete isolation, and a total rupture with old friends? She obeyed without a murmur, but she suffered more than you thought. I watched her closely; I, her old friend. Since that fresh proof of your rigour, she is sadder than before. A third time she became a mother; it was in vain; her unhappiness continued. Brother, your hand has been too heavy on this feeble creature."

M. Van Amberg rose, and slowly paced the room. "Have you finished, William?" said he; "this conversation is painful, let it end here; do not abuse the license I give you."

"No; I have yet more to say. You are a cold and severe husband, but that is not all; you are also an unjust father. Christine, your third daughter, is denied her share of your affection, and by this partiality you further wound the heart of Annunciata. Christine resembles her; she is what I can fancy her mother at

fifteen—a lively and charming Spaniard; she has all her mother's tastes; like her she lives with difficulty in our climate, and although born in it, by a caprice of nature she suffers from it as Annunciata suffered. Brother, the child is not easy to manage; independent, impassioned, violent in all her impressions, she has a love of movement and liberty which ill agrees with our regular habits, but she has also a good heart, and by appealing to it you might perhaps have tamed her wild spirit. For Christine you are neither more nor less than a pitiless judge. Her childhood was one long grief. And thus, far from losing her wild restlessness, she loves more than ever to be abroad and at liberty; she goes out at daybreak; she looks upon the house as a cage whose bars hurt her, and you vainly endeavour to restrain her. Brother, if you would have obedience, show affection. It is a power that succeeds when all others fail. Why prevent her marrying the man she loves? Herbert the student is not rich, nor is his alliance brilliant; but they love each other!"

M. Van Amberg, who had continued his walk, now stopped short, and coldly replied to his brother's accusations; "Christine is only fifteen, and I do my duty by curbing the foolish passion that prematurely disturbs her reason. As to what you call my partiality, you have explained it yourself by the defects of her character. You, who reproach others as pitiless judges, beware yourself of judging too severely. Every man acts according to his internal perceptions, and all things are not good to be spoken. Empty your glass, William, and if you have finished your pipe, do not begin another. The business I had to discuss with you will keep till another day; it is late, and I am tired. It is not always wise to rake up the memories of the past. I wish to be alone a while. Leave me, and tell Madame Van Amberg to come to me in a quarter of an hour."

"Why not say, 'Tell Annunciata?' Why, for so long a time, has that strange sweet name never passed your lips?"

"Tell Madame Van Amberg I would speak with her, and leave me, brother," replied Karl sternly.

William felt he had pushed Karl Van Amberg's patience to its utmost limit; he got up and left the room. At the foot of the stairs he hesitated a moment, then ascended, and sought Annunciata in Christine's chamber. It was a narrow cell, shining with cleanliness, and containing a few flowers in glasses, a wooden crucifix, with chaplets of beads hanging on it, and a snow-white bed; a guitar (it was her mother's) was suspended on the wall. From the window was seen the meadow, the river, and the willows. Christine sat on the foot of the bed, still weeping; her mother was beside her, offering her bread and milk, with which Christine's tears mingled. Annunciata kissed her daughter's eyes, and then furtively wiped her own. On entering, William stood for a few moments at the door, mournfully contemplating this touching picture.

"My brother, my good brother," cried Annunciata, "speak to my child! She has forgotten prayer and obedience; her heart is no longer submissive, and her tears avail nothing, for she murmurs and menaces. Ask her, brother, by whom it was told her that life is joy? that we live only to be happy? Talk to her of duty, and give her strength to accomplish it!"

"Your husband inquires for you, sister. Go, I will remain with Christine."

"I go, my brother," replied Annunciata. Approaching the little mirror above the chimney-piece, she washed the tear-stains from her eyes, pressed her hand upon her heart to check its throbbings, and when her countenance had resumed its expression of calm composure, she descended the stairs. Gothon was seated on the lower steps.

"You spoil her, madame," said she roughly to her mistress; "foolish ears need sharp words. You spoil her."

Gothon had been in the house before Annunciata, and had been greatly displeased by the arrival of her master's foreign lady, whose authority she never acknowledged. But she had served the Van Ambergs' mother, and therefore it was without fear of dismissal that she oppressed, after her own fashion, her timid and gentle mistress.

Annunciata entered the parlour and remained standing near the door as if waiting an order. Her husband's countenance was graver and more gloomy than ever.

"Can no one hear us, madam? Are you sure we are alone?"

"Quite alone, sir," replied the astonished Annunciata.

M. Van Amberg recommenced his walk. For some moments he said nothing. His wife, her hand resting on the back of an arm-chair, silently awaited his pleasure. At last he again spoke.

"You bring up your daughter Christine badly; I left her to your care and guidance, and you do not watch over her. Do you know where she goes and what she does?"

"From her childhood, sir," replied Annunciata gently, pausing between each phrase, "Christine has loved to live in the open air. She is delicate, and requires sun and liberty to strengthen her. Till now you have allowed her to live thus; I saw no harm in letting her follow her natural bent. If you disapprove, sir, she will obey your orders."

"You bring up your daughter badly," coldly repented M. Van Amberg. "She will dishonour the name she bears."

"Sir!" exclaimed Annunciata, her cheeks suffused with the deepest crimson; her eyes emitting a momentary but vivid flash.

"Look to it, madam, I will have my name respected, that you know! You also know I am informed of whatever passes in my house. Your daughter secretly meets a man to whom I refused her hand; this morning, at six o'clock, they were together on the river bank!"

"My daughter! my daughter!"—cried Annunciata in disconsolate tones. "Oh! it is impossible! She is innocent! she shall remain so! I will place myself between her and evil, I will save my child! I will take her in my arms, and close her ears to dangerous words. My daughter, I will say, remain innocent, remain honoured, if you would not see me die!"

With unmoved eye M. Van Amberg beheld the mother's emotion. Beneath his frozen gaze, Annunciata

felt embarrassed by her own agitation; she made an effort to calm herself; then, with clasped hands, and eyes filled with tears, which she would not allow to flow, she resumed, in a constrained voice:

"Is this beyond doubt, sir?"

"It is," replied M. Van Amberg: "I never accuse without certainty."

There was a moment's silence. M. Van Amberg again spoke.

"You will lock Christine in her room, and bring me the key. She will have time to reflect, and I trust reflexion will be of service to her; in a prolonged seclusion she will lose that love of motion and liberty which leads her into harm; the silence of complete solitude will allay the tumult of her thoughts. None shall enter her room, save Gothon, who shall take her her meals, and return me the key. This is what I have decided upon as proper."

Madame Van Amberg's lips opened several times to speak, but her courage failed her. At last she advanced a pace or two.

"But I, sir, I," said she in a stifled voice, "I am to see my child!"

"I said no one," replied M. Van Amberg.

"But she will despair, if none sustain her. I will be severe with her; you may be assured I will! Let me see her, if only once a-day. She may fall ill of grief, and who will know it? Gothon dislikes her. For pity's sake, let me see Christine! For a minute only, a single minute."

M. Van Amberg once more stood still, and fixed upon his wife a look that made her stagger. "Not another word!" he said. "I allow no discussion, madam. No one shall see Christine; do you hear?"

"I will obey," replied Annuciata.

"Convey my orders to your daughter. At dinner bring me the key of her room. Go."

Madame Van Amberg found Christine alone, seated on her bed, and exhausted by long weeping. Her beautiful face, at times so energetic, wore an expression of profound and touching dejection. Her long hair fell in disorder on her shoulders, her figure was bent, as if weighed down by grief; her rosary had fallen from

her half-open hand; she had tried to obey her mother and to pray, but had been able only to weep. Her black mantle, still damp with rain, lay upon a table, a few willow sprays peeping from its silken folds. Christine eyed them with mingled love and melancholy. She thought it a century since she saw the sun rise on the river, on the old trees, and on Herbert's skiff. Her mother slowly approached her.

"My child," said she, "where were you at daybreak this morning?"

Christine raised her eyes to her mother's face, looked at her, but did not answer. Annuciata repeated her question without change of word or tone. Then Christine let herself slide from the bed to the ground, and kneeled before her mother.

"I was seated," said she, "upon the trunk of a willow that overhangs the stream. I was near Herbert's boat."

"Christine!" exclaimed Madame Van Amberg, "can it be true? Oh, my child, could you so infringe the commands laid upon you! Could you thus forget my lessons and advice! Christine, you thought not of me when you committed that fault!"

"Herbert said to me, 'Come, you shall be my wife, I will love you eternally, you shall be free and happy; all is ready for our marriage and our flight; come!' I replied, 'I will not leave my mother!' Mother, you have been my safeguard; if it be a crime to follow Herbert, it is the thought of you alone that prevented my committing it. I would not leave my mother!"

A beam of joy illumined Annuciata's countenance. Murmuring a thanksgiving to God, she raised her kneeling child and seated her by her side.

"Speak to me, Christine," she said, "open your heart, and tell me all your thoughts. Together we will regret your faults, and seek hope for the future. Speak, my daughter; conceal nothing."

Christine laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, put one of her little hands in hers, sighed deeply, as though her heart were too oppressed for words, and spoke at last with effort and fatigue.

"Mother," she said, "I have

nothing to confess that you do not already know. I love Herbert. He is but a poor student, intrusted to my father's care, but he has a noble heart—like mine, somewhat sad. He knows much, and he is gentle to those who know nothing. Poor, he is proud as a king: he loves, and he tells it only to her who knows it. My mother, I love Herbert! He asked my hand of my father, whose reply was a smile of scorn. Then he was kept from me, and I tried to exist without seeing him. I could not do it. I made many *neuvaines* on the rosary you gave me. I had seen you weep and pray, mother, and I said to myself—Now that I weep as she does, I must also pray like her. But it happened once, as day broke, that I saw a small boat descend the stream, then go up again, and again descend; from time to time a white sail fluttered in the air as one flutters a kerchief to a departing friend. My thoughts, then as now, were on Herbert; I ran across the meadow—I reached the stream.—Mother, it was he! hoping and waiting my coming. Long and mournfully we bewailed our separation; fervently we vowed to love each other till death. This morning Herbert, discouraged and weary of waiting a change in our position, urged me to fly with him. I might have fled, mother, but I thought of you and remained. I have told you all; if I have done wrong, forgive me, dearest mother!"

With deep emotion Madame Van Amberg listened to her daughter, and remained buried in reflection, when Christina paused. She felt that the young girl's suffering heart needed gentle lessons, affectionate advice; and, instead of these, she was the bearer of a sentence whose severity must aggravate the evil—she was compelled to deny her sick child the remedies that might have saved her.

"You love him very dearly then," said she at last, fixing a long melancholy look on her daughter's countenance.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Christine, "I love him with all my soul! My life is passed in expecting, seeing, remembering him! I could never make you comprehend how entirely my heart is his. Often I dream of dying for him, not to save his life, that were too easy

and natural, but uselessly, at his command."

"Hush! Christine, hush! you frighten me," cried Annunciata, placing both hands upon her daughter's mouth. By a quick movement Christine disengaged herself from her mother's arms.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you know not what it is to love as I do! My father could never let himself be loved thus!"

"Be silent, my child! be silent!" repeated Annunciata energetically.

"Oh, my daughter! how to instil into your heart thoughts of peace and duty! Almighty Father! bless my weak words, that they may touch her soul! Christine, hear me!"

Annunciata took her daughter's hands, and compelled her to stand before her. "My child," she said, "you know nothing of life; you walk at random, and are about to wander from the right path. All young hearts have been troubled as yours is now. The noble ones have struggled and triumphed; the others have fallen! Life is no easy and pleasant passage; its trials are many and painful—its struggles severe; believe me, for us women there is no true happiness without the bounds of duty. And when happiness is not our destiny, many great things still remain to us. Honour, the esteem of others, are not mere empty words. Hear me, beloved child! That God, whom from your infancy I have taught you to love, do you not fear offending him? Seek Him, and you will find better consolation than I can offer. Christine, we love in God those from whom we are severed on earth. He, who in his infinite wisdom imposed so many fetters on the heart of woman, foresaw the sacrifices they would entail, and surely he has kept treasures of love for hearts that break in obedience to duty."

Annunciata rapidly wiped the tears inundating her fine countenance; then clasping Christine's arm—

"On your knees, my child! on our knees both of us before the Christ I gave you! 'Tis nearly dark, and yet we still discern Him—his arms seeming to open for us. Bless and save and console my child, oh merciful God! Appease her heart; make it humble and obedient!"

Her prayer at an end, she rose, and throwing her arms round Christine, who had passively allowed herself to be placed on her knees and lifted up again, she embraced her tenderly, pressed her to her heart, and bathed her hair with tears. "My daughter," she murmured between her kisses, "my daughter, speak to me! Utter one word that I may take with me as a hope! My child, will you not speak to your mother?"

"Mother, I love Herbert!" was Christine's reply.

Annunciata looked despairingly at her child, at the crucifix upon the wall, at the darkening sky seen through the open window. The dinner-bell rang. Madame Van Amberg made a strong effort to collect and express her ideas.

"M. Van Amberg," said she in broken voice, "orders you to remain in your room. I am to take him the key. You are to see no one. The hour is come, and he expects me."

"A prisoner!" cried Christine; "A prisoner,—alone, all day! Death rather than that!"

"He will have it so," repeated Annunciata, mournfully; "I must obey. He will have it so." And she approached the door, casting upon Christine a look of such ineffable love and grief, that the young girl, fascinated by the gaze, let her depart without opposition. The key turned in the lock, and Annunciata, supporting herself by the banister, slowly descended. She found M. Van Amberg alone in the parlour.

"You have been a long time up stairs," said he. "Have you convinced yourself that your daughter saw the student Herbert this morning?"

"She did," murmured Annunciata.

"You have told her my orders?"

"I have done so."

"Where is the key?" She gave it him.

"Now to dinner," said M. Van Amberg, walking into the dining-room. Annunciata endeavoured to follow him, but her strength failed her, and she sank upon a chair.

M. Van Amberg sat down alone to his dinner.

"A prisoner!" repeated Christine

in her solitude; "~~apart from all!~~ shut up! Yon meadow ~~was too wide~~ a range; the house too spacious a prison. I must have a narrower cell, with more visible walls—a straiter captivity! They deprive me of the little air I breathed—the scanty liberty I found means to enjoy!"

She opened the window to its full extent; leaned upon the sill, and looked at the sky. It was very dark; heavy clouds hid the stars; no light fell upon the earth; different shades of obscurity alone marked the outlines of objects. The willows, so beautiful when Herbert and the sun were there, were now a black and motionless mass; dead silence reigned around. In view of nature thus lifeless and lightless, hopes of happiness could hardly enter the heart. Christine was in a fever: she felt oppressed and crushed by unkindly influences, by the indifference of friends, by a tyrant's will, even by the cold and mournful night. The young girl's heart beat quickly and rebelliously.

"Be it so!" she exclaimed aloud; "let them have their way! They may render me unhappy; I will not complain. They sanctify my love by persecution. Happy, I should perhaps have been ashamed to love so much. But they rob me of air and liberty; I suffer; I weep. Ah! I feel proud that my heart still throbs with joy in the midst of so many evils. My sufferings will hallow my love, will compel the respect of those who scoffed and slighted it. Herbert! dear Herbert! where are you at this moment? Do you joyfully anticipate to-morrow's dawn: are you busy with your boat, preparing it for its early cruise? Or do you sleep, dreaming of the old willows in the meadow, hearing the waters murmur through their branches, and the voice of Christine promising her return? But no; it cannot be; our hearts are too united for their feelings thus to differ! You are sad, my love, and you know not why; I am sad with knowledge of our misfortune—'tis the sole difference separation can establish between us. When shall we meet again, Herbert? Alas! I know not, but meet we assuredly shall. If God lets me live, he will let me love you."

Christine shut the window and

threw herself on her bed without undressing. It was cold; she wrapped herself in her mantle, and gradually her head sank upon her breast. Her hands, at first pressed against each other, opened and fell by her sides. She dropped asleep, like an infant, in the midst of her tears.

The first sun-rays, feeble though they were, awoke Christine, who sprang hastily from her couch. "Herbert waits for me!" she exclaimed. At her age memory is better for joy than for sorrow. For her the dawn of day was still a rendezvous of love. The next moment she awoke to the consciousness of her captivity. She went to the window, leaned out as on the previous evening, and looked mournfully around. In a corner of the heavens was a glow of light, intercepted by billows of cloud. The pale foliage of the willows shivered in the breeze, which ruffled the leaves without bending the branches; the long fine grass of the meadow was seen through a veil of fog, as yet undispeled by the sun. The sounds of awakening nature had not yet begun, when a white sail stood out upon the surface of the stream, gliding lightly along like the open wing of a graceful bird. It passed to and fro in front of the meadow; was lowered before the trees, and then again displayed, bending the boat's gunwale to the water's surface, hovering continually around a point of the bank, as though confined within the circle of an invisible fascination. At long intervals the wind brought a faint and scarce perceptible sound, like the last notes of a song; then the little bark again manœuvred, and its sail flapped in the air. The pale tints of dawn gave way to the warmer sunbeams; passengers appeared upon the bank; trading boats ascended the river; the windows of the red brick house opened as if to inhale the morning air. The boat lowered its sail, and floated slowly away at the will of the current. Christine looked after it and wept.

Twice during that day, Gothon opened the door of the young girl's chamber, and brought her a frugal meal. Twice did Gothon depart without uttering a word. The whole day passed in silence and solitude. Christine knew not how to get

rid of the weary hours. She knelt before the crucifix, her alabaster rosary in her hand, her head raised towards the cross, and prayed. But her prayer was for Herbert, to see him again; she never dreamed of praying to forget him. Then she took down the guitar, passed round her neck the faded blue riband, tied on it at Seville, and which her mother would never allow to be changed. She struck a few chords of the songs she best loved; but her voice was choked, and her tears flowed more abundantly when she tried to sing. She collected the little sprays of willow, and placed them in a book to dry and preserve them. But the day was very long; and the poor child fluttered in her prison like a caged bird, with an anguish that each moment increased. Her head burned, her bosom throbbed. At last night came. Seated near the open window, the cold calmed her a little. They brought her no light, and time passed more slowly than ever. She went to bed, but, deprived of her accustomed exercise, tormented by a thousand anxieties, she could not sleep; she got up, walked about in the darkness, and again lay down; slumber still avoided her. This time her eyes, red with tears and watchfulness, beheld the sunrise without illusion; she did not for a moment forget her captivity, but looked mournfully out at the little sail which, faithful to its rendezvous, came each morning with the sun. Again, none but Gothon disturbed her solitude. During another long day, Christine, alternately desponding and excited, walked, wept, lamented, and prayed. Night came again. Nothing broke the silence; the lights in the red houses were extinguished one after the other. Profound darkness covered the earth. Christine remained at her window, insensible to cold. Suddenly she started: she heard her name pronounced in low tones at the foot of the wall. She listened.

"Christine, my daughter!" repeated the voice.

"Mother," exclaimed Christine, "you out in this dreadful weather! I conjure you to go in!"

"I have been two " bed-child; I have been two

I am better; I felt it impossible to remain longer without seeing you, who are my life, my strength, my health! Oh! you were right not to leave me; it would have killed me. How are you, dear Christine? Have you all you require? How do you live, deprived of my caresses?"

"Dearest mother, for heaven's sake, go in! The night is damp and cold; it will be your death!"

"Your voice warms me; it is far from you that I feel chill and faint. Dearest child, my heart sends you a thousand kisses."

"I receive them on my knees, mother, my arms extended towards you. But, when shall I see you again?"

"When you submit, and promise to obey; when you no longer seek him you are forbidden to see, and whom you must forget. My daughter, it is your duty."

"Oh mother, I thought your heart could better understand what it never felt. I thought you respected the true sentiments of the soul, and that your lips knew not how to utter the word 'forget.' If I forgot, I should be a mere silly child, capricious, unruly, unworthy your tenderness. If my malady is without remedy, I am a steadfast woman, suffering and self-sacrificing. Good God! How is it you do not understand that?"

"I understand," murmured Annunciata, but in so low a tone, that she was sure her daughter could not hear her.

"Mother," resumed Christine, "go to my father! summon up that courage which fails you when you alone are concerned; speak boldly to him, tell him what I have told you; demand my liberty, my happiness."

"I!" exclaimed Annunciata in terror, "I brave M. Van Amberg, and oppose his will!"

"Not oppose, but supplicate! compel his heart to understand what mine experiences; force him to see and hear and feel that my life may cease, but not my love. Who can do it, if you cannot? I am a captive. My sisters know not love, my uncle William has never known it. It needs a woman's voice to express a woman's feelings."

"Christine, you know not what

you ask. The effort is above my strength."

"I ask a proof of my mother's love; I am sure she will give it me."

"I shall die in so doing. M. Van Amberg can kill me by a word."

Christine started and trembled. "Do not go then, dearest mother. Forgive my egotism; I thought only of myself. If my father has such terrible power, avoid his anger. I will wait, and entreat none but God."

There was a brief pause. "Christine," said Madame Van Amberg, "since I am your only hope, your sole reliance, and you have called me to your aid, I will speak to him. Our fate is in the hands of heaven."

Annunciata interrupted herself by a cry of terror; a hand rudely grasped her arm; M. Van Amberg, without uttering a word, dragged her to the house door, compelled her to enter, took out the key, and made her pass before him into the parlour. A lamp burned dimly upon the table, its oil nearly exhausted; at times it emitted a bright flash, and then suddenly became nearly extinguished. The corners of the room were in darkness, the doors and windows closed, perfect silence reigned; the only object on which a strong light fell, was the countenance of M. Van Amberg. It was calm, cold, motionless. His great height, the piercing look of his pale gray eyes, the austere regularity of his features, combined to give him the aspect of an implacable judge.

"You would speak with me, madam," said he to Annunciata, "I am here, speak!"

On entering the parlour, Annunciata let herself fall into a chair. Her clothes streamed with water; her hair, heavy with rain, fell upon her shoulders, her extreme paleness gave her the appearance of a corpse rather than of a living creature. Terror obliterated memory, even of what had just occurred, her mind was confused, she felt only that she suffered horribly. Her husband's voice and words restored the chain of her ideas; the poor woman thought of her child, made a violent effort, rallied her strength, and rose to her feet.

"Now then," she murmured, "since it must be so!"

M. Van Amberg waited in silence, his arms crossed upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon his wife; he stood like a statue, assisting neither by word nor gesture the poor creature who trembled before him. Annunciata looked long at him before speaking; she hoped that at sight of her tears and sufferings, M. Van Amberg would remember he had loved her. She threw her whole soul into her eyes, but not a muscle of her husband's countenance moved. He waited for her to break silence.

"I need your indulgence," she at last said; "it costs me a fearful effort to address you. In general I do but answer; I am unaccustomed to speak first, and I am afraid. I dread your anger; have compassion on a trembling woman, who would fain be silent, and who must speak. Christine's happiness is in your hands. The poor child implores me to soften your rigour . . . Did I refuse, not a creature upon earth would intercede for her. This is why I venture to petition you, sir."

M. Van Amberg continued silent. Annunciata wiped the tears from her cheeks, and resumed with more courage.

"The poor child is much to be pitied; she has inherited the faults you blame in me. Believe me, sir, I have laboured hard to check them in the bud. I have striven, exhorted, punished, have spared neither advice nor prayers, but all in vain. God has not been pleased to spare me this new grief. Her nature is unchangeable; she is to blame, but she is also much to be pitied. Christine loves with all her soul. Women die of such love as hers, and when they do not die, they suffer frightfully. For pity's sake, sir, let her marry him she loves!"

Annunciata covered her face with her hands, and awaited in an agony of anxiety her husband's reply.

"Your daughter," said M. Van Amberg, "is still a child; she has inherited, as you say, a character that needs restraint. I will not yield to the first caprice that traverses her silly head. Herbert is only two-and-twenty; we know nothing of his character. Your daughter

requires a protector, and a judicious guide. Herbert has neither family, fortune, nor position. He shall never be the husband of a woman who bears the name of Mademoiselle Van Amberg!"

"Sir!" cried Annunciata, clasping her hands and breathless with emotion, "Sir! the best guidance for a woman's life is a union with the man she loves! It is her best safeguard, it strengthens her against the cares of the world. I entreat you, Karl!" exclaimed Madame Van Amberg, falling upon her knees, "have compassion on my daughter! Do not render duty a torture; do not exact from her too much courage! We are weak creatures: we have need both of love and virtue. Place her not in the terrible necessity of choosing between them. Pity, Karl, pity!"

"Madam," cried M. Van Amberg, and this time his frame was agitated by a slight nervous trembling, "Madam, you are very bold to speak to me thus! You! you! to dare to hold such language to me! Silence! and teach your daughter not to hesitate in her choice between good and evil. Do that, instead of weeping uselessly at my feet."

"Yes, it is bold of me, sir, thus to address you; but I have found courage in suffering. I am ill,—in pain,—my life is worthless, save as a sacrifice—let my child take it, I will speak for her! Her fate is in your hands, do not crush her by a cruel decision! An absolute judge and master should be guarded in word and deed; for a reckoning will be asked of him! Be merciful to my child!"

M. Van Amberg approached his wife, took her arm, placed his other hand on her mouth, and said:—

"Silence! I command you; no such scenes in my house, no noise and whimpering. Your daughters sleep within a few yards of you, do not disturb their repose. Your servants are above, do not awaken them. Silence! You had no business to speak; I was wrong to listen to you. Never dare again to discuss my orders; it is I whom your children must obey, I whom you must obey yourself. Retire to your apartment, and to-morrow let me find you what you yesterday were."

M. Van Amberg had regained his usual calmness. He walked slowly from the room.

"Oh, my daughter!" exclaimed Annunciata, despairingly, "nothing have I been able to do for you! Merciful Father! what will become of me, placed between him and her, both inflexible in their resolves!"

The lamp which feebly illuminated this scene of sorrow, now suddenly went out and left the unhappy mother in profound darkness. The rain beat against the windows.—the wind howled.—the house clock struck four.

Christine had seen M. Van Amberg seize Annunciata's arm, and lead her away with him: afterwards, she had distinguished, through the slight partitions of the house, a faint echo as of mingled sobs, entreaties, and reproaches. She understood that her fate was deciding,—that her poor mother had devoted herself for her, and was face to face with the stern ruler whose look alone she usually dared not brave. Christine passed the night in terrible anxiety, abandoning herself alternately to discouragement and to joyful hopes. At her age it is not easy to despair. Fear, however, predominated over every other emotion, and she would have given years of existence to learn what had passed. But the day went by like the previous one. She saw none but Gothón. Her she ventured to question, but the old servant had orders not to answer.

Another day elapsed. Christine's solitude was still unbroken, no friendly voice reached her ear, no kind hand lifted the veil shrouding her future. The poor girl was exhausted, she had not even the energy of grief. She wept without complaint, almost without a murmur. Night came, and she fell asleep, exhausted by her sorrow. She had scarcely slept an hour when she was awakened by the opening of the door, and Gothón, lamp in hand, approached her bed. "Get up, Mademoiselle," said the servant, "and follow me."

Christine dressed herself as in a dream, and hastily followed Gothón, who conducted her to her mother's room, opened the door and drew back to let her pass. A sad spectacle met the young girl's eyes. Annu-

ciata, pale and almost inanimate, lay in the agonies of death. Her presentiment had not deceived her; suffering and agitation had snapped the slender strings that bound her to the earth. The light of the lamp fell full upon her features, whose gentle beauty pain was impotent to deface. Resignation and courage were upon her countenance, over which came a gleam of joy when Christine appeared. Wilhelmína and Maria knelt and wept at the foot of their mother's bed. William stood a little apart, holding a prayer-book, but his eyes had left the page to look at Annunciata, and two large tears trembled on their lids. M. Van Amberg, seated beside his wife's pillow, had his face shaded by his hand, so that none could see its expression.

With a piercing cry, Christine rushed to Madame Van Amberg, who received her in her arms. "Mother!" she cried, her cheek against Annunciata's, "it is I who have killed you! For love of me you have exceeded your strength."

"No, my beloved child, no," replied Annunciata, kissing her daughter between each word, "I die of an old and incurable malady. But I die happy, since I once more clasp you in my arms."

"And they did not let me nurse you!" cried Christine, indignantly raising her head; "they concealed your illness! They let me weep for other sorrows than yours, my mother!"

"Dearest child," replied Annunciata gently, "this crisis has been very sudden; two hours ago they knew not my danger, and I wished to fulfil my religious duties before seeing you. I wished to think only of God. Now I can abandon myself to the embraces of my children." And she clasped her weeping daughters to her heart. "Dear children," said she, "God is full of mercy to the dying, and sanctifies a mother's benediction. I bless you, my daughters; remember and pray for me."

The three young girls bowed their heads upon their mother's hand, and replied by tears alone to this solemn farewell.

"My good brother," resumed Annunciata to William, "My good

brother, we have long lived together, and to me you have ever been a devoted friend, indulgent and gentle. I thank you, brother!"

William averted his head to conceal his tears, but a deep sob escaped him, and he turned his venerable face towards Annunciata.

"Do not thank me, sister," he said, "I have done little for you. I loved you, that is certain, but I could not enliven your solitude. My sister, you will still live for the happiness of us all."

Annunciata gently shook her head. Her glance sought her husband as if she would fain have addressed her last words to him. But they expired on her lips. She looked at him timidly, sadly, and then closed her eyes, to check the starting tears. She grew visibly weaker, and as death approached, a painful anxiety took possession of her. Resigned, she was not calm. It was ordained her soul should suffer and be troubled to the end. The destiny of one of her daughters disturbed her last moments; she dared not pronounce the name of Christine, she dared not ask compassion for her; a thousand conflicting doubts and fears agitated her poor heart. She died as she had lived, repressing her tears, concealing her thoughts. From time to time she turned to her husband, but his head continued sunk upon his hand; not one look of encouragement could she obtain. At last came the spasm that was to break this frail existence. "Adieu! Adieu!" she murmured in unintelligible accents. Her eyes no longer obeyed her, and none could tell whom they sought. William approached his brother, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Karl!" he whispered in tones audible but to him he addressed, "she is dying! Have you nothing to say to a poor creature who has so long lived with you and suffered by you? Living, you loved her not; do not let her die thus! Fear you not, Karl, lest this woman, oppressed and slighted by you, should expire with a leaven of resentment in her heart? Crave her pardon before she departs."

For an instant all was silent. M. Van Amberg stirred not. Annunciata, her head thrown back, seemed to have already ceased to exist.

On a sudden, she moved, raised herself with difficulty, leaned over towards M. Van Amberg, and groped for his hand as though she had been blind. When she found it, she bowed her face upon it, kissed it twice, and expired in that last kiss.

"On your knees!" cried William, "on your knees, she is in heaven! let us implore her intercession!" And all knelt down.

Of all the prayers addressed to God by man during his life of trial, not one is more solemn than that which escapes the desolate heart, when a beloved soul flies from earth to heaven, to stand, for the first time, in the presence of its Creator.

M. Van Amberg rose from his knees.

"Leave the room!" said he to his brother and daughters, "I would be alone with my wife."

Alone, beside the bed of his dead wife, Karl Van Amberg gazed upon the pale countenance, to which death had restored all the beauty of youth. A tear, left there by human suffering, a tear which none other was to follow, glittered upon the clay-cold cheek; one arm still hung out of bed, as when it held his hand; the head was in the position in which it had kissed his fingers. He gazed at her, and the icy envelope that bound his heart was at last broken. "Annunciata!" he exclaimed, "Annunciata!"

For fifteen years that name had not passed his lips. Throwing himself on his wife's corpse, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her forehead.

"Annunciata!" he cried, "can you not feel this kiss of peace and love! Annunciata, we have both suffered terribly! God did not grant us happiness. I loved you from the first day that I saw you, a joyous child in Spain, till this sad moment that I press you dead upon my heart. Oh Annunciata, how great have been our sufferings!"

Karl Van Amberg wept.

"Repose in peace, poor woman!" he murmured, "may you find in heaven the repose denied you upon earth!" And with trembling hand he closed Annunciata's eyes. Then he knelt down beside her.

"Almighty God!" he said, "I have been severe. Be thou merciful!"

When, at break of day, M. Van Amberg left the chamber of death, his face had resumed its habitual expression; his inflexible soul, for a moment bowed, had regained its usual level. To Annunciata had been given the last word of love, the last tear of that heart of adamant. To the eyes of all he reappeared as the stern master and father, the man on whose brow no sorrow left a trace. His daughters bowed themselves upon his passage, William spoke not to him, order and regularity returned to the house. Annunciata was buried without pomp or procession. She left, to revisit it no more, the melancholy abode where her suffering soul had worn out its mortal envelope; she ceased to live, as a sound ceases to be heard, as a cloud passes, as a flower fades; nothing stopped or altered because she went. If any mourned her, they mourned in silence; if they thought of her, they proclaimed not their thoughts; her name was no more heard; only the interior of the little red house was rather more silent, and M. Van Amberg's countenance appeared to all more rigid than before. During the day, Christine's profound grief obeyed the iron will that weighed on each member of the family. The poor child was silent, worked, sat at table, lived on as if her heart had not been crushed; but at night, when she was alone in the little room where her mother had so often wept with her, she gave free course to grief; she invoked her mother, spoke to her, extended her arms to her, and would fain have left the earth to be with her in heaven. "Take me to you, dear mother!" she would exclaim. "Deprived of you, apart from him, I cannot live! Since I saw you die, I no longer fear death."

Since the death of Annunciata, Christine was allowed her liberty, M. Van Amberg doubtless thinking, and with reason, that she would make no use of it during her first grief. Or, perhaps, with his wife's corpse scarcely cold, he hesitated to recur to

the severity that had caused her so many tears. Whatever his motive, Christine was free, at least to all appearance. The three sisters, in deep mourning, never passed the threshold; they sat all day at work near the low window of the parlour, supped with their uncle and father, then retired to bed. During the long hours of their silent work, Christine often thought of her lover. She dared not attempt to see him; she would have expected to hear her mother's voice murmur in her ear,—“My daughter, it is too soon to be happy! Mourn me yet a little, alone and without consolation.”

One morning, after a night of tears, Christine fell into a tardy slumber, broken by dreams. Now it was her mother, who took her in her arms, and flew with her towards heaven: “I will not let you live,” said Annunciata, “for life is sorrow. I have prayed of God to let you die young, that you may not weep as I have wept!”

The next instant she beheld herself clothed in white, and crowned with flowers. Herbert was there, love sparkling in his eyes. “Come, my betrothed!” he said, “life is joy! My love shall guard you from all evil; come, we will be happy!”

She started up, awakened by a sudden noise in her chamber. The window was open, and on the floor lay a pebble with a letter attached. Her first impulse was to fly to the window; a bush stirred in the direction of the river, but she saw no one. She snatched up the letter, she guessed it was Herbert's writing. It seems as if one never saw for the first time the writing of him one loves; the heart recognises as if the eyes had already seen it. Christine was alone, a beam of the rising sun tinted the summits of the willows, and hope and love revived in the young girl's heart, as she read what follows:

“Christine, I can write but a few lines; a long letter, difficult to conceal, might never reach you. Hear me with your heart, and guess what I am unable to write. As you know, dearest, my family intrusted me to your father and gave him all authority over me. He can employ me at his will, and according to the convenience of his com-

mercial establishments. Christine, I have just received orders to embark in one of his ships, sailing for Batavia."

A cry escaped Christine's lips, and her eyes, suffused with tears, devoured the subsequent lines.

"Your father places the immensity of ocean between us; he separates us for ever. We are to meet no more! Christine, has your heart, since I last saw you, learned to comprehend those words? No, my adored Christine, we must live or die together! Your poor mother is no more; your presence is no longer essential to the happiness of any one. Your family is pitiless and without affection for you. Your future is gloom and unhappiness. Come, then, let us fly together. In the *Halder* are numerous ships; they will bear us far from the scene of our sufferings. All is foreseen and arranged. Christine, my life depends on your decision. For ever separated! . . . subscribe to that barbarous decree, and I terminate an existence which henceforward would be all bitterness! And you, Christine! will you love another, or live without love? Oh! come, I have suffered so much without you! I summon you, I await you, Christine! my bride! At midnight—on the river-bank—I will be there! and a world of happiness is before us. Come, dear Christine, come!"

As Christine read, her tears fell fast on Herbert's letter. She experienced a moment of agonising indecision. She loved passionately, but she was young and innocent, and love had not yet imparted to her pure soul the audacity that braves all things. The wise counsels heard in her father's house, uncle William's pious exhortations, the holy prayers she had learned from her infancy upwards, resounded in her ears; the Christ upon her wooden crucifix seemed to look at her; the beads of her rosary were still warm with the pressure of her fingers.

"Oh! my dream! my dream!" she exclaimed: "Herbert who calls his bride! my mother claiming her daughter! With him, life and love! With her, death and heaven! . . ." And Christine sobbed aloud. For an instant she tried calmly to contemplate an existence in that melancholy house, weeping for Herbert, growing old without him, without love, within those gloomy

walls, where no heart sympathised with hers. The picture was too terrible; she felt that such a future was unendurable. She wept bitterly, kissed her rosary, her prayer book, as if bidding adieu to all that had witnessed the innocence of her early years. Then her heart beat violently. The fire of her glance dried her tears. She looked out at the river, at the white sail which seemed to remind her of her vows of love; she gave one last sob, as if breaking irrevocably the links between her past and future. The image of her mother was no longer before her. Christine, abandoned to herself, followed the impulse of her passionate nature; she wept, trembled, hesitated, and at last exclaimed,—

"At midnight, I will be there!"

Then she wiped her tears, and remained quite still for a few moments, to calm her violent agitation. A vast future unrolled itself before her; liberty would be hers; a new world was revealed to her eyes; a new life began for her.

At last night came. A lamp replaced the fading day-light. The window was deserted for the table. William and Karl Van Amberg came in. The former took a book; his brother busied himself with commercial calculations. The lamp gave a dull light; all was silent, sad, and monotonous in the apartment. The clock slowly told the succeeding hours. When its hammer struck ten, there was a movement round the table; books were shut, work was folded. Karl Van Amberg rose; his two eldest daughters approached him, and he kissed their foreheads in silence. Christine no longer a captive, but still in disgrace, bowed herself before her father. Uncle William, grown drowsy over his book, put up his spectacles, muttering a "good-night." The family left the parlour, and the three sisters ascended the wooden staircase. At her chamber door, Christine felt a tightness at her heart. She turned and looked after her sisters. "Good-night, Wilhelmina! good-night, Maria!"

The sisters turned their heads. By the faint light of the lamp, Christine saw them smile at their hands to her. They entered their rooms.

Christine found herself alone. She opened her window; the night was calm; at intervals clouds flitted across the moon, veiling its brightness. Christine made no preparations for departure; she only took her mother's rosary, and the blue ribbon so long attached to the guitar; then she wrapped herself in her black mantle and sat down by the window. Her heart beat quick, but no distinct thought agitated her mind. She trembled without terror; her eyes were tearful, but she felt no regret. For her, the hour was rather solemn than sad; the struggle was over, and she was irrevocably decided.

At last midnight came; each stroke of the clock thrilled Christine's heart; for an instant she stood still, summoning strength and courage; then, turning towards the interior of the room,—

"Adieu, my mother!" she whispered. Many living creatures dwelt under that roof. It seemed to Christine as if she left her only who was no longer there. "Adieu, my mother!" she repeated.

Then she stepped out of the window: a trellis, twined with creepers, covered the wall. With light foot and steady hand, Christine descended, aiding herself by the branches, and pausing when they cracked under her tread or grasp. The stillness was so complete that the slightest sound assumed importance. Christine's heart beat violently; at last she reached the ground, raised her head, and looked at the house. Her father's window was still lighted. Again she shuddered with apprehension; then, feeling more courage for a minute's daring than for half an hour's precautions, she darted across the meadow and arrived breathless at the clump of willows. Before plunging into it, she again looked round. All was quiet and deserted; she breathed more freely and disappeared amongst the branches. Leaning upon the old tree, the witness of her former rendezvous, she whispered, so softly that none but a lover could hear, "Herbert, are you there?"

A cautious oar skimmed the water; a well known voice replied. The boat approached the willow; the young student stood up and held out his

arms to Christine, who leaped lightly into the skiff. In an instant, they were out of the willow-shaded inlet; in another, the sail—the signal of their loves—was hoisted to the breeze; the bark sped swiftly over the water, and Herbert, scarce daring to believe his happiness, was seated at Christine's feet. His hand sought hers; he heard her weep, and he wept for sympathy. Both were silent, agitated, uneasy, and happy.

But the night was fine, the moon shed its softest light, the ripple of the stream had a harmony of its own, the light breeze cooled their cheeks, the sail bent over them like the wing of an invisible being; they were young, they loved, it was impossible that joy should not revive in their hearts.

"Thanks, Christine, thanks!" exclaimed Herbert, "thanks a thousand times for so much devotedness, for such confidence and love! Oh how beautiful will life now appear! We are united for ever!"

"For ever!" repeated Christine, her tears flowing afresh. For the first time she felt that great happiness, like great grief, expresses itself by tears. Her hand in Herbert's, her eyes raised to heaven, she gazed upon bright stars and fleecy clouds, sole and silent witnesses of her happiness. Presently she was roused from this sweet reverie.

"See there, Herbert!" she exclaimed; "the sail droops along the mast, the wind has fallen, we do not advance."

Herbert took the oars, and the boat cut rapidly through the water. Wrapped in her mantle, Christine sat opposite, and smiled upon him. Onwards flew the boat, a track of foam in its wake. Day-light was still distant; all things favoured the fugitives. Again Christine broke silence.

"Herbert, dear Herbert, do you hear nothing?"

Herbert ceased to row, and listened. "I hear nothing," he said, "save the plash of the river against its banks." He resumed the oars; again the boat moved rapidly forward. Christine was pale; half risen from her seat, her head turned back, she strove to see, but the darkness was too great.

"Be tranquil, best beloved," said

Herbert with a smile. "Fear creates sounds. All is still."

"Herbert," cried Christine, this time starting up in the boat, "I am not mistaken! I hear oars behind us . . . pause not to listen . . . row, for Heaven's love, row!"

Her terror was so great, she seemed so sure of what she said, that Herbert obeyed in silence, and a sensation of alarm chilled his heart. Christine seated herself at his feet.

"We are pursued!" she said; "the noise of your own oars alone prevented your hearing. A boat follows us."

"If it be so," Herbert cried, "what matter! That boat does not bear Christine, is not guided by a man who defends his life, his happiness, his love. My arm will weary his, his bark will not overtake mine." And Herbert redoubled his efforts. The veins of his arms swelled to bursting; his forehead was covered with sweat-drops. The skiff clove the waters as though impelled by wings. Christine remained crouched at the young man's feet, pressing herself against him, as to seek refuge.

Other oars, wielded by stalwart arms, now struck the water not far from Herbert's boat. The young student heard the sound; he bent over his oars and made desperate efforts. But he felt his strength failing; as he rowed he looked with agony at Christine; no one spoke, only the noise of the two boats interrupted the silence. Around, all was calm and serene as when the fugitives set out. But the soul of the young girl had passed from life to death; her eyes, gleaming with a wild fire, followed with increasing terror each movement of Herbert's; she saw by the suffering expression of his countenance, that little hope of escape remained. Still he rowed with the energy of despair; but the fatal bark drew nearer, its shadow was seen upon the water, it followed hard in the foamy track of Herbert's boat. Christine stood up and looked back; just then the moon shone out, casting its light full upon the pale, passionless features of M. Van Amberg. Christine uttered a piercing cry.

"My father!" she cried, "Herbert, 'tis my father!"

Herbert also had recognised his

pursuer. The youth had lived too long in Karl Van Amberg's house, not to have experienced the strange kind of fascination which that man exercised over all around him. Darkness had passed away to reveal to the fugitives the father, master, and judge!

"Stop, Herbert!" cried Christine, "we are lost, escape is impossible! Do you not see my father?"

"Let me row!" replied Herbert, disengaging himself from Christine, who had seized his arm. He gave so violent a pull with the oars, that the little boat bounded out of the water and seemed to gain a little on its pursuer.

"Herbert," cried Christine, "I tell you we are lost! 'Tis my father, and resistance is useless! God will not work a miracle in our favour! Herbert, I will not return to my father's house! Let us die together, dear Herbert!"

And Christine threw herself into her lover's arms. The oars fell from the young man's hands; with a cry of anguish he pressed Christine convulsively on his heart. For a single instant he thought of obeying her, and of plunging with her into the dark tide beneath; but Herbert had a noble heart, and he repelled the temptation of despair. The next moment a violent shock made the boat quiver, and M. Van Amberg stepped into it. Instinctively, Herbert clasped Christine more tightly, and retreated; as if his strength could withhold her from her father; as if, in that little boat, he could retreat far enough not to be overtaken. With a vigorous arm, M. Van Amberg seized Christine, whose slender form bent like a reed over his shoulder.

"Have mercy on her!" cried the despairing Herbert; "I alone am guilty! Punish her not, and I promise to depart, to renounce her! Pity, sir, pity for Christine!"

He spoke to a deaf and silent statue. Wresting Christine's hand from the student's grasp, M. Van Amberg stepped back into his boat and pushed Herbert's violently with his foot. Yielding to the impulse, the boats separated; one was pulled swiftly up the river, whilst the other, abandoned to itself, was swept by the current in a contrary direction. Erect

on the prow of his bark, his head thrown back, his arms folded on his breast, M. Van Amberg fixed a terrible look upon Herbert and then disappeared in the darkness. All was over. The father had taken his daughter, and no human power could henceforward tear her from his arms.

Within eight days from this fatal night, the gates of a convent closed upon Christine Van Amberg.

On the frontier of Belgium, on the summit of a hill, stands a large white building of irregular architecture, a confused mass of walls, roofs, angles, and platforms. At the foot of the hill is a village, whose inhabitants behold with a feeling of respect the edifice towering above their humble dwellings. For there is seen the belfry of a church, and thence is heard unceasingly the sound of pious bells, proclaiming afar that on the mountain's summit a few devout souls pray to God for all men. The building is a convent; the poor and the sick well know the path leading to the hospitable threshold of the Sisters of the Visitation.

To this convent was Christine sent. To this austere dwelling, the abode of silence and self-denial, was she, the young, the beautiful, the loving, pitilessly consigned. It was as though a gravestone had suddenly closed over her head. With her, the superior of the convent received the following letter:

"MADAME LA SUPERIEURE, — I send you your niece, Christine Van Amberg, and beg you to oblige me by keeping her with you. I intend her to embrace a religious life; employ the influence of your wise counsels to predispose her to it. Her misconduct compels me to exclude her my house; she requires restraint and watching, such as are only to be found in a convent. Be pleased, dear and respected kinswoman, to receive her under your roof; the best wish that can be formed for her is that she may make up her mind to remain there for ever. Should she inquire concerning a young man named Herbert, you may inform her that he has sailed to Batavia, whence he will proceed to our most remote establishments.

"I am with respect, *Madame la Supérieure*, your kinsman and friend,
"KARL VAN AMBERG."

Five years had elapsed since the date of this letter, when one day the convent-gate opened to admit a stranger, who craved to speak with the superior. The stranger was an old man; a staff sustained his feeble steps. Whilst waiting in the parlour, he looked about him with surprise and emotion, and several times he passed his hand across his eyes as if to brush away a tear. "Poor, poor child!" he muttered. When the superior appeared behind the grating, he advanced quickly towards her.

"I am William Van Amberg," he said, "the brother of Karl Van Amberg. I come, madam, to fetch Christine, his daughter and my niece."

"You come very late!" replied the superior; "sister Martha-Mary is on the eve of pronouncing her vows."

"Martha-Mary!—I do not know the name!"—said William Van Amberg; "I seek Christine—my niece Christine."

"Christine Van Amberg, now sister Martha-Mary, is about to take the veil."

"Christine a nun! Oh, impossible! Madam, they have broken the child's heart; from despair only would she take the veil; they have been cruel, they have tortured her; but I bring her liberty and the certainty of happiness,—permission to marry him she loves. Let me speak to her, and she will quickly follow."

"Speak to her then; and let her depart if such be her will."

"Thanks, madam,—a thousand thanks! Send me my child, send me my Christine—with joy and impatience I await her."

The superior retired. Left alone, William again contemplated the melancholy abode in which he found himself, and the more he gazed, the sadder his heart became. He would fain have taken Christine in his arms, as he did when she was little, and have fled with her from those chilly walls and dismal gratings.

"Poor child!" he repeated, "what a retreat for the bright years of your youth! . . . How you must have suffered! But console thyself, dearest child, I am here to rescue thee!"

He remembered Christine as a wild young girl, delighting in liberty, air, and motion; then as an impassioned woman, full of love and independence. And a smile crossed the old man's lips as he thought of her burst of joy, when he should say to her,—"You are free, and Herbert waits to lead you to the altar!" His heart beat as it had never beaten in the best days of his youth; he counted the minutes and kept his eyes fixed upon the little door through which Christine was to come. He could not fold her in his arms, the grating prevented it, but at least he should see and hear her. Suddenly all his blood rushed to his heart, for the hinges creaked and the door opened. A novice, clothed in white, slowly advanced; he looked at her, started back, hesitated, and exclaimed: "Oh God! is that Christine?"

William had cherished in his heart the memory of a bright-eyed, sunburnt girl, alert and lively, quick and decided in her movements, running more often than she walked, like the graceful roe that loves the mountain steep. He beheld a tall young woman, white and colourless as the robes that shrouded her; her hair concealed under a thick linen band, her slender form scarcely to be distinguished beneath the heavy folds of her woollen vestments. Her movements were slow, her black eyes veiled by an indescribable languor; a profound calm was the characteristic of her whole being—a calm so great, that it resembled absence of life. One might have thought her eyes looked without seeing, that her lips could not open to speak, that her ears listened without hearing. Sister Martha-Mary was beautiful, but her beauty was not of the earth—it was the beauty of infinite repose,—of a calm that nothing could disturb.

The old man was touched to the bottom of his soul; the words expired on his lips, and he extended his hands towards Christine. On beholding her uncle, Martha-Mary endeavoured to smile, but moved not, and said nothing.

"Oh my child!" cried William at last, "how you must suffer here!"

Martha-Mary gently shook her head, and the tranquil look she fixed

upon her uncle, protested against his supposition.

"Is it possible that five years have thus changed my Christine! My heart recognises you, my child, not my eyes! They have compelled you to great austerities, severe privations?"

"No."

"A cruel bondage has weighed heavily upon you?"

"No."

"You have been ill then?"

"No."

"Your poor heart has suffered too much, and has broken. You have shed many tears?"

"I remember them no longer."

"Christine, Christine, do you live? or has the shade of Annunciata risen from the grave? Oh my child! in seeing you, I seem to see her corpse, extended on the bed of death!"

Martha-Mary raised her large eyes to heaven; she joined her hands, and murmured, "My mother!"

"Christine, speak to me! weep with me! you frighten me by your calm and silence. . . . Ah! in my trouble and emotion, I have as yet explained nothing. . . . Listen: my brother Karl, by the failure of a partner, suddenly found his whole fortune compromised. To avoid total ruin he was obliged to embark immediately for the colonies. He set sail expecting to return in a few years; but his affairs prolong his absence, and his return is indefinitely postponed. His two eldest daughters are with him. To me, who am too old to follow him, too old to remain alone, he has given Christine. I would not accept the precious charge, my child, without the possibility of rendering you happy. I implored permission to marry you to Herbert. You are no longer a rich heiress: your father gone, you need protection, and that of an old man cannot long avail you. In short, your father has agreed to all I asked; he sends you, as a farewell gift, your liberty and his consent to your marriage. . . . Christine! you are free, and Herbert awaits his bride!"

The long drapery of the novice was slightly agitated, as if the limbs it covered trembled; she remained

seconds without speaking, and then replied, "It is too late! I am the affianced of the Lord!"

William uttered a cry of grief, and looked with alarm at the pale calm girl, who stood immovable before him.

"Christine!" he cried, "You no longer love Herbert?"

"I am the affianced of the Lord!" repeated the novice, her hands crossed upon her breast, her eyes raised to heaven.

"Oh my God! my God!" cried William, weeping bitterly, "my brother has killed his child! Her soul has been sad even unto death! Poor victim of our severity, tell me, Christine, tell me, what has passed within you, since your abode here?"

"I saw others pray, and I prayed also. There was a great stillness, and I was silent; none wept, and I dried my tears; a something, at first cold, then soothing, enveloped my soul. The voice of God made itself heard to me, and I listened; I loved the Lord, and gave myself to him."

Then, as if fatigued with speaking so much, Martha-Mary relapsed into silence, and into that absorbing meditation which rendered her insensible to surrounding things. Just then a bell tolled. The novice started, and her eyes sparkled.

"God calls me!" she said, "I go to pray!"

"Christine! my daughter, will you leave me thus?"

"Hear you not the bell? It is the hour of prayer."

"But, Christine, dearest child, I came to take you hence."

"I shall never leave these walls!" said Martha-Mary, gliding slowly away. As she opened the parlour door, she turned towards William; her eyes fixed upon him with a sad and sweet expression; her lips moved, as if to send him a kiss; then she disappeared. William made no attempt to detain her; his head was pressed against the grating, and big tears chased each other down his cheeks. How long he remained thus plunged in mournful reflection, he noted not. He was roused by the voice of the superior, who seated herself, wrapped in her black robes, on the other side of the grating.

"I foresaw your grief," she said.

"Our sister Martha-Mary refuses to follow you."

With a despairing look, William answered the nun.

"Alas! alas!" he said, "the child I so dearly loved met me without joy, and left me without regret."

"Listen, my son," resumed the superior; "listen to me.—Five years ago, there came to this convent a young girl overwhelmed with grief and sunk in terrible despair; her entrance here was to her a descent into the tomb. During one entire year, none saw her but with tears on her face. Only God knows how many tears the eyes must shed, before a broken spirit regains calm and resignation; man cannot count them. This young girl suffered much; in vain we implored pardon for her, in vain we summoned her family to her relief. She might say, as is written in the psalm,—*'I am weary with my groaning—mine eye is consumed because of grief.'* What could we do, save pray for her, since none would receive her back!"

"Alas!" cried William, "your letters never reached us. My brother was beyond sea; and I, having then no hope of changing his determination,—I had quitted his empty and melancholy house."

"Man abandoned her," continued the superior, "but God looked upon his servant, and comforted her soul. If He does not see fit to restore strength to her body, exhausted by suffering—His will be done! Perhaps it would now be wise and generous to leave her to that love of God which she has attained after so many tears; perhaps it would be prudent to spare her fresh shocks."

"No! no!" interrupted William, "I cannot give up, even to God, this last relic of my family, the sole prop of my old age. I will try every means to bring back her heart to its early sentiments. Give me Christine for a few days only! Let me conduct her to the place of her birth, to the scenes where she loved. She is deaf to my entreaties, but she will obey an order from you; bid her return for a while beneath her father's roof! Should she still wish it, after this last attempt, I will restore her hither."

"Take her with you, my son," replied the superior, "I will bid her follow. If God has indeed spoken to her soul, no worldly voice will move her. If it be otherwise, may she return no more to the cloister, but be blessed wherever she goes! Adieu, my son; the peace of the Lord be with you!"

Hope revived in the heart of William Van Amberg; it seemed to him as if—the convent threshold once passed—Christine would revert to her former character, her youth and love. He believed he was about to remove his beloved child for ever from these gloomy walls, and with painful impatience he awaited her coming. Soon a light step was heard in the corridor; William threw open the door, Christine was there, and no grating now separated her from her uncle.

"My beloved Christine!" exclaimed William, "at last, then, you are restored to me; at last I can press you to my heart! Come, we will return to our own country, and revisit the house where we all dwelt together."

Sister Martha-Mary was still paler than at her first interview with William. If any expression was discernible upon that calm countenance, it was one of sadness. She allowed herself to be taken by the hand and conducted to the convent gate; but when the gate was opened, and, passing into the open air, she encountered the broad daylight and the fresh breeze, she tottered and leaned for support against the wall. Just then the sun rent the clouds, and threw its golden beams on plain and mountain; the air was clear and transparent, and the flat and monotonous horizon acquired beauty from the burst of light.

"See, my daughter!" said William, "see how lovely the earth looks! How soft is the air we breathe! How good it is to be free, and to move towards that immense horizon!"

"Oh, my dear uncle!" replied the novice, "how beautiful are the heavens! See how the sun shines above our heads! It is in heaven that his glory should be admired! His rays are already dim and feeble when they touch the earth!"

William led Christine to a carriage; they got in, and the horses set off.

Long did the gaze of the novice remain fixed on her convent's walls; when these were hidden from her by the windings of the road, she closed her eyes and seemed to sleep. During the journey, William endeavoured in vain to make her converse; she had forgotten how to express her thoughts. When compelled to reply, fatigue overwhelmed her; her whole existence was concentrated in her soul, and detached entirely from the external world. At intervals, she would say to herself: "How long the morning is! Nothing marks the hours; I have not heard a single bell to-day!"

At last they reached the red house, and the carriage drove into the court, where the grass grew between the stones. Gothou came out to receive them, and Martha-Mary, leaning on her uncle's arm, entered the parlour where the family of Van Amberg had so often assembled. The room was deserted and cold; no books or work gave it the look of habitation; abandoned by its last occupants, it awaited new ones. Christine slowly traversed this well-known apartment, and sat down upon a chair near the window. It was there her mother had sat for twenty years; there had her childhood passed at the knees of Annunziata.

William opened the window, showed her the meadow, the willows, and the river. Christine looked at them in silence, her head resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on the horizon. For a long while William stood beside her, then he placed his hand on her shoulder and pronounced her name. She rose and followed him. They ascended the stairs, traversed the gallery, and William opened a door. "Your mother's room," said he to Christine. The novice entered and stood still in the middle of the chamber; tears flowed from her eyes, she clasped her hands and prayed.

"My daughter," said William, "she ardently desired your happiness."

"She has obtained it!" replied the novice.

The old man felt a profound sadness come over him. It was like pressing to his heart a corpse to which his love restored neither breath nor warmth. Martha-Mary approached her mother's bed, knelt down, and

kissed the pillow that had supported the dying head of Annunciata.

"Mother!" she murmured, "soon we shall meet again."

William shuddered. He took Christine's hand, and led her to the room she had formerly occupied. The little white-curtained bed was still there, the guitar hung against the wall, Christine's favourite volumes filled the shelves of her modest book-case; through the open window were seen the willows and the river. Martha-Mary noticed none of these things: the wooden crucifix was still upon the wall; she rapidly approached it, knelt, bowed her head upon the feet of Christ, closed her eyes and breathed deeply, like one finding repose after long fatigue. Like the exile returning to his native land, like the storm-tossed mariner regaining the port, she remained with her brow resting upon her Saviour's feet.

Standing by her side, William looked on in tearful silence. Farther off, Gothou wiped her eyes with her apron. Several hours elapsed. The house-clock struck, the birds sang in the garden; the wind rustled among the trees; in the lofty pigeon-house the doves cooed; the cock crowed in the poultry-yard. None of these loved and familiar sounds could divert Martha-Mary from her devout meditation. Sick at heart, her uncle descended to the parlour. He remained there long, plunged in gloomy reflections. Suddenly hasty steps were heard; a young man rushed into the room and into William's arms.

"Christine! Christine!" cried Herbert; "where is Christine? Is it not a dream? M. Van Amberg gives me Christine! . . . Once more in my native land, and Christine mine!"

"Karl Van Amberg gives, but God refuses her to you!" replied William, mournfully. Then he told Herbert what had passed at the convent, and since their arrival at the house: he gave a thousand details,—he repeated them a thousand times, but without convincing Herbert of the melancholy truth.

"It is impossible!" cried the young man; "if Christine is alive, if Christine is here, to the first word uttered by her lover, Christine will reply."

"God grant it!" exclaimed William, "my last hope is in you."

Herbert sprang up the stairs, his heart too full of love to have room for fear. Christine free, was for him Christine ready to become his wife. He hastily opened her chamber door; but then he paused, as if petrified, upon the threshold. The day was closing in, and its fading light fell upon Martha-Mary, whose form stood out like a white shadow from the gloom of the room. She was still on her knees, her head resting on the feet of Christ, her fragile person lost in the multiplied folds of her conventual robes. She heard not the opening of the door, and Herbert stood gazing at her, till a flood of tears burst from his eyes. William took his hand and silently pressed it.

"I am frightened!" said Herbert, in a low tone. "That is not my Christine! A phantom risen from the earth, or an angel descended from Heaven, has taken her place!"

"No, she is no longer Christine!" replied William, sadly.

For a few moments more Herbert stood in mournful contemplation. Then he exclaimed:—"Christine, dear Christine!"

At the sound of his voice the novice started, rose to her feet, and pronounced his name. As in former days, when her lover called "Christine!" Martha-Mary had replied, "Herbert!"

The young man's heart beat violently; he stood beside the novice, he took her hands. "It is I, it is Herbert!" he said, kneeling down before her.

The novice fixed her large black eyes upon him with a long inquiring gaze; a slight flush passed across her brow; then she became pale as before, and said gently to Herbert:—"I thought not to see you again upon earth."

"Dear Christine! tears and suffering have long been our portion; but happy days at last dawn upon us! My love! my bride! we will never part again!"

Martha-Mary extricated her hands from those of Herbert, and retreated towards the image of Christ.

"I am the bride of the Lord," she said in trembling accents. "He expects me."

Herbert uttered a cry of grief.

"Christine! dear Christine! remember our oft-repeated pledges, our loves, our tears, our hopes. You left me

vowing to love me always. Christine, if you would not have me die of despair, remember the past!"

Martha-Mary's eyes continued riveted on the crucifix; her hands, convulsively clasped, were extended towards it.

"Gracious Lord!" she prayed, "speak to his heart as you have spoken to mine! It is a noble heart, worthy to love you. Stronger than I, Herbert may survive, even after much weeping! Console him, oh Lord!"

"Christine! my first and only love! sole hope and joy of my life! do you thus abandon me? That heart, once entirely mine, is it closed to me for ever?"

Her gaze upon the crucifix, her hands still joined, the novice, as if able to speak only to her God, gently replied:—"Lord! he suffers as I suffered! shed upon him the balm wherewith you healed my wounds! Leaving him life, take his soul as you have taken mine. Give him that ineffable peace which descends upon those thou lovest!"

"Oh Christine! my beloved!" cried Herbert, once more taking her hand, "do but look at me! turn your eyes upon me and behold my tears! Dearest treasure of my heart! you seem to slumber! Awake! Have you forgotten our tender meetings? the willows bending over the stream, the boat in which we sailed a whole night, dreaming the joy of eternal union? See! the moon rises as it rose that night. We were near each other as now; but then they tore us asunder, and now we are free to be together! Christine, have you ceased to love? Is all forgotten?"

William took her other hand. "Dear child," he said, "we entreat you not to leave us! To you we look for happiness; remain with us, Christine."

One hand in the hands of Herbert, the other in those of William, the novice slowly and solemnly replied:

"The corpse that reposes in the tomb does not lift the stone to re-enter the world. The soul that has seen Heaven, does not leave it to return to earth. The creature to whom God has said, 'Be thou the spouse of Christ,' does not quit Christ to unite herself to a man; and she who is about

to die should turn her affections from mortal things!"

"Herbert!" cried William, "be silent! Not another word! I can scarcely feel the throbbing of her pulse! She is paler even than when I first saw her behind the convent grating. We give her pain. Enough, Herbert, enough! Better yield her to God upon earth, than send her to him in Heaven!"

The old man placed the almost inanimate head of Martha-Mary upon his shoulder, and pressed her to his heart as a mother embraces her child. "Recover yourself, my daughter," he said; "I will restore you to the house of God."

Martha-Mary turned her sad and gentle gaze upon her uncle, and her hand feebly pressed his. Then addressing herself to Herbert:

"You, Herbert," she said, in a scarcely audible voice, "you, who will live, do not abandon him!"

"Christine!" cried Herbert, on his knees before his betrothed. "Christine! do we part for ever?"

The novice raised her eyes to heaven:

"Not for ever!" she replied.

Some days afterwards the convent gates opened to receive sister Martha-Mary. They closed upon her for the last time. With feeble and unsteady step the novice traversed the cloisters to prostrate herself on the altar-steps. The superior came to her.

"Oh my mother!" exclaimed Christine, the fountain of whose tears was opened, and who wept as in the days of her childhood, "I have seen him and left him! To thee I return, oh Lord! faithful to my vows, I await the crown that shall consecrate me thy spouse. Thy voice alone shall henceforward reach my ears; I come to sing thy praises, to pray and serve thee until the end of my life!—Holy mother, prepare the robe of serge, the white crown, the silver cross; I am ready!"

"My daughter," replied the superior, "you are very ill, much exhausted by so many shocks; will you not delay the ceremony of profession?"

"No, holy mother! no; delay it not! I would die the bride of the Lord! And I have little time!" replied sister Martha-Mary.

THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

THE Massacre of Glencoe is an event which neither can nor ought to be forgotten. It was one of the earliest fruits of the so-called glorious Revolution Settlement, and exhibits in their foulest perfidy the true characters of its authors.

After the battle of Killiecrankie the cause of the Scottish royalists declined, rather from the want of a competent leader than from any disinclination on the part of the people to vindicate the right of King James. No person of adequate talents or authority was found to supply the place of the great and gallant Lord Dundee, of whom it was truly written,—

“Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, deos.”

General Cannon, who succeeded in command, was not only deficient in military skill, but did not possess the confidence, nor understand the character of the Highland chiefs, who, with their clansmen, constituted by far the most important section of the army. Accordingly no enterprise of any importance was attempted, and the disastrous issue of the battle of the Boyne led to a negotiation which terminated in the entire disbanding of the royal forces. By this treaty, which was expressly sanctioned by William of Orange, a full and unreserved indemnity and pardon was granted to all of the Highlanders who had taken arms, with a proviso that they should first subscribe the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, before the 1st of January 1692, in presence of the Lords of the Scottish Council, “or of the sheriffs or their deputies of the respective shires wherein they lived.” The letter of William addressed to the Privy Council, and ordering proclamation to be made to the above effect, contained also the following significant passage:—“That ye communicate our pleasure to the Governor of Inverlochy and other commanders that they be exact and diligent in their several posts; but that they show no more zeal against the Highlanders after their submission, than they have ever done formerly when these were in open rebellion.”

This enigmatical sentence, which in reality was intended, as the sequel will show, to be interpreted in the most cruel manner, appears to have caused some perplexity in the Council, as that body deemed it necessary to apply for more distinct and specific instructions, which, however, were not then issued. It had been especially stipulated by the chiefs as an indispensable preliminary to their treaty, that they should have leave to communicate with King James, then residing at St Germain, for the purpose of obtaining his permission and warrant previous to submitting themselves to the existing government. That article had been sanctioned by William before the proclamation was issued, and a special messenger was despatched to France for that purpose.

In the mean time, troops were gradually and cautiously advanced to the confines of the Highlands, and, in some instances, actually quartered on the inhabitants. The condition of the country was perfectly tranquil. No disturbances whatever occurred in the north or west of Scotland; Lochiel and the other chiefs were awaiting the communication from St Germain, and held themselves bound in honour to remain inactive; whilst the remainder of the royalist forces (for whom separate terms had been made) were left unmolested at Dunkeld.

But rumours, which are too clearly traceable to the emissaries of the new government, asserting the preparation made for an immediate landing of King James at the head of a large body of the French, were industriously circulated, and by many were implicitly believed. The infamous policy which dictated such a course is now apparent. The term of the amnesty or truce

granted by the proclamation expired with the year 1691, and all who had not taken the oath of allegiance before that term were to be proceeded against with the utmost severity. The proclamation was issued upon the 29th of August, consequently, only four months were allowed for the complete submission of the Highlands.

Not one of the chiefs subscribed until the mandate from King James arrived. That document, which is dated from St Germaine on the 12th of December 1691, reached Dunkeld eleven days afterwards, and, consequently, but a very short time before the indemnity expired. The bearer, Major Menzies, was so fatigued that he could proceed no farther on his journey, but forwarded the mandate by an express to the commander of the royal forces, who was then at Glengarry. It was therefore impossible that the document could be circulated through the Highlands within the prescribed period. Lochiel, says Drummond of Balhaldy, did not receive his copy till about thirty hours before the time was out, and appeared before the sheriff at Inverara, where he took the oaths upon the very day on which the indemnity expired.

That a general massacre throughout the Highlands was contemplated by the Whig government, is a fact established by overwhelming evidence. In the course of the subsequent investigations before the Scots Parliament, letters were produced from Sir John Dalrymple, then Master of Stair, one of the secretaries of state in attendance upon the court, which too clearly indicate the intentions of William. In one of these, dated 1st December 1691, —a month, be it observed, before the amnesty expired—and addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, there are the following words:—"The winter is the only season in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us, nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle to the mountains." And in another letter, written only two days afterwards, he says,—"It is the only time that they cannot escape you, for human constitution cannot endure to be long out of houses. *This is the proper season to make them in the cold long nights.*" And in January thereafter, he informed Sir Thomas Livingston that the design was "to destroy entirely the country of Lochaber, Lochiel's lands, Keppoch's, Glengarry's, Appin, and Glencoe. I assure you," he continues, "your power shall be full enough, and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the Government with prisoners."

Lochiel was more fortunate than others of his friends and neighbours. According to Drummond,—"Major Menzies, who, upon his arrival, had observed the whole forces of the kingdom ready to invade the Highlands, as he wrote to General Buchan, foreseeing the unhappy consequences, not only begged that general to send expresses to all parts with orders immediately to submit, but also wrote to Sir Thomas Livingston, praying him to supplicate the Council for a prorogation of the time, in regard that he was so excessively fatigued, that he was obliged to stop some days to repose a little; and that though he should send expresses, yet it was impossible they could reach the distant parts in such time as to allow the several persons concerned the benefit of the indemnity within the space limited; besides, that some persons having put the Highlanders in a bad temper, he was confident to persuade them to submit, if a further time were allowed. Sir Thomas presented this letter to the Council on the 5th of January 1692, but they refused to give any answer, and ordered him to transmit the same to court."

The reply of William of Orange was a letter, countersigned by Dalrymple, in which, upon the recital that "several of the chieftains and many of their clans have not taken the benefit of our gracious indemnity," he gave orders for a general massacre. "To that end, we have given Sir Thomas Livingston orders to employ our troops (which we have already conveniently posted,) to cut off these obstinate rebels *by all manner of hostility*; and we do require you to give him your assistance and concurrence in all other things that may conduce to that service; and because these rebels, to avoid our fo draw themselves, *their families, goods, or cattle, to lurk or be*

among their neighbours: therefore, we require and authorise you to emit a proclamation to be published at the market-crosses of these or the adjacent shires where the rebels reside, discharging upon the highest penalties the law allows, any reset, correspondence, or intercommuning with these rebels." This monstrous mandate, which was in fact the death-warrant of many thousand innocent people, no distinction being made of age or sex, would, in all human probability, have been put into execution, but for the remonstrance of one high-minded nobleman. Lord Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds, accidentally became aware of the purposed massacre, and personally remonstrated with the monarch against a measure which he denounced as at once cruel and impolitic. After much discussion, William, influenced rather by an apprehension that so savage and sweeping an act might prove fatal to his new authority, than by any compunction or impulse of humanity, agreed to recall the general order, and to limit himself, in the first instance, to a single deed of butchery, by way of testing the temper of the nation. Some difficulty seems to have arisen in the selection of the fittest victim. Both Keppoch and Glencoe were named, but the personal rancour of Secretary Dalrymple decided the doom of the latter. The Secretary wrote thus:—"Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, at which I rejoice. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable set." The final instructions regarding Glencoe, which were issued on 16th January 1692, are as follows:—

"WILLIAM R.—As for M'Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Hlghlanders, it will be proper for public justice to extirpate that set of thieves."
"W. R."

This letter is remarkable as being signed and countersigned by William alone, contrary to the usual practice. The secretary was no doubt desirous to screen himself from after responsibility, and was further aware that the royal signature would ensure a rigorous execution of the sentence.

Macdonald, or as he was more commonly designed, M'Ian of Glencoe, was the head of a considerable sept or branch of the great Clan-Coila, and was lineally descended from the ancient Lords of the Isles, and from the royal family of Scotland, the common ancestor of the Macdonalds having espoused a daughter of Robert II. He was, according to a contemporary testimony, "a person of great integrity, honour, good nature, and courage, and his loyalty to his old master, King James, was such, that he continued in arms from Dundee's first appearing in the Hlghlands, till the fatal treaty that brought on his ruin." In common with the other chiefs, he had omitted taking the benefit of the indemnity until he received the sanction of King James; but the copy of that document which was forwarded to him, unfortunately arrived too late. The weather was so excessively stormy at the time that there was no possibility of penetrating from Glencoe to Inverara, the place where the sheriff resided, before the expiry of the stated period; and M'Ian accordingly adopted the only practicable mode of signifying his submission, by making his way with great difficulty to Fort-William, then called Inverlochy, and tendering his signature to the military governor there. That officer was not authorised to receive it, but at the earnest entreaty of the chief, he gave him a certificate of his appearance and tender, and on New-year's day, 1692, M'Ian reached Inverara, where he produced that paper as evidence of his intentions, and prevailed upon the sheriff, Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, to administer the oaths required. After that ceremony, which was immediately intimated to the Privy Council, had been performed, the unfortunate gentleman returned home, in the full conviction that he had thereby made peace with government for himself and for his clan. But his doom was already sealed.

A company of the Earl of Argyle's regiment had been previously quartered in Glencoe. These men, though Campbells, and hereditarily obnoxious to

the Macdonalds, Camerons, and other of the loyal clans, were yet countrymen, and were kindly and hospitably received. Their captain, Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, was connected with the family of Glencoe through the marriage of a niece, and was resident under the roof of the chief. And yet this was the very troop selected for the horrid service.

Special instructions were sent to the major of the regiment, one Duncanson, then quartered at Ballachulish, a morose, brutal, and savage man, who accordingly wrote to Campbell of Glenlyon in the following terms :—

“ *Ballacholis, 12 February, 1692.*

“ SIR,—You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the M'Donalds of Glencoe, and putt all to the sword under seventy. You are to have special care that the old fox and his sons doe upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues that no man escape. This you are to put in execution att five o'clock in the morning precisely, and by that time or very shortly after it I'll strive to be att you with a stronger party. If I doe not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me but to fall on. This is by the king's speciall command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cutt off root and branch. See that this be putt in execution without feud or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the king's government, nor a man fitt to carry a commission in the king's service. Expecting you will not faill in the fulfilling hereof as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

“ ROBERT DUNCANSON.”

“ For their Majesty's service. To Captain
Robert Campbell of Glenlyon.”

This order was too literally obeyed. At the appointed hour, when the whole inhabitants of the glen were asleep, the work of murder began. M'Ian was one of the first who fell. Drummond's narrative fills up the remainder of the dreadful story.

“ They then served all within the family in the same manner, without distinction of age or person. In a word, for the horror of that execrable butchery must give pain to the reader, they left none alive but a young child, who being frighted with the noise of the guns, and the dismal shrieks and cries of its dying parents, whom they were a-murdering, got hold of Captain Campbell's knees and wrapt itself within his cloak ; by which, chancing to move compassion, the captain inclined to have saved it, but one Drummond, an officer, arriving about the break of day with more troops, commanded it to be shot by a file of musqueteers. Nothing could be more shocking and horrible than the prospect of these houses bestrewed with mangled bodies of the dead, covered with blood, and resounding with the groans of wretches in the last agonies of life.

“ Two sons of Glencoe's were the only persons that escaped in that quarter of the country ; for, growing jealous of some ill designs from the behaviour of the soldiers, they stole from their beds a few minutes before the tragedy began, and chancing to overhear two of them discoursing plainly of the matter, they endeavoured to have advertised their father, but finding that impracticable, they ran to the other end of the country and alarmed the inhabitants. There was another accident that contributed much to their safety ; for the night was so excessively stormy and tempestuous, that four hundred soldiers, who were appointed to murder these people, were stopped in their march from Inverlochy, and could not get up till they had time to save themselves. To cover the deformity of so dreadful a sight, the soldiers burned all the houses to the ground, after having rifled them, carried away nine hundred cows, two hundred horses, numberless herds of sheep and goats, and every thing else that belonged to these miserable people. Lamentable was the case of the women and children that escaped the butchery. The moun-

tains were covered with a deep snow, the rivers impassable, storm and tempest filled the air, and added to the horrors and darkness of the night, and there were no houses to shelter them within many miles.”*

Such was the awful massacre of Glencoe, an event which has left an indelible and execrable stain upon the memory of William of Orange. The records of Indian warfare can hardly afford a parallel instance of atrocity; and this deed, coupled with his deliberate treachery in the Darien business, whereby Scotland was for a time absolutely ruined, is sufficient to account for the little estimation in which the name of the “great Whig deliverer” is still regarded in the valleys of the North.

Do not lift him from the bracken,
 Leave him lying where he fell—
 Better bier ye cannot fashion :
 None becoms him half so well,
 As the bare and broken heather,
 And the hard and trampled sod,
 Whence his angry soul ascended
 To the judgment-seat of God !
 Winding-sheet we cannot give him—
 Seek no mantle for the dead,
 Save the cold and spotless covering,
 Showered from heaven upon his head.
 Leave his broadsword, as we found it,
 Bent and broken with the blow,
 That, before he died, avenged him
 On the foremost of the foe.
 Leave the blood upon his bosom—
 Wash not off that sacred stain :
 Let it stiffen on the tartan,
 Let his wounds unclosed remain,
 Till the day when he shall show them
 At the throne of God on high,
 When the murderer and the murdered
 Meet before their Judge's eye !

Nay—ye should not weep, my children !
 Leave it to the faint and weak ;
 Sobs are but a woman's weapon—
 Tears befit a maiden's cheek.
 Weep not, children of Macdonald !
 Weep not thou, his orphan heir—
 Not in shame, but stainless honour,
 Lies thy slaughtered father there.
 Weep not—but when years are over,
 And thine arm is strong and sure,
 And thy foot is swift and steady
 On the mountain and the muir—
 Let thy heart be hard as iron,
 And thy wrath as fierce as fire,
 Till the hour when vengeance cometh
 For the race that slew thy sire !
 Till in deep and dark Glenlyon
 Rise a louder shriek of wo,
 Than at midnight, from their eyrie,
 Scared the eagles of Glencoe.

* *Memoirs of Sir EWEN CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.*

Louder than the screams that mingled
With the howling of the blast,
When the murderer's steel was clashing,
And the fires were rising fast.
When thy noble father bounded
To the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred
Pealed throughout the startled glen.
When the herd of frantic women
Stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing,
And their dearest dead below !
Oh, the horror of the tempest,
As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
And the roofs went thundering down !
Oh, the prayers—the prayers and curses
That together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many
Through that long and woful night !
Till the fires began to dwindle,
And the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge,
Only in a far halloo.
Till the silence once more settled
O'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona
Plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain summit
Was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered
In the gray December dawn.
Better had the morning never
Dawned upon our dark despair !
Black amidst the common whiteness
Rose the spectral ruins there :
But the sight of these was nothing,
More than wrings the wild dove's breast,
When she searches for her offspring
Round the relics of her nest.
For, in many a spot, the tartan
Peered above the wintry heap,
Marking where a dead Macdonald
Lay within his frozen sleep.
Tremblingly we scooped the covering
From each kindred victim's head,
And the living lips were burning
On the cold ones of the dead.
And I left them with their dearest—
Dearest charge had every one—
Left the maiden with her lover,
Left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless,
Far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover
Where my lord and husband lay.
But I wandered up the valley,
Till I found him lying low,

With the gash upon his bosom
And the frown upon his brow—
Till I found him lying murdered,
Where he wooed me long ago !

Woman's weakness shall not shame me !

Why should I have tears to shed ?

Could I rain them down like water,

O my hero, on thy head—

Could the cry of lamentation

Wake thee from thy silent sleep,

Could it set thy heart a throbbing,

It were mine to wail and weep !

But I will not waste my sorrow,

Lest the Campbell women say,

That the daughters of Clanranald

Are as weak and frail as they.

I had wept thee, hadst thou fallen,

Like our fathers, on thy shield,

When a host of English foemen

Camped upon a Scottish field—

I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished

With the foremost of his name,

When the valiant and the noble

Died around the dauntless Græme !

But I will not wrong thee, husband,

With my unavailing cries,

Whilst thy cold and mangled body,

Stricken by the traitor, lies ;

Whilst he counts the gold and glory

That this hideous night has won,

And his heart is big with triumph

At the murder he has done.

Other eyes than mine shall glisten,

Other hearts be rent in twain,

Ere the heathbells on thy hillock

Wither in the autumn rain.

Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest,

And I'll veil my weary head,

Praying for a place beside thee,

Dearer than my bridal bed.

And I'll give thee tears, my husband,

If the tears remain to me,

When the widows of the foemen,

Cry the coronach for thee !

W. B. A.

THE PYRENEES.

BARON VAERST's animated account of his Pyrenean wanderings and observations, forms one of the pleasantest books of its class we for some time have met with. As the issue of a German pen, one so agreeable was scarcely to be expected. Whatever be thought of the present condition of German literature—and our opinion of it is far from favourable—all must admit that the department of voyages and travels has of late been execrably provided. Since Tschudi's *Pern*, now eighteen months old, nothing of mark—scarcely any thing worthy a passing notice—has been produced by German travellers. There have appeared a few books of eastern travel, others of stale description and oft-repeated criticism from Italy. Prince Waldemar's physician gave us a dull narrative of his journey to and through India, where he was so injudicious as to get shot just as his observations became of interest. It was time something better should turn up. Germans, hardy and adventurous travellers and shrewd observers, are but moderately successful in describing what they see. Of course, there are brilliant exceptions. Tschudi is one of the most recent, and Vaerst, allowing for the comparative staleness of his subject, really does not come far behind him as a lively and expert writer. Most German tourists either drivel or dogmatise; are awfully wise, and ponderous, and somniferous, or mere trivial verbose gossips, writing against time and paper, with a torrent of words and a drought of ideas, like Kohl, the substance of any four of whose volumes might, with perfect ease and great advantage, be compressed into one. The best travels, now-a-days, are written by Englishmen, and our large and daily-increasing store of admirable books of that class does honour to the country. The French are vastly amusing, but they are too fond of roman-

cing, and do so artfully and unscrupulously mix up what they invent at home with what they see abroad, that they mislead and impose upon the simple and unwary. Without taking for example such an extreme case as Alexander Dumas—notorious as a hardened delinquent, writing travels in countries whose frontier he has never crossed, and chuckling when the same is imputed to him—we find abundance of more modest offenders, serving up their actual experiences with a humorous sauce, in whose composition and distribution they display much skill and wit. For instance,—one might suppose the vast number of books about Syria, Egypt, Turkey, and so forth, that have appeared within the last few years in England, France, and Germany, would have left little of interest to tell about those oriental regions, and that whatever was at present written would be a mere *rechauffé*, without spice or flavour,—an unpalatable dishing-up of yesterday's baked-meats. In his “*Anti-Liban, Scènes de la Vie Orientale*,” M. Gerard de Nerval practically demonstrates the fallacy of such an opinion, and shows how talent and humour will give fresh zest to a subject already handled by a host of artists. Of course, we do not accept all his romantic scenes and *contes dialogués* as literal facts,—they are the gilding of the pill, the seductive embellishments of a hackneyed subject; but an attentive reader will sift character and information from them. And after all, when a whole library of gravity has been written about a country, it is surely, allowable, in an age when fun is so rampant that even history is strained into burlesque, to write of it gaily, and place a setting of amusement round facts that would otherwise hardly obtain perusal. And we do not smile the less at M. de Nerval's face-

tious stories about Javanese slaves, Greek captains and Druse festivals, at his proposals of marriage to Scheik's daughters, recounted by him with commendable assurance, and at the smart French repartees he puts into the mouths of solemn Egyptian pachas, because we trace without difficulty the operation of his lively imagination and decorative pen. On the other hand, there are French books of travel as dull and sententious as those of any Teuton who ever twaddled. As a specimen, we refer our readers to the long-winded periods and inflated emptiness of that wearisome personage, Monsieur X. Marmier.

Less convenient of access, the Pyrenees are far less visited than the Alps. It is on that account, perhaps, that they are more written about. People now can go to Switzerland without rushing madly into print—indeed it would be ridiculous to write a descriptive tour in a country thoroughly well known to nine out of ten of the probable readers. But it seems very difficult for any one versed in orthography, and able to hold a pen, to approach the Pyrenees without flying to the ink-bottle. And it is astounding to behold the confidence with which, on the strength of a week or two at Pau, a few pints of water imbibed at Barèges, or a distant view of the Maladetta, they discourse of three hundred miles of mountain, containing infinite variety of scenery, and richer perhaps than any other mountain range in the world in associations historical, poetical, and romantic. On no such slender experience does Baron Vaerst found his claims as chronicler of this most splendid of natural partition-walls. "Thrice," he tells us, "and under very various circumstances, have I visited the Pyrenees, passing over and through them in all directions, both on the French and Spanish side; so that from the Garonne to the Ebro I am well acquainted with the country, to which an old predilection repeatedly drew me. It is now twenty years since I undertook my first journey, at the close of a long residence in France. At leisure, and with all possible convenience I saw the different Pyrenean watering-places, remaining six months amongst

them. I was a sturdy pedestrian and good climber, and I passed nearly the whole summer in wandering over the mountains, accompanied by able guides, bending my steps whithersoever accident or the humour of the moment impelled me, and pausing in those spots that especially pleased me. The snug and secret valleys of the Pyrenees are world-renowned. I know no region which oftener suggests the thought,—Here it is good to dwell—here let us build our house!"

Ten years later the Baron re-visited his well-beloved vales and mountains; this time in the suite and confidence of the pretender to the Spanish crown. Thence he forwarded occasional details of the civil war to various English, French, and German newspapers, and had the reputation with many of being a secret agent of the northern powers, intrusted with a sort of half-official mission, and authorised on behalf of his employers to prepare the recognition of Don Carlos as king of Spain, which was to follow—so it was then believed—immediately on the capture of Saragossa, Bilbao, or any other important fortress. The favour shown him by the pretender accredited the report, which in some respects was disagreeable to the Baron, whilst in others he found it useful, as giving him facilities for seeing and getting knowledge of the country. In all security and with due military escort, he took his rambles, accompanied by Viscount de Barrés, a French officer in the Carlist service, who had been Zumalacarrégui's aide-de-camp, and who conducted him over the early battle-fields of the civil war, in the valleys of Echalar and Bastan; to the sea-coast, to the sources of the Ebro, and over the high mountains of Guipuzcoa. Barrés spoke Spanish and Basque; he was familiar with the country and its usages, and able to give his companion an immense store of valuable information, the essence of which is concentrated in the book before us.

"My first journey in the Pyrenees was made on foot; the second entirely on horseback. Although the Carlist army in the Basque provinces was then thirty thousand strong, not a single carriage or cart followed it; even the royal baggage was carried on

mules. Finally, just one year ago, I started on my third Pyrenean expedition, this time in a comfortable travelling carriage. I undertook the journey not for amusement, but in obedience to medical injunctions. Lame and ill, I could neither ride nor walk, and was unable closely to approach my beloved mountains. I hovered around them, like a shy lover round his mistress, going as near as the carriage-roads would take me. How often, in the golden radiance of the sun, in its glorious rising and setting, in the soft moon-light, and through the driving storm, have I gazed with absorbing admiration at those mountain peaks, and forgotten myself, my sufferings, and the world!"

Cheerless and discouraging were the circumstances under which, in the autumn of 1844, Baron Vaerst started upon his third journey southwards. He was sick, dispirited, and in pain, the weather was abominable, and he felt uneasy lest the Breslau theatre, whose manager he for some years had been, should suffer from his absence. A strong love of sunshine and the south, however, consoled him in some measure for these disagreeables, and good news of the progress of his theatrical speculation contributed to raise his spirits. His plans were very vague. He would go south, and chance should fix him. At the "Roman Emperor," at Frankfort, he fell in with the hereditary prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt and Baron Rheinbaben. They agreed to travel together to Marseilles, and thence take ship for Madeira. Baron Vaerst had set his mind upon wintering in the Canaries. He had been reading Leopold Von Buch's fascinating description of their beauties, and had decided that the valley of Lavanda alone would repay the voyage. In imagination he already inhaled the perfumed air, spiced with odours of orange and pomegranate; already he sauntered beneath bowers of vines and through almond groves peopled with myriads of canary-birds. His friends took the contagion of his enthusiasm, and Funchal was the goal of all their desires. From Frankfort their second day's journey brought them to Mannheim. Here a gross attempt at imposition awaited them.

"Having not a moment to lose, in order to catch the Muhlhausen railway, we called out somewhat impatiently from the steamer's deck for four horses to convey us to the station. A man made his appearance with two, and insisted upon harnessing one to each of our heavy travelling carriages, maintaining that he would drive us as fast as any body else could with four. Of course we accepted his offer, but on our way we were stopped by another coachman, who demanded payment for a second pair of horses, ordered, although not used, by us, and which he alleged were provided. We saw no signs of them, and refused payment. The man screamed and stormed, called heaven to witness our injustice, and appealed to the passers by to protect him against it. At last the spectators took our part, and it turned out that the fellow was owner of the two horses we used, which were all he possessed. The second pair existed but in his imagination. I had travelled over all Europe, and was accustomed to all kinds of cheating,—which I do not, like Herr Nicolai in his Italian tour, allow to disturb my good humour,—but I confess that such a magnificent piece of impudence was entirely new to me, and as such I deem it worthy of record."

After descending the Saone from Chalons to Lyons, cooped by hail and rain in the narrow cabin of the steamer, with a couple of hundred very miscellaneous companions, the three Germans posted forward to Marseilles, but were pulled up at Avignon by lack of post-horses, all engaged for the Prince of Joinville and Duke of Aumale, then on their way to Naples to celebrate the marriage of the latter with the Princess of Salerno. So they had time to examine the city which a partial chronicler has styled noble by antiquity, agreeable by situation, stately by its castle and battlements, smiling by the fertility of its fields, loveable for the gentle manners of its inhabitants, beautiful by its wide streets, wonderful for the architecture of its bridge, rich through its commerce, and renowned all the world over! This pompous description, always an exaggeration, is now little better than a

series of untruths. The walls are in ruins, the streets narrow, angular, and uneven, the old castle of the Popes looks more like a prison than a palace, commerce there is none, and the murder of Marshal Brune, in 1814, by a furious mob, belies the gentleness of the population. In Avignon, seven Popes reigned for seven times ten years; it had seven hospitals, seven fraternities of penitents, seven convents of monks and as many of nuns, seven parishes, and seven cemeteries.

At Marseilles disappointment awaited the pilgrims. They had planned to proceed to Lisbon, and thence by an English packet to Madeira; but they were now informed that no steamboats went either from Cadiz or the Portuguese capital to the Canaries, and that the sailing vessels were of an uncomfortable and inferior description. By these, at that season of the year, they did not deem it advisable to proceed; so the trip to Madeira seemed unlikely to be accomplished. They consoled themselves as well as they could by inspecting all worthy of visit in the pleasant capital of Provence, and by enjoying the luxurious *table-d'hôte* dinners of the Hotel de l'Orient. At this excellent inn, as chance would have it, Prince Albert of Prussia, travelling incognito, a short time previously had for some days put up. The arms upon the carriage of Prince Schwarzburg included an imperial eagle, borne by the counts and princes of his house since the time of Günther, emperor of Germany and count of Schwarzburg. The prince travelled under the assumed name of Baron Leutenberg, but the double-headed eagle on his shield convinced the hotel keeper he was some imperial prince, and on learning this from the *valet de place*, he and his friends thought it advisable to come to an understanding about prices, the more so as they occupied the same rooms inhabited some time previously by Queen Christina of Spain, whose bill, in three weeks, amounted to eight-and-twenty thousand francs. The apartments were sumptuously fitted up, with mirrors that would have done honour to a palace, and in the centre of the hotel was a large court, after the Spanish fashion, enclosed on all sides with high arcades. In the centre

of this *patio* a fountain threw up its waters, and around were planted evergreen bushes and creepers. In the burning climate of Marseilles, one of the most shadeless, and often—for two or three months of the year—one of the hottest places in Europe, such a cool and still retreat is especially delightful.

During Baron Vaerst's stay at Marseilles, the fine French war-steamer, Montezuma, arrived from Africa, bringing the hero of Isly, Marshal Bugeaud, and a numerous suite. The evening of his arrival, the conqueror of the infidel visited the theatre, where Katinka Heinemann sang in the "*Favorite*." To give greater brilliancy to his triumphal progress through France, Bugeaud had brought over a number of Bedouin chiefs, who now accompanied him to the playhouse. Amongst them were the Aga of Constantine, Schah El Garoubi, several learned Arabs proceeding to Paris to study Arabian manuscripts in the Royal Library, and, most remarkable of all, the son of the famous El Arrack, a staunch ally of France, who, after a victory over a hostile tribe, forwarded to the Marshal five hundred pair of salted ears, shorn from the heads of his prisoners. These Arabs, in their rich oriental garb, studded with gold and precious stones, and scenting the air with musk for a hundred yards around, interested the public far more than the opera. With characteristic gravity and indifference they listened to the music, and to the noise and exclamations of the restless southern audience. But the curtain rose on the ballet, and the first *entrechat* electrified them. They rose from their seats, leaned over the front of the box, and were as excited and alive to what went on as any vivacious passionate Provençal of them all. The next day, crowds assembled before the hotel, upon whose balcony the Bedouins complaisantly took their station, and sat and smoked their pipes in view of the people.

Future writers of travels would do well to take example from Baron Vaerst in the choice and arrangement of their materials. He sustains attention by a judicious alternation of lively and serious matter. After detailing his progress through a district, or observations in a town, he

usually devotes a chapter to a brief but lucid historical sketch of the place or province. For the filling of his volumes he does not rely solely on what he sees and orally gathers, but has studied numerous works relating to the history, traditions, and prospects of the interesting country he writes of, and makes good use of the knowledge thus acquired. A list of his authorities is prefixed to his book, and if some few of them are of no great value, the majority are trustworthy and of high standing. Caution, however, is necessary in our reception of the Baron's own opinions and inferences. He protests his wish to tell truth, to show no favour to friends, and render ample justice to enemies. But he is a rabid Carlist, a supporter of erroneous doctrines on more than one point relating to Spain, and at times his predilections clash with the desire to be impartial, by which we doubt not he is really animated.

Marseilles, the most flourishing of French seaports, is also one of the gayest and most agreeable of French provincial towns. Its inhabitants, active and industrious, have been noted from time immemorial as a hot-headed and turbulent race. Amongst them the peaceful pursuits of agriculture never found encouragement; they were always rough seamen and adventurous traders, bold, enterprising, and warlike. Both in ancient and modern times, they, like all commercial tribes, have ever shown an ardent love of freedom and independence. If they exhibited royalist tendencies, in 1814 and 1815, it was far less from love to the Bourbons than from hatred to Napoleon. The emperor's continental system had totally ruined the trade of Marseilles, and in his downfall the Marseillaise foresaw a recommencement of their prosperity. During the blockade a paltry coasting trade was all they retained. At the present day, Marseilles, evidently intended by nature to be the greatest of French trading towns, has far outstripped its former rivals, Nantes, Bordeaux, and Havre. The port is the rendezvous of all the nations of the earth, a perpetual scene of bustle and excitement, resembling a great fair, or an Italian carnival.

All varieties of oriental garb, Greek and Armenian, Egyptian and Turkish, are there to be seen; parrots and other exotic birds chatter and scream, apes and monkeys grimace in the rigging of the ships, and huge heaps of stockfish, spread or packed upon the quay, emit an unbearable stench. The water in the harbour is thick and filthy, but the natives proclaim this quality an advantage, as tending to preserve the shipping. The greatest faults to be found with Marseilles, are the want of cleanliness and abominable smells occasioned by want of proper sewerage. Otherwise, as a residence, few in France are more desirable. The streets are well paved, and consequently dry rapidly after rain: the climate is glorious, and although the immediate environs are barren and sandy, and the roads out of the town ankle-deep in dust, shade and verdure may be found within the compass of a moderate drive. Baron Vaerst stands up as a champion of Provence, which he maintains, with truth, has received less than justice at the hands of those who have written of it as a naked and melancholy desert, a patch of Africa transported to the northern shore of the Mediterranean. In the very barrenness of portions of it he finds a certain charm. "Even the environs of Marseilles," he says, "almost treeless and fountainless though they be, have a striking and majestic aspect. The clear deep blue of the heavens, the blinding sun, reflected in a blaze of fire from glittering waves to white chalk hillocks, half-hidden amongst which Marseilles coquettishly peeps forth; the scanty vegetation, of strange and exotic aspect to the wanderer from the north; the elegant country-houses, with their solitary pine trees, whose dark green crowns contrast with the pale foliage of the olive, compose a beautiful and characteristic picture. The chief colours are white and gold; green, more pleasant to the eye, shows itself but here and there, and at times entirely disappears. Those who speak of Provence as one broad barren tract, can know little beyond the naked cliffs of Toulon; are strangers assuredly to the Hesperides-gardens of Hyères, to Nice with its palm trees

and never-varying climate, and above all to Grasse. I do not mean the Grasse between Perpignan and Carcassonne, but Grasse near Draguignan. The appearance and perfume of this garden defies description. In Grasse the best French pomatums are manufactured, and thence are forwarded to all parts of the world. Vast fields of roses, mignonette, pinks, violets, and hyacinths, swarming with bees, and hovered over by thousands upon thousands of bright-hued butterflies, and plantations of orange trees, covered at once with fruit and blossom, enchant the eye, and fill the air for leagues around with a balmy and exquisite fragrance. But even as the most venomous snakes dwell by preference under the stateliest palms, so is the whole of Provence too often swept by the terrible mistral. This pestilential wind, called by Strabo the black death, withers tree and flower, tears roofs from houses, raises clouds of dust and pebbles, and penetrates to the very marrow of man and beast. To me it was so painful, that it poisoned all my enjoyment of the beauty of the country. I can easily imagine that under the influence of so rough and rude a scourge, men may acquire the like qualities, and may justify the truth of Arago's reproach, that "the manners of the people of Toulon are brutal as the mistral which ravages their vineyards."

Upon inquiry it appeared that an English steamer would leave Lisbon for Madeira on the 1st of December. But the only possible way to reach Lisbon in time was by means of a Spanish boat, then lying in the harbour of Marseilles, and the Baron had little taste for that mode of conveyance. Only a few days previously, the boiler of the *Secundo Gaditano*, belonging to the same company, had burst far out at sea, when several persons were dangerously hurt, and the vessel was compelled to return to Marseilles, instead of prosecuting its voyage to Barcelona. Its successor, the *Primer Gaditano*, had good English engines, and seemed well appointed, and at last the three travellers engaged berths. The vessel was warranted to sail on the 29d November; but in spite of this promise, and

of passengers' remonstrances, the faithless consignees detained her till the morning of the 27th. Of course there was no chance of getting to Lisbon in time for the packet, but there was a possibility of meeting it at Cadiz, where it was expected to touch; and the Baron and his companions, having paid for their places, took their chance. To their surprise and annoyance, when the overladen boat groaned and puffed its way out of the harbour, its prow was turned, not towards Spain, but towards Toulon and Italy. This strange circumstance was soon explained by one of those extraordinary laws peculiar to Spanish legislators, intended, we presume, to encourage the shipping interest of Spain; but which, to any but its framers, certainly appears wonderfully ill adapted to the end proposed. Spanish vessels, arriving from foreign ports, at a certain distance from the Spanish frontier, pay much lighter dues than those whose point of departure is nearer home. Marseilles is within the high duty limit, and accordingly the *Gaditano* wasted a day in sailing to the little port of Ciotat, to have her papers countersigned there, and obtain the benefit of the low rate. A pretty specimen of what are commonly called *cosas de España*. "This," exclaims M. Vaerst, with righteous indignation, "is what Spaniards call encouraging their trade and shipping. A compilation of the various contradictory commercial edicts and regulations propounded in Spain during the last few centuries, would add an instructive chapter to the history of the misgovernment of that unhappy country." And he cites a few glaring examples of blind and stupid legislation. If one sovereign gave wise decrees, and did not himself revoke and nullify them, his successor was sure to repair the omission. Thus we find Ferdinand the Catholic forbidding the importation of raw silk from Italy, in order to encourage the native silk-grower. Fifty years later, under Charles the Fifth, a law was published prohibiting the export of silk goods, and allowing the import of the raw material. By such absurd enactments, directly opposed to the true interests of the country, the

rapid decline of Spanish prosperity was prepared and precipitated. Many of the acts of Ferdinand and Isabella were directed to the encouragement of commerce. They improved roads, cut canals, built bridges, quays, and light-houses. Under their judicious rule, Spain grew in wealth and strength; her merchant fleets covered the seas, her navy was the first in Europe, her enterprising mariners discovered and conquered a new world. Now, how are the mighty fallen! Impoverished and indebted, without a fleet, almost without colonies, her commerce in the dust, her people in misery, her rulers ignorant and corrupt, not a vestige of her former splendour remains. And foreign fishermen, intruding unopposed into Spanish waters, cast their nets in full view of that Cantabrian coast, whose hardy inhabitants were the first to chase the whale in his distant ocean haunts. A more melancholy picture it were difficult to find, and it is the more painful to contemplate, when we remember that no natural causes can be assigned for such a decline, which must be attributed to the influence of evil governors, worse counsellors, and a crafty and bigotted priesthood.

Although the weather was fine, and wind favourable, most of the passengers by the *Primer Gaditano* were grievously sick. Two Spanish prebendaries especially distinguished themselves by extremity of suffering, and at one of them the Baron, albeit an excellent seaman, feared to look, lest he should vomit for sympathy. The unfortunate *clerigo* had tucked the corner of a napkin under his huge black shovel-hat, and the cloth hung down over his shoulder and breast, contrasting with the cadaverous yellow of his complexion. He was the very incarnation of sea-sickness. At night, although the weather was cool, the berths were hot, and most of the passengers lay upon sofas in the cabin, where, when the wind rose, the state of affairs was neither comfortable nor savoury. The Spaniards would fain have smoked, but, fortunately for their companions, the prohibition affixed to the cabin-wall was rigidly enforced by the captain. The dinner was hardly of a nature to soothe

squeamish stomachs. It was cooked Spanish fashion, with a liberal allowance of rancid oil and garlic-flavoured sausage. At last, on the evening of the second day, the steamer ran into the harbour of Barcelona. It was only half-past six o'clock, but the lazy quarantine and custom-house officials deemed it too late to perform their duty, and not till the next morning were the Baron and his friends allowed to land and take up their quarters in the *Locanda de las Cuatro Naciones*, which a Spanish colonel had assured them, with more patriotism than veracity, was equal to the first Parisian hotels. Although the best in Barcelona, it by no means justified such a comparison, but still it was excellent when contrasted with the majority of Spanish inns; and, moreover, it looked out upon the *Rambla*, a magnificent promenade, answering to the Boulevards of Paris and the Linden of Berlin. The edibles, too, were capital; the game and poultry and roasted pig's feet delicious, the dates fresh, the American preserves of exquisite flavour, the red Catalan wines objectionable only from their strength. And all these good things were supplied in an abundance astonishing to men accustomed to the scanty delicacies and make-believe desserts of most German *table-d'hôtes*, where dainties appear only when the guests have properly gorged themselves with bouilli and gherkins. Such sumptuous fare consoled the invalid Baron in some measure for insufficiency of furniture and absence of bed-curtains; and after dinner he strolled out upon the *Rambla*, which he found thronged with cloaked *Dons*, yellow-jacketed soldiers, and those pretty Catalan women, whose eyes, according to M. de Balzac, are composed of velvet and fire, and who paced to and fro, shrouded in the elegant mantilla, and going through the various divisions of the fan-exercise. The theatre in the evening, and a visit to the strong fortress of *Montjuich*, consumed the short stay the travellers were allowed to make in Barcelona, and they returned on board the steamer, which sailed for *Valencia*. They had got as far as *Tarragona*, when the engines suddenly stopped. All attempts to set them

going were in vain; they were completely out of order, and the unlucky Primer Gaditano lay tossing at the mercy of the waves, in imminent danger of going ashore, until an English ship hove in sight and towed her back to Barcelona. Here the Baron and his companions, heartily sick of Spanish steamers and captains, finally abandoned their Madeiran project, and resolved to cross the Pyrenees and winter at Pau. Notwithstanding the many alarming reports of ferocious highwaymen and recent robberies—reports of which every traveller in Spain is sure to hear an abundance—the German consul assured them they might proceed with perfect safety by the route of Gerona and Figueras. The diligences on that road had not been attacked for a whole year, and a terrible brigand, guilty of one hundred and seventeen murders, and known by the nickname of Pardon, because he never pardoned or spared any one who fell into his hands, had recently been captured. Having received a dangerous wound, he had betaken himself, with vast assurance, and under an assumed name, to a public hospital, and whilst there, an accomplice betrayed him. Baron Vaerst gives some curious statistical details concerning the number of murders annually occurring in Spain, with a list of the most remarkable persons slain in cold blood since the commencement of the civil war, and various particulars of the different styles of thieving practised in Spain. Some of his notions concerning the addictions and habits of highwaymen are rather poetical than practical. "It is strange," he says, "but not the less a fact, that brigands always abound most in beautiful countries. They require a bright sky, romantic cliffs, picturesque valleys, smiling plains, umbrageous palm-trees, and fragrant orange groves, and an olive-cheeked mistress, fanciful and fascinating, with raven-locks, and bright-glancing eyes. Thus we find them most numerous in the fair regions of Italy; and in that Spanish land so richly endowed by nature, that after all its wars and revolutions it still shows more signs of wealth than of desolation. Frederick the Great is said to

have once asked which was the richest country in the world. Some guessed Peru, others Chili, but he replied that Spain was the richest, since its rulers had for three centuries done their utmost to ruin it, and had not yet succeeded." It might have occurred to the worthy Baron, and we wonder it did not, that the very wars and revolutions he speaks of, added to gross misgovernment and absurd prohibitory tariffs (affording encouragement to the smuggler, who is the father of the highwayman): have much more to do with the multiplication of robberies, than the picturesque scenery and orange trees; more even than gazelle-eyed she-banditti, his idea of whom is evidently derived from the green-room of the Breslau theatre. From an old campaigner, who served under Marshal VORWARTS, came up at La Belle Alliance to decide the fight, and has since rolled about the world in various capacities and occupations likely to quench romance, such fanciful notions were hardly to be expected. But the Baron takes a strong interest in the predatory portion of Spain's population, and has collected amusing stories of notable outlaws, amongst others of the celebrated NAVARRO, whose memory still lives amongst the people, perpetuated by hundreds of popular songs, and by numerous *sainetes* played at half the theatres in Spain. He was quite the gentleman, possessed considerable talents and some education, despised the vulgar luxury and ostentation of his subordinates, and rode the best horses in Andalusia. He would walk at noon-day into the country-house of some rich proprietor, order the poultry-yard to be stripped to supply dinner for his followers, and the fattest fowl of the flock to be stuffed for himself, not with truffles, but with gold quadruples. If he found the stuffing not sufficiently rich, he demanded a second bird, and left the house only when his appetite was fully satisfied, and his pocket well filled. He once stopped a jeweller on his way from a fair, took from him a sum of four thousand francs, and then inquired if he had no jewels about him. The man at once admitted that he had, and that he had sewn them into his clothes, not

however, to preserve them from gallant cavaliers of the road, but from the vile *rateros*—an inferior class of thieves, operating on a small scale, who prowl in quest of isolated and defenceless travellers. He produced his treasure, and then, without waiting orders, took from off his mules a richly wrought silver service, at which Navarro was greatly pleased, and swore that in future he and his soldiers (he assumed at all times the style of a military chief) would in future dine off the elegant workmanship of the Castilian Cellini. Finally, having stripped him of every thing else, the robbers made the unlucky jeweller give them wine from his *bota*. It was very bad. "You are a miser," cried Navarro angrily, "and do not deserve your riches. With treasures of gold and silver in your coffers, you drink wretched country wine, like the meanest peasant!" "Alas! noble sir," replied the man of metal, "I am very poor, and live hardly and sparingly; I have eight children, no money, but some credit, and nothing of what you found on me belongs to me." "Sergeant," cried Navarro, "a glass of our best Malaga to the gentleman." The order was obeyed, and whilst his men finished the bottle, the captain again addressed the goldsmith. "See here," he said, showing him a list of the concealed jewels, "my last courier brought me this. Had you kept back a single stone, it would have fared ill with you. But I take nothing from honest men and skilful artists. Pack up your things, take this pass, give your wife and children a kiss for Navarro, and if you are robbed upon the road, come and tell me." Without wishing to calumniate the philanthropical M. Navarro in particular, or his fraternity in general, we will remark, that such stories as these may be picked up by the score in Spain by any one curious of their collection. As, in Italy, industrious rogues, with aid of file and verdigris, manufacture modern antiques for the benefit of English greenhorns, so, in Spain, a regular fabrication of robber-tales takes place; the same, when properly constructed and polished, being put into speedy circulation in diligences and coffee-houses, on the public promenades, and at the

table-d'hôtes, for the delectation of foreign ramblers, and especially of the French, who gulp down the most astounding narratives with a facility of swallow beautiful to contemplate. For the Frenchman, cynic and unbeliever though he be, entertains extravagant ideas on the subject of Spain. It is rare that he has been in the country, unless his residence be within a very few leagues of its frontier, and he pictures to himself an infinity of perils and horrors, to be found neither in Spain nor any where else, save in his imagination. "Since the war of Independence," says Baron Vaerst, "the French nourish strong prejudices against the Spaniards; and old soldiers, especially, who fought in that war, are apt to consider a large majority of the nation as habitual murderers and poisoners. For certainly at that time, murder and poison were proclaimed from every pulpit as means approved by Heaven for the extermination of the arch-foe. The exiled Spaniards whom one finds scattered over France, especially over its southern provinces, are more apt to confirm than to contradict such stories. Discontented with their own country, they represent its condition as worse even than it really is, and, like most unfortunate persons, add blacker shades to what is already black enough." In Spain, the land of idlers, not a town but has its gossip-market, an imitation more or less humble of that celebrated Gate of the Sun, where the newsmongers of the Spanish capital daily meet to repeat and improve the latest lie, much to their own pastime, and greatly to the consolation and advantage of the credulous correspondents of leading London journals. In provincial towns, whither palace-chronicles and metropolitan gossip come but in an abridged form, the report of a diligence stopped or a horseman fired at affords an agreeable variety, and is eagerly caught, magnified, and multiplied by the old women in cloaks and breeches, who hold their morning and evening confabulations in the sunshine of the Alameda, or beneath the *plaza's* snug arcades. Of course, the itinerant *gavacho*, the Parisian tourist on the look out for the picaresque and picturesque wherewith to swell future feuilletons, gets

the full benefit of such reports, expanded and embellished into romantic feats and instances of generosity, worthy of a Chafandiu or a José Maria. The tourist, in his turn, superadds a coat of varnish to give glitter to the painting, which is subsequently retailed in daily shreds to the thirty thousand *abonnés* of the *Presse* or *Débats*. In his capacity of an old soldier, who has run real dangers, and despises the terrors (mostly imaginary) of gaping blunderbusses and double-edged knives, Baron Vaerst does not condescend to make himself the hero of an encounter or escape, although his last journey in the Peninsula led him through districts of evil repute and small security. In Arragon, where there had been no political disturbances for some short time before his visit, "the roads were so much the more dangerous, and could be considered safe only for muleteers, who have generally a pretty good understanding with the knights of the highway. I met several thousand mules going from France to Huesca, where a great cattle fair was held; this made the road lively. Muleteers, suspicious-visaged gentry, many of them doubtless smugglers or robbers, were there in numbers. The country people fear the robbers too much to betray or prosecute them; the authorities are feeble and inefficient; the rich proprietors pay black mail as protection against serious damage. And if robbers are captured, they at once become objects of general sympathy. There are places where the jailer lets them out for a few days on parole, and sends them to work unguarded in town or country, distinguished only by an iron ring upon the ankle. The true gentleman-highwayman, however, keeps his word of honour, even as he is gallant to the fair sex: he leaves the plundered traveller the long knife, without which the Spaniard rarely travels, and which is necessary, as he naively expresses it, to cut his tobacco. He leaves him also his cigarette, and often as much cash as will procure a night's lodging. If, favoured by fortune, he rises to be leader of a band of smugglers, he comes to a friendly understanding with the authorities, and agrees to pay a price—usually, it is said, a

quadruple or sixteen dollars—for the unimpeded passage of each laden mule. For this premium the contraband goods are often escorted to their destination by soldiers. When the smuggler is unsuccessful, and finds himself with nothing but his tromblon and knife, he turns robber, the ultimate resource of this original class of men." There is here some exaggeration, especially as regards the military escort of the smuggled lace and cottons; but there is also much truth in this broadly pencilled sketch of how they manage matters in the Peninsula.

On his way from Barcelona, Baron Vaerst met his brother-baron, De Meer, then captain-general of Catalonia, who swayed the province with an iron rule that made him alike dreaded and detested. Such severity was necessary, for the Catalans are a troublesome and mutinous race, and Barcelona especially is the headquarters of sedition and discontent. Baron de Meer had a strong garrison at his orders, the city lies under the guns of Monjuich, and the breadth of the long handsome streets and open squares facilitate the suppression of insurrection. Nevertheless, it had been thought advisable to fortify and garrison several of the large buildings, and, in spite of the opposition of the magistrates and inhabitants, to break through various streets, so as to form long avenues, that might be swept in case of need by artillery. These extreme measures were imperatively called for by the numerous outbreaks in Catalonia, a province which gives more trouble to the government than all the rest of Spain. Barcelona has had a bad reputation for some hundred years past. It is a resort of Italian carbonari, German republicans, and discontented restless spirits from various countries; also the headquarters of sundry revolutionary committees, and of the secret society known as the *Vengeurs d'Alibaud*, to which that helpless and imbecile Bourbon, Don Francisco de Paula, was said, a short time since, to be affiliated. Alibaud himself lived in Barcelona, and only left it to go to Paris and make his attempt on the life of the King of the French. In one month (January 1845) sixty-two per-

sons died a violent death in Barcelona, of whom fifty-one were murdered and five executed, whilst six committed suicide. As regards popular commotions and revolts, so frequent of late years, Baron Vaerst, who has difficulty in admitting that any thing can go on well under a "so-called liberal system," maintains that the Barcelonese have strong cause and excuse for rebellion in the injury done to their manufactures by the close alliance between Spain and England. He apparently imagines the Spanish tariff to be highly favourable to English fabrics, and sighs over the misfortunes of the hardly-used manufacturers, whose smoking chimneys he complacently contemplated from the lofty battlements of Monjuich. In short, he indulges in a good deal of argument and assertion, which sound well, but, being based on false premises, are worth exactly nothing. When he talks of the Catalonian manufactures as important and flourishing, he is evidently ignorant that they are chiefly supplied with foreign goods, smuggled in and stamped with the mark of the Barcelona factories! This fact is notorious, and susceptible of easy proof. The amount of raw cotton imported into Spain would make, as the returns show, but a very small part of the goods issued from Spanish manufactures. Were the contraband system exchanged for legitimate commerce, at moderate duties, a few cotton-spinners, *alias* smugglers, might suffer in pocket, but the increased trade of Catalonia would employ far more hands than would be thrown out of work by putting down a few badly managed spinning-jennies. The bigoted and brutal Catalan populace, beyond comparison the worst race in the Peninsula, cannot comprehend this fact; and the cunning few who do comprehend it find their interest in suppressing the truth. The French, too, who well know that in a fair market English cottons would beat their's out of the field, take care, by means of such emissaries as Mr Lesseps, to keep up the cheat. So, whenever there is a talk of reducing

the present absurd tariff of Spain, the Barcelonese fly to arms, throw up barricades, bluster about English influence, and, whilst thinking to defend their own interests, serve as blind instruments to a disreputable foreign potentate. The Spaniards are a very jealous and a very suspicious people, and have been ill-treated and imposed upon until they have acquired the habit of seeking selfish motives for the actions of all men. Such over-wariness defeats its object. A section—by no means a majority—of the Spanish nation look upon England as having only her own interests in view when she seeks a commercial treaty with Spain, arranged on fair and reasonable bases. Nothing can be more erroneous and delusive. England would gain very little by such a treaty; the great advantage would be derived by Spain, who now receives duty on one-eighth of the British goods annually imported. We need not say how the other seven-eighths enter. Spain has seven hundred and ten leagues of coast and frontier. Gibraltar and Portugal are convenient depôts, and there are one hundred and twenty thousand professional smugglers in Spain, the flower of the population, fine, active, stalwart fellows, imbued with hearty contempt for revenue officers, and whom we would back, after a month's organisation, against the entire Spanish army, now amounting, we believe, under the benign system of Christina, Narvaez, and Company, to something like a hundred and eighty thousand men. In short, it is notorious that Spain is inundated with English and French goods. "In this state of things," says an able and enlightened writer,* "I put the following dilemma to Spanish manufacturers:—Your manufactures are either prosperous, or the contrary. In the former case, conceding that the contraband trade knows no other limits to its criminal traffic than those of the possible consumption, the competition from which you suffer is as great as it can be. What does it signify to you, then, whether the goods enter through the custom-house, on payment of a protective duty, or are introduced by

* Marliani, *Histoire Politique de l'Espagne Moderne*, ii. 440.

smugglers at a certain rate of commission? And if your manufactures are not prosperous, what need you care whether foreign goods enter by the legal road or by illicit trade?" It were impossible to state the case more clearly and conclusively. The smugglers charge fixed per-centages, according to the nature of the goods and the place they are to be conveyed to. These rates are as easily ascertained as a premium at Lloyd's or the price of rentes on the Paris Bourse. Let the duties on foreign manufactures be regulated by them, and smuggling, one of the prominent causes of the demoralisation and misery of Spain, is at once knocked upon the head. At the same cost, or even at a slight advance, every importer will prefer having his goods through the legitimate channel, instead of receiving them crushed into small packages, and often more or less damaged by their clandestine transit. And the money now paid to the smuggling insurers would flow, under the new order of things, into the Spanish treasury, a change devoutly to be desired by Spanish creditors of all classes and denominations.

Between Barcelona and Gerona the Baron was much amused by the energetic proceedings of a *zagal*, or Spanish postilion, who jumped up and down from his seat, with the horses at full gallop, to the great peril of his neck, and sang never-ending songs in praise of Queen Christina and of the joyous life of a smuggler, only interrupting his melody to shout an oft-repeated *tiro! tiro!* (pull! pull!) and to swear Saracenic oaths at his steaming mules. "By the holy bones of Mahomet!"* he would exclaim, "I will make thee dance, lazy *Valerosa!* (the valorous;) rebaptize thee with a cudgel, and then hang thee. Holy St Anthony of Padua never had a lazier jackass!" "And then he ran himself breathless by the side of poor Vale-

rosa, and screamed himself hoarse, and flogged and flattered; and the oddest thing was, that the beasts seemed to understand him, and showed fear or joy as he blamed or praised them. Each mule had a name of its own, pricked up its long ears when addressed by it, and testified, by more rapid movements, that it well knew what laziness would entail. *Mannola*, *Luna*, *Justa*, *Generala*, *Valerosa*, *Casilda*, and *Pilar*, the *zagal* loved them all, and preferred carousing to punishing them. If horses are generally bad in France, it is assuredly in great measure because no nation in the world are more unfeeling to their beasts, especially to horses, than the French. A large proportion of the cart-horses are blind from cuts of the whip in the eyes; the postillions cannot harness their cattle without giving them violent kicks in the side; and one sees the poor brutes tremble at the approach of their tyrants. Abuse, oaths, and blows are the order of the day. The Arab makes much of his noble steed, and even the rude Cossack looks to his horse's comfort before providing for his own."

The town of Gerona, well fortified, and possessing a strong citadel, is celebrated for its noble defence against the French, related, in interesting detail, by Toreno, in his "History of the War of Independence." Its brave governor, Don Mariano Alvarez, having few provisions, and a large garrison, commised the former, and was prodigal of the latter. In repeated sorties he inflicted severe loss on the besiegers. One officer, ordered on a very perilous expedition, inquired, with some anxiety, what point he was to fall back upon. "Upon the churchyard," was the consolatory reply of Alvarez. When things came to the pass that five reals were paid for a mouse, and thirty for a cat, and somebody talked of capitulating, Alvarez

* *El santo zancarron*, (literally, the holy dry bone,) an expression handed down from the Moors, and very dangerous to be used for some time after their expulsion, when an oath "by Mahomet" sufficed to make the utterer suspected by the Inquisition of addiction to the forbidden faith. It was to escape all suspicion of such addiction that the Spaniards became great consumers of pig's flesh, still a standard dish, in one form or other, at every Spanish dinner. Probably it was the excellent quality of Spanish pork, as much as the fear of the Inquisition, that perpetuated this custom.

swore he would have the offender slaughtered and salted, and would do the same by all who hinted at surrender. After nine months' continual fighting, all provisions being exhausted, the fortress was given up. The garrison had dwindled from fifteen thousand to four thousand men, and only a small portion of these were capable of bearing arms. The protracted and glorious defence was to be attributed—so some of the Spaniards thought—to the especial protection of the holy St Narcissa. That respectable lady is the patroness of Gerona, where her ashes repose; during the siege, a cocked and feathered hat was put upon her statue, and she received the title of *generalissima*. Figueras, the last town of any note before reaching the French frontier, is also a fortified place. Taken by the French in the Peninsular war, it was recaptured by the Spaniards, who entered in the night through a subterraneous passage. Its citadel of San Fernando is one of the strongest in Spain, and can accommodate fifteen thousand men. The town itself is insignificant, and only celebrated for the scale and solidity of its fortifications, which remain as a monument of former Spanish grandeur. But they lack completion, and are ill situated, which caused some connoisseur in the art to say that the mason should have been decorated, and the engineer flogged.

Pau, the favourite resort of English sojourners in southern France, was selected by the Baron and his companions for their winter-quarters; and although, upon their arrival there, the severe cold and heavy snow induced them to doubt the truth of the praises they had heard of its mild and beautiful climate, they soon became convinced the eucomium was well merited. The meadows remained green the whole winter through, and once only, in the month of March, came a fall of snow, which disappeared, however, in forty-eight hours. From their windows, they commanded a magnificent view southwards, bounded in the distance by the lofty summits of the Pyrenees, supreme amongst which rises the snow-covered dome of the *Pic du Midi*,—"a magnificent amphitheatre, whose aspect is most

sublime at night, in the full moon-light. Morning and evening, at the rising and setting of the sun, the snowy points of the *Pic* resemble great spires of flame, blazing through the gloom. With incredible suddenness darkness covers the lowlands, whilst the tall peaks, clothed in ice, still remain illuminated, gleaming far and wide above the broad panorama of mountains, like isolated lighthouses on the shores of the mighty ocean." Many of the Pyrenean mountains are known as the *Pic du Midi*; there is a *Pic du Midi d'Ossau*, another of *Bigorre*, a third of *Valentine*, &c.; but the *Pic du Midi de Pau* is the highest, and rises fifteen hundred and thirty-one toises (nearly ten thousand English feet) above the level of the sea. In like manner many rivers bear the name of *Gave*, a Celtic word, equivalent to mountain stream; but the *Gave de Pau* is the greatest and most celebrated of the family. The *Pic du Midi*, from certain peculiarities of position, was long thought the highest of the Pyrenees, till it was ascertained that the *Monperdu*, the *Vignemale*, and the *Maladetta*, are in certain parts more than a thousand feet higher.

Concerning the English residents at Pau, M. Vaerst says little or nothing, except that he and his companions, although unprovided with introductions, received visits and invitations from them, attentions for which they probably had their titles to thank. The Baron seems to have taken more pleasure in the society of the friendly French prefect, M. Azevedo, with whom he had strenuous discussions on the everlasting subject of the Rhine frontier. The Frenchman, like many of his countrymen, insisted that the far-famed German stream is the natural boundary of France, a proposition which M. Vaerst could by no means allow to pass unrefuted. Indeed, the excellent Baron seems particularly sensitive on this subject, for in various parts of his book we find him in hot dispute with presumptuous Gauls who hinted a wish to see the tricolor once more waving on the banks of that river, which Mr Becker has so confidently affirmed they shall never again possess. The Baron considers a hankering after the Rhine to be incurably fixed in every Frenchman's

breast, and now and then shows a little uneasiness with regard to the strife and bloodshed which this unreasonable longing may sooner or later engender. We do not learn how he fared in his discussions at Pau and elsewhere, but in his book he advances eloquent and learned arguments against French encroachment. In the very midst of them he is unfortunately interrupted by a severe attack of illness, against which he bears up with much philosophy and fortitude. "If pain purifies and improves, as I have often been told, I ought assuredly to be one of the best and purest of men. But although I have never yet lost courage under physical or any other suffering, and have ever remained cheerful as in the joyous days of my youth, I have yet no wish to continue thus the darling of the gods, who, as it is said, chastise those they best love." His patience, proof against pain, gave way at last, under a less acute but more teasing infliction, and he breaks out into a humorous anathema of the well-meaning tormentors who pestered him with prescriptions. Every body who came within ten paces of him had some sovereign panacea and unfailing remedy to recommend. He began by taking a note of all these good counsels, with no intention to follow them, but out of malicious curiosity to see how far the persecution would extend. At the end of a week he abandoned the practice, finding it too troublesome. In that short time, he had been strongly enjoined to consult twenty different physicians, and to make trial of fourteen mineral baths. One kind friend insisted on bringing him a mesmeriser, another a shepherd, a third an old woman, all of whom had already wrought marvelous cures. One recommended swan's down, another a cat's skin, another talismanic rings and a necklace of wild chestnuts. He was enjoined to sew nutmegs in his clothes, to wear a certain sort of red ribbon round his throat, to cram himself with sourkraut. And each of his advisers thought him disgustingly obstinate because he turned a deaf ear to their advice, and discredited the virtues of their medicaments, preferring those of his doctor. "I should long since have been a *millionaire*," he says, "if every

good counsel had brought me in a louis-d'or. And truly I uphold the old Spanish proverb against advice-givers: *Da me dinero, y no consejos*—Give me money, and not advice."

Chained to the chimney corner by the unsatisfactory state of his health, the Baron devoted himself to study and literary occupation, pored over Froissart, acquired the old French, and revelled in the gallant pages of Queen Margaret of Navarre. At Pau, indeed, his third Pyrenean expedition concludes, but not so his book, for which he finds abundant materials in the reminiscences of his two previous journeys. His account of the Basques is especially interesting, containing much that could only have been gleaned by long residence in the country, and great familiarity with the usages of that singular people. Few in number, these dwellers amongst the western Pyrenees are formidable by their courage and energy; and from the remotest periods of their history, have made themselves respected and even feared. Hannibal treated them with consideration, and was known to alter his proposed line of march to avoid the fierce attacks of this handful of mountaineers. The Roman proconsuls sought their alliance. Cæsar, against whom, and under Pompey's banners, they arrayed themselves, was unable to subdue them. After the fall of Rome, the men of the Pyrenees were attacked in turn by Vandals, Goths, and Franks; their houses were destroyed, their lands laid waste, but they themselves, unattainable in their mountains, continued free. A deluge of barbarians overflowed Gaul and Spain; conquerors and conquered amalgamated, and divided the territory amongst them; still the Pyreneans continued unmixed in race, and undisturbed in their fastnesses. The vanquished Goth retreated before the warlike and encroaching Saracen, and the crescent standard fluttered amongst the mountains of northern Spain. It found no firm footing, and soon its bearers retraced their bloody path, strewing it with the bones of their best and bravest, and pursued by the victorious warriors of Charles Martel. But of all the historical fights that have taken place in the Pyrenees, there is not one whose tradition has been so

well preserved as the great defeat of Charlemagne. The fame of Roland still resounds in popular melody, and echoes amongst the wild ravines and perilous passes, whose names, in numerous instances, connect them with his exploits.

The Basques are brave, intelligent, and proud,—simple but high-minded. They have ever shown a strong repugnance to foreign influence and habits; and have clung to old customs and to their singular language. It is curious to behold half a million of men—whose narrow territory is formed of a corner of France and another of Spain, closely hemmed in, and daily traversed, by hosts of Frenchmen and Spaniards—preserving a language which, from its difficulty and want of resemblance to any other known tongue, very few foreigners ever acquire. They have their own musical instruments—not the most harmonious in the world; their own music, of peculiar originality and wildness; their own dances and games, dress and national colours, all more or less different from those of the rest of Spain. There is no doubt of their being first-rate fighting men, but the habit of contending with superior numbers has given them peculiar notions on the subject of military success and glory. They attach no shame to a retreat or even to a flight; but those antagonists who suppose that because they run away they are beaten, sooner or later find themselves egregiously mistaken. Flight is a part of their tactics; to fatigue the enemy, and inflict heavy loss at little to themselves, is upon all occasions their aim. They care nothing for the empty honour of sleeping on the bloody battle-field over which they have all day fought. They could hardly be made to understand the merit of such a proceeding; they take much greater credit when they thin the enemy's ranks without suffering themselves. And if they often run away, they are ever ready to return to the fray. They are born with a natural aptitude for the only species of fighting for which their mountainous land is adapted. We have been greatly amused and interested, when rambling in their country, by watching a favourite game frequently played upon Sundays and other holidays. The boys of two

villages meet at an appointed spot and engage in a regular skirmish; turf and clods of earth, often stones, being substituted for bullets. The spirit and skill with which the lads carry on the mock-encounter, the wild yells called forth by each fluctuation of the fight, the fierceness of their juvenile faces, when, after a well-directed volley, one side rushes forward to the charge, armed with the thick bamboo-like stems of the Indian corn, their white teeth firmly set, and a barbarous Basque oath upon their lips, strongly recall the more earnest and bloody encounters in which their fathers have so often distinguished themselves. These contests, which sometimes become rather serious from the passionate character of the Basques, and often terminate in a few broken heads, are encouraged by the elder people, and compose the sole military education of a race, who do not fight the worse because they are unacquainted with the drill-sergeant, and with the very rudiments of scientific warfare. The tenacity with which these mountaineers adhere to the usages of their ancestors, even when they are unfitted to the century, and disadvantageous to themselves, is very remarkable. The Basque is said to be so stubborn, that he knocks a nail into the wall with his head; but the Arragonese is said to surpass the Basque, inasmuch as he puts the head of the nail against the wall, and tries to drive it in by striking his skull against the point. When, in the ninth century, the French Kings conquered for a short time a part of the Basque provinces, they prudently abstained from interference with the privileges and customs of the inhabitants, and when the whole of Spain was finally united into one kingdom under Ferdinand the Catholic, the Basques retained their republican form. Every Basque is more or less noble. The genealogical pride, proverbially attributed to Spaniards, is out-heroded by that of these mountaineers, amongst whom a charcoal-burner or a muleteer will hold himself as good and ancient a gentleman as the best duke in the land. "In the valley of the Bastan," says the Baron, "all the peasants' houses are decorated with coats of arms, hewn in stone, and generally placed over the

house door; the owner of the smallest cottage is rarely without a parchment patent of nobility. A peasant of that valley once told me his family dated from the time of Queen Maricastana. *El tiempo de la reyna Maricastana*, is a proverb implying, 'from time immemorial.' Certainly there is no country where such equality exists amongst all classes; an equality, however, rather pleasing than disagreeable in its results. The demeanour of the less fortunate of the people towards those whom wealth and education place above them, is as remote from insolence and brutality, as it is from cringing servility. The poorest peasant, tilling his patch of maize, answers the question of the rich proprietor, who drives his carriage past his cottage, with the same frank courtesy and manly assurance, with which he would acknowledge the greeting or interrogatory of a fellow-labourer.

Baron Vaerst indulges in some curious speculations as to the origin of this flourishing and unmixed race of mountaineers. "Some say they are an aboriginal tribe, and that their language was spoken by Adam (!); others set them down as an old Phœnician colony, whilst others again vaguely guess them to be the descendants of a wandering horde from the north or east. The language is like no other, and those who speak it know nothing of its history. Except before God, these people have never bent the knee in homage, and have never paid taxes, but only a voluntary tribute, collected amongst themselves.

"Proud of the independence they have so well defended, they for the most part, in order to preserve their nationality, have married amongst themselves. The Basque tongue has one thing in common with those of Spain and Gascony, namely, the indiscriminate use of the B. and the V. They say indifferently Biscaya or Viscaya, Balmaseda or Valmaseda. The story is a well-known one, of the Spaniard who maintained French to be a miserable language, because in speaking it no distinction was made between a widow and an ox,—*veuve* and *bœuf* receiving from him pretty nearly the same pronunciation. I have still a letter from the well-known Echeverria, addressed to me

as Baron Baerst. Scaliger, when speaking of the Gascons and of their custom of confounding the *v* and *b*, says; *felicitas populi quibus bibere est vivere.*" Many troubadours have written and sung in the Gascon dialect; the memory of one of the most ancient of them is preserved in popular legends on account of his tragical fate. Beloved by an illustrious lady, the wife of Baron Castel Roussillon, he was enticed into an ambuscade and murdered by the jealous husband, who then tore out his heart, and had it dressed for the Countess's dinner. The meal concluded, he produced the severed head of her lover, told her what she had eaten, and inquired if the flavour was good. "*Si bon et si savoureux*," she replied, "*que jamais entre manger ne m'en ôtera le goût.*" And she threw herself headlong from her balcony. The nobles of the land, the King of Arragon at their head, held the conduct of the husband so unworthy that they threw him into prison, confiscated his estates, and united in one grave the mortal remains of the unfortunate lovers.

Whilst the Basques and Bearnese enjoyed a long series of tranquil and happy years, Roussillon was a prey to bloody wars and to the ravages of ruthless conquerors. Goths and Saracens, Normans, Arragonese, and French, fought for centuries about its possession. This state of perpetual warfare naturally had great influence on the character of the people, who continued wild and savage much longer than their neighbours. The passes of the Pyrenees were a constant motive for fresh hostilities, and pretext for lawless aggression. The rich committed every sort of crime, without being made personally answerable. One of the old laws of Roussillon, significant of the state of the country, fixes the rate of payment at which crimes might be commuted. Five *sous* were the fine for inflicting a wound; if a bone was broken, it was ten times as dear; a box on the ear cost five *sous*, the tearing out of an eye a hundred; a common murder three hundred *sous*, that of a monk four hundred, and of a priest nine hundred. Other luxuries in proportion. From which curious statement, a priest in those days appears to have been worth three laymen, and a gouged eye to

have been estimated at twice the value of a broken bone. Flesh-wounds and punches on the head were decidedly cheap and within the reach of persons of very moderate means. For the delightful state of comfort and prosperity, indicated by this tariff of mutilation and manslaughter, the men of Roussillon had to thank their last Count, who, in the year 1173, bequeathed his dominions to Alphonso II. of Arragon. Thence eternal strife with the French, who did not choose to see the key to their country in the hands of a Spanish prince; and Roussillon, the bone of contention, was also the battle ground. Nearly five centuries elapsed before the treaty of the Pyrenees put an end to these dissensions.

The sea, the Ebro, and the Pyrenees, form the natural boundaries and bulwarks of the Spanish Basque provinces. Favoured by these defences, the three provinces were the natural and safe refuge of the Iberians, when hunted by various conquerors from the plains of southern and middle Spain. Of Navarre, only the mountainous portion afforded similar safety; the levels, and especially the rich banks of the Ebro, were occupied by the victors. Biscay, Alava, and Guipuzcoa were never under the dominion of the Moors, who obtained quiet possession of Navarre as far as Pampeluna, but only held it about twelve years. Each of the three provinces has its own constitution and rights, peculiar to itself, some of the privileges and laws being of a very original character. In Alava, the general procurator, or chief of the provincial government, swears every year upon an old knife—the *Machete Vitoriano*—to uphold the privileges of the province. "I desire," he says, "that my throat may be cut with this knife if I fail to maintain and defend the *fueros* of the land." The Biscayan coasts breed excellent sailors; as already mentioned, they were the first to undertake the distant fisheries of the whale and cod. They are probably better calculated for enterprising merchant-seamen than for men-of-war's men, the inveterate independence

and stiff-neckedness of the race being obnoxious to regular military discipline. "*Quisiera mucho mas ser leonero que tener carga de Biscaynos*,"* was a saying of Gonsalvo de Cordova. The naval squadrons of Biscay, however, are to be read of in history. It seems strange enough to Englishmen, to whom these petty provinces are known but as obscure nooks of the Peninsula, to read in Baron Vaerst's pages that "the fleet of Guipuzcoa, united with that of Biscay, completely annihilated, in a bloody naval action, fought on the 29th August 1350, the English fleet of King Edward the Third, and thereby procured Spain an advantageous treaty of commerce with England." There is small probability, we presume, of Lord Auckland's sending half-a-dozen frigates to revenge this old insult by fetching the present Spanish fleet into an English port, and there retaining them until the wise men of Madrid reduce their suicidal duties on foreign manufactures. We have stated our firm conviction that England would gain little by such reduction. Little, that is to say, in the way in which Messieurs Louis-Philippe and Guizot and their organs are pleased to assume that she expects to be benefited. "England," says a writer, already quoted, "has never asked any thing for which she did not offer a generous reciprocity. If the Spanish government, blind to its true interests, has constantly refused, in consequence of chimerical fears and false views, to renounce a prohibitive system, rendered illusory by smuggling, itself alone has suffered. For England it is a mere question of morality. The contraband trade compensates her for the ignorance of Spanish rulers. . . . But the government of a commercial country must grieve to see commercial transactions resting on the basis of smuggling—on a violation of law and of public morality. England, where every thing reposes on credit and good faith, submits with strong repugnance to stipulations so organised that smuggling is the rule, and legal traffic the exception."†

* "I would much rather be a keeper of lions than have charge of Biscayans."

† Marliani, ii. 317.

JUDAISM IN THE LEGISLATURE.

It has been frequently observed, that the chief events of the English history, during the last three centuries, have turned on religion.

Until the Reformation, our history scarcely deserved the name. The government an iron despotism, the people serfs, the barons tyrants, and the religion Popery, England possessed neither equal law, nor popular knowledge, nor security of property. And she suffered the natural evils of a condition of moral disorder; all her nobler qualities only aggravated the national misfortune, her bravery only wasted her blood in foreign fields. Her fidelity to her lords only strewed the soil with corpses; her devotional spirit only bound her to the observances of a pedantic superstition. While every kingdom of the Continent was advancing in the march of power, or knowledge, or the arts; while Germany in her mail gathered round her the chivalry of Europe; while Italy began that glittering pageant of the arts which has left such brilliant remnants behind, even in her dilapidated archives and tottering palaces; while Portugal was spreading her sails for the subjugation of the ocean, and Spain was sending Columbus to the west for a prouder conquest than was ever won by consul or emperor,—England remained like a barbarian gazer on this passing pomp of kings.

The Reformation changed all,—gave her a new sense of existence, a new knowledge of her own faculties, new views of her destination; and brought her, like the wanderers in the parable, from the highways and hedges, to that marriage feast of power and fame, from which so many of the original guests were to be rejected.

The change was remarkable, even from its rapidity. It had none of the slow growth by which the infancy of nations ascends into manhood. She assumed the vigour of a leading member of the European commonwealth with the life of a generation. Actually expelled from the Continent in the middle of the sixteenth century,

she held the balance of European power in its hand before its close. But the effect of the Reformation in England was of a superior order to its effect on the Continent. We shall not say that it lived and died in Germany with Luther; or in France with Calvin; but there can be no doubt, that its purer and loftier portion perished with those great reformers. The schools of the prophets remained; but when the Elijah had been swept upwards on the chariot and horses of fire, they uttered the prophetic voices more feebly, and their harps no longer resounded through Israel. But, in England, the double portion of the spirit had been given; the Reformation had become *national*; and there is scarcely a national act, from that period, which has not held some connexion with Protestantism; been modified by its influence, or required by its necessities, originated in its principles, or governed by its power.

And it is not the less remarkable, that this continued operation has existed in England alone.

The gift of the Reformation was, like the gift of Christianity, a universal offer. It came, as the rising of the sun comes, to all Europe at once. The preaching of Luther and his contemporaries was heard in every country of the civilised world, and by a large portion of that world is retained, in all its substantial doctrines, to the present hour. Within the lapse of a few years, it had made a progress scarcely less rapid and triumphant than the career of the apostolic mission; but in a period incomparably more intellectual, and among nations more active, intelligent, and vigorous, than the dwellers among the languor of Asia Minor, the dissolute populace of ancient Italy, or the rugged barbarians of Thrace and Arabia.

Before the close of the century in which it was born, the Reformation had founded churches far beyond the German frontier, in the most active portion of France, in the British Isles, in the north of Europe; it had

even forced its way through the sullen prejudices and fierce persecutions of Spain; by a still more singular success, it had given a temporary impulse to Italy itself; made converts in the natural land of the monk, built churches under the shadow of the convent; and redeemed at least one generation from the profligate supineness of their fathers. But this gush of the living breeze into the cloister was soon overpowered by the habitual heaviness of the atmosphere of cells and censers. The light, which had shot in through the chinks of the dungeon, was soon shut out, and all within was dark as ever. The multitude, at first exulting in their freedom, no sooner found that they must march through the wilderness, than they longed for the fatness and the flesh of Egypt, and returned to their house of bondage. The name of Protestantism still existed on the Continent, but its power was no more. Statesmen, in their political projects, passed it by; philosophers, in their calculations of human progress, left it out of their elements. The popular feelings were no longer roused or abused at its command. The teacher remained, but the gift of miracles was gone.

But, in England, it was a political creator. The manners, the feelings, the laws in a great degree, and the political movements almost wholly, were impressed with this one image and superscription. Since her first emergence from feudalism, when, like the traveller struggling through defiles and forests to the brow of the mountains which shows him the plain and the ocean before him, she saw the first boundless sweep of national power and moral renown before her, Protestantism, in all the casualties of its course, in its purity, or its profanation, in the vindication of its rights, or in the sufferance of its wrongs, in the national zeal for its advance, or in the national zeal for its retrenchment and spoil, has been the great object of contemplation and interest to every leader of the councils of England. It has been the voice which has never died in the statesman's ear, the shape which has met him at every step, the star which, whether clouded or serene, has never set in his horizon.

The whole line of British sovereignty seemed scarcely more than royal administrators of the concerns of Religion.

Even the striking variety of royal character, during this long and stirring period, made but slight difference in their general connexion with the public belief. The brutish self-will of Henry, the savage bloodthirstiness of Mary, the proud supremacy of Elizabeth, the chivalry of Charles, the republicanism of Cromwell, the languid decline of the Stuarts, the energy of William, and the law-loving quietude of the Brunswicks, all bore the impress of the same principle.

During the last three hundred years, the world had been singularly active, and England perhaps its most active portion; but what relics of its political questions are left to posterity? The passions and the power of the great parties even of the last century have sunk into their graves. Even their names, which were supposed to have made an imperishable fixture in the political strifes of the country, and under which it was presumed that ministers and opposition would be marshalled for ever, have gone like the rest, and the difficulty would now be, to give a name to the political principles of any party in the state. But the religious questions of our ancestry are still not merely existing, but absorbing all others at this moment; instead of clearing up, they are darkening by time; instead of giving way to the thousand questions which year by year press on public deliberation, they still exalt their frowning front above them all. Ireland and Rome are as powerful objects of anxiety as in the days of Pius V. and Elizabeth; and Protestantism is forced to be as vigilant as the days when the Bible was first read at Paul's Cross, or the Long Parliament drove the bishops out of the pale of the constitution.

In this language we are claiming no peculiar merit for the character of England; we are not arrogating for her any religious superiority; we are not pronouncing on her especial sensitiveness to conscience; we are simply giving facts; and those urge us to one conclusion alone, that by the determinate and original dispensation of

Providence, our country has been selected as the especial arena for great religious inquiries, and the establishment of great religious principles.

On this subject we speak with the utmost sincerity. There is nothing in historical experience to forbid the idea, that peculiar nations may have been appointed to separate purposes, and that they may be even divinely placed under the discipline most suitable to those purposes. If to ancient Greece was almost exclusively given the intellectual advancement of the world; if to ancient Rome was as exclusively given the preparative discipline for its government; there can be no doubt that to Judea was assigned the guardianship of religion.

The process may be diversified in later times; but the principle may remain. The rapidity with which the derelictions of duty in Judah were followed by punishments *declaredly* divine, finds a memorable counterpart in the annals of England, even down to the present hour. But we shall limit ourselves to the evidence in Ireland; and on this point we shall be as brief as possible.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Popery, hitherto kept down, became suddenly triumphant in Ireland, and began its habitual system of severity to the heretic. Confiscation and exile swept away the rights of Protestantism. The result was the national punishment by the scourge of civil war, a renewal of conquest, the expatriation of the Romish army, and the decay of all the sources of national prosperity.

Another era came. Under the government of Protestantism the country had recovered, privileges were successively awarded, and it enjoyed the peace and gradual opulence which belong to English government. But a parliamentary faction at length allied itself with Popery; parliament was subdued by clamour, or seduced by popularity, and the Popish population obtained the elective franchise. The elections instantly became scenes of national iniquity. Perjury was scarcely less than a profession, and that notoriously ruinous system of "sub-letting," which has covered Ireland with pauperism, became general, for the sole object of multiplying

votes. This was followed by the foundation of Maynooth, a college expressly formed for the training of a Popish priesthood, whose tenets, every man who voted for this foundation, had sworn to be "superstitious and idolatrous." But when did faction care what it swore? The cup was now full. The priesthood of Maynooth had scarcely begun to learn their trade, when vengeance fell upon both Popery and the Parliament. Instead of the promise of popular gratitude, which had been so ostentatiously given by the Popish associations, and so ostentatiously echoed by parliamentary Liberalism, the first act of the Popish peasantry was to take up arms; a rebellion of the most treacherous and bloody nature broke out, in which the murder of Protestants was perpetrated in cold blood, and with the most horrid atrocity. Ireland was convulsed and impoverished, the rebellion was extinguished and punished by the sword, and at the cost of ten thousand peasant lives. The next blow was on the feeble and factious Parliament. The Irish Legislature was extinguished at a blow; and its fall was as ignominious as it was judicial. Its national pride and acknowledged talent gave way without a struggle, and with scarcely a remonstrance. It had already lost the respect of the nation. The mind of Ireland disdained the deliberations which had suffered the dictation of a mob. Parliament, existing without national honour, perished without national sympathy. Its own principle was retaliated on itself. The Papist sold it, the Borough-monger sold it, the Protestant sold it, not for the baser bribe of the populace, but for the prospect of peace; it was given over to execution, with the calm acquiescence of a sense of justice, and tossed on the funeral pile amid a population which danced round the blaze.

Popery now talks of its restoration. It is impossible. The very idea is absurd. As well might the ashes of the dead be gathered and reshaped into the living man. As well might the vapours of the swamp be purified by filling it with the fire-damp. Every hour, since that time, has made the country still more unfit

for legislation, more furious and inflammable. As well might the nakedness of the people be covered by rags, recking with the pestilence.

We rejoice to escape from the subject. It can be no gratification to us to trace the progress of disease through the political frame which it first enfeebles, and then makes a source of contagion. We have no love for the history of an hospital, or those frightful displays of a "surgeons' hall," where every skeleton is connected with public crime, and where science is demonstrated from the remnants of the scaffold. But it is notorious that the morals even of the Irish peasant have been degraded in the exact proportion of his rise in political power.

Every favour of the English parliament, from the beginning of the century until the fatal year 1829, only furnished him with an additional weapon, to be used with a more seditious violence. In that year, the British Legislature was thrown open to him, and he entered it in a barbarian triumph.

From that moment, England and Ireland were sufferers alike. In England, Irish faction was an insolent mercenary, which openly and alternately hired its services to both sides alike. In Ireland it was a ferocious rebel, which, as the notorious preparative for broader hostilities, exercised its arms in midnight murder.

At length the final endowment of Maynooth came; and an establishment, solely for the Romish priesthood, without any admixture of laity, and allowing the means of an increase in the number of those pupils of Rome, and propagators of Romish doctrines, from about five hundred to double the number, was fixed on the empire for ever, taken wholly out of the further deliberation of the Legislature, and conferred, to three times the amount of its former grant, on a religion which professes the worship of a *Creature*, the Virgin Mary; which bows down to *images*; which assigns thrones in heaven to dead men, promoted by itself to nominal saintship; which offers weekly absolution for all crimes; which apportioned the judgments of the eternal tribunal in a purgatory,

and releases the supposed criminal on payment of money for masses; and which offers the most solemn *adoration* to a composition of flour and water, manufactured by a baker, distributed by the hands of a priest, and which it actually declares to be the Eternal God, whom "the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain."

These are doctrines utterly abhorrent to the feelings of all sincere Protestants; and unquestionably the encouragement of their teachers, and the virtual propagation of a belief which they pronounce desperate defiance of the truth, startled many wise and religious men with fear of the consequences. We leave the connexion of this most unhappy act with the subsequent events to the various contemplation of our countrymen.

The subject is too solemn for the mingling of human conjectures with its awful reality. But whether in the shape of retribution or warning, the singular force of the blow which has fallen on both—the Irish criminal and the English abettor of the crime—may well humble us before the Power which holds the prosperity of nations in its hand. Yet even now, while the two countries are still lying struck down by the same irresistible flash, and while the cloud which discharged it is still overhanging the horizon—while the only voice which ought to issue from the national lips would be the supplication for help and the hope of forgiveness, they are meditating an act more hazardous and daring than ever.

We disclaim all exclusiveness in the exercise of the common rights of man; we denounce all bigotry as a folly, and abhor all persecution as a crime; but we cannot venture an acquiescence in an attempt which we consider as an abandonment of the first dictates of Christianity; we cannot be silent when the intention is avowed to bring into a Christian legislature a sect which pronounces Christianity to be utterly a falsehood, its founder to be an impostor, (we shudder at the words,) and our whole hope of immortality, dependent on his sacrifice and merits, to be wicked and blasphemous delusion. And this attempt, from no additional discovery of the truth of

Judaism or the failings of Christianity, but simply from a sense of political convenience, (a most short-sighted sense, as we conceive;) a feeling of liberalism, (a most childish and uncalled for feeling, as we are perfectly convinced;) and the establishment of the general principle that, in the political system or government of nations, religion has no business whatever to interfere, to be regarded, or to be protected in any shape whatever, (an assumption which we believe to be contrary to all the experience of mankind.) Our remarks, of course, are not made with reference to the individual, of whom we know nothing but the name; we speak only of the principle.

But before we inquire into its good or ill, we shall give a glance at the past condition of the European Jews, and the privileges to which they have been admitted by the generosity of the British legislature.

With Charlemagne the political history of modern Europe begins, and with it we shall begin our sketch of the Jews. The soldiery of Charlemagne made him comparatively regardless of ecclesiastical jealousies, and at the same time made him require the services of agents, negotiators, and traffickers of all kinds. In all the wildest barbarism of the past ages, the sons of Israel had continued to sustain their connexion throughout Europe, and the emperor felt all their importance to his polity. But war always impoverishes, and the Jews were the only masters of European wealth. Thus they were essential in all points to the great warrior, who had spent thirty years of his life in the camp; to the great monarch, who ruled three-fourths of Europe; and to the great statesman, who legislated for Christendom, but who could not write his own name. Charlemagne, therefore, protected the Jews, as he did all whom he made useful to himself; and as disregard of opportunities has been at no time their failing, it is probable that the chief currency of Europe passed through Jewish hands.

The successors of the emperor retained his habits, without inheriting his abilities, and the Jews still stood high in the favour of the throne.

It is probable, too, that they profited enormously; for where they had no laws but their own, and no penalties to dread but those in the hand of the sovereign, the possession of the royal ear, and the replenishing of the royal purse, gave them chances which must have proved highly productive to the Rabbinical exchequer.

But their prosperity was soon to have its winter. Enormous wealth was hazardous in baronial times. The descendants of the Gaulish, the German, and the Norman conquerors—bold soldiers, but bad financiers; fond of magnificence, but narrow in rental; valorous in war, but pauperised in peace—saw with lordly indignation the crouching Israelite able to purchase principalities, while they were often obliged to levy the daily meal of their retainers on the high road.

The result was, a general robbery of the Jews. But as there is no robbery so sweeping as that which is performed under cover of law, the unfortunate Jews were charged with the most improbable crimes against popes and princes. They sometimes occupied the dungeon and the sword by large bribes to the judge and the king; but confiscation was too gainful to cease while there was a Jew to be drained. And at length, within the last years of the twelfth century, all the Jews of France were exiled by a stroke of the pen: their whole property was seized, and all their debts were decreed to be irrecoverable!

Still they were too useful to be entirely dispensed with; and the following Jewish generation, which had forgotten the sufferings of their fathers, once more sought admission into France. They there grew opulent again, were there fleeced again, and there were alternately fattened and fleeced, until a general rage against their existence seemed to seize all Europe. Then, with an injustice which scandalises the name of Europe, and with a cruelty which still more scandalises the name of Popery, they were persecuted, plundered, and hunted into the gentler and honest regions of the Mahometan and the idolator.

The history of the Jews in England commenced about the middle of the eighth century, and was a similar suc-

cession of persecutions of the purse. Their persons were generally spared, for the piety of the Saxon monarchs was less provoked than their poverty. The Jews were a never-failing spring; and the Egberts and Ethelberts drank of it in all the emergencies of their dynasty, without ever cooling their royal thirst. Still the Jews clung to a land where they had probably become masters of the whole current coin; and though they complained furiously of the royal pressure, they bore it for the sake of the inordinate rent which they levied on peasant and priest, on baron bold, and perhaps on the monarch himself.

But William the Norman came, and the days of the Israelite brightened. William knew the value of having the synagogue for his bank; and though a descendant of those heroic pirates who had exhibited robbery on the largest scale in history, and plundered every sea-coast of Europe every year of their lives, he yet felt all the necessity of paying his fellow-freebooters, and regarded the Jews, next to his men-at-arms, as the main prop of his throne.

But it is a curious feature in the annals of Jewish wealth, that it has never lasted long; three generations, at the most, are sure to see its end. The gourd of Jonah is its emblem to this hour; the surprising growth of a night followed by the equally surprising decay of a morning.

The Jews were desperately mulcted by Stephen, a usurper, who felt that he had but little time to lose, and, of course, plundered accordingly. But these were glorious times for what is called "change of property;" the brave earls of the Norman had already run through their estates. Money was not to be found. The times were turbulent, and the barons were forced to build castles for themselves and their cattle. They kept retainers to rob and fight, and led the life of gallant captains of banditti. Italy, the native land of romance and robbery, (its principal talents to this hour,) never exhibited more elaborate specimens of both, than England did in the days of Stephen. But the royal and baronial necessities were not to be fully supplied by the

high road, and the unfortunate Jew was made the paymaster of all.

At last the Romish priesthood attacked them. This was fatal. Isaac evaded the fighting baron and the fleeing king by his habitual adroitness, and by those small sacrifices which he well knew how to compensate. But the monks, friars, and bishops were a body with which all his acuteness was unable to contend. What the Jew gained was obviously lost to the monk; and the counter was forced to yield to the cloister. The thirteenth century is still recorded among the Israelites as a kind of secondary overthrow of their nation, and Edward I. as their English Titus. The act of royal and ecclesiastical atrocity banished nearly twenty thousand Jews to seek existence in some less savage region than the "land of chivalry."

From this period they are nearly lost sight of in our English records, until the reign of Charles II. The York and Lancastrian wars certainly offered but slight temptation to the man of traffic; he must have also remembered the penalty of his former sojourn in England, and he wisely left the Plantagenets, at last, to fight it out by themselves. The reign of Cromwell gave them some hope. It is astonishing how the English spirit of that one man raised the character of England throughout Europe. The world had never seen such a brewer before; whatever he did, or wherever he went, he carried with him the homeliness, the heartiness, and the strength of his trade. He kept the insolence of France in order, soundly punished the pride of Spain, and frightened the Teutonic ferocity of Germany into quiet. If he had lived a thousand years, so long would he have kept the Stuarts in banishment. His game was harder at home, but he played his cards with equal success. He crushed at once the king and the parliament; he crushed the Presbyterians, who had crushed the church; he bridled the Independents, who had bridled the Presbyterians; he tamed the army, who had conquered the constitution; and, highest triumph of all, he tamed Ireland. The difficulty of the Wellingtons, the Peels, and the Greys,—the grand problem of Whig

and Tory, was no problem to him; he suffered resistance neither moral nor physical; he would have hanged the orators and the gatherers of the "rent," on the same tree. His remedy was simple. He led his battalions at once into Ireland; stormed the rebel garrisons, hanged the rebel leaders; sent the rebel priests in droves to the West Indies; and in six months he made Ireland a place in which it was *possible* for an honest man to live; and this was while Ireland was still shouting for joy at Protestant massacre—while she was in the full riot of 1641—while legates, and prelates, and Jesuits were crowding the soil, and while tens of thousands of Protestants were weltering in bloody graves. The bold brewer of Huntingdon settled the country at once, and Ireland was obedient for a century to come.

It is not certain whether Cromwell had made overtures to the Jews, or the Jews to him; but the shortness of his reign precluded any actual measures in their favour. However, it is evident that they had received some impression that they would be protected; for immediately on the Restoration, and apparently without any further permission, they began to flock into England, where they have since remained under the general protection of the law.

The original condition of the Jew in England, was that of a man under the direct protection of the king,—a perilous protection, which gave his majesty the right of the liege lord over his bondsman, the right over property, and even over person. But the Jew was not long permitted to hold land. Of this right they were deprived in the reign of the third Henry, though they were suffered to retain the freehold of houses in towns. Successive acts deprived them even of this poor privilege, and no Jew was suffered to dispose of his house without the leave of the king. But, by a curious anomaly, they were again allowed to purchase houses and lands, provided they were held of the king, and even take farms for ten years. Though it seems probable that those alternations of favour and severity were but so many applica-

tions of the legal torture to the purses of the Jews.

On the Continent, the condition of the Jews was always opulent, and always comfortable. But, in general, they escaped with the simple penalty of popular contempt. There is money to be made in every country by parsimony, and a steady determination to do nothing but make money. The Jews thus escaped into the wild regions of the Goth and Vandal, and got rich among the Poles and the Russians. They were sometimes dreadfully fleeced; but the men of frost and snow were not men of massacre, and the Jews got rich again. Even now, with all the competition of all the beggars of Germany, they are the masters of all the shop-dealing and inn-keeping, and money-changing, and all the countless kinds of ingenuity that the smallest of traffics can practise upon a people who divide the farthing into a dozen fractions.

The Jew lives, fattens, and plays the financier in Morocco, as he plays the slop-seller, the quack, and the furrier in the north. He is the banker of his Highness Abderrahman, and supplies Abd-el-Kader with equins, Naples' soap, horses, and intelligence. The Jews in Turkey always lived in tremendous insecurity; but there too, they grew rich; they shared the favour of the sultans, (and the certainty of being occasionally plundered,) along with the Armenians, a sort of Epicene religionists, or link between the Christian and the Jew; the profession of both being money in every shape, from the hawking of pipes, and the selling of slippers, up to the court bankers; the last being notoriously a *perilous* distinction, for on the first necessity of the seraglio, the banker's confiscation was reckoned among the ways and means of the state. The banker's stock of bullion was "sent for," and his head generally accompanied it. His will was drawn up already by the Grand Cadi of Constantinople, and the Emperor of the Faithful was regularly declared "his heir."

The Jew in Algiers was, like the Jew every where, rich and wretched; reaping all the coin of the country,

and stripped of it at every caprice of the government. The French invasion threw all the Algerine Hebrews into rapture for a while; but they have continued wringing their hands, and hanging their heads, ever since. The Frenchman is as keen as the Jew in saving, though the Jew altogether distances in gain a man who would spend his last *sou* on a ball, a theatre, or a billiard-table. The Jew eschews all games of chance; the opera costs a franc in Algiers, when they have one; and the Jew would not spend a franc upon the music of the spheres. He laments hourly the Algerian revolution, gnashes his teeth at the name of Charles X., cautiously anathematizes Louis Philippe, (whom he regards as the rival of his reputation,) and when out of the hearing of a French sentinel, vents the reverse of a panegyric on the green excellences of his royal highness the Duc d'Angoulême. The burden of his political song, is "the Turks were fine fellows; they cut off our heads, but then they spent money. The French do not cut off our heads, but then they spend no money!" The Jew evidently preferred the chance of losing his head to the certainty of making nothing out of the shabbiness of his new masters. Thus Algiers no longer offers a harvest for the Israelite.

But the Jew had his reign of terror,—and Spain was the scene. Throughout the world,—for where was the Jew not to be found?—he was simply an object of personal scorn and of public plunder; and, fully acknowledging the popular crime in both, it must equally be acknowledged that his life naturally deprived him of public sympathy. The Jew was a being who took no share in advancing the good of the country; he promoted no national object, he assisted in no national advancement, he promoted none of the fine arts, he encouraged neither the painter, nor the poet, nor the student; he speeded neither the plough, nor the ship, nor the pen. He made money, and that was the sole object of his existence. And he made that money in the most obnoxious way,—by enormous interest ground out of enormous distress. Thus voluntarily depriving himself of all the defences which society

throws round the promoters of its purposes; without any claims on the respect, the gratitude, or even on the self-interest of mankind; often, doubtless, a desperate extortioner; and always keen on the scent of gain, the Jew, in the best of times, was only endured, in hard times was hated; and when national necessity rose to severe pressure, was the first to be rifled of his boards, in the midst of a race of rapine, which seemed to take the shape of justice, and of revenge, which seemed a vindication of human nature. There were doubtless, in the lapse of ages, instances of Jewish scholarship, and perhaps instances of Jewish generosity. But the character of the race was coldness, craft, and avarice. The European Jew was the counterpart of the ancient Ishmaelite, "his hand against every man;" but without the free spirit, the bold courage, or the wild hospitality of the Ishmaelite. He was seen by mankind at once in the contradictory character of the reckless robber and the crouching slave: suffered in society only for his unwillingness; and endured, like the jackal or the hyena, for its swallowing the refuse rejected by all the nobler feeders on the common of mankind. But the bloody bigotry of Spain taught them that in "the lowest depth" there was a still lower depth. Spain, which, with the climate of Mauritania, appears to inherit all the fury of the Moor, in the first cessation from her war of eight hundred years, began a general persecution of all who would not acknowledge the Virgin Mary for a God; and St. Dominic for her prophet. The Inquisition, the prime instrument of Rome, was let loose against the unfortunate Jews; many of them apostatised under the terror of the sword. Some of the apostates more honourably repented of their cowardice, and returned to their ancient faith. On the relaxed the Inquisition fell with the fury of a wild beast. But even the fury of a wild beast is satiated by being gorged. The Inquisition had the insatiable love of human misery which belongs to the Demon. The wretched people were slain and burned—the rack and the pile were in constant action, in its length, after a long period of agony.

the sweeping decree was issued in 1492, which banished the whole race from the kingdom. Their number was calculated at half a million! With some pretence of humanity, in allowing them to sell their scanty furniture, they were robbed of every thing. Naked and ruined, branded and bruised, they were driven away as if by a whirlwind, and their wrecks long covered the shores of Africa and Europe.

The present condition of the Jewish people in England is more favourable than, perhaps, in any other country, or in any other age of the world, since their national ruin. The principles of Protestantism *abhor* persecution; and although Protestant persecutors have existed, their crime has been always in open contradiction to their principle, always has been disavowed by Protestants, and always has fallen into disuse with the progress of Protestantism. But the right of persecution having been always avowed by Rome, being still in the statutes of Rome, and being still claimed as one of the national privileges of infallibility, the Jews are still under ban in Rome, and in every country where power is retained by Rome.

In England the Jews are protected by the Toleration Act of William and Mary. They may hold real estates, may be high sheriffs, and, in fact, may hold every privilege of British subjects, but admission to corporate offices and parliament. From those they are excluded by the 9th George IV., the oath being, "On the faith of a Christian," and the true objection being, not the desire of depressing the Jew, but the fear of injuring the Christian. Because those corporate offices are generally magistracies, which, implying the decision of causes on the oath of parties, as Christians, it might be hazardous to put the power of deciding into hands which disregarded Christian oaths altogether. But, as a sufficient answer to the charge of invidiousness, two Jews have, within these few years, been elected sheriffs of London.

On the Continent, the progress of the eighteenth century produced a general amelioration in the state of the Jews. Some part of this fortu-

nate change was due to themselves; they had begun to enter into general commerce, and take some national interest in public and municipal affairs. A larger part was due to the increased intelligence of the age.

The emperor Joseph, the great "reformer" of every thing, right or wrong, gave them the general protection of the Christian laws. Frederick the Great, always boasting of liberality, and actually indifferent to all religion, gave them the benefit of his neglect. But, as war was his employment, he resolved that they should have no exception from his belligerency. After several bitter disputes with their Rabbis on the subject of Jewish soldiery, he contrived to raise a regiment of cavalry among them, which, in his sarcastic sport, he called Israelousky! But to make the Israelites warriors against their will was beyond the skill even of Frederick.

He first intended to make them lancers, but they entirely disapproved of the weapon; he then tried them with the sabre, but they had no taste for the sword; and, finally, he was forced to disband them. We shall not pledge ourselves for the exactness of this detail, but the story was long the amusement of Germany.

In France, Napoleon, shortly after his accession to the throne, and while preparing for the conquest of the Continent, called the chief Jews together, and formed what he entitled a Sanhedrin. As it is impossible to give his subtle and unscrupulous mind credit for any religious motive, his purpose was, probably, to use their influence in his designs on the North, where they were numerous, and, by their close mixture with the lower population, influential. Twelve questions were proposed to them, nominally to ascertain the general compatibility of Jewish opinions with French law.

But war suddenly absorbed the imperial attention; battles were more congenial to his taste than theology, councils than Sanhedrins, and conquest by the sword than successes by conspiracy. He dissolved the Sanhedrin, and left the Jews to the general protection of the French laws.

In England, the exclusion of the

Jews from Parliament depends on the Abjuration Act, George I. and III., and on the 9th George IV.; the latter act being intended to relieve the necessity of taking the sacrament; on appointment to places under government, a custom originally introduced to prevent disguised Papists from becoming members of the Protestant government, or holding offices under it,—it being supposed that the taking of the sacrament was the *only* test which the Papist was not permitted to evade; but it was a custom which frequently gave room for irreverence, and which thus produced public offence. For this test, a simple declaration was substituted, in which the person appointed pledged himself to the various requisitions "on the faith of a *Christian*," a form which of course excluded the Jew. By the combination of the two statutes, the Jew is still distinctly, and, as we think, with most sufficient reason, excluded from a Christian legislature.

In this country, Parliament, in the shape of its three estates, rules every thing. In making any man a member of Parliament, we, in a certain degree, make him our master—we give him the power of sharing, at least, in the making of those laws which are our masters; and although the individual may be but little, yet he *may*, if he have talent, or the industry or skill to form a party, or the skill to direct one, do infinite evil to any interest which he determines to destroy. Opening the doors of Parliament to the Jew, is actually opening the doors of power, and of a power which, if he have a conscientious adherence to his own belief, he *must* use against ours. The question, then, is not of mere municipal regulation, but of the very life of our religion. Religion is the highest concern of human existence, and the source not only of our immortal hopes, but of freedom and Protestantism in their purest form; and to possess it in its freedom, to preserve it with its rights, and to transmit it un mutilated to posterity, has been the great struggle of ages, and has been well worth the struggle. It is unnecessary to detail here the especial doctrines of Christianity; but the Jew

rejects them all, charges them all with falsehood, and affirms, that it would be our duty to both God and man, to cast them all under our feet. Therefore, we cannot expect any assistance from the Jew in defending our religion, or our religious rights, or the national support of that religion.

But in the legislature there is already a powerful party openly hostile to Protestantism, with many individuals who may be willing to aid that party, though not of their belief. On which side would the Parliamentary Jew vote? There can be no doubt that, if at all conscientious, he would vote for the extinction of Protestantism. Can we then be justified to ourselves, or our country, in giving the additional strength of a new, opulent, and influential party to the antagonists of Protestantism?

It is true, that any *direct* attempt to destroy our religion in England is not likely to occur, at least for a considerable time; but are there not a multitude of minor ways, of insidious approaches, of dangerous artifices, and malignant tamperings, which, without open violence, would have all the effect of active hostility? And in these, would the Jew be for or against us?

But there is a still more solemn consideration. God punishes those who abuse his gifts, or neglect his trusts. Protestantism is both a gift and a trust, and of the most invaluable order. Must there not be a public and personal crime in disregarding the interests of both; and disregarding them for a thing so worldly, contingent, and paltry, as political convenience? The Jew outside the legislature, however he may hate our religion, is powerless to injure it; but once inside the legislature, he may conspire to its ruin. If we put a weapon into the hand of an enemy, whom both ourselves can we blame for the consequences. If we do an act which cannot be undone, what sympathies shall our wailings deserve, when we feel that we have actually recruited for a hostile faction.

But having disposed of the cant of Liberalism, let us now turn to the more dangerous cant of Secularity. "What reason is there to apprehend

public evil from a single Jew, or from half a dozen at most in Parliament?" We remember that exactly the same language was used for the admission of the Papists. "What harm can be done by letting in one or two Papists? they can never amount to above half-a-dozen, let them do what they will at the hustings." Yet their votes and partisans now amount to at least fifty; they carry every object which they determine to carry; and they have crumbled down cabinets like the discharge from a battery.

In the instance of the Jew, the answer is clear. They have the means among them of coming to the hustings with irresistible force. On this topic we say no more; but every body knows the nature of a popular election under the Reform Bill.

But then we are to "trust to character;" the individual in question is unambitious, or immersed in his own affairs, or afraid of the sound of his own voice, or is a parliament phantom. He may be all this, or quite the contrary, for any contrary knowledge of ours; but once in Parliament, with his whole sharp and craving community at his heels, he *must* make an effort,—or he will be soon driven back to his counting-house. Or if he were at once as fixed and silent as a rock, who shall answer for his successors? In no instance of party violence is the first man the true representative. He comes full dressed into the levee, bows as he enters the presence, and offers his petition with the air pleasing to the souls of lords in waiting. His successor comes; the *sans culotte* roars at the head of his rabble in the streets, and storms the palace stairs. The Jew in parliament will be no longer the emblem of sly submissiveness that traverses Houndsditch. History tells us well the fierceness of his day of authority; the daring zealotry, the bitterness of his national anger, and the mortal venom of his personal vindictiveness. If those outbursts have seldom occurred in our days, the loss of political position may be justly taken for the cause; with every thing to risk and nothing to gain, we can easily account for quietude. But, give him that position, make him the leader, the treasurer, or the recruiting officer of a party,—

give him the hope of seizing place,—make his voice the key-note of doubtful debate,—make his party the prop of a tottering ministry, or the champions of an aspiring opposition,—give him the power of carrying fifty votes, or half the number, across the House, the utterers of the words of life or death to a cabinet standing in the Dock,—and what measure of revenge or spoliation, of insolent triumph or irremediable evil, might they not demand, and might they not obtain?

We solemnly declare, that much as we deprecate Papist influence, we think that all its hostility is not to be dreaded the hundredth part so much as political power in Jewish hands. There would be no lazy braggadocio, no loose riot of success, none of the vulgar intoxication that goes to sleep after the victory,—we should have the steady, sullen, cool antagonism, whose subtlety never slumbers.

But there are other and important considerations. The British empire extends over a variety of creeds. If the Christian legislature admits one sect known as the open antagonist of Christianity, why not admit the neutrals? Why not the Mahometan? Why not the Hindoo? Are they half as much opposed to Christianity as the Jew? We have conquered a Chinese island,—why not have a parliamentary believer in the god Foh, and in his prophet Confutsee? Ceylon is ours,—why reject the votary of Boodh? We have the Cape, and we shall soon have the land of the Caffre,—why not admit the worshipper of the Serpent, or the man who trembles before the mystery of the Fetish? The Dyak of Borneo, and the Malay of Singapore are already basking under the beams of the British crown; neither will trouble us with controversies,—why not compile them all into one imperial representation? They are fully as honest as the Jew, not much more ignorant, and much less likely to quarrel with us.

In the largeness of this subject we are forced to pass by a multitude of pressing considerations; but there is one, to which we cannot avoid making some slight reference—the actual state of the Jewish religion. Many, who have not attended to this subject, evidently feel an interest in the Jew, as

PÆANS OF THE ATHENIAN NAVY.—NO. I.

PHORMIO'S VICTORY IN THE CORINTHIAN GULF—WITH SOME INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON THE ATHENIAN SEA-SERVICE.

THE maritime glory of ancient Athens has scarcely been regarded by Englishmen with the attention and sympathy which our own national interest and pride in the rule of the waves might be expected to create.

Our boast of trusting to our wooden walls is a literal translation of the Athenian statesman's maxim, which inspired his country's successful resistance to her Persian invader. Athens, like England, made herself, by her fleets, felt and feared in every region of the then known world. Like England, she won herself, beyond sea, an empire far disproportioned to the scanty extent of her domestic territory; and she held that empire, and defied all the assaults of combined enemies by land, so long as, and no longer than, she maintained her ascendancy on the ocean.

In the palmy days of Athens every Athenian was a seaman. A state, indeed, whose members, of an age fit for service, at no time exceeded thirty thousand, and whose territorial extent did not equal half Sussex, could only have acquired such a naval dominion as Athens once held, by devoting, and zealously training, all its sons to service in its fleets.* The resident aliens, and some of the slaves, were also compelled to row in the Athenian galleys; foreign mariners were sometimes hired; but the staple of the crews consisted of free citizens of Athens, members of the sovereign republic, which they served with hearts and hands in the cause of her aggrandisement; zealously executing the decrees which they themselves had voted, and each of them (as Herodotus remarked) feeling that what he wrought he wrought for himself, and striving to do the work thoroughly.†

We look back with just national pride on the energy which our country displayed, and the resources which she called into action during the fearful struggles of the last war. We dwell with honest complacency on the narrative that tells us how, when, after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, our Great Enemy menaced invasion, England, besides her preparations by land, put forth her might "on the element she calls her own. She covered the ocean with five hundred and seventy ships of war of various descriptions. Divisions of her fleet blocked up every French port in the Channel; and the army destined to invade our shores might see the British flag flying in every direction on the horizon, waiting for their issuing from the harbour, as birds of prey may be seen hovering in the air above the animal which they design to pounce upon;"‡ while, at the same time, along Indian seas, and by the shores of continents of whose existence the Ancients dreamed not, our squadrons commanded every coast that could supply an enemy's ship to chase, or an enemy's colony to capture. Yet, if we take into consideration the comparative populations and territories of the two states, we shall find instances in Greek history of Athens making exertions to secure her independence and naval supremacy, which surpass even those which are the just boast of Britain. We may pass over the day of Salamis, when all Athens was on ship-board; nor need we, for this purpose, do more than glance at her armaments at the fatal siege of Syracuse, and in the other death-struggles of the Peloponnesian war. There is an original inscription still preserved in the Louvre, which attests the energies of Athens at another

* See *Thucyd.* i. 143, and *Xenoph. de Repub. Ath.* i. 19.

† See the remarkable passage in Herodotus (*Terpsichore*, 78) where he describes the change in the spirit of the Athenians after they had got rid of the yoke of the Pisistratidæ, and felt the full vigour of the free institutions which Cleisthenes had perfected for them.

‡ *Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

crisis of her career, not, indeed, more intense or exciting than those which we have alluded to, but more interesting to Englishmen, from the variety of the scenes of operation, on which Athens then, like England in modern wars, at once sought conquests abroad, and repelled enemies at home. At the period we now advert to (B. C. 457) an Athenian armament of two hundred galleys was engaged in a bold though unsuccessful expedition against Egypt. The Athenian crews had landed, had won a battle; they had then re-embarked and sailed up the Nile, and were busily besieging the Persian garrison in Memphis. As the complement of a trireme galley was at least two hundred men, we cannot estimate the forces then employed by Athens against Egypt at less than forty thousand men. At the same time she kept squadrons on the coasts of Phœnicia and Cyprus, and yet maintained a home-fleet that enabled her to defeat her Peloponnesian enemies at Cecryphalea and Ægina, capturing in the last engagement seventy galleys. This last fact may give us some idea of the strength of the Athenian home-fleet that gained the victory: and by adopting the same ratio of multiplying whatever number of galleys we suppose to have been employed, by two hundred, so as to gain the aggregate number of the crews, we may form some estimate of the forces which this little Greek state then kept on foot. Between sixty and seventy thousand men must have served in her fleets during that year. Her tenacity of purpose was equal to her boldness of enterprise. Sooner than yield or withdraw from any of their expeditions, the Athenians at this very time, when Corinth sent an army to attack their garrison at Megara, did not recall a single crew or a single soldier from Ægina or from abroad; but the lads and old men, who had been left to guard the city, fought and won a battle against these new assailants. The inscription which we have referred to, is graven on a votive tablet to the memory of the dead, erected in that year by the Erechthean tribe, one of the ten into which the

Athenians were divided. It shows, as Thirlwall has remarked,* "that the Athenians were conscious of the greatness of their own efforts;" and in it this little civic community of the ancient world still "records to us with emphatic simplicity, that its slain fell in Cyprus, in Egypt, in Phœnicia, at Halia, in Ægina, and in Megara, in the same year."

Of course, in order to man and keep afoot such armaments as these, Athens employed large numbers of her subject-allies, of hired mariners, and also of slaves. But, as has been marked before, her own citizens formed the staple of her forces. In the periods, indeed, of her deepest distress, towards the close of the Peloponnesian war, when her dreadful defeats in Sicily must have diminished the serviceable part of her free population, and swept off the flower of her youth, "as if the spring-time were taken out of the year," she was compelled to fill her fleets with a far larger proportion of slaves and hired foreigners. And then her enemies, by the offer of higher pay, could half-unman the Athenian ships, and improve their own complements on the very eve of decisive operations.†

Themistocles was the great founder of the Athenian navy. He first taught Athens to disregard the land, and to look on the sea as her national element of empire. His enemies said of him that he took the spear out of his countrymen's grasp, and replaced it with the oar.‡ But the contemporary historian explicitly attests§ that the salvation of Greece from Persia arose from the Athenians having become a sea-faring people: and it was Themistocles who made them so.

He persuaded his fellow-countrymen to devote the produce of their silver mines to building a fleet, instead of dividing it among themselves. This fleet, well exercised in contests with Ægina, was the nucleus of the navy of Athens, that taught the Greeks how to fight and conquer at Artemisium and Salamis. These victories, and the equally successful sea-fights in which Cimón afterwards led the

* *History of Greece*, vol. iii. p. 26, n.

† Plutarch in *Vita*.

‡ Plutarch in *Vita Lycæidæ*.

§ Herodotus *Polygmia*, 144.

Greeks against the remnants of the Persian navy on the Asiatic coasts, raised the zeal of the Athenians for their sea service to the highest pitch. And when they had acquired the supremacy over the Greek islanders and cities of the coasts of the Egean, they gained and sedulously employed fresh resources for augmenting the number of their galleys, and improving their own skill as mariners. For no nation was ever more thoroughly aware than the Athenians of the importance of assiduous training and perfect discipline in naval warfare. Their great orator, Pericles, mainly encouraged them to resist the combined powers of Lacedæmon and her allies, by reminding them of their long practice in seamanship compared with that of their enemies, who were more numerous, and might be equally brave, but never could equal their skill. He truly told them that seamanship is an art not to be acquired off-hand by landsmen, or to be picked up as a mere minor accomplishment, but that it requires long practice, uninterrupted by other occupations. "Athens had devoted herself to this since the invasion of the Medes; she had not, indeed, perfected herself; but the reward of her superior training was the rule of the sea—a mighty dominion, for it gave her the rule of much fair land beyond its waves, safe from the idle ravages with which the Lacedæmonians might harass Attica, but never could subdue Athens."*

An ancient Athenian trireme would make a poor figure beside a modern line-of-battle ship, the most majestic product of human skill and daring. Still, as we have seen, the number of men employed on board a naval armament in the old times far exceeded the united complements of a modern fleet. The slaughter in action was far greater, and, from the nature of the conflict, more depended upon discipline and seamanship, comparatively with mere animal courage, than is the case even in the sea-fights of the present time. The ancients contended in long light galleys, the prows of which were armed with sharp strong beaks, for the purpose of staving in an adversary's

timbers, and more effectually running her down. Inexperienced crews sought only to grapple with an enemy, and to decide the affair by boarding. But the more highly-disciplined mariners avoided this unscientific mode of closing, in which numbers and brute force were sure to prevail, and sought by skill and speed, by manœuvring round their antagonists, by wheeling, halting, backing, and charging exactly at the right moment, to avoid the shocks intended for themselves, and to run an opponent down by taking her amidships or on the quarter, or to dash away and shatter part of her oars.

If we can picture to ourselves two hostile squadrons of modern steam-boats, without artillery, seeking to destroy each other principally by running down, we shall gain an idea in many respects analogous to the idea of a sea-fight of antiquity. But we must remember that the motive power of the old war-galleys, when contending, came entirely from oars, sails not being used in action; so that the efficiency of the manœuvres depended on the skill and nerve of the whole crew, and not merely on the excellence of machinery and the dexterity of one or two officers. Of the two hundred men who made the usual complement of a Greek trireme, at least four-fifths pulled at the oar; the proportion of mariners being continually diminished in the best navies, as they trusted more and more to swiftness and tactics, and less to hand-to-hand fighting. They pulled in three tiers, ranged one above another, the lowest having, of course, the shortest oars and lightest work; better men being required for the middle tier, and the most powerful and skilled rowers being alone fit to work the long oars of the upper rank.

The probable mode of arranging the tiers of oars, so that the higher should sufficiently overstretch the lower, so as not to interfere in stroke with them, is excellently explained by Mitford in an appendix to the eighth chapter of his second volume. Adopting the views of General Melville, and illustrating them by a description of war-galleys actually in use among the

* See the speech of Pericles at the end of the first book of Thucydides, and also the great speech in the second book.

islanders of the Pacific, Mitford says : —“ Along the waist of the galley, from a little above the water's edge, a gallery projected at an angle of about forty-five degrees. In this the upper rowers were disposed, checkered with the lower. Space for them being thus gained, partly by elevation, partly by lateral projection, those of the highest tier were not too much above the water to work their oars with effect.”

The system, too, of rowing with outriggers, which has lately been adopted in the boat-races on the Tyne, and thence in those of the Thames and Cam, suggests another mode by which sufficient sweep and space might have been gained for the oars of the upper tier, to keep them from clashing with those below them.

A galley thus manned, and built exclusively for speed, (for the war-ships seldom or never pushed across the open sea, but coasted along from point to point, landing their crews for meals and sleep,) must have moved with immense velocity and power. The boat-races at Cambridge, in which six or seven-and-twenty eight-oared boats may be seen contending close together, can give some faint idea of the speed with which a squadron of the old triremes must have rushed through the sea, and of the noise and wave which must have been raised in the water, by the displacing transit of such large and rapid bodies, and by the simultaneous lashing of so many thousand oars. One can understand the alarm with which their charge must have been watched by unpractised antagonists, and the shrinking back frequently caused, *φάβοι ῥοδίου καὶ νεῶν δεινότητος*.* Steady bravery and alertness were therefore essential qualities in the whole crew. For, if but a few of the oarsmen got frightened, and consequently pulled out of time, or if they failed to back water, to ease off, or to give all the way they could, exactly at the word of command, the calculated speed, or curve, or check, on the faith of which a manœuvre was attempted by the captain and steerer, would not be supplied; the manœuvre would fail; and the galley, instead of taking an antagonist at advantage, would her-

self lie at the mercy of some other of the enemy's ships that might be near enough to seize the moment of her confusion. Accordingly, besides assiduously training their men to the use of the oar in rough as well as smooth water, the Athenian admirals inculcated as a seaman's prime duties order and silence in action, (*Εὐ τῷ ἔργῳ κόσμιον καὶ σιγὴν περὶ πλείστον ἡγήσασθε*).† To be steady and patient in the presence of the enemy until the signal for engaging was given; to listen attentively for the word of command as passed on by the boatswains (*κελευσμάτων*) to the various banks of oars; to obey each command instantly, unhesitatingly, and quietly; to keep time, to back promptly, and, in charging, to throw the utmost amount of physical power into each stroke of the oar, were the qualities that distinguished the able Athenian seaman. Impatience, clamour, clumsy and uneven rowing, slowness and confusion in catching and obeying signals, and flurried unsteadiness in the heat of battle, betrayed the inexperience of the crews with which the Peloponnesians manned their fleets in the early years of their great war with Athens; though probably each Dorian among them was constitutionally as brave as any Athenian, and might have excelled him in an encounter with spear and shield on land.

However skilfully the triremes might be manœuvred, it was impossible to prevent their sometimes getting foul of their adversaries. And for the hand-to-hand fighting which this involved, a small body of fully armed soldiers (*ἐπιβάραι*, or Marines, according to our modern term) served on board each galley. There were also a few bowmen or slingers for galling the enemy as opportunity offered. And although the oarsmen must, of course, have been unencumbered with armour, each seems to have been furnished with some light weapons, a cutlass probably and javelin, to play his part with in the exigencies which continually occurred during an action at sea. For we must bear in mind that, when we read of the ancient galleys running each other down in action, we

* Thucyd., iv. 10.

† Speech of Phormio to his crews before the second battle in the Gulf.—Thucyd. ii. 89.

are not to suppose that the struck galley was instantly sunk by the shock. On the contrary, almost every account in the classics of a sea-fight proves that this was seldom or never the case. From the peculiarly light build of the triremes, and probably also from the effect of the lateral galleries in which the upper rowers were disposed, one of these vessels would be a long time before it foundered, even after receiving such a shock as to water-log it, and to leave it shattered and perfectly unmanageable. While the wreck thus kept above water, the crew clung to it in the hope of being rescued by successful friends. Sometimes, even after thus being run down, the crew would make a desperate effort, and carry their apparently triumphant opponent by boarding. A memorable instance of this is recorded by Herodotus as having occurred at the battle of Salamis, where a Samothracian galley in the Persian service was charged and run down by an Æginetan; "but the Samothracians, being javelin-men, sent a shower of darts at the marines who assailed them from the ship which had run them down, cleared her deck, and boarded and took possession of her."*

A mere successful charge, therefore, against an enemy's galley did not necessarily determine the fate of her crew; a flight or two of javelins and arrows were probably thrown in, especially if any resistance was shown, and then the victorious vessel generally moved off in search of fresh opponents until the event of the day was finally decided. The conquerors then had the easy task of rowing up and down among the half-swamped prizes, killing or taking off the men as prisoners, and towing the wrecks away in triumph, to be patched up or not for service, according to the extent of their respective damages.

The ascendancy is obvious, which skill and discipline must have exercised in such contests over equal courage and superior numbers. Often as this was displayed, the first victory of Phormio in the Corinthian gulf in the third year of the Peloponnesian war, as narrated by Thucydides, is one of the most splendid instances

of it that history supplies. The Corinthians and other confederates of Sparta had prepared an armament of forty-seven galleys and a large number of transports on the Achaian side of the gulf, for the purpose of effecting a descent on the opposite coast of Acarnania, a country then in alliance with Athens. Phormio, the Athenian admiral who commanded in those seas, had only twenty galleys, with which he watched their movements from Chalcis and the river Evenus on the Ætolian coast. The Peloponnesians, notwithstanding their superiority in numbers, sought to avoid an action, and endeavoured to push across the gulf in the night. But the Athenians were too vigilant, and came up with them in the middle of the passage just about day-break. The gulf is of considerable width in the part where the rival fleets encountered, though immediately to the eastward it narrows into a mere strait between the two opposite capes, each of which the Greeks called the Promontory of Rhion. Thus intercepted, and forced to fight, the Peloponnesian commanders drew up their fleet in a way which they hoped would neutralise the superior skill and swiftness of the Athenian galleys. The great object in a sea-fight was to charge an opponent amidships, or on the stern, or on some defenceless part. Of course, as long as the enemy kept their line with the bows opposed to all their assailants, this was impossible. The favourite manœuvre then was cutting the line, (*Διέκτονος*.) The assailing galley dashed rapidly between two of her adversaries; and then, smartly wheeling round, sought to charge one of them in rear, or on the quarter while turning. To prevent this, various tactics were adopted. Sometimes, for instance, the assailed fleet was drawn up in two or more lines of squadrons placed checker-wise behind each other. On the present occasion, the Peloponnesians formed in a circle, placing the transports and a picked squadron of five of their best war-ships in the middle, and with the rest of their galleys ranged outside, with their sterns toward the centre, so as to present all round a front of armed beaks to

* Herod., *Urania*, 90.

the enemy, and make a flank or rear attack impossible. But as our Nelson dealt with Villeneuve, so Phormio dealt with them. A novel mode of defence was overpowered by a novel mode of attack. The Athenian admiral formed his line-of-battle ahead, and rowed round them, continually threatening to charge, and cooping them into a narrower and narrower space, but having strictly enjoined his captains not to begin the engagement till he gave the signal. For he reckoned on the Peloponnesian galleys soon getting unsteady in their stations, and running foul of each other, so as to give a favourable opportunity for charging them. And he also waited for the springing up of the east wind, which commonly blew out of the straits about sunrise; feeling sure that the enemy would never keep their array perfect in rough water. Even as he had anticipated, so fared it with the Peloponnesians. The wind came down upon them, and caught them (*τὸ πνέυμα κατήει.*) Their ships, already closely packed, fell foul of each other. The crews had to fend off, and mutual

abuse and shouting confused the fleet, and drowned the officers' commands. The unpractised rowers also, as the water grew rougher, when they gave a stroke, could not clear their oars from the waves; (*τὰς κόπας ἀδυνατοὶ ὄντες ἐν κλυδωνίᾳ ἀναφέρειν,*) a difficulty which any one will appreciate, who learned to row on a river, and who remembers how many crabs he caught, when he afterwards first tried to pull a sea-oar in a fresh breeze. The helmsmen thus had no sufficient steerage-way on their ships; and any attempt at manœuvring became hopeless. When they were completely disordered, Phormio gave the signal to his captains, and the Athenian galleys, dashing forward, gained an easy victory, capturing twelve ships, one of which they dedicated to Poseidon.

This battle is the subject of the following lines, which are intended to be taken as composed by one of the Athenians who served on board Phormio's galley. The metre is the splendid measure invented by Mr Mitchell for the rendering of the Aristophanic Tetrameter Anapest.

PHORMIO'S VICTORY IN THE CORINTHIAN GULF.

Twas when our galleys lay along the winding bay,
Where Evenus with ocean is blended,
To watch the Dorian host, that 'gainst Acarnania's coast
At the mandate of Sparta descended.
In long and threatening line, at the margin of the brine,
Stretched the squadrons of proud Lacedæmon;
Our prows were but a score, yet we cooped them to the shore,
Oh they shrank from the clash with our seamen!
Not in the good daylight, not in fair and open fight,
Came over the boasting invaders;
But like thieves they sought to glide, to their booty o'er the tide,
With darkness and silence for aiders.
All voiceless was the deep; the winds had sunk to sleep;
The veil of the night earth was wearing;
But the stars had pined away; and the streaks of eastern gray
Told the morn was her chariot preparing.
A splash of distant oars as from th' Achaian shores
On our sentinel's ear faintly sounded;
Our watch was keen and true, we were Phormio's chosen crew;
To his oar at the signal each bounded.
The warning cry speeds fast, "the foe, they come at last;"
Oh little they deem what will meet them;
Right soon equipped are we, and we push at once to sea,
On the mid-wave to baffle and beat them.
Now through the glimmering haze we strain our eager gaze;—
A dark mass on the dark water rises;—
Tis a galley;—'tis their fleet—how our joyous bosoms beat,
As the dawning revealed us our prizes!

Two score and seven prows were the squadrons of our foes,
 There was sea-room and space for the meeting ;
 Yet they moved not to attack, but in troubled ring hung back
 From the strife, whence was now no retreating.
 Swift, swift, we glanced around them, and in closer circle bound them ;
 Still threat'ning the charge, still delaying :
 For Phormio curbed our zeal, till the roughened main should feel
 The breath of the east o'er it playing.
 Blow, blow, thou Morning wind—why lingerest thou behind ?
 On high while the Day-god is soaring ?
 Come forth, and bid the Deep from the level slumber leap,
 Its billows in majesty pouring.
 Let the landsmen dread their swell—the mariner loves well
 The laugh and the toss of the ocean ;
 Long time the gale and we have been comrades o'er the sea ;
 'Tis our helpmate in battle's commotion.
 The shudder of the seas tells the coming of the breeze ;
 The ripples are glittering brightly ;
 Soon the purple billows grow, and their crests of foam they show,
 As the freshening blast curls them lightly.
 Swell higher, lusty gale—the Dorian crews are pale,
 Their oars in the vexed surges drooping ;
 While our circling galleys halt, and veer round for the assault,
 For the death-stroke each mariner stooping.
 With heads bent forward low, with oars thrown back in row,
 Trembling over the edge of the water,
 With breathless gaze we watch from our captain's lip to catch
 The word for the charge and the slaughter.
 'Tis given—the oars dip—with a light half-stroke the ship
 Glides off—the waves hiss in twain riven—
 The trumpet clamours high ; and our short sharp battle-cry,
 As we strain every nerve, rings to heaven.
 The oar tingles as we grasp it, like a limb of those who clasp it :
 Lithe and light through the white froth it flashes ;
 And pulsating with life, savage, active for the strife,
 At her quarry the war-galley dashes.
 On, mariners, pull on—one glancing thought alone
 Of the homes and the loves that we cherish ;
 For we know, from rush like this, as our prow may strike or miss,
 Ourselves or the foemen must perish.
 But our helmsman's skill is tried our armèd beak to guide,
 Where their quarter lies helpless before us ;
 And the thrilling, jarring crash, and the music of the smash
 Tell our rowers that fortune smiles o'er us.
 Look round upon the wreck,—mark the haughty Dorians' deck,
 How they reel in their armour along it :
 While our bow-men ply each string ; and each javelin's on the wing,
 Wafting death mid the braggarts that throng it.
 Look where our gallant prow struck deep the deadly blow,
 Shattered oars, mangled oars-men are lying :
 The rent and started side sucks in the swamping tide,
 And the surge drowns the groans of the dying.
 The reddening ocean-flood drinks deep their hated blood,—
 It shall stream yet in richer libations :
 We'll repeat the lesson stern—Lacedæmon well shall learn
 That the sea mocks her rule o'er the nations.

"Steady, steady now, my men—back her gently off again—
 Give your helmsman free scope and dominion"—
 We recoil for fresh attack, as a hawk may hover back,
 Ere it swoop in the pride of its pinion.
 Another charge,—another blow,—another crippled foe,—
 'Tis Athene herself that is guiding.
 As, huddled in a flock, deer shrink back from the shock
 Of the hunters that round them are riding,
 So, disordered and dismayed, with ranks all disarrayed,
 Their fleet crowds together in ruin;
 While our galleys dashing in, with a loud and joyous din,
 Their mission of death are pursuing.
 See, again their oars are out—again a feeble shout
 Rises up from their admiral-galley;
 They come forth—'tis not to fight—they only push for flight—
 One has burst through our line in the sally.
 She's their best—she must not 'scape—cut her off from Rhion's cape—
 Let not Dorians for speed triumph o'er us—
 Our nearest consort views her,—the *Paralus pursues her—
 Pull on—none must strike her before us.
 "Quick, quicker on the feather—come forward well together—
 Carry Phormio first in his glory"—
 Each nerved him as he spoke, and we dash with stonter stroke
 Through the waves carcase-cumbered and gory.
 Oh! swiftly goes the prize as ahead of both she flies;
 Oh! blithe was the contest that tried us,
 When we saw our comrades true, their country's favoured crew,
 In rivalry rowing beside us.
 Their Sacred Bark apace bounds forward in the race,
 Like a proud steed let loose from the bridle;
 And we knew by the red streak on her bent and battered beak,
 In the fray that she had not been idle.
 On the prey each galley gains, and more and more each strains
 In the emulous chase to the leading;
 As two hounds pursue the hare, and each strives for amplest share
 Of the conquest to which they are speeding.
 Vainly struggles the spent foe. At her stern we feel our prow—
 'Gainst its point ill her helmsman is shielded:
 And the Paralus's sway breaks her starboard oars away.
 Clear her deck!—No—they crouch—they have yielded.
 Tow her, then, along in triumph—haul her up on yonder shore—
 There she long shall crown the headland, never stemming billow more:
 To the gracious God of Ocean votive offering shall she stand,
 Telling of the deeds of Phormio and his bold Athenian band.
 Sagest of his country's seamen, bravest captain of the brave;—
 Every coast shall hear his glory, far as Athens rules the wave.
 Choral lay shall long record him. Long our battle-cry shall be,
 Cheering on our charging squadrons, "PHORMIO AND VICTORY."

* The Paralus was the name of one of the two sacred galleys, which the Athenians employed for the conveyance of despatches, and state missions; and which were always equipped and manned with the greatest care. It is not specified in Thucydides that the Paralus was one of Phormio's galleys; but from the brilliant exploits of his squadron in this and a subsequent battle, we may fairly suppose it to have been composed of the *Elite* of the Athenian navy.

OUR CURRENCY, OUR TRADE, AND OUR TARIFF.

It is no matter of congratulation to us, that the remarks which we hazarded in July last, regarding the depressed and declining state of the internal trade of the country, and the miserable prospects which were in store for us in consequence of the mischievous operation of our restrictive monetary laws, have since been tested by experience, and have been fulfilled to the utmost letter. We then stated, that Great Britain was upon the very verge of a crisis more dangerous than any to which she had hitherto been exposed—that the evil was clearly traceable to the senseless machinery of the Banking Acts, introduced by Sir Robert Peel, and adopted by his Whig successors—and we warned the latter, that “if, during the recess, and before a new parliament shall meet, the present lamentable state of matters is to continue, no British ministry ever exposed themselves to such a frightful load of responsibility.” Our sentiments with regard to the monetary laws were neither singular nor unsupported. They were in unison with those of an overwhelming majority of the press, of the heads of mercantile houses, and more especially of the bankers, who in vain had pointed out to Sir Robert Peel the imminent danger of his persevering with egotistic obstinacy in his foolish and pragmatical scheme. But our forebodings as to the future, and further depreciation of property down to the present miserable point, were, we are quite aware, considered by many as too gloomy to be by possibility realised. That month, however, which may hereafter be memorable in our history as the Black October, has, we hope, dispelled the delusion even of the few who still regarded Sir Robert Peel as the infallible minister of finance. His great juggle is now exposed; his currency engine has gone to pieces—but not before it has fulfilled its predestined task of crushing and annihilating credit.

It was, we are now free to acknowledge, a vain expectation to hope that any remedial measure could be carried in the last Parliament. That

body was rapidly going down to its corporate grave, with little glory, and with no regret. It, too, was an engine, working, most unfortunately for us all, according to the will of one man, whose thoughts and ways were as secret and noiseless as the pestilence. It was pledged to support agriculture, which it abandoned; to foster native industry, which it gave up to foreign competition; to lighten the burdens of the people, which it augmented; to maintain the balance of power, which it permitted to be shifted and destroyed. Whether he was in office or not, that parliament was the plaything of Peel. At each successive move, he was the Mephistophiles who drew the string. He contrived to adjust parties with such infinite address, that what in reality was the weaker section became apparently the stronger one, and “government influence” was lavishly used to tempt the frailer brethren from their old profession. True, he lost office in consequence, but he did not on that account surrender one iota of power. The new ministry felt that they were in his hands, and that his fiat might determine at any moment the period of their political existence. There have been statesmen, even of the Whig school, who would not willingly have submitted to so poor and degrading a bondage. There have been those who would not have consented to hold office even for an hour, on the condition of their adopting implicitly the measures and the schemes of their antagonist; but we live in altered times, and free will is no longer a doctrine of the Whigs. Accordingly, the same lessons of financial wisdom, the same doctrines of political economy, which flowed from the lips of the converted Sir Robert Peel, were now pompously enunciated, though far worse expressed, by Sir Charles Wood, whom the malignant star of Britain has converted into a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The cries of the country, the warnings of the press, the representations of the merchants and bankers, were passed over with an

assurance of general prosperity, and Parliament was dissolved at the moment when the active interference of the legislature was most imperatively required.

At the elections the currency was made a prominent but not a vital question. This we regret exceedingly, for there never was a time when men of strong understanding, concentrated experience, and practical knowledge, were more needed in the House of Commons; and although there have been some accessions which we regard with hope, still we could have wished that more men of decided mercantile ability had been returned. The new Parliament has very great, important, and difficult functions to perform. It has to pronounce upon the fate of a monetary system which dear-bought and late experience has proved to be radically bad; and it must provide a substitute on which the nation may in future more confidently rely. It has further to decide, whether we are to persevere in a mercantile policy, which, so far as it has gone, appears most baneful to home production, and to the prosperity of our native artisans: and it will be forced in some measure to recast and remodel the system of our national taxation. All these are matters of infinite and pressing importance: they must be handled boldly, but not rashly, and discussed with temper and forbearance. Party strife must be forgotten when the great interests of the nation are so strangely and fearfully involved. We have arrived, through experiment-making and quackery, at such a point, that the best man, be his general politics what they may, must lead us on. But we must have no more experiments, lest a worse thing should happen to befall us. In our present position it would be madness to look for aid either from the flashy declaimer and rhetorician, or from the off-hand fabricator of systems, which are based upon no solid or intelligible foundation. What we want is solidity, prudence, and, above all, principle.

It will not do merely to extricate the nation from its immediate dilemma, for which task we observe there is already a sufficient number of volunteers; but we must absolutely

see our way before us, a little more clearly than our political guides have hitherto been in the habit of permitting. We cannot suffer them to remain as solitary sentinels on the peaks of an imaginary Pisgah. The promised land, which they have discerned in the distance, has turned out, when we reached it, to be a mere mirage of the desert—a phantom which has disappeared, and left us in the arid sand. We are as far as ever—nay, even farther—from our inheritance; and assuredly it would be a desirable thing for us if we could discover the true road by which we are to walk in future. We have deserted, unnecessarily and foolishly, as experience has shown us, the beaten track which we had hitherto pursued: if we cannot regain it, let us at least be diligent in our endeavours to find, but wary in our selection of a new one. It is in this temper that we venture to make a few observations upon our present position and prospects.

First, then, let us see how the Banking Act of 1844 has worked. All the world knows that by that preposterous measure, the free circulation of the paper money of the Bank of England was limited to £14,000,000 beyond the amount of bullion which was stored in the coffers of that establishment—that no loophole or device for expansion was given—and that the Scottish, Irish, and provincial banks were put into similar fetters, and compelled to provide and retain gold for every pound note which they might issue beyond the amount of their average circulation as taken at that period. We were told by the individual who was then kind enough to act as our Lyncurgus, that this restriction was necessary for the safety of the trading community—that, in other words, it was intended to prevent the customer from being defrauded by his banker, and to keep the circulation of the country within proper bounds. Also, that it was intended to discourage undue and unwholesome speculation, which, according to the modern theory, is at the root of every evil. We believed him—that is, some of us did—and the measure was passed into a law.

Subsequent experience has shown

us, that this very measure has become an engine of destruction to the trading community—that it has not defended the customer from loss by the failure of his banker—and that it has not discouraged speculation, whether that be unwholesome or not. It has certainly kept the circulation of the country within such bounds, that money is at a minimum rate of eight and a half per cent; and the measure is itself suspended and virtually abrogated by the Whig ministry, who, with an inconsistency and stupidity which appear absolutely miraculous, pin their faith, in the very document which removed it, to the soundness and integrity of its principle!

Now, it is here proper to remark, that the principle to which the ministry have so needlessly committed themselves is not, strictly speaking, that of the convertibility of paper into gold at a fixed rate, *but that of permanent restriction of the issues.* The bullion principle may or may not be justly assailable upon other grounds, but it does not necessarily enter as an ingredient into the question of the present difficulty, and we are anxious, therefore, to keep it separate. The great alteration which the Act of 1844 effected in the monetary system of England, was the positive limitation of the unrepresented paper issues of the government to fourteen millions, and the contraction of the currency of the provincial banks. It thus left the directors of the Bank of England no option or power to move to the assistance of the public in time of emergency, and besides restricting them, it made the provincial banks in England wholly dependent upon the leading establishment in London. The Acts of 1845 which were applicable to Scotland and Ireland, were in many respects a much greater innovation. The amount of paper circulation in these countries was calculated on the average of the preceding year, and the issue restricted accordingly. It was provided that every note which might be put out beyond that amount, should be represented by bullion, and we shall immediately show that this measure has proved in its operation most injurious to the interests of the English public, by causing a large drain of bullion to countries where it

is neither asked for, nor employed as a circulating medium at all. We, therefore, drop for the present the convertibility question, and Sir Robert's reiterated disquisitions as to the nature and character of a pound; and shall apply ourselves solely to the point of restriction, which we hold to be the leading cause of the present monetary distress.

A vast change has taken place in our social condition since the year 1844. This alteration has been produced by both natural and artificial causes. In the first place, we have had a famine and a failure of the potato crop, which has borne very heavily upon the population of the British islands, and has caused a large export of bullion for the necessary supply of food. In the second place, we have had a multiplicity of gigantic works going on at home, which, while they have afforded high wages to an important section of the community, and so tended in a great measure to ward off and counteract the more disastrous effects of the famine, have nevertheless undeniably caused an unusual absorption of capital, which must remain unproductive until those works are completed. In the third place, we have altered altogether our relation to the foreigner, and have admitted him to competition with our own producers in the home market, without securing that reciprocity without which free trade is a phantom and a delusion. The first and the third of these causes have led to a steady drain of bullion from the country; and although the famine may now be considered as over, and that drain stopped for the present, the other still continues and must continue in full operation, and the adverse rate of exchange as against Britain can only be overcome by a general decline of prices, in consequence of which men of every class, but especially the manufacturer and the artisan, must be serious and permanent losers. But the railway system on the whole has effected the most important change upon our position, and it is now indisputably necessary to find out in what way it has acted upon the money market.

In 1844, the restriction year, the railway system was, so to speak, in

its infancy. No doubt many works had been constructed and much surplus capital embarked, but the tide of enterprise or of speculation, if you so choose to term it, had not at that time set in nearly so vigorously as it did afterwards in the new channel. Still there were distinct indications of what was to come. Notice had been given of a multiplicity of works that were to be undertaken, involving in the aggregate an enormous expenditure of capital; and Parliament had pointedly constituted itself the censor and approver of these projects. It was not a period of private unguided speculation. Parties were not left as in former years to throw their capital rashly and without guarantee into American mining and canal adventures, for the purposes of foreign improvement and the employment of an alien population. Each railway bill was first considered by a ministerial body expressly constituted for that function: it then underwent the scrutiny of committees of both Houses of Parliament; and finally, when transformed into an act by receiving the royal assent, it bore within its preamble an express acknowledgment that it was a work of great advantage and benefit to the country at large. Nay more, by a notable act, authorising the government, whenever a railway should exhibit a certain amount of remunerative traffic, to purchase it at a statutory rate for the profit of the nation, the ministry were as deeply pledged as they could be to the maintenance of the system; and if there has been in fact any excess in the number of works undertaken, the private promoters of these are far less chargeable with the blame than the ministry, who, with their eyes open, and the amount of pledged capital declared, yet suffered the system to go so far without interposing a decided and unsurmountable barrier to its progress.

Be that as it may—and we shall have a few words to say upon the point hereafter—it is impossible to suppose that Sir Robert Peel, or any other competent minister, can have failed to form the conclusion that altered circumstances must per force hereafter effect a vast change on the surface of our monetary transactions. Indeed Sir Robert now takes full cre-

dit for such prescience. He tells us that he foresaw what was about to happen, and that he framed his banking measures with a direct view to that result. A more humiliating confession, in our opinion, was never uttered by any man laying claim to the character of a statesman. It is in fact tantamount to an acknowledgment that he was then legislating for the prospective benefit of the moneyed interest exclusively, and not for that of the nation. For we hold it to be perfectly clear, upon every principle of honour and justice, that government, having allowed these railway bills to pass, and so far sanctioned their commencement, were bound to interpose no artificial impediment to their completion. Nay more—they were bound, before introducing any act for the future regulation of the currency, to take into consideration the changes which so vast an expenditure of capital at home was likely to cause in the adjustment of the different national interests, and the facilities which ought to be granted to each in the development of their several industry. But the Banking Acts of which we complain were framed upon a totally different principle.

Sir Robert Peel, in 1844, was, as it were, standing upon an elevation from which he could look backward upon the past condition of the country, and forward to the new state of things which was now certain to occur, and which he did not intend to prevent. On the one hand, he saw that, for a certain average of years, not distinguished by any great enterprise, nor shaken by any great convulsion, a certain quantity of currency had sufficed for the wants of the nation. This currency consisted of two things, gold and paper, for we drop the smaller change. The gold was principally, if not altogether, confined to England, where it circulated from hand to hand; and, issuing from the fountain of the Mint at a fixed rate of price, it was accessible to all parties, and always exchangeable for paper. Being exportable at fluctuating values abroad, the amount of gold at any time in the country could not be accurately ascertained, but it was acknowledged as the nominal basis of the circulation.

In Scotland and Ireland the system

was different. Both of these were poorer countries than England, and had been unable either to dispense with the smaller one-pound note circulation, or to provide gold, the most expensive and cumbrous representative of property. The currency of these countries, therefore, was paper, based directly upon property; and, in Scotland at least, secured by an admirably-devised system of interchange amongst the native banks, which effectually prevented the possibility of any over-issue. In consequence the circulation was extremely regular and steady, save at the two great terms of the year, being settling days, when a large expansion of the currency was required, to be, however, again withdrawn on the succeeding week.

On the other hand lay the more dubious prospect for the future. Parliament had already recognised the railway system, and numerous projects were waiting for the imperial sanction. These necessarily and avowedly involved an enormous expenditure of capital, and the active and lucrative employment for several years to come of a large class of persons throughout the three kingdoms. The railway system might indeed be said to have created a new class, whose necessary share in the currency would fall to be calculated in any future monetary measure. Add to this, that the population of the empire was rapidly and steadily increasing.

It was in this position, and with these prospects, that Sir Robert Peel fabricated his restrictive acts, which have since wrought a total change on the financial dispositions of the country. We do not think, and nothing has been brought forward to prove, that there was any call whatever for a change at that particular juncture. Certain it is, that the change was generally unpalatable, but was yet peremptorily forced on and effected in spite of the ominous looks of those whose experience entitled them to a hearing. And no wonder that the veterans of commerce should have received these measures with disapprobation. For, according to all rules of reasoning, an increased trade, an increased demand, a new

population, and a new channel of industry, were so many additions to our former state which required additional facilities. The same amount of currency which had sufficed in former years to carry on our domestic arrangements, could not surely be expected to exercise a double function, and to meet the demand occasioned by the novel element of accretion. The money that, in prosperous times, barely answered the calls of manufacture and commerce, could not be converted from those streams to flow into another, without occasioning, at the same time, the greatest pinching and inconvenience. Yet, strange to say, Sir Robert Peel, instead of basing his calculations upon the future imperative demand, legislated as if no new element at all had appeared in our social position. And he further committed, what we maintain to be a great and inexcusable error, even had the railways not then been in actual progress, by utterly destroying all possible expansion of the currency, so as to bar us from the power of obviating any temporary difficulty or accident to which commerce is constantly exposed.

Thirty-two millions, therefore, of paper, whereof fourteen was apportioned to the Bank of England, was the bountiful allowance counted out for the daily augmenting wants of the first commercial nation of the world. All paper issue beyond that had to be represented by unfructifying bullion, stored up in bank vaults and cellars, as far away from profitable employment as if it had been buried beneath the ruins of Nineveh, with some tutelary demon as its guard. And it is a fact, which we do not remember to have seen stated elsewhere, but which, nevertheless, is notorious to all commercial people, that a vast deal of gold is constantly forced into the Bank to represent and occupy the place of paper which is absent from the country. In the Continent and in America, Bank of England notes are an extremely common tender, and are often actually at a premium; and each of these so circulating withdrawn, under Peel's system, an equivalent amount of gold from the national use.

We do not mean to assert, for the

point is immaterial to our argument, that this thirty-two millions, *plus* the gold, might not at one time have sufficed for the country, and it may be that it shall again suffice. When we speak of expansion, we also give credit to the counter-state of contraction; and our experience of Scottish banking has gone far to prove, that a low rate of circulation is by no means incompatible with a healthy state of trade. But then, experience equally teaches us, that the low rate must be left to adjust itself. Expansion is not, as is commonly supposed, an inevitable sign of prosperity. On the contrary, it is too commonly a token of want of commercial confidence, and an indisposition to receive that far larger but uncalculated species of currency, by means of which the great transactions of the country are carried on, and to which the whole coinage and bank paper of the realm bears a mere fractional proportion—we mean the commercial bills of exchange. The ordinary currency of the country, the bank paper and all the gold which could possibly be imported, even were it all thrown into circulation, would be utterly insufficient to supply the place of that commercial paper which has for its basis nothing more than mutual confidence and credit; but then that paper must be realisable as it becomes due, and it is for that purpose that a large proportion of the ordinary currency is required.

Whenever a want of confidence is generated in the country, the merchant and manufacturer are immediately compelled to have recourse to the bank in order to have their bills discounted. The facility of these discounts, of course, depends upon the amount of money in circulation, and also very much upon the rapidity of its return in the shape of deposits or otherwise. A banker cannot, any more than a private person, discount without having money, and where no money is procurable, the ultimate result must be a stoppage. And so it is, as we know full well from the experience of the last two months, during which we have witnessed the unparalleled spectacle of houses suspending payment, and exhibiting at the same time a large excess of assets beyond all their liabilities. Want of

confidence, therefore, however brought about, is the great evil against which, in this country, we ought especially to guard, since it seems almost apparent that, when it occurs, human ingenuity is not equal to provide a remedy.

Let us, however, look a little more closely into the present posture of affairs, and endeavour to ascertain whether the want of confidence which at present undoubtedly exists is the result of external and uncontrollable causes, or whether it is not in some way connected with, and occasioned by these restriction acts, which are just now affording so plentiful a harvest to the cautious and wary capitalist.

The monetary embarrassment may be said to have commenced with the famine of last year. That event not only caused an extra expenditure of public money at home, in the shape of subsidies to Ireland, but it occasioned a considerable drain of bullion to America. It so happened, that at that time America was in need of coin for her expenses in the Mexican war, and required less manufactures than we were usually in the habit of exporting. At least such was the statement commonly current in the commercial circles at the time; but we cannot, whilst calmly and dispassionately reviewing events, conceal our conviction, that the Americans were playing a deeper and more profitable game. A drain of gold from England must always, under our present laws, prove an enormous advantage to the foreigner, because, by retaining bullion for a time, and refusing manufactures in exchange, he can bring down prices in Britain in proportion to the scarcity of money. It was therefore clearly not the interest of the Transatlantic dealer to take commodities in exchange for his corn, until the depression had reached its lowest point. Be that as it may, the balance being decidedly against us, was liquidated in gold,—a mode of payment which this country can never refuse, since it has recognised the bullion principle, and laid down a fixed or inflexible standard. As the result of this, ten millions disappeared from the general circulation—that is, the bank, in order to maintain its full issues, was

compelled to find gold from some other source, and the exchanges being palpably against us, by reason of the famine, and from another cause to which we shall afterwards allude, this could only be done by an increase of the rates of interest, in other words, by turning the screw, which had this immediate effect of causing a fall or depreciation of property. Consequently the funds began to decline, but after a little, some temporary relief was afforded by the appearance of a new and unexpected customer in the stock-exchange.

The Russian system of banking is rather remarkable. That country, which has lately become one of the greatest gold producers of the world, employs for its own internal use a paper circulation, but the basis upon which that circulation rests, is commonly reported to be a sum of from thirty to forty millions in gold, lodged in the hands and at the disposal of the Emperor. This large amount of bullion had hitherto remained unemployed, but Nicholas, observing that the French funds had, like our own, very much declined, and that bullion was the great *desideratum* in both countries, determined, with much apparent generosity, to step forward to their rescue. No one save the Czar had any control over the keys which could open this hidden hoard, and with a discernment which does credit to his abilities, he set at liberty "the imprisoned angels," and in return for his unprofitable gold, purchased at most advantageous rates, a deep interest in the national securities of England and of France. The immediate result of that measure is a large accretion of revenue to the Emperor, who is now one of our chief creditors, for whom the manufacturer is bound to toil: the ultimate tendency is yet in the womb of time, but no thinking man will contemplate without alarm the power, which so gigantic and ambitious a state as Russia has thereby gained within the very fortress of our strength.

If we continue in a blind and obstinate adherence to the system of the bullionist party, we shall give the Russian government such opportunities of enriching itself at our expense, as no foreign potentate has

ever possessed before. It is quite well known that large purchases of national stock have already been made with the gold of the Muscovite; and therein the autocrat has acted wisely for himself—far more wisely than our enlightened rulers have thought proper to act for us—for he has put out the money to usury, and the basis of the Russian circulation, instead of being profitless gold, is now composed of British and French securities, bought in when the market was at its lowest ebb, and yielding a large return. If our monetary laws should still remain unaltered, and trade should notwithstanding revive, it will be the interest of the Russian, so soon as the funds have reached their culminating point, to sell out largely, and by forcing the gold from the Bank of England, create an artificial scarcity of the precious metal, which, followed as it must be by an immediate contraction of our paper currency, would cause a second panic, and a second prostration of the funds. By buying cheap and selling high—the favourite maxim of the free-traders—he would thus realise an exorbitant profit, and be enabled, should he choose it, to replace the bullion basis of the Russian circulation. But this, as a matter of course, he would not do. The low state of the funds would again offer an irresistible temptation. Fresh purchases of stock, this time made with our own money, would revive public confidence in Britain, and so things would go on, alternately rising and falling without any obvious external cause, but in reality according to the will of a huge foreign fundholder, who, with each successive movement, must be the gainer, whilst we deny ourselves the means of securing the equilibrium of our own monetary transactions at home. Under our present system, the sale or purchase of national securities to the extent of a few millions, has a wonderful effect upon the market. Add the further elements of gold exportation and paper contraction, or the reverse, and the effect becomes prodigious. The purchases already made on the Emperor's account, are reported to have been most heavy, and the process, at the moment when we write, is being again repeated.

This is, in reality, a subject of the gravest nature, and it should not be passed over by the legislature without remark. The Whigs, in all probability, hail such successive importation of Russian bullion, as so many pledges of returning prosperity, not seeing nor understanding the frightful price which we may hereafter be called upon to pay, nor the perils of that artificial fluctuation to which we may be exposed. We have put ourselves, as the experience of the last few months has shown, at the mercy of gold, and consequently at the mercy of any foreign power who can supply us with that coveted commodity; and so we must remain, if the plain sense of the nation does not rouse itself to sweep away the formula of our currency practitioners.

Our advantage from the Russian transaction was only temporary. Again the bullion decreased, and again the screw was tightened. Money was the universal demand, but money became scarcer every day, and the rates of interest increased. Hopeful people, notwithstanding, still adhered to the belief that the pressure was only temporary. The corn-law abolitionist pointed to the luxuriant harvest which was waving plentifully on the fields, and forgetting, with characteristic selfishness, the dogmas which he had so lately enunciated, prophesied a return of manufacturing prosperity from the well-being of that class, which, two years ago, he would ruthlessly have consigned to ruin. But when the plentiful harvest was gathered in, and all fear of another famine, and further bullion drain on that account, was removed, it appeared, to the disappointment of every one, that matters were not likely to mend. The screw was still revolving in the wrong way—prices went down, like the mercury in the barometer before a storm—the man who was rich even in April found himself worse than nothing in October—bills became stationary—the banks were besieged until they closed their doors in despair—and then came the Gazette, with its daily record of disaster.

In truth, we do not envy the situation of ministers during that period; and yet, we hardly know how to pity them. They alone, while the nation was writhing around them, maintained an

attitude of calm complacency. At first, Sir Charles Wood, the most singular optimist of his day, received the different deputations of pallid merchants with assurances that every thing was right. "There is not the slightest occasion for alarm," was the language of this sapient Solon. "Money never was more plentiful in the country—accommodation will readily be granted to every one who has property to show for it—the currency-machine is working remarkably well,"—and the Cabinet went placidly to sleep.

But the cries of distress from without became so loud, and the storm of indignation so vehement, that the ministry were at last compelled to exhibit some symptoms of action and vitality. Cabinet councils were summoned—new deputations received—the tale of sorrow was again heard, and this time with decreased disdain. But the perplexity of our rulers was such, or their dissension so great, that they could not devise a plan, whereby even temporary ease might be afforded; and as there is safety in a multitude of councillors, they eagerly inquired into the remedy which each successive sufferer could suggest. These of course were varied and conflicting, but in one point all were agreed—that the restriction act should be suspended. Even then, nothing would force conviction upon the impotent Whigs. They clung to restriction as if it had been the palladium of British credit, nor would they relinquish their hold of it until they were threatened with force. The crisis was imminent, that the London bankers were compelled to exhibit gold which they undoubtedly possessed, and to threaten its immediate payment. The deposits which the Bank of England could give out; the Lombard Street deputation accordingly intimated that, if government would not suspend the operation of the Act of 1844, they would exercise their statutory right of payment in specie, and thus rendering the Bank insolvent. The whole fallacy of our monetary system, and the threat had more effect than any amount of argument. At the hour the Whigs yielded,

remorse, but to necessity, and the Act was accordingly suspended, clogged, however, with a condition, which, instead of relieving the pressure, was infallibly calculated to increase it. The Bank of England alone—for both Peel and the Whigs contend for the monopoly of that establishment—was permitted to over-issue, but with a recommendation, which was in fact an order, that the minimum rate of interest on short bills should be eight per cent, a rate which no merchant or manufacturer can afford to pay. Surely the Bank of England might have been left in this crisis to use its own discretion. But there was another object in view. As the revenue had palpably fallen under the operation of the tariffs, which constitute the measure of free trade already dealt to us, the Whigs were desirous, even *in extremis*, to make a profit out of the national misery, and it was intimated that the additional gain was not to be appropriated by the Bank, who undertook the risk, but to be handed over hereafter to the government, who undertook the responsibility of suspending the operation of the Act. Under such circumstances, it is clear that real accommodation was almost as difficult to be obtained as before. The suspension, for which Ministry are entitled to no credit whatever, did little actual good, owing to this preposterous condition, beyond relieving the public mind from the apprehension of the frightful nightmare. In fact, the Bank of England did not avail itself of the liberty so granted. It merely raised the rate of discount, and therefore no indemnity is required. The only wise thing which the Cabinet has done, was the summoning together of Parliament at an early day, for assuredly there is need of wiser heads than those possessed either by Lord John Russell or by Chancellor Wood to help us out of the present dilemma.

But where, all this while, is the money? That is the question which every one is asking, and to which very few will venture to give a distinct reply. It is, however, a question which ought to be answered, and we think that there is no great mystery in the matter. The greater part of the money is still in the country, but it is not passing from

hand to hand with its usual rapidity, nor in its ordinary equitable proportion. The portion of it which the banks do hold, is, of course, profitless in itself, but yet so far useful that it serves as a basis for paper; the portion which the public hold is fearfully checked in its circulation. This anomaly proceeds from the following causes: We have been forced to make that amount of money, which in ordinary times of unshaken credit was barely necessary to liquidate or balance the ordinary transactions of the community, embrace also the new operations rendered indispensable by the introduction and development of the railway system. We have called forth and created a new source of industry within ourselves, but we have omitted to provide the means by which that kind of industry can be maintained, without trenching upon and abstracting from the supply applicable, as formerly, to our other wants. This is not a question (and herein lies the fallacy of those who are waging such determined war against the railways) of absorption of capital, but of want of the circulating medium. We have been trying, under Peel's guidance, to make that amount of money which barely served eight persons before, suffice now for the extended wants of twelve; and we are perplexed at any scarcity, totally forgetting that we have advanced in the close of the year 1847, to a widely different position from that which we occupied at the commencement of 1844. Gold has become scarcer, altogether independent of the exportation, because there are more persons who require money; and when gold cannot be had, Sir Robert Peel forbids us to trade in paper. There is a minimum supply of money representing that portion of produce which is passing to consumption, without which no country can hope to prosper, and we have already passed that minimum. Hence, the sovereign, though it remains by statute of a fixed value, is of no use as a standard at all, because you cannot measure property by it. You cannot buy coin, except with coin, at any thing like a parity of exchange; and therefore, if the sovereign does not nominally rise, the same effect is produced by the depreciation of property,

which, and not bullion or notes, constitutes the real capital of the country. It is a frightful consideration, but nevertheless it is true, that the whole property of this vast country, estimated at something like five thousand millions, is, to all intents and purposes, paralysed for the want of some few millions of extra circulation to supply the extra work we have engaged in, and the extra population we have employed. And it is still more startling to think, that for the want of that circulation, the value of this property is merely nominal and relative, and has been, and is, declining at the rate of many millions a day. In fact, we have at this moment no standard of property, and with such a prodigious decline it may very soon become a serious question, how the revenue of the country is to be raised.

In ordinary times the circulation is extremely rapid. Coin and notes shift from hand to hand without delay, and alternate between the public and the banks; and instances of hoarding are rare. This is well known to be the case both in manufactures and commerce, the business of which is transacted in towns where savings' banks afford the labourer a ready means of depositing his earnings, and so contributing to the passage of the currency. But the railway workman, who is now an important personage in the state, possesses no such facilities. He is essentially a wandering character, shifting his ground and place of abode to accommodate himself to the scene of his labour, and he either does not understand, or he will not avail himself of, the ordinary channels of deposit. Many of this class have undoubtedly saved money out of their ample and remunerative wages, but these savings are just so many hoards which in the aggregate have an injurious effect upon so contracted a currency as ours. So far from the immense expenditure of capital upon the railways being a necessary drain upon the currency, it would in truth, if the wages of labour were rapidly exchanged for produce, have greatly facilitated the circulation; but the wages being hoarded, and the gold and notes kept out for an absolutely indefinite time, a new element of confusion has been

introduced. It is not merely difficult but absolutely impossible to calculate how much of the circulating medium has been in this way withdrawn. We are inclined, from the testimony of persons engaged in the construction of railways, and intimately acquainted with the habits of the workmen, to place it at a large figure. And when we recollect that the wages of nearly 600,000 men so employed have been for more than three years greatly higher than those of the common agriculturist, we might be justified in making an assumption which assuredly would startle the reader. The hoarding of small sums, when that practice becomes general, has a most extraordinary effect upon the currency, as every one who looks at the amount of surplus wages invested in the savings' banks must acknowledge: and as we cannot force any portion of our population to deposit, we are bound to take care that their ignorance, or erroneous ideas of security, shall not be allowed to operate successfully upon so important a matter as the circulation. The money thus hoarded is not lost, but it is temporarily suspended, and its hoarding becomes an evil of no common magnitude, which pleads strongly for an augmented issue.

The Scottish and Irish banking acts of 1845, which were introduced, and in spite of all national remonstrances, forcibly carried through by Sir Robert Peel, ostensibly for the sake of uniformity, have very much deranged the currency of England, by locking up a large portion of the coin. We need not repeat here, for the fact is notorious, that sovereigns, except to a merely fractional extent, are not current in Scotland, and are received with absolute distrust. Nobody wants them; and the note of a joint-stock bank is at all times a more acceptable tender. But the acts which forced the banks to retain an amount of bullion for all paper issued beyond their average circulation, were based upon a false principle, which, three years ago, when the first aggressive step was taken, we urged upon the consideration of government, but unfortunately without success. The average circulation of the banks over the year was not a fair calculation. Twice a year, as we have already remarked, all the

the banks in Scotland required to augment their issues in order to meet the term payments, and notwithstanding Sir Robert Peel's enactments, the same necessity exists. This will be better understood by comparing the amount of notes delivered and received by the Bank of Scotland in exchange with other banks on the term-days, with the like exchange during other periods of the same months.

1840.	Notes Delivered.	Notes Received.
May 1, . . .	£51,000	£43,000
... 19, (Term) .	132,000	173,000
... 26, . . .	38,000	33,000
Nov. 3, . . .	33,000	32,000
... 13, (Term) .	99,000	132,000
... 27, . . .	65,000	42,000

There is also, we ought to remark, a considerable rise of the issue during the weeks which immediately precede and follow these terms. Now the same fluctuation occurs in every one of our banks, which about term-time are called upon to furnish accommodation to an extent of nearly three times their ordinary issue. No allowance was made in the act of 1845 for this inevitable expansion, and consequently the Scottish banker is forced to do one of two things. Either he must permanently hold during the whole year a much larger amount of gold than is necessary to satisfy the legal requirement for his ordinary over issue, or he must provide gold from London twice a-year, in boxes, which arrive sealed at his place of business, to be returned within a fortnight with the seals unbroken! Such is part of the absurd and ridiculous machinery, which it has been the study of Sir Robert Peel during half a lifetime to elaborate: and the practical result is, that nearly the whole of the gold required to balance the transactions of Scotland for the term weeks, is withdrawn from the ordinary circulation. Indeed, gold to the extent of the whole term payments would be required, save for the proviso in the act which allows the circulation to be calculated at the end of every week; but, as we have said already, the rise is gradual, not being limited to the term days, and for two weeks at least, the circulation, that is, the amount of the notes issued, is much larger than the ordinary average

of the year. It thus follows that the bullion to represent the term issues, must either lie in the coffers of the Scottish banks, or in the hands of their correspondents in London, ready to be sent down whenever the appointed seasons shall arrive!

Here then is another drain, or rather suspension of a large proportion of our circulating medium, which has been most unnecessary. The Scottish public suffers from the want of accommodation; the Scottish banker suffers from the enormous expense which this juggle entails upon him: and the Englishman suffers by the gold which was formerly his currency, being kept in pawn at the period when he requires it most. Besides, it is well worthy of remark, and known to every banker here, that the circulation of Scotland during the year when the average was taken, had been reduced to its very lowest possible ebb. The frugality of the country, the extension of the branch banks, the efficient mode of interchange, and, above all, the interest allowed upon all deposits, were the causes which had led to this; and it seems now to be universally admitted by all writers on currency, that a more admirable and perfect system could not have been invented by the ingenuity of man. All this, however, has been overturned by Sir Robert Peel, to the great injury of Scotland, and the positive detriment of England; and had he succeeded in pushing his bullion theories further, and replaced the one pound note circulation in this country by the sovereign, a double amount of calamity would have been inflicted at the present moment. We entreat the attention of the English currency-reformers to this; for they may rely upon it, that the abolition and total repeal of the Scottish and Irish banking acts of 1845, without any new legislative enactment at all, would be an inestimable boon, not only to these countries, but to England, which is now compelled to furnish gold, which is neither used nor required, and so to cripple and impede materially her own circulation.

The hoarding, therefore, by the railway labourer, and the reserves nominally kept for the use of Scotland and Ireland, will account

for the disappearance of a large proportion of the coinage from the circle. These are only primary causes of the scarcity, yet they are material elements in inducing that want of confidence, which, as we have already said, is the mighty evil that is now oppressing and bearing us to the ground. Whenever want of confidence is manifested, the circulation must further contract. Joint-stock and private bankers, for their own security, maintain a large reserve of Bank of England paper and bullion, and there are always terrified persons enough to occasion a partial run for gold. We do not charge the bankers with impolicy in thus abetting the general contraction. Situated as they are, it becomes a matter of necessity to look to their own interests in preference to the accommodation of the public; but it is right that the public should be made aware of the mischief which is caused thereby. The results are surely patent to the apprehension of all. In proportion as circulation contracts, interest rises; and the wary capitalist, foreseeing the advent of the dark hour, realises while he can, in the knowledge that his money hereafter, when things are at the worst, will enable him to drive the most exorbitant and usurious bargains. This is the class of men for whom Peel has uniformly legislated, and it is they who, under our present miserable monetary system, must ultimately absorb the hard-won earnings of thousands of their fellow-creatures. They are not enemies of speculation—on the contrary, they fatten upon it. They strive for a time to stimulate industry to its utmost, and then use every exertion to depreciate the industrial result. Hard times are their harvest, and prosperous years their

seed-time; and never, so long as they can hold it, will they relax their pressure of the screw.

The sacrifices of good solid property which have been made during the last few months, and which were occasioned solely by the baneful contraction of the currency, have been positively enormous. It is common to hear the capitalists remark with a sneer, that such is the inevitable result of over-trade and over-speculation. It needs no prophet to tell us, that the man who has not a farthing in the world can neither buy nor sell; and we admit that, in the present monetary convulsion, in every other, much ripe fruit is to the ground. But we do think that prices have been the result of speculation. We maintain that, or later, the country must be brought to the unhappiness simply by the operation of the currency resumption; and it is an insane error to leave them to time, we shall probably be into the same abyss, even temporary measures show a temporary rally. It is with great appearance of probability, that the depreciation which already taken place, is less than the whole amount of our debt!

It is necessary that we grapple boldly with the project of over-speculation in our works, that is, the railways, the railways in order to do so, we must be able to state and maintain the value of the currency at two-thirds of its present value.

Year.	Population.	Taxation.	Year.	Population.	Taxation.
1811	18,547,720	£64,342,741	1841	26,895,518	£47,411,000
1812	18,812,294	63,179,164	1842	27,181,955	47,411,000
1813	19,076,868	67,189,287	1843	27,468,392	47,411,000
1814	19,331,441	70,103,344	1844	27,754,829	47,411,000
1815	19,606,015	71,372,515	1845	28,041,266	47,411,000
Total,	95,374,338	336,187,051		137,541,960	249,069,000
Average,	19,074,867	67,237,410		27,468,392	49,811,000

But, in addition to the taxes which were levied during the years 1811-15, there were loans contracted as follows :

Year.	Loan.	Year.	Loan.
1811	£19,143,953	1841	<i>Nu.</i>
1812	24,790,697	1842	...
1813	39,649,282	1843	...
1814	34,563,603	1844	...
1815	20,241,807	1845	...
Total,	£138,389,342		...
Average,	27,277,868		

We thus arrive at the following results. About thirty years ago, with a population of nineteen millions, we were able to raise an annual sum of ninety-four and a half millions of pounds, whereof more than one-half was expended abroad in subsidies and the maintenance of an army, and little or none of it was returned in the shape of capital to this country.

At present, with a population of twenty-seven millions and a half, we are said to be unable to lay out thirty-five millions annually in the construction of our railways, in addition to a taxation of fifty millions,—in other words, we cannot raise eighty-five millions a-year without approaching to the verge of bankruptcy!

This, if true, is a very humiliating position, and shows symptoms of a decadence so marked, that we question whether any parallel case can be extracted from history. A population augmented by one-third, say the economists, cannot afford to expend a sum less by ten millions than that which was raised without inconvenience towards the end of the great continental war; and this sum, far from being swallowed up abroad, is usefully employed at home, and is daily assuming the shape of realised capital, yielding a profitable return!

It would follow, then, as a matter of necessity, that we must be infinitely poorer now than we were thirty years ago. Let us see how that matter stands. The net rental of the real property, in *England alone*, as we find from the assessment tables for the poor-rates, had risen from £51,898,423 in 1815, to £62,540,030, in 1841, and

may be estimated at the present moment as augmented by fully one-fourth all over the united kingdom. The personal property, according to Mr Porter, whose accuracy will be unquestioned by free-traders, was estimated at twelve hundred millions in 1814, at two thousand millions in 1841, and has since continued to augment, so that we may fairly assume, that within thirty years, that species of property has been doubled.

Here, then, are grounds for a panic such as that which is now shaking the empire! Here are reasons for leaving the inchoate railways unfinished, dismissing the workmen, and closing our accounts in terror of a national bankruptcy! Really, with such facts before us, we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that men who use such language as has been too commonly prevalent of late, are either shamefully ignorant, or have a motive for promulgating error.

The expenditure from 1811 to 1815 was, as we have already seen, wholly profitless, and yet it in no way whatever deranged the economy of the country. The vast outlay of capital, which took place at subsequent speculative periods, was a thorough drain upon the country, because it was consumed abroad without return, and gave no employment or stimulus to the home producer. But the railways are investments of a very different description. They do not affect the currency farther than we have noted above, and the remedy for that is simple. By their means the pressure of the famine has been

lightened to the poorer classes, and they are not only remunerative to their owners, but of immense benefit to the districts through which they pass. Of three thousand one hundred miles of railway now open, the gross receipts may be taken, in round numbers, as at nine millions annually. Passengers are carried at one half the cost of the old conveyances—so are goods, and time is prodigiously economised. There is, therefore, a positive saving of other nine millions to the inhabitants of the country; and the completion of the works now in progress, will add immensely to, and more than double this. The cheapening of fuel, the transport of manure, and of building materials, and the opening up of mineral fields, hitherto unused and unprofitable, are vast boons to agriculture and trade, and there can be no doubt that the country is deeply interested in their progress.

If it be asked whether the public are able to spare the capital requisite for the completion of those lines without danger or embarrassment to other branches of industry, we think the calculations which we have already given will afford a satisfactory reply. There is no want of capital in Britain, and railway companies will always be able to obtain it at a certain rate of interest. But a currency contracted like ours, and totally incapable of expansion, must inevitably, upon the occurrence of any external accident, derange every branch of our social economy; and as interest rises, so, as a matter of course, will the value of realised property be depreciated. Money is at present the scarcest thing in the market: the capitalist may demand his own price of usance for it; and were this state of things to continue, the results would be far more ruinous than any one has yet anticipated. People are prepared to suffer almost any sacrifice for the maintenance of that credit which is the idol of the Englishman; but the sacrifice must be temporary, not prolonged, else a stoppage becomes inevitable. Neither the merchant nor the manufacturer, nor any other class of men, can afford to conduct their operations at a remunerative rate, while money is exorbitantly high; and all questions even of con-

vertibility shrink into absolute insignificance before the fact, that were money to continue long at eight per cent., the mills and manufactories throughout the country must be shut up, and the public works discontinued. In other words, we would be plunged into a state of anarchy, the ultimate issue of which it would be very difficult to conceive.

No doubt, the railways have had their share in absorbing capital, but what we maintain is, that the capital is abundant and could not have been better employed. The mania of 1845,—for most assuredly enterprise at that time had assumed that extravagant form—was checked by the intervention of Parliament, and a host of crude and unnecessary schemes were at once consigned to oblivion. Should it be said that Parliament did not exercise with sufficient energy its undoubted controlling power, then we shall merely ask who the gentlemen were that, down to the end of the above year, lent their countenance to railway extension? On the 13th of November 1845, we find Sir Robert Peel near Tamworth, with electro-plated spade, and mahogany barrow, wheeling away the first sod raised on the line of the Trent Valley railway, and expatiating broadly upon the advantage of “a more direct and immediate communication between the metropolis on the one hand, and Dublin and a great part of Ireland on the other; between the metropolis and the west of Scotland; between the metropolis and that great commercial and manufacturing district of which Liverpool and Manchester are the capitals.” Not a word of warning or reproach, or of indication of coming scarcity of money, fell then from the lips of the great author of the Restriction Acts,—measures which were still lying in abeyance to awake for the benefit of the capitalist, and the depression of every other class, long before the sod, so ostentatiously turned over, could be replaced by the permanent rail. What wonder, then, if Parliament, with such examples before their eyes, and such notable testimony in favour of the development of the railway system, should have been slow in foreseeing the danger

of too hasty an internal development?

It is also self-evident that during the last few months the frequent and heavy railway calls have added much to our pecuniary embarrassment. In some instances these calls have been by far too recklessly urged; in others it is difficult to see what other course could have been adopted. For whilst, on the one hand, the extreme dearth of money, the utter stoppage of credit, and the impossibility of disposing of property at any thing like its real value, were elements which the directors were bound to consider before using their statutory power; yet, on the other, they were not entitled to overlook the influence which a discontinuance of these works would exercise over the value of the capital already expended, and the great amount of individual and aggregate suffering which would result from the arbitrary dismissal of their labourers. It was the duty of government, while it was yet time, to have stepped in with some precautionary measure. They might have compelled the directors to summon a general meeting of the shareholders previous to the announcement of a call, and have allowed the latter a *revo* if their interests should have required it; but although proposals to that effect were laid before the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nothing whatever was done, and the increasing panic was heightened by the prospect of peremptory demands.

So much for the railways; by far the most useful class of works which the country has ever undertaken—useful, because, however they may appear to suffer by temporary depreciation, they will, we firmly believe, in the long run, prove amply remunerative; because, in a year of famine, they have given ample employment and adequate wages to a class of men who must otherwise have suffered unexampled deprivation; and because they have opened, and are opening up new elements of wealth, economising time, and facilitating our trade and our commerce. If, under the influence of monetary laws, for which their undertakers were in no wise responsible, they have tended in some

degree to increase the common difficulty, let us recollect that the same power which sanctioned them is answerable for the restrictive measures. We have already shown that this new class of works required an increase of the internal currency which was not vouchsafed to it, and the authors of the Banking Act of 1844 are the parties chargeable with that neglect.

In short, to use the words of one of the Rothschilds, who surely is a competent judge, the prosperity of Britain depends, to a great degree, upon the amount of its circulating medium. It is our interest to have money plentiful and to keep it so; and we ought to interpose as few checks as possible to the fair operation of credit. With plenty of money we may command the markets of the world; with a restricted and contracting issue like the present we are comparatively powerless. The great fault of Sir Robert Peel and his coadjutors is, that they seek to confine credit within absolutely intolerable bounds. We may ask, with perfect propriety, whether the colossal fortunes, either of the right honourable Baronet or of his adviser Mr Jones Loyd, could, by any possibility, have been erected without this important element of credit, which they have now combined to prostrate? We apprehend not; and yet in a certain, though not very creditable sense of the phrase, both gentlemen have been true to their order. The new capitalist has the smallest possible degree of sympathy for those who are struggling upwards.

But a fettered currency is not the only evil for which the country demands a remedy. Far more perilous influences have been at work—influences which must be thoroughly probed and exposed at whatever cost of mortification to the dupes, or loss of credit to the schemer. We are willing, even in this age of free trade, when new principles are applauded to the echo and adopted with unseemly precipitation, to incur the odium of maintaining that protection to native industry is the foundation of the prosperity of Great Britain, and that in departing from it we have adopted a wrong course, which, if wise, we shall speedily abandon. Fortu-

nately there is yet time; for the measures to which we allude have been so rapidly productive of their effects, that very little demonstration is required to open the eyes of all men to their baneful nature. Glad indeed shall we be if experience can work conviction.

To prevent all misconception, we beg leave to premise, that we do not enter now into any discussion upon the subject of the repeal of the corn-laws. Our sentiments with regard to that measure have been stated in another place; and although we have seen no cause to alter them, they are unnecessary for our present argument. We have always maintained that the success or failure of that measure in so far as the interest of our agricultural population, no unimportant section of the community, was concerned, could not be immediately tested—that its effects would necessarily be slow, but not on that account the less insidious. Agriculture cannot decline in one day like commerce, and even were it otherwise, extraneous circumstances have since occurred to delay the period of trial. The operation of the tariffs introduced by Sir Robert Peel, with the full sanction of the free-trade party are far more open to comment, and, as we shall presently show, all classes have an interest in the national wager. It is, therefore, the nearer and more engrossing topic of free trade, as affecting commerce and the legitimate wages of the workman, with which we now propose to deal.

Burthened as he is with taxes, poor-rates, and every species of local impost, it would naturally be supposed, that the British manufacturer could hardly be able to compete with the foreigner even in an alien market. But we unquestionably possess great counterbalancing advantages in the abundance of our coal and iron, the skill and energy of our people, and above all, in our accumulated riches. These, if properly managed, are sufficient to enable us to maintain our old supremacy undiminished.

The whole manufactured produce of Great Britain may be estimated in round numbers, and on an average at two hundred millions yearly, whereof three-fourths are consumed at home, and about fifty-one millions or one-

fourth of the whole are destined for exportation. The home market, therefore, being by far the most important, is the first province of the manufacturer; the foreign and lesser market, however, is to a certain extent the index of the nation's wealth, because we have a direct interest to see that our exports are larger than our imports, in other words, that we are not annually paying away a greater value than we receive. The home market is certain, or at all events we can render it so if we choose, and the field is constantly increasing. The foreign market, on the contrary, is fluctuating, and over it we have little control. Without an entire change in our colonial system, which, to say the least, would be attended with much difficulty and danger, we must continue to compete with the foreigner abroad, no other vantage ground than offering an article equal to or better than his at a lower price and value.

It has always been the policy of England, to enlarge her market as much as possible, and to take with foreign nations as freely as may be, sending out articles which have produced, and bringing cargoes for our own consumption. The balance of the two ought must be taken as the estimate of increasing wealth.

We have paid in manufactures the specie which constitutes great part of our currency, and which is the product of our own, certainly more than forty millions. When any portion of that coinage is withdrawn from the country we become the poorer, because we must replace the deficit by a quantity of manufactures and other goods at a high price.

The duties on the free party have shortly been stated as follows:—To keep away, they say, restrictions, and do every thing that can be done to swell the trade, that will swell the production of the country. The tariff on the other hand will be increased, and the duties on the free party will be lowered. Therefore the custom-

and let the revenue be raised either directly by income tax, or in some other mode which may not interfere with the progress of trade.

Sir Robert Peel, who has adopted these doctrines, has acted upon them to a certain extent, and the history of his financial proceedings since he last assumed the reins of office is curious and characteristic of the man. He commenced by laying on an income tax, which we were assured was not to last beyond the period of three years, and he promised the public not only to relieve them from the load at the expiry of that time, but to exhibit the national revenue in a more flourishing condition than ever. Proposals so confidently made were cheerfully and even gratefully accepted, for no one could have supposed that there lurked a deception concealed beneath so plausible a scheme.

To the amazement of many, the adoption of an income tax was shortly followed by a reduction of revenue duties, an experiment which has since been repeated. The effect of those reductions was as follows:—the ordinary revenue of the country, at the time when Sir Robert Peel came into power, was within a fraction of forty-eight millions. Ten millions and a half were derived from certain articles, which were subsequently dealt with on free trade principles. These articles under the reduced duty now yield only six millions, whilst the other sources, that have not been tampered with, contribute, as is shown by late returns, forty-one and a half, instead of thirty-seven and a half millions to the revenue. The gain therefore to the country on those items which were left under the operation of our former system was four millions,—the loss upon the articles reduced by Peel was four millions and a half, whereof the greater part has gone into the pocket of the foreigner; and, as Lord George Bentinck well remarked, it is material, with such facts before us, to consider “what would have been the situation of the country if Sir Robert Peel had tried his experimental hand upon the whole of what are called the ordinary sources of revenue to the country?” There must then have been a huge mistake somewhere. If Sir Robert really believed that in three years he would be enabled to

dispense with the income tax, he must have calculated that the reduction of the duties would have the effect of increasing the consumption of imports to such a degree that the revenue would be largely augmented—a result which, we are sorry to say, has by no means arrived. On the contrary, the revenue has fallen off, and the income tax, far from being removed, will, in all human probability, be extended.

The avowed object of these reductions, which have curtailed our revenue, and saddled us permanently with a war tax, was to increase the amount of our exportations in exchange. If this effect has not been produced, or if there is no likelihood of its being produced within a reasonable period of time, then we are entitled to conclude, from the arguments of the free-traders themselves, that the experiment has been a total failure. We must never lose sight of the fact, that the sure test of free-trade, for which object we have sacrificed our revenue, is *augmented export*. Let us see how far this branch of the scheme has succeeded. We shall take the exports and imports for the years 1845 and 1846, which will afford a sufficient indication of the manner in which the new tariff is likely to work.

Exports 1845,	. L.53,296,025
Ditto 1846,	. 51,279,735
Decrease L.2,016,291	
Duties on Imports, 1845,	. L.21,860,253
Ditto 1846,	. 22,496,527
Increase L.636,274	

Thus, while the exports are decreasing, the imports are augmenting; we are selling less and buying more, and the foreigner is reaping the profit.

We are fortunately enabled, from the last official tables, issued after the greater part of this article was sent to press, to show what the results of free trade have been since 1846. Several of our friends, who hold ultra liberal commercial opinions, are, as we fall well know, slow to conviction, and will be apt to maintain that our experience of the new system up to that period, has not been large enough to

justify our condemnation of its failure. Let us then see what testimony 1847 can bear in favour of free trade.

These tables, according to the *Economist*, a free trade organ of undoubted ability, "continue to show an enormous comparative importation and consumption of all the chief articles which contribute to the daily sustenance of the people, and a marked falling off of those which form the basis of our manufacturing industry, and consequently of our future trade." In other words, whilst we are buying, and buying largely, our articles of pro-

vision and immediate consumpt from the foreigner, the supply of the raw material which we can reproduce in the shape of manufactures is falling off. The foreigner has the benefit of underselling us in the home market, and we are losing the power of competition in the markets abroad. The increase of our consumption is most remarkable, and the agriculturist will probably derive but little comfort from the following comparative statements, which show the amount of certain articles of import during nine months of the last three years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE IMPORTED JAN. 5 TO OCT. 10.

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Live animals,	19,593	85,542	172,355
Provisions, beef, pork, &c. cwts.	109,550	206,455	403,877
Butter, cwts.	189,056	177,165	248,140
Cheese, do.	183,891	216,191	
Grain of all kinds, qrs.	1,336,789	2,635,218	7
Flour and Meal, cwts.	394,908	2,631,841	1

These, we think, are somewhat startling figures. All this has to be paid for by native industry, doubly taxed at present, in order to get back that gold which Sir Robert Peel has practically declared to be the life-blood of the community, and which cannot, under our monetary system, be expended abroad, without depressing credit and prostrating enterprise at home. Let us now see what kind of provision we have laid in for future manufactures — what amount of raw material we have on hand, which, when converted into goods,

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RAW MATERIAL IMPORTED JAN. 5. to OCT. 10.

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Flax, cwt., . . .	1,048,390	744,861	731
Hemp,	624,866	585,034	483
Silk, raw, lbs., . .	2,865,805	3,429,260	2
Do., thrown, . . .	311,413	292,402	
Do., waste, cwt., .	11,258	6,178	
Cotton wool, . . .	5,495,799	3,366,089	3
Sheep's wool, lbs.,	57,308,477	51,056,209	43

The above table affords us the means of estimating our immediate manufacturing prospects, and we need hardly say that these are any thing but cheering. In no one par-

ing the import of raw materials; and deplorably wrong in their promises of increased exportation. We hope that Sir Robert Peel will shortly favour the House of Commons, and

the country with his explanation of the following mercantile phenomena. It will be listened to with more curiosity than his arguments upon the nature of a pound.

DECLARED VALUE OF EXPORTS OF HOME PRODUCE AND MANUFACTURES FOR
NINE MONTHS. JAN. 5 TO OCTOBER 10.

1845.	1846.	1847.
£41,732,143.	£40,008,874.	£39,975,207.

The general decrease is apparent, but it is necessary to go a little more minutely to work, and inquire into the respective items. It is only by doing so that we can fully understand the true operation of free trade, and the manner in which it is calculated

to undermine and ultimately to overthrow the strongholds of our domestic industry. We entreat the earnest attention of our readers to the great decline, which is exhibited in the following staples of export.

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Cotton Manufactures,	£14,761,236	£13,632,880	£13,682,095
Ditto Yarn,	5,379,400	6,112,918	4,601,160
Linen Manufactures,	2,353,879	2,110,666	2,273,427
Ditto Yarn,	807,418	639,245	504,727
Wool	456,170	228,645	214,756
Woollen Yarn,	835,370	685,712	778,725
Woollen Manufactures,	6,224,981	5,146,699	5,616,536
	£30,818,454	£28,556,765	£27,671,445

The decline upon these staple commodities of export is so obvious as to need no remark. There is also a falling off, as between 1845 and 1847, in the following exported articles:—Butter, candles, coals, earthenware, glass, leather, copper and brass, lead,

tin-plates, soap, and refined sugar. The rise, on the contrary, is upon cheese, fish, hardwares, machinery, iron and steel, unwrought tin, salt, and silk manufactures; of which two items are certainly important.

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Machinery,	£644,839	£897,442	£942,533
Iron and steel,	2,854,048	3,374,335	4,096,367
	£3,498,887	£4,271,777	£5,038,900

This shows the pace at which manufactures are advancing abroad, and explains but too clearly the reason of the decrease in our staple exports. The product of British industry is declining; and we can only partially redeem the deficit by sending abroad the sinews of our national prosperity. We are in the condition of the artisan whose expenditure exceeds his wages, and who is driven to part with his

tools. We are fitting up foreign mills with our choicest machinery, furnishing our opponents with weapons, and yet the free traders tell us that on such terms we can afford to cope with, and to vanquish them!

The truth is, so long as we proclaim ourselves the gold-bankers of the world, and make perpetual boast of the hoards which we have from time to time accumulated, we shall

never be safe against a money drain from England. We cannot force foreigners to take our British manufactures; the demand, as we said before, is precarious, and we cannot go on making calicoes and cottons for ever at a loss. In exchange for extended imports, two things may be taken, goods or specie, and with the prospect of lower prices to come, the foreigner will always choose the latter. Hence, in a great measure, arose the drain of bullion, which was sent to America. We were at that time in want not only of corn, but of cotton, and a supply of the latter material was indispensably necessary to keep the factories open. In ordinary times, no doubt, the American would have taken goods in exchange, but in the then posture of affairs, he saw the subsequent advantage which he must derive by carrying away her bullion from England, without decreasing her stock, for, as a natural consequence, that stock must sorely depreciate in value. And it is not until we can get rid of our ready manufactured stores, at whatever sacrifice, that we shall again recover that precious basis of our currency, which we cling to with the most dotting affection, and for the sake of which we are content every few years to undergo a national convulsion.

Such being the state of our exports under the operation of free trade, let us now look a little to the other side of the balance sheet. The duties levied at the custom-houses constitute, as every one knows, the largest portion of our revenue, and therefore cannot be made the subject of experiment, without extreme risk of defalcation. We have already shown that, although, upon the whole, our imports have risen, the gain has exclusively proceeded from that portion of imports upon which the duty has not been reduced, and that wherever we have lost any thing, it has been through the attempt to approximate to free trade. The experiment, however, has already been made upon a large scale; it has cost us many millions, and the odious income tax remains as a tangible proof of its failure. It was, according to Sir Robert Peel, the sure method of commanding reciprocity from the fo-

reigner, and of extending our exports largely. Neither result has followed; we are as far from reciprocity as ever, and the exports have seriously decreased.

It is necessary also that we should remark what kind of articles have been selected for the late experiment, because some, although not all, of our import duties are framed with a view to protection as well as for revenue purposes. For example, no one will dispute that we have a great interest in procuring such raw materials as cotton and silk for our manufactures as cheap as possible, because we cannot produce those articles at home, and our success depends upon their reproduction in the shape of fabrics. Here then there is no question of competition, apart from colonial interests, and we do right to throw no obstacle in the way of their introduction. But the admission of manufactured articles, either of silk or of cotton, at a low rate of duty as to encourage a foreigner to compete with us in our home market, is a totally different matter. It is a blow to native industry of the worst and most irremediable description, and cannot be even on the ground that the cloth thereby induced is a recompense to the agricultural portion of the country for the sweeping measure abrogated not only the grain duties but those which were imposed upon all manufactures. The agriculturalists, from the landlord to the labourer, desire no such recompense; they do not wish that in competition with the manufactures which they themselves sustained, other classes of industry should be doomed to ruin. They do not wish that the value of the manufactures of the country should be reduced in value by the introduction of foreign goods, and velvets and silks brought into the country. They will be no less anxious for the labourer, and the manufacturer, and the merchant, as the great principle of free trade: we have seen, in 1846, as in 1847, that a hostile engine of

over-taxed and over-burdened artisan. Let us extract from the tariffs of the last two years some instances of this unnatural policy :—

Duty levied on	1845.			1846.		
	L.	s.	d.	L.	s.	d.
Cotton manufactures, per L.100 value, .	10	0	0	Free		
Gauze of thread, . .	15	0	0	10	0	0
French lawns, per piece,	0	5	0	0	2	6
Other lawns, per L.100 value,	15	0	0	10	0	0
Linen manufactures, plain,	15	0	0	Free		
Woollen manufactures, plain, . .	15	0	0	Free		
Ditto, made up, . .	20	0	0	10	0	0
Silk manufactures, . .	25	0	0	15	0	0
Brocaded ditto, . .	30	0	0	15	0	0
Silk dresses,	40	0	0	15	0	0
Clocks,	20	0	0	10	0	0
Copper manufactures, .	15	0	0	10	0	0
Boots, per dozen, . .	1	8	0	0	14	0
Shoes, per ditto, . .	0	14	0	0	7	0
Paper, printed or stained, per yard, .	0	1	0	0	0	2
Lace thread,	12	10	0	10	0	0
Platting of straw, per lb.,	0	7	6	0	5	0

and so on, *ad infinitum*.

What is this, we ask, but a direct invitation to the foreigner to step in and undersell us in our market? We are told, and we believe it to be true, that the revenue has been augmented in several of the above instances by the reduction of the duty; if so, the announcement should be received with any thing but feelings of exultation. There is the bread taken from the mouths of very many thousands of our industrial classes, in order that we may indulge to our heart's content in foreign finery and gewgaws! Not one article of reduction in the above list, but has been made at the expense of the life-blood of our fellow-subjects: not one duty removed without a permanent addition to the workhouse. We shall give but one instance to show how such alterations work even in the smallest cases.

The manufacture of straw-plait is, and has been for many years, one of the principal branches of industry practised in the Orkney islands. During the long winter nights in that stormy region, when almost every other occupation is suspended, the women are occupied with this work, from which they have hitherto derived a small but a certain profit. Sir Ro-

bert Peel, sitting at his ease in Whitehall, esteems straw-plait an article of no consideration; and in revising his tariff, with a view to temporary popularity, he strikes off one-third of the existing import duty, being half-a-crown per pound, and the peasantry of Normandy and Baden come in to supplant the unfortunate Orcadians! The youngest of us must recollect the distress which has frequently prevailed amongst the silk-weavers of Spitalfields, even under a protecting tariff, and the attempts which have repeatedly been made by Royalty itself, and by good Queen Adelaide in particular, to set the fashion and revive the taste for home manufactures. Was this attempt a wrong one? It would seem so, for the soul of Sir Robert Peel is set upon French brocades. The millinery of Paris is in the ascendant, and there is no longer any need for searching female smugglers at the custom-house. We are invited to wear French cravats, waistcoats, hats, handkerchiefs, boots, and gloves, all procurable at a cheaper rate than they can possibly be manufactured at home, and very few of us have sufficient patriotism to decline the advantage. Our ladies have their dresses sent ready-made from the capital of France, or if they still adhere to the native milliner, or the *artiste* who is a naturalised Frenchwoman, the materials, fresh from Lyons or Marseilles, are invariably purchased at these huge emporiums in Regent Street and Bond Street, which you may search in vain for a specimen of British industry. The walls of our houses are covered with French fancy papers, brought down to a nominal price, with which the home producer cannot compete. Or mahogany clocks, and ornaments of French, German, and Bohemian glass, are on every chimney-piece and table. Some articles of foreign cutlery are sold in Birmingham and Sheffield for about one-half of the price at which they can be manufactured in those towns; and the woollen productions of Saxony are competing with the staple of Yorkshire. These are the blessings of what is called free trade, though free trade, in the full sense of the word, is a manifest delusion and impossibility. We, the inhabitants of the highest-taxed country

of the world, have essayed the adventure of opening our ports to the products of other nations—if not altogether, at least in such a degree as to invite and stimulate competition; we have done so without asking reciprocity, and without finding it, in the mere vague hope that our exports might be doubled in return; and the result is, that our own labourers and artisans are swamped in the home market, and that our exports are lamentably decreased.

And, in the mean time, what is to become of our people, whom free trade is reducing to pauperism? The political economist, whose heart is as hard as the machinery he drives, will scarcely pause for a moment to answer so trivial a question. His *ultimatum* is, the factory, the workhouse, or emigration. But unfortunately the factory doors are not wide enough to admit all comers. Even now the mills of Lanarkshire and of Lancashire are on short time, and we cannot predict the quarter from which an augmented demand is to arise. Apart altogether from humanity, the workhouse is an expensive establishment for those who must maintain it, and the blessing of the Almighty will not rest with the nation which has so little regard for its poor. There remains then only emigration, whereof we have already some specimen. Whilst we are writing, the subjoined paragraph is going the round of the public press:—

“FRENCH MANUFACTURES AND SCOTCH MANUFACTURERS.—The following paragraph, from the *Paris Moniteur*, is not without some significance at the present time:—

“The steamer *Finisterre* landed, a few days ago, at Morlaix, thirty-eight Scotch women, who are to be employed in the spinning-mill of Landerneau, which is to commence operations at the close of the month. The Morlaisien is to convey a similar number at her next trip. These women, who are intended to form the nucleus of the Flax-Spinning Company of Finisterre, will be lodged and fed together in a building constructed for that special purpose. Most of them are young, very neatly dressed, and all wear bonnets after the English fashion. Their countenances exhibited the satisfaction they experienced at having arrived in a country where they were certain to find employment and means of existence.”

Alas! it is but too true. Let free

trade continue to progress, and it is only amidst aliens, and far from their native soil, that the children of our poor can hope to find a refuge. What a tale of shattered hopes, of breaking hearts, and of domestic misery may be read in these few simple sentences! Can Britain hope to be prosperous whilst such is the condition of her daughters?

From the position so imprudently occupied we must perforce recede, but we hope that the reasons for, and manner of doing so, will be distinctly marked in Parliament by some clear and unequivocal resolutions.

We have tried free trade, and it has failed. The specious promises of Sir Robert Peel have proved utterly delusive, and his disciples cannot point to one instance in which his anticipations have been realised. The question at present is, are we to try the experiment further? If we are to do so, it must be at the cost of a prolonged period of misery, with very little prospect and no certainty of an ultimate escape. The revenue has fallen off: that at least is certain and beyond cavil, and we presume that a sweeping property and income tax is the only remedy which Lord John Russell or his Chancellor of the Exchequer will propose. The imports of daily consumpt have prodigiously increased, in consequence of our altered tariffs, and must be paid for; whilst, on the other hand, the exports, which are the means of payment, are decreasing in a corresponding ratio. And should we be told that this decrease is merely temporary, and that a large demand for our manufactures must infallibly arise from abroad, we shall merely ask our opponents in what way that demand is to be supplied? The table of the imports of raw material which we have given above, speaks volumes as to the state of our industry. Cotton, wool, flax, hemp—all the products which kept the mills, not of one district, but of all the districts of this mighty empire, in motion, have, since the introduction of free trade, arrived in alarmingly diminished quantities, and extended export is an impossibility, because we have not got the material to keep our home machinery in motion.

These are not speculations, but facts; and it is very much to be

hoped that honest men of the free trade party will lay them earnestly to heart, and endeavour to retrieve the error into which they have been led by an over-sanguine estimate of our own powers, and a far too generous view of the commercial policy which influences the other nations of the world. The decline of our commerce is also inseparably connected with our mischievous currency laws. That an immediate reform of the latter is absolutely necessary, is quite clear from the monetary history of the last few months. We must adopt some system which shall maintain legitimate credit, and allow property at all times to command its commercial representative emblem at a fair rate, without subjecting the person who requires it to a worse than Israelitish rate of usury. Which of us is there in the country, one class alone excepted, who has not felt the pressure of the times? Is it a light matter, either to the landowner or the manufacturer or the merchant, that money should be driven up to its present exorbitant rate, and so maintained simply that the capitalist may step in, and reap an undue profit from the artificial and not the real necessities of the others? This is the motive which lies at the bottom of all the views of the bullionists. They know very well that perfect convertibility is a dream, but they try to keep up the semblance of it so far as they can, and the absurd and complicated machinery of the Bank of England was constructed for no other purpose. The public have been gulled by specious declamation about security, and when the crisis arrives, they find that they have got no security at all.

This state of things cannot be allowed to continue. If our exports are ever to revive—nay, if they are merely to continue at their present ebb without further declension—money must be made procurable at something like an easy rate. We cannot, and we will not permit the resources of the whole nation to fall a sacrifice to the insatiable avarice of the capitalist. We must not starve our population to allow him an exorbitant bargain. In the opinion of many we have already weathered the worst of the storm, and

may prepare for a new career, though necessarily on a contracted scale. Certainly, if any thing could give us confidence, it is the knowledge of the fact that the mischievous monetary law is in abeyance, and we hardly think that, with the sight of the recent wreck which it has caused before our eyes, there is any chance of its remaining longer on the statute-book unrepealed. The very lowness of the ebb to which prices have been brought is a sort of guarantee of their revival; and although we have much to do, and perchance not a little to suffer, before we can regain the position which we once occupied, there is, at all events, some prospect of an advance. That, however, can only be gradual, and must depend upon our abandonment of theories, our renunciation of false guides, and our return to honest, humane, and intelligible principles. In the event of any temporary prosperity, it will be well to recollect that we owe the amendment neither to Sir Robert Peel nor to the Whigs. The former brought us into our difficulties; the latter did their best to keep us there, and yielded at the last moment with undeniably bad grace when matters were at the verge of desperation, and when no man could trust his neighbour. Warned by experience, it will be the duty of parliament, if it is wise, to apply itself diligently to the task, not of rash reform, but of wise remodelment. On many matters of the utmost financial importance there is little difference of opinion between the leaders of the country party and the representatives of large manufacturing constituencies. Peel and his few supporters, backed by the present ministry, stand isolated in their adherence to positions—it would be absurd to call them principles—which have been tried and found wanting in the balance. Except these, and unhappy Mr Jones Loyd, who stands forth in the midst of the group as the great hierophant of Mammon, there are few hardy enough to raise their voices in defence of arbitrary Bank restriction. It is clear to every thinking man, that extended operations require an extended currency; and that, as we cannot force gold into the country—for, after all, the supply

of that commodity is by no means limitless—except at a ruinous loss, we must adopt the principle already sufficiently recognised and tested, and make good the deficiency with paper. This might be done either by the resumption of a one pound note circulation in England, or by an issue of national paper to the amount of our ordinary taxation; or, better still, by setting banking free, and permitting the joint-stock companies to issue notes in proportion to the amount of national securities lodged by them in the hands of government Commissioners. At any rate, we do hope that so far as Scotland and Ireland are concerned, they may be allowed once more to resume the control of their own monetary matters, and be relieved from those golden chains which are not only cumbersome to them, but, as we have shown, are seriously detrimental to England, by locking up in time of need a large portion of her established currency. With regard to the public works now in progress, we deprecate rash interference. It is not likely, nor is it at all desirable that for some time to come, any new schemes of magnitude will be proposed: let us then apply ourselves seriously to finish what we have begun, and without calling new labour into existence, let us husband our employment for the old. A new element of danger and distress has been introduced by the dismissal of many thousands of the workmen from unfinished lines, owing to the tightness of the money market, and the impossibility of procuring loans. This must be looked to immediately. These men have a right to their employment, for they have been called forth from their other avocations by the sanction of Parliament, and neither good faith nor public policy will admit of their abandonment at present. Above all, let us look to the tariff, and, dismissing from our minds the delusions of free trade and the dreams of future reciprocity, let us stand forth manfully in defence of the rights of labour, and of that native industry which is the true source of our country's greatness and renown. It will not do for the rich to go flaunting in foreign manufacture and apparel, while the operative is starving at home with the doors of the factories closed. We must not

fill our palaces and our homes with articles of continental manufacture, whilst British skill is left to languish unpatronised and unemployed. If we must have those things, let us pay for them at a rate which will leave to our own workmen the ordinary chances of competition, and we have no fear whatever of the result. If we make a national profit by the depression of industry at home, we are buying it with the tears, and the misery, and the curses of thousands of the poor; if, on the contrary, we make no profit by the sacrifice, we are wantonly betraying ourselves. Let us then be wise in time. We have tried the effects of quack experiments upon our monetary and commercial systems, and both of them have given way. Let us have no more such; but let men of all parties, who are true and honest in their opinions, unite together in putting an end to the disorders in our social economy. The new Parliament: are these pages can issue from the press will be convened, and the prosperity of the country rests in a great measure in their hands. We shall await the issue of their deliberations upon these momentous matters with much anxiety, some apprehension, but with a large admixture of hope. For although parties at first sight appear to be more than commonly disorganised, the late discussions which have arisen in consequence of our unfortunate embarrassments have effected a mighty change in the sentiments and language of many. Men who were formerly held to represent opinions of conflicting tendency, have been forced into juxtaposition, and have discovered that their differences were far more nominal than otherwise; and we cannot but hope that all such will work together cordially and conscientiously, and apart from faction, in placing both our systems, monetary and commercial, upon a firm and permanent basis. Be this as it may, we are at least assured that the members of the country party, undismayed by defeat or by desertion, will be, as ever, at their posts, and will justify, by their maintenance and advocacy of sound national principles, the confidence which has been unhesitatingly accorded to them by an important section of the people.

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